PARTIAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND DIARIES OF SAMUEL KIPNIS

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A PARTIAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SAMUEL KIPNIS FROM BIRTH, AND DIARIES OF ALL HIS TRIPS IN FOREIGN LANDS, DESCRIBING THINGS, PEOPLE, CONDITIONS, STANDARDS OF LIVING, FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT, AND SUMMARIES, EXACTLY AS HE SAW IT, WITHOUT COLORED GLASSES, WITH UNBIASED MIND, AND WITH A REASONABLE KNOWLEDGE AND UNDERSTANDING OF RUSSIAN LIFE BEFORE WORLD WAR I; WHAT HAPPENED TO RUSSIA DURING THIS WAR, THE REVOLUTION, AND CIVIL WAR DAYS, THE 1918 TO 1921 YEARS OF STARVATION AND PESTILENCE CAUSED BY THE INTERVENTION OF THE FORMER RUSSIAN ALLIES WHO WERE SUPPORTING ALL KINDS OF ADVENTURERS TO HELP DESTROY THE NEW IDEOLOGY NAMED BOLSHEVISM OR COMMUNISM, THE SUFFERING OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE DURING THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD, THE STALIN ERA WITH THE TERRIBLE POLICE STATE OPPRESSION, PURGES AND BLOOD BATHS, FOLLOWED BY HITLER YEARS THAT WAS ALSO A CREATION OF RUSSIA'S WORLD WAR I ALLIES WHICH RESULTED IN WORLD WAR II THAT ALMOST COMPLETELY DESTROYED A GOOD PART OF THE MOST IMPORTANT CITIES OF EUROPE AND MOST OF EUROPEAN RUSSIA, AND THE MIRACULOUS RECONSTRUCTION OF IT, NOT ONLY WITHOUT THE HELP OF ITS FORMER ALLIES BUT AGAINST ALL OBSTACLES BY ITS FORMER ALLIES.

WITH A REASONABLE KNOWLEDGE AND UNDERSTANDING OF THE ABOVE AS A BACKGROUND, HE MADE THE MANY TRIPS BEGINNING WITH THE 1922 TRIP TO POLAND AND RUSSIA. HE HAS SINCE THEN TRAVELED OVER 2,000,000 MILES IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES AND IN THE U.S.A., MOSTLY BY PLANE.

S.K.

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TO THELMA
FOREVER



Samuel Kijowis

D



My Father



My Mother



S.K. Beginning of 1903

INTRODUCTION

by

SAMUEL KIPNIS

I was born in October, 1887, one of fourteen children, twelve were living. Although I was the third from the last, my father and mother treated me as if I was the Mezinick (the last and youngest child). My parents and family were raised and lived on the village side of the border that separated the city of Radomysle from the Celo (village) Litovka in Kiev Gubernia (state), 100 viorst from Kiev.

The Jewish people were in the majority in Radomysle. Jews were not permitted to live in the Celo (village). Our family and one other family named Kaganski were the only two families allowed to live in the village by special permission from the local authorities. My parents were well-to-do and respected citizens and were known in many cities near Radomysle. They participated actively in all forms of local religious and community work. They operated a tannery before and during World War I, manufacturing all kinds of leather.

As children, we studied in our own school with private teachers. We also had our own private Synagogue in our home with all the trimmings: Scrolls, Cantor and Rabbi. When the Cantor prayed, particularly on special occasions, he could be heard blocks away. We always had more than a minion (10 people) to prayers. The neighbors used to come twice a day to pray and Mother used to treat them to a LECHAEM (a schnaps and cake) after the evening prayer. Only on holidays did we go to the Makarover Shull. My father was a Chosed (follower) of the Makarover Rabbi.

I was a good scholar and at eight I used to read for father and my teacher the Torah and Gmorah from memory. This was done after the main meal on Saturdays after a nap, and at a glass of tea which was brewed on Friday. At eight and a half my father sent me to the Yeshiva (seminary) to study to be a Rabbi. I spent two years in KANEVER YESHIVAH, eating dinner in different homes every night. This was the life of a YESHIVAH BOCHER (student).

At ten and a half years I returned home and started to travel with my father to the markets in the nearby cities like Fastov and Bielo Tserkov and Bardttchev, selling the finished leather we manufactured. We used to load the finished leather on two or three horse drawn wagons and travel to the markets on

these wagons at night. We were sometimes in one city three or four days until we sold out all we brought, then we bought raw skins (hides) to take back with us. Father also took me with him to spend the ten holy days in Makarov, where the whole family of Rabbis (brothers) lived together.

I grew up to be a nice obedient young man, respecting my parents. At thirteen I fell in love with a girl who lived on our street in Radomysle; spending many nights in foolish dreaming of her. One day she moved to Odessa and I followed her there. When I realized my mistake I returned to my oldest brother, Ovsei in Zitomir, where I stayed a few weeks. I was ashamed to return home to Radomysle.

The famous Kishenover pogrom (massacre) and a few other smaller pogroms, and the Dreyfus case at the turn of the century, woke up many of the Jewish intelligensia and many thousand non-Jews, and the exodus to America began for large numbers. I, too, decided to follow and on one Saturday afternoon in February, 1903 I left for Malin railroad station thirty miles from Radomysle. My mother refused to say goodbye, she remained in the dining room, her head buried in her hands and cried. My father followed me to the wagon, kissed me, shook hands and said, "I hope you will never regret this move".

I traveled by train from Malin to Kiev and Warsaw, hidden under a bench of the railroad car. This was prearranged with the conductor for a consideration. I was picked up at the railroad station in Warsaw by a man who took me to Kalish near the Prussian border (Poland was a part of Russia). He kept me hidden there until one day he told me, "WE ARE LEAVING FOR POZEN, YOU ARE MY SON AND WE ARE GOING TO BUY HORSES THERE", and a passport was handed to me. From Pozen I went to Bremen, where I lived in a charity home operated by the local Jewish community, until a boat named the Dresden, left for New York. I was on it.

I traveled steerage with four hundred others of all creeds and nationalities in one room. We had lots of fun most of the eighteen days it took to cross the ocean. Most of us couldn't understand each other but it did not matter. When people want to get along and be happy together, language is no barrier. I was seasick the first few days and was dragged up on deck a few times for fresh air. I didn't eat or drink these few days but made up for this the next few days of the trip.

We landed in New York on May 3, 1903. Immigration at Castle Garden didn't bother me much and I was allowed to leave. Nobody met me. Had very little baggage. Was invited to go along with strangers I met on the boat and I stayed in their home the

first night. I was told before I left home that people in New York shoveled gold in the streets so I made certain to take along a shovel and sack. On the way from Castle Garden I saw people shoveling something and putting it in small cans on wheels, but it wasn't gold they shoveled, so I threw away my shovel and sack.

The next day I went looking for people living on Fourth Street in New York, whose father was my teacher in Radomysle. Had no difficulty in finding them. Max Kaplan, his wife and one child lived in three small rooms on the fourth floor of a six story walk-up building and I moved in with them. Hung up my German made raincoat on the clothes line to air out overnight, forgot to take out all my money (five dollars) from the pockets. The next morning there was no coat - no five dollars.

I served a few days as baby sitter to their baby and a week later I located relatives of mine, the Dix family, who had a candy store on East 38th Street, where they lived in the rear of the store, and they invited me to live with them. Slept on the floor a few nights until I was taken to work in a box shop on Spring Street, where my cousin worked. I worked two weeks as an apprentice, no pay, and five dollars a week thereafter. I realized the value of a nickel when I didn't have one and had to walk from 174th Street, East Bronx to Spring Street, which took me 3 hours, from 4 to 7 A.M. The work day was from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M.

I was getting twelve dollars a week as a paperbox maker until I left to become an agent for the Prudential Insurance Company selling industrial insurance - 10¢ a week. My route was from Tenth Avenue in the Thirties, known as Hell's Kitchen. There I became a good target for snowballs in winter and a beer pitcher carrier during the hot summer days to the beer drinking customers, or premium payers. It was a wonderful experience for me for ten months. I learned a lot about stay-at-home wives.

Romance did not interfere with my working day and night. Sundays and holidays. I managed a two year courtship with Bessie and we were married on June 1, 1909.

Then came the beginning of my business career. In 1909 my cousin, J.J.Dix became a partner in the Tiger Paper Box Company located on Prince Street. My cousin was busy teaching me to drink tea without a spoon in the glass (Russian style) so that I wouldn't lose an eye. He was a selfish man, so our partnership terminated by selling me out to competitors. I went to work with Eagle Paper Box Company (Charles Kramer and Max Feldman, owners), salary $25 per week, but the job lasted only two weeks. I was

fired without reason. I worked after that in different places mostly sweat shops like Famous Paper Box (Jack Padell the richest box maker) Crown Paper Box (Davis Bros.) also rich; both shops on Wooster St.; Reliable Paper Box (Sam Ikofsky - Koff) 17 Bowery, where I met Harry Ginsberg and where we slaved together. Lou Salkowitch - same address. (This was a special character of a boss.) Wiltchick Bros. on Norfolk St., Wiltchick & Wiltchick on 27 Bowery; Rising Star on Sufolk St. (J. Siegel) Henden & Rappert on Bond St. The best job was the first job with John H. Wiemers Co. on Spring St., the aristocrats in the business; here I worked almost one and a half years while none of the other jobs lasted more than a few weeks.

Most of the above shops were manufacturing cloak, suit and millinery boxes only. I learned much from these characters and in 1910-1911 I acquired 25% interest in Columbia Paper Box on 19th Street (Atran Bros.) for Three Hundred Dollars I borrowed from Bessie Kipnis, which loan she never asked to be repaid. We moved to a larger place on 27-28 Street near 8th Avenue. I worked day and night every day in the month. One night about 2 A.M. I fell asleep operating a machine. I slipped and my right hand was caught between two shafts of the machine. I could have lost the five fingers of my right hand, but was only scratched, LUCKY SAM.

Late in 1913 I introduced the Fiber Box to the cloak, suit and dress industry that revolutionized this box business and the Kings in the industry Podell-Koff and Davis, who had a monopoly on this type business PERFECT PATENT BOX CO. had to follow suit. I then lived in a 3-room apartment over a saloon, Church Ave., corner 39th St., Brooklyn; rent $9.00 per month. The inducement for living there was two-fold; a full pitcher of beer for 6¢ and the Brighton St. Subway was on the corner.

T.K. was born May 8, 1911; my father dies in 1913 in Radomysle Russia. JLK was born April 29, 1916 and I kept on working without a stop. Columbia Paper Box was doing well until 1917, when my cousin J.J.D. again talked me into a partnership. I bought out the Atran Bros. share in Columbia and Columbia moved to 18th St. and 6th Ave., store and basement, 10,000 sq. ft. space to manufacture corrugated boxes only and changed the name to Columbia Corrugated Co.

I again slaved 7 days a week 16 hours each day but my partner who was supposed to bring orders from his friends was not pleased with the operation of the plant because the front steps leading to the office were not swept clean. So in 1918 KRAMER & GINSBERG bought out his interest. I was still slaving in this plant while they were operating the CITY CENTRAL BOX plant on 16th Street until we moved to a large store and basement on 20th St. and 6th Ave. We prospered and in 1922 we were one of the large and important manufacturers of paper boxes, solid fiber and corrugated shipping containers in the New York area.

Living conditions in Europe, especially in Russia after WORLD WAR I where Civil War, starvation and pestilence was at its

worst. Life for the Jewish people in Russia and in all countries bordering it was getting worse. Societies and LANDSMANSHEFTEN were organized to help their people in the cities from which they came. I too, participated in organizing the FEDERATION OF UKRAINIAN JEWS. I also received a letter from my mother in Radomysle addressed simply "SAMUEL KIPNIS, NEW YORK." This was the first letter I received since the beginning of World War I. She pleaded with me to do something for our relatives and for Radomysle people. Hence my trip to Kiev and Radomysle via Warsaw in June 1922, that took nearly three months of my time.


EUROPE
North Sea
Baltic Sea
Adriatic Sea
Black Sea
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
NY
RADOM 3 JUNIOR
Inverness
Glasgow
Edinburgh
Belfast
SHANNON
Limerick
DUBLIN
Killarney
Cork
Windermere
Manchester
Liverpool
Birmingham
Stratford
Exeter
Plymouth
Torquay
Southampton
LONDON
Brighton
Dover
Cherbourg
Calais
Le Havre
DINARD
LA BAULE
DEAUVILLE
PARIS
NANTES
Versailles
Tours
Bergen
OSLO
Stavanger
Kristiansand
Gothenburg
Arhus
COPENHAGEN
Halsingborg
Malmo
Kalmar
Karlskrona
Uppsala
STOCKHOLM
Turku
HELSINGFORS
Vassa
Leningrad
Talinn
Riga
HAMBURG
Bremen
The Hague
AMSTERDAM
Rotterdam
Ghent
Antwerp
BRUSSELS
DUSSELDORF
Koln
Hannover
BERLIN
Danzig
Kaunas
Vilnyus
Poznan
Minsk
Smolensk
MOSCOW
Luxembourg
Reims
Mainz
FRANKFURT
Leipzig
Dresden
WARSAW
Lodz
Heidelberg
Karlovy Vary
NURNBERG
PRAGUE
STRASBOURG
STUTTGART
Ostrava
Krakow
Lvov
Kiev
Kharkov
Vigo
Santander
Oporto
San Sebastian
BORDEAUX
Limoges
MULHOUSE
ZURICH
MUNICH
Linz
VIENNA
Bratislava
CLERMONT-FERRAND
VICHY
GENEVA
Interlaken
Lausanne
Lucerne
Innsbruck
Salzburg
BIARRITZ
LYON
Fatima
Burgos
LOURDES
TOULOUSE
Grenoble
MILAN
Torino
BUDAPEST
Chernovsty
Stalingrad
LISBON
Carcasonne
Nimes
Avignon
Padova
Venice
Trieste
MADRID
Zaragoza
MARSEILLE
NICE
CANNES
MONTE CARLO
Genoa
Bologna
ZAGREB
Odessa
Rostov
BARCELONA
Pisa
Florence
Seville
Cordoba
Valencia
CALVI
BASTIA
AJACCIO
Perugia
Split
BELGRADE
Ploesti
BUCHAREST
Constanta
Sevastopol
Yalta
Sochi
Cadiz
Malaga
Granada
PALMA
Majorca
ROME
Dubrovnik
Gibraltar
TANGIERS
Cartagena
RABAT
CASABLANCA
Fez
MEKNES
Naples
Sorrento
Capri
Cagliari
TIRANE
SOFIA
Tiflis
Yerevan
Marrakech
ORAN
ALGIERS
Taranto
Salonika
ISTANBUL
TIARET
PHILIPPEVILLE
BONE
LAGHOUAT
CONSTANTINE
SETIF
BATNA
Palermo
Taormina
ANKARA
TOUGGOURT
BISKRA
TUNIS
Agrigento
Syracuse
COLOMB BECHAR
GHARDAIA
EL OUED
OUARGLA
TEBESSA
Patras
ATHENS
Smyrna
ADRAR
EL GOLEA
Sfax
IN SALAH
Djerba
Adana
Aleppo
FORT FLATTERS
Candia
CRETE
Lindhos
RHODES
BAGHDAD
IRAQ
Nicosia
CYPRUS
BEIRUT
DAMASCUS
Halfa
Tripoli
Tobruch
Sidi Barrani
Alexandria
TEL AVIV-YAFO
Port Said
Amman
Jerusalem
Bengasi
El Alamein
CAIRO
MEMBER
AMERICAN SOCIETY OF TRAVEL AGENTS
ASTA

1922

Left New York on Steamship GEORGE WASHINGTON
Saturday, June 10, 1922

It was very hot until 8 P.M., but cooler at night. It was foggy - we couldn't sleep because the fog horn was blowing all through the night.

My companion in the room on the boat, J. Schwartz, looked like a kind and pleasant person, always with a smile on his face and a kind word from his mouth. He was to travel with me in the same room but got another room across from mine, for it would have been unpleasant in one room for two because of the heat.

So far everything on this boat is better than in the nicest hotel in New York; it is much nicer and more pleasant here, the waiter doesn't put his hand out after each serving, and one doesn't ask for a check after each meal. I ate all I wanted; the cost was included in the price for the tour to Bremen.

After dinner went on deck, stretched out on a steamer chair, made myself comfortable, closed my eyes and stopped my thinking apparatus. I wanted it to be absolutely blank. I saw Bessie in front of me, a tear running down her cheek, "pleasant trip, take care and come back soon". I wanted to kiss her when someone called "Hurry up, hurry up, you will be late." (Always in a hurry) I fell into a slumber and dreamed that Bessie was sitting next to me holding my hand. Thelma and Jerome were asleep in our room. We were discussing the pleasure I will have first meeting her family in Warsaw and then my family in Kiev and Radomysle. We were planning how to help them, maybe bring them to New York with me. The fog siren woke me up from my dream. It kept on blowing until 5 A.M., no more sleep or dreams.

Sunday, June 11, 1922

Was up at 8. Schwartz in the room across was sick with indigestion, he screamed he wanted to die but they wouldn't let him; I worked on him to quiet him. I told him that he will be able to die at a later date. Got a doctor for him who gave him some medicine which relieved him. He felt better and didn't want to die anymore.

Made acquaintance with a few people from New York. The weather is beautiful but humid. I felt good, walked many times around the deck. Visited 3rd and Steerage Class, it reminded me of my trip to America 19 years ago. The difference between the steerage then and the present steerage class is like between First Class and steerage on this boat. I was thinking to myself why couldn't it be all just one first class. Why must there be classes. I answered myself that inspite of classes progress is

being made, for steerage on this boat would be first class on the boat I traveled on 19 years ago.

Visited with a Mr. and Mrs. Borenstein after dinner, ordered a cocktail consisting of White Rock, then a walk on the deck. If I was a poet, I could write and sing to the moon and the stars. The moon was playing hide and seek, our palatial boat stood still because of the calmness of the ocean. By looking down to the water one imagined that the boat was skating on the waters' surface.

Watching this performance from the top deck, I said good night to Bessie, Thelma and Jerome - sweet dreams.

ON THE WASHINGTON, Monday, June 12, 1922

Feel good after the first sea water bath. Had breakfast, walked the deck many times, played pinochle with Mr. Borenstein. He was born in Germany, lives in Chicago, is retired 15 years. Is well fixed financially and loves to play pinochle. After lunch, I went with the Chief Engineer to inspect the machine room. Was surprised at the giant machinery that moves this giant ship. We looked insignificant in comparison, yet at the push of a button, a turn of a handle by human beings, these giants obey our orders to the minutest detail.

The Engineer, a man of about 38, pleasant and willing to answer and explain all inquiries, showed me everything to be seen in his department. He was happy to meet people that are interested in things other than drinking or playing cards or gambling games usually played on a ship.

Got cleaned up after this inspection trip, dressed up, walked about the deck to study my fellow tourists. I was informed that most of the people in the First and Second Class are German bakers going to a convention in Germany. Mostly middle-aged people; couldn't find any interest in their profession or in them. Stuck to the few I mentioned before, and even they weren't very interesting people because their interest was mostly in pinochle or small business. I couldn't learn much from them.

After dinner was introduced to a Mr. and Mrs. Law and their daughter, from 155th street in New York. I didn't find much interest in them. She was a Hungarian all rightnik; both retired. The daughter thought that because she couldn't speak Jewish, she should be accepted as a 100% Yankee of the 400 Class.

This is the beginning of the third day on this ship and nature started to convince us that we are on water. Many passengers were stretched out on deck chairs, eyes closed, yellow faces. Many fell victims and others were just ready to fall victim to natures' ocean tricks. The deck steward was kept busy, cleaning up.

Walked a few times around the deck, then went to the dance salon. The music played, a few people danced, some sat at tables and watched. Maybe if I had my dear dancing partner, Thelma, here I would try to dance, too, but since she is not here, I decided

to retire. Good night to you all my friends and loved ones on both sides of the ocean.

ON THE WASHINGTON, Tuesday, June 13, 1922

The weather this morning is grand but the ocean was not friendly to us. It played too many tricks with our palatial ship. It was impossible to stand in one place. Was ashamed to confess that I could not get up or stand up straight, not even after a cold bath, so I decided to get into bed again and fell asleep until 1 P.M. Was up, felt better, walked up to the top deck where the wind blew the strongest. Was refreshed, and said to myself - shame on you S.K the big hero, it isn't nice of you. You aren't any better than the rest. Started to walk fast and then run. I felt better after I gave myself a good talking to.

I met the Captain. He is working 22 years on ships plying the oceans. This is his first trip as Captain. This was our second meeting and the second time that I had the real pleasure of speaking with someone of education. He promised to take me to the Captain's bridge and explain the works to me.

Dinner at 7 P.M. with the Borensteins, then played cards. White Rock was again our so-called cocktail. We spoke with enthusiasm about our modern times and conveniences.

I went on deck, watched a school of big fish following our ship and picking up everything that went overboard as if they didn't want us to dirty their ocean. I also saw a small bird fly by our ship. Where was it flying to? Maybe a Jewish bird, homeless or maybe it, too, was flying to see its mother.

At 11 P.M. I went on the top deck. The sky was dotted with stars of all sizes, the moon was shining in its full glory like a beautiful bride dressed in full regalia on her wedding night. The ocean was quiet. The white caps look like geese swimming. It was a wonderful panorama to watch. Here is where I missed up on talent and words to describe the beauties of a majestic sunset and the beautiful colors it paints on the horizon and how the brightly shining moon with the millions of stars hang in the sky. The moon was ahead of our ship showing us our way. On the deck where I stood was a beautiful place to romance even with one's own wife. The bridge I stood on was an overhang on each side of the ship. I was there until 1:30 AM when I said good night to all my loved ones and went to my room to retire.

ON THE WASHINGTON, Wednesday, June 14, 1922

It is now 7:30 A.M. Went through my regular routine, then up on the deck and a beautiful morning greeted me. The sky was clear blue all over the horizon that looked like a round glass bowl hanging in the air and in the center of it was the sun, big and round, shining so bright that it was impossible to look into its face.

I would have loved to stand on the deck for hours admiring the creations of nature but the sun was getting too hot. Walked down to the second deck to hide from it. Met the boat orchestra leader. He asked me if I wanted to accompany him somewhere. If this was in New York on 10th Avenue, I would have thought twice before accepting, but not here on the boat. Went with him to Second Class where he introduced me to a young Fraulein and said,"You will now have a surprise. Sit down". He handed her his violin and he sat down at the piano and both started to play. As much as I understand piano and violin playing, I imagined that I never heard a person play better and with more grace than she played. She was a real jewel of an artist, a real fiddler. I was told by the orchestra leader that she comes from very poor parents in Boston and is traveling to an uncle in Dresden, Germany, where she will study violin for two years to put on the finishing touches, and that she is playing on the boat to pay for her traveling expenses. We arranged a concert for her for Friday eve, the 16th. I hope that we will rasise a substantial sum for her.

Kept an appointment with the Captain at 11:00 A.M. He greeted me with a pleasant good morning and a handshake. He walked me from one instrument to another and explained the function and need of each instrument. Even to blow the fog siren, one doesn't have to pull a rope anymore. Just push a button and it blows. It must be very easy to be a captain. All one must know is which button to push. These buttons do their job better than human beings.

I didn't want to discuss the working of the rest of the instruments any more since I don't intend to change my present job to become a captain on a ship large or small, for I already have plenty of gray hair on my head.

Went down to the deck where all First Class passengers were stretched out on the deck chairs. Most of them were sleeping, some had books in their hands but that was only make believe reading because their eyes were shut. The crowd here weren't much of interest to me, not even the younger group. No one to cultivate real friendship. I don't gamble and drink the way the others do and don't want to start now, so I went into the library, picked out "POTASH AND PEARLMUTER SETTLE THINGS" by Montague Glass and went to lunch.

After lunch I discovered that Mr. and Mrs. B. were busy reading. He was reading the Bible and she was reading prayers, both in Jewish. I sat down near them and started to read my book P and P and I started to smile. The B's thought that I was smiling at them for coming on this ship to read a Jewish Bible and Prayer Book. I thought they were insulted so I read to them a few pages from my book just to prove to them that I wasn't laughing at them.

Sat engrossed in reading P and P until my Chicago acquaintance woke me up. I should join him in a game of pinochle. On

a boat trip of this kind there are all kinds of teams; walking teams, eating teams, talking teams, card playing teams, crap shooting teams, pool teams, gambling of all kind teams, including teams that don't do anything or don't talk to anybody. These teams get acquainted the first few days on board, I couldn't say no, so I closed my book, said goodbye to the B's, excused myself and played for 2 hours until the dinner bell rang..

We got into a thick fog. The coordinator between the electric button and the fog siren was felt by all. It was perfect team work between the two instruments, each 3 minutes for 2 hours. Many passengers ran to the railing but couldn't see anything. It was all over in two hours. Nature is playing with us.

I walked about after dinner, greeted a few with good evening, nice weather to others, and beautiful evening to others. I was getting a bit lonesome. Said, good night to some, went to my room, retired, read 50 pages from P & P. Bid my dear ones good night- happy dreams.

I thanked my partner's wife, Sophie for presenting me with a box of real cherries. Ate some every night before retiring. Ate the last one tonight.

ON THE WASHINGTON, Thursday, June 15, 1922

Up early. Same routine, up on the deck. The ocean was smooth as a mirror. The sky looked grey as if somebody painted it with grey mud, it even covered up the sun. This scene was not as interesting as yesterday but it was more pleasant. The sun wasn't baking so strong and one could look in any direction without hurting their eyes.

It wasn't very interesting any more. The same people, same greetings. Mr. S. who was supposed to have been my companion in my room is busy from 8 A.M. to midnight with all kinds of gambling. He is a lively fellow but a gambler. The only pleasures I have now are reading P & P and looking forward to the concert tomorrow night.

Walked on deck after lunch, rested from the hard work I don't do here. After the rest, walked up on the deck again. Looked at the sky, it looked as if somebody was trying to wash away the mud from it and after an hour and a half of labor the job was done but not complete. Here and there remained spots of that grey mud paint (clouds). It was a nice job done by nature. The sun was out again and made it hot for us, until 10 P.M. I can't understand why the sun still works here at this late hour when our New York sun is already asleep at 10 P.M. Maybe our New York sun made a deal with the New York Edison Co. on a commission basis to set earlier so that more electricity can be used. Who knows.

Retired early, good night to my dear ones.

ON THE WASHINGTON, Friday, June 16, 1922

Same routine in the morning. It is lonesome, the hours drag. Somebody painted our sky again with dirty grey mud. It started to blow a lazy cold wind. Nobody was on deck. Once in a while, somebody ran for exercise. I, too started to run to warm up. The salons were packed with people dressed to kill. They were all drinking and playing cards, different games. I don't even know the names of some of the games they were playing. My Chicago friend was busy figuring how many points he will lose in a 400 hand pincochle he bought. Couldn't find enough interest to join any game. Walked down to Second Class. I heard violin music. Walked into the dining room. A good looking man of about 50 was sitting at the piano and the young lady with a borrowed violin was rehearsing for the concert tonight. I sat down and looked straight into the face of the violinist. Is she playing because she likes it or because she must? I came to the conclusion that she plays because she loves to play. I envied her parents for having such a jewel. How much would I spend if my Thelma would do the same. Yes, half my life wouldn't be too much for such heavenly pleasure. I found out the piano player is a music composer and and orchestra leader in New York and when he heard of this talented young lady, he offered to practice music with her 4 hours each day to prepare her for the concert. He told me that she is a FIND.

The concert took place in the main dining room of Second Class. The place was crowded with Second Class passengers. The First Class snobs were too busy with their foolish games to be bothered with this kind of nonsense.

The applause was loud after each piece played. I suppose that they were experts on music like me. There were many Germans on this boat, and without a glass of beer they don't move. Nothing tastes good without beer, at dinner or playing any game, at conversations, even listening to good music, one must have a glass of beer. Prohibition didn't make them forget the meaning of "pilsner". I made this remark because most of the people present at this concert had been served beer. I just can't decide what they enjoyed more, the beer or the fiddle playing.

After the beer drinking and music playing, I got lonesome as the minutes passed by. My thoughts concentrated on getting off this boat. It is now 12 midnight.

Good night to all my dear ones.

ON THE WASHINGTON, Saturday, June 17, 1922

Up at 8. The same thing in my routine to start the day. My friends Mr. & Mrs. B. finished praying the Sabbath prayers and were washing up for breakfast. I asked them why they didn't make a "minion" (10 people praying). He replied that he didn't know that the Captain would permit praying to God in Jewish on his boat.

I went up on the top deck after breakfast. The wind was

strong. The sun was shining, but it was cold even with an overcoat on. The waves were getting bigger. The boat started to rock, but I didn't scare any more. We are only 350 miles from Plymouth, our first stop, then Cherbourg, then Bremen only 2 days more.

Went to my room, read more of P & P, I checked my baggage and looked at the family picture I had brought with me. I imagined everyone of my dear ones on this photograph looked better than a week ago. Maybe it's because I didn't see them for such a long time.

After dinner, we enjoyed a fine concert for the benefit of the crew. The decorations were much nicer in this First Class salon but I thought that the atmosphere in the Second Class concert was more pleasant. They behaved better and they paid more attention.

Up on the deck at 10. The sun started to disappear in her hiding place beyond the horizon. It was a beautiful scene to watch. White caps as far as the eye can see. The waves were shaking the ship from side to side. Maybe the ocean is mad at us and our ship that cuts through its waters so majestically. Maybe this is why ever so often a big wave comes down on the side or front of the ship with a big bang.

I watched the play go on for about one hour. It got cold and I went to my room to retire.

Good night to my dear ones.

PLYMOUTH, Sunday, June 18, 1962

The Steward woke me up at 5:30 A.M. to look at Bishops Rock, a small island. It is the measuring point for distance from here to the Ambrose Lighthouse, near New York.

I thought that I would be the only one on deck but there were many there to meet land. Most of the passengers on this ship let their hair down. Yet when land was announced, everybody's face was lit up with joy. It took me back 19 years when I was on my way to America. The thought of seeing land then and now. Then, on the deck of the Dresden, after the voyage that took 18 days, I was young, healthy, red cheeks, full of hopes and enthusiasm, coming to a land full of possibilities. Lots of Rockefellers, Morgans and Carnegies. And now, 19 years later, God knows where my dreaming would have taken me if not for Mr. B. who woke me up with a "Good morning, we will arrive in Plymouth soon". I was kind of angry at him because I wanted to dream, there was something heavy on my heart. Not so long ago, I ran away from home. I left a crying mother, a father who wasn't happy to say goodbye and brothers and sisters. They were all well-to-do and respected citizens and now -- what a difference. I woke up from my dreams. We were nearing the port of Plymouth, a beautiful panorama. The city can't be seen because we dock about a mile from shore and the city lies beyond the mountains that are at the edge of the water, and are painted by the sun with all colors.

After two hours waiting to let off the few passengers who are going to London by way of a small steamer, the Captain advised us by way of a siren blowing that we are leaving. We shall become Frenchmen in six hours from now.

We arrived in Cherbourg Port at 7 P.M. - not a Frenchman around to meet our ship. No respect for the Americans. The English were prompt to meet our ship on arrival but here we will have to wait for the small boat that will call for the mail and pick up the few passengers for Paris. Their excuse for not coming promptly was that their supper comes first.

We left after 3 hours waiting to unload mail and passengers. We are now crossing the English Channel. We heard many stories about this narrow body of rough water. So everybody ran to their rooms to get to bed and fall asleep. We were disappointed when nothing happened.

The English took special care of us. They sent out thousands of sea gulls to meet us and greet us 50 miles out of Plymouth. It was much nicer than to send a thousand soldiers armed to the gills, to meet us. The sea gull is a wonderful bird. So sure of itself, flies so beautifully and gracefully. Doesn't even have to flap his wings to fly - just glides. What tricks they played for us. The noise they made was almost an expression of a happy reception for us.

Good night my dear ones.

ON THE WASHINGTON, Monday, June 19, 1922

It is cloudy and dreary. The North Sea is angry. The sun doesn't want to come out to show its face. Maybe it doesn't want to look at this cursed North Sea. Many innocent people found their grave here between 1914 and 1918. This water grave was supposed to be the place where World War I was to be won or lost. I found out from a German sailor who served on a submarine during that war just what happened and how many ships and people found their wet grave here. I can't believe that human beings could be so mean to defenseless women and children who were left helpless by the hundreds of thousands. If this ocean could only tell the story of that war. The day dragged slowly. I felt nauseated from the thought alone. Went to my room, retired and fell asleep.

Was up at 6:30 P.M., had dinner and up to the top deck. It's clearing. Lights from houses appeared in the distance. We are getting closer to land. Soon we will be in Bremerhave. We stopped at 9 P.M. to lay over night because the tide was too low for our ship to get into the harbor.

Was this a trick of nature, or a treat for us. Maybe nature wanted us to see how nice it is to get into this nice German port by daylight.

I retired, my real work begins tomorrow.

BREMERHAVEN, Tuesday, June 20, 1922

Could not sleep, too much noise on our palatial boat. Everybody was getting ready. The bell rang at 5 A.M. to have a snack and to get our documents in order. For the first time, we met here a German in uniform. He looked stiff in his uniform as if he was looking down on us, and I thought that they were vanquished. Seems that they can't part with the goose step habit. Maybe, they didn't get enough beating.

We arrived in Bremerhaven at 9:30 A.M. One can tell at once between the discipline of the German and the French. Cherbourg looked like a dead town compared to Bremerhaven. Good looking homes, factories, tall brick chimneys, ships galore, all sizes. It was full of life. Maybe this is why the beaten German is so proud.

We received our train tickets to Bremen. Squeezed into a crowded passenger railroad car. I began to be convinced that Europe is not yet in a normal condition and if it is this way in Germany, what can I expect further East. The railroad cars were small, drab, dirty riders squeezed in as much as the car will hold regardless if one has 1st class or 4th class tickets, whether one rides one hour or the whole day. The last war can be noticed everywhere. Hundreds of broken locomotives, thousands of railroad cars rotting on side tracks. It cost little to travel here at our rate of Valuta (exchange) everything is cheap. One must carry bags full of Marks to pay as he spends it. I admire the German for his courage and his patience.

The B's and I dined together. A good meal with good wine for 1100 marks, $3.50 in our money. In Luchows on 14th Street in New York a meal like this would cost at least $25.00. It is cheap for us but very expensive for the natives. A railroad conductor still gets only 1500 marks a month.

Riding from Bremen to Berlin by train, one can see how nice the Germans kept their properties. The homes painted white, the draped and curtained windows, it looked orderly and if I hadn't seen the railroad locomotives and cars rotting on the side tracks, I would have thought that this is the old Germany.

When we arrived in Berlin, there was no room prepared for me. After walking from place to place, I did find a small room in a house that had a sign on it, "Hotel". It was a room in the kind of house I lived in on Cherry Street, New York. I was tired, and was grateful to Mr. B who helped me locate this room. He was here once before and knew his way around, but his talking with his hand and his religious wife's behavior was a little too much for me.

Somebody discovered diamonds, and which woman doesn't like diamonds, especially those who have husbands with money and their wives know how to put their hands on it - so they buy diamonds and drag them wherever they go. But they are afraid to wear them all the time....so they carry them in their handbags and keep on

watching them. I confess that I was ashamed to walk with them at times, especially with her. When he said yes, she said no. He talked to her with his hands and she replied with her hands. It made no difference where we were.

BERLIN, Wednesday, June 21, 1922

Went for a walk under the Linden Strasse, a beautiful street but neglected. It must have been much nicer before the war. I took a horse cab ride. Berlin streets surely have more growing trees than New York and this makes it a more pleasantly dressed up city.

Stepped into a few magazine and department stores. Some were old, some real nice like Wertheims. Hope that on my return trip I will be able to spend more time to visit many places and stores.

I visited the Idgescom office, introduced myself to Comrade Kogun (she) was very busy. Was greeted pleasantly and she thanked me for the good I am about to do by bringing whatever help I can. Was invited to come next day to talk things over. Again I took a walk about the city. Spoke to a few Germans. Almost broke my teeth speaking German. It was difficult but I got along with them somehow. The people were friendly, especially to Americans. I was friendly with them too, and discovered the great love (?) they have for their neighbors.

Stepped into a restaurant for a snack, hot dogs and a glass of pilsner. The beer was better than in New York but not the frankfurters. One like SK can't get lost here and one who has the money to spend surely can get what his or her heart desires, including.....(the streets are full of them).

It's pretty lively everywhere except that the lights on the streets are not well lit up. Autos and cabs everywhere - they are not as nice and as comfortable as the New York cabs, but they sure make a lot of noise. Traffic here is not regulated as in New York. Thousands of people ride on bicycles; young and old - male and female. Store delivery services use bicycles and tricycles. I saw many tricycles for hire.

New houses are being constructed and old ones are being repaired. Was told that factories work 3 shifts a day and that orders are taken for delivery one year ahead - they have plenty of work.

What would the German people do if they didn't have beer and liquor? It is hard to tell. I believe that it would be worse than losing the war.

BERLIN, Thursday, June 22, 1922

Slept later this morning, had breakfast, went to Idgescom office. Met with Mr. Rashkes. Lunched with a few people from Russian

colony here. Was invited to go to the theatre this evening. The first two acts were enough for me. I imagine the last two acts were the best but I didn't see them.

Started to get ready for the trip further East. Wanted to get a Kino camera, but couldn't get what I wanted and what they had to sell, I couldn't buy because I would have to get a permit to take it out from here and bring it into Poland and Russia. This would take time so I purchased a small still camera with 35 packs of film.

I now speak German as good as any Frenchman. I can read all street signs and can window shop as any native.

Went to railroad station to buy a ticket and sleeping berth to Warsaw. No, was the answer. An American who just arrived from Warsaw stood near me and saw my predicament, winked his right eye. I understood the meaning of it and dug my hand into my pocket for a few 100 marks and everything was in order.

BERLIN, Friday, June 23, 1922

Up the usual time and did the usual things I do everyday. Left for shopping tour, I needed certain things to take along. Went to police station to say goodbye - something everybody must do. The police were pleasant, especially to Americans. Left for railroad station. I am to leave on the International train that runs from Brussels to Warsaw via Paris and Berlin. My place was in a pullman car - very nice. I hoped that the rest of my travels will not be worse than this one.

Got into a conversation with the French conductor who spoke English. I began speaking German to him. He stopped me with, "I only speak German when I must, but you know that I hate them". Yes, how well I knew how everybody hates the Germans. There sure is no love between them and if there is love, it is a dangerous love that will not end in a peaceful marriage, but who cared. I came from a country that has a Monroe Doctrine. We were getting close to the German-Polish border and here's where my troubles began. The German feels cheated and is sore and acts as such, asks many questions, examines twice everything in the suitcase, scrutinizes all papers with a magnifying glass. The Pole is worse for he acts as a victor and anything the German does, he must do twice and fresh. One must feel sorry for the German because the land at this border belonged to the German, and the Pole before this war never dreamed that it was to be given to him by the victors. He didn't even fight for it. As I stood looking out the window from my compartment, I tried to appraise the difference between the old Poland the present Poland. The Poland that was German territory before World War I, this part is nice as only the Germans could keep it, and as we traveled further East the difference could be easily noticed. The houses in old Poland were built from mud brick, straw roofs, barefoot people so different from the

German side which is now Poland. I was surprised to see all the old Poland land cultivated and seeded.

I found out how cheap money can get as soon as I crossed this border; while in Germany one had to have large pockets to carry marks, here one must have a brief case to carry the money (zlotys) he gets for the dollar. Example: from Berlin to the border the fare was 290 German marks and from the border to Warsaw, same distance, cost 1,000 marks. For $10.00 one can fill his pockets with zlotys. The dollar will buy much more in Warsaw than in Berlin, but there are many more things to buy in Berlin than in Warsaw.

WARSAW, Saturday, June 24, 1922

Arrived in Warsaw, no one arranged a room for me. All large hotels are occupied by tourists and military personnel, but if one knows how to get around they can get what they want. Decided to stop with my wife's people on the Nalevki which is the Jewish section of the city. I decided to take them out from here to the states. This meeting was the beginning of the pleasures that make such trips worthwhile. These people never saw me before yet they recognized me as I walked into their home unexpected. They were so excited that they couldn't talk. Messiah came from heaven and after a few minutes of silence, they embraced, kissed and hugged me. They began excusing themselves for the way they live. Poor souls. Hell must be a paradise compared to what they have or are still going through. How can human beings take all this is beyond me. It's true that a "human being is stronger than iron", but why did God ever create a people called Jews and make them, "God's chosen people", to be tortured and killed by the millions and to be made the scapegoat to everybody's whim. They live here in rat holes without air. They are afraid to walk down the street for they have no right to live here. So thinks the Polack, who hated the Jew. Their heart stops beating at a knock on the door, for it may be the police with an order to GET OUT AND STAY OUT. Their only hope is to get a visa from the American Consul to go to the U.S.A.

This city and every other large Polish city is flooded with these unfortunate refugees. Many of them have money to cover the cost of travel which has been sent to them by relatives in the U.S.A., the greatest and richest country in the world. You could be the God and Messiah to these countless thousands of of Jews and other people by speeding up the process of getting visas and helping financially to get them out of this hell, but you are afraid. You are playing dirty politics. Your politicians in Washington aren't any better than the Germans or Poles. The U.S.A. is supporting both with our taxpayers countless millions of dollars. Some of the best human material is rotting here in this Ghetto.

Just imagine the predicament of these people who write to

their relatives in America and don't get any reply. Or the poor married women with children whose husbands left them here and went to the U.S.A., promising to send for them later and they never even write to them.

The apartment where my people lived consisted of 3 rooms on the second floor. One of a hundred such apartments in one building that takes up a square block. Inside is a large yard - and many businesses are conducted in this yard. The toilets for all tenants are in this yard,too. The apartment consists of kitchen, dining room and bedroom. This is what it is supposed to be, but after asking why so many beds in each room, I was told that 16 persons live here including a few newly married couples. Some people conduct their business here, too. I was thinking to myself about morale and self-control, under such circumstances.

The ceiling here was nailed up with cardboard to support the plaster that was falling; and when it rains, one gets the raindrops here, too. I was told that this is not a bad apartment, there are many worse apartments and living conditions than this one. I didn't care to see any more, not only in the apartment but in the yard, too. After spending a few hours there, I just had to get out for fresh air.

I raised my hands and eyes to God in heaven, prayed and said " Why do you treat your chosen people so nice? WHY DO YOU HIDE YOURSELF SO FAR AND HIGH? ARE YOU AFRAID THAT THERE MAY BE ONE OF YOUR CHOSEN PEOPLE THAT WILL CHALLENGE YOU TO A DUEL OR TO A PLAIN FIST FIGHT? DON'T WORRY. THE JEWS CAN'T DO THIS, ESPECIALLY THE EUROPEAN JEW AND DOUBLE ESPECIALLY THE JEWS FROM THE WARSAW GHETTO."

Got a room in the Metropole Hotel on Marshalkowska 114, the main street in Warsaw. The room had no conveniences. The bath and wash room were somewhere on the floor, but under the circumstances I made believe that I was in the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York with all the trimmings. Was tired and retired. Fell asleep.

WARSAW, Sunday, June 25, 1922

After breakfast, I took a walk through the Jewish streets and to the office of H.I.A.S. (Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society). The people I met on the way that were begging for help, can't be described. Dirty, filthy in rags, hungry, they run after a visitor for blocks to get something. Elderly married couples, boys and girls, and youngsters dressed in things that looked like they may have been clothes at one time. They wore a small hat on their head, this must have been worn on purpose so that they shouldn't be mistaken for non-Jews. And since business cannot be done on Sunday, neither can they congregate in one place for longer than a few minutes, therefore those streets were filled with parading human beings. I reached the HIAS office. It surely wasn't anything like their office in New York. I observed the people that were waiting

there; waiting for something to happen, maybe a miracle. Some of them already forgot what they are waiting for. Introduced myself to Mr. and Mrs. Shluger, the managers of HIAS. They were busy and asked me to wait near their desk. I listened to the stories told to them by the people they were interviewing. One's heart must be made of iron to listen to the same heart breaking stories day after day without being able to do something about it. I witnessed one such story of a woman who was fortunate to have an American visa but was short 16 dollars to the sum she has to show to the immigration inspector on arrival in New York. She had a letter from her husband in N.Y. that he had sent out the money to her but she didn't get it yet and was afraid that the visa would expire. I saw in Shluger's face that his heart was cracking but no exception can be made to the rule of an institution. Couldn't stay there any longer so I left heartbroken to come back another day. I wouldn't want his job for all the gold in the world. It would drive me insane in no time.

I returned to my relatives, was with them about one hour and returned to hotel to retire. Wasn't hungry. Closed my eyes to start dreaming about my loved ones I left behind.

WARSAW, Monday, June 26, 1922

My troubles are increasing. Went to police station. Tried to find my way. I am green here. Then went to Russian Consul to find out about my visa to Russia. Was advised to go to the Polish Minister for Interior Affairs. When I got there, was told to go to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. They sent me back to the first place, but I didn't go there, I went to the American Consul. Introduced myself and told him my story. The Vice-Consul tried to impress me that he is more important than the President of the U. S.A. His reply to me was cold enough to freeze me. I couldn't accomplish anything with him. Returned to my people, told them that everything is in order. Didn't sleep that night - not because of the bed bugs.

WARSAW, Tuesday, June 27, 1922

Went to the Polish Minister of Foreign Affairs. To my surprise, they gave me an application to fill out. I started running from one desk to another, one clerk wrote down 5 words on my application. It was in Polish. I paid 500 German marks; handed him my American passport. He advised me that they do not give visas for Russia and returned all my papers to me.

Five U.S. tourists walked in for the same purpose and the same thing happened to them. We conferred and decided to report our predicament to the U.S. Consul for he is supposed to be our servant. We are paying his salary and expenses with our tax money. No sooner said than done. Will this visit help us? We will know

the results tomorrow. I was tired out, returned to hotel. Dined and retired hoping that my efforts will be successful tomorrow and will then start working on getting my people away from here.

WARSAW, Wednesday, June 28, 1922

I was battling the whole night with the bed bugs. What do they want from me? They should have respect for an American citizen. My country, the U.S.A. invested lots of cash here which they will never get back. I am certain that I have a share in this investment. Was up early to spite the bugs. Called the people I met yesterday. We started out full of confidence to and in the American Consul. The gent we met today was a nice fellow but smiled too much. He stamped our passports, gave us visas. He also gave us a letter of approval and recommendation to the whole world that he has no objection to our trip to Russia and wished us good luck and a pleasant trip. When we asked him, "Suppose somebody else will object, what then?" No answer. Our Consul is afraid to open his mouth and ask for a transit visa to Russia for us, U.S. Citizens, and so it was. The Polish Minister of Foreign Affairs refused to visa our passport; he told us that AMERICANS ARE NOT BETTER THAN POLES and that they don't give visas to Russia to anybody. We were told that thousands steal across the Polish-Russian border, but we are traveling officially. We can't do that. We sure were in a predicament. To return to the states was unthinkable. I would be ashamed of myself. Telephoned my friend, P; made a date for 5 P.M. Then on to another tour through the city.

When one puts on a pair of dark eye glasses and doesn't look in places where he shouldn't, this European city looks pretty good and normal. I was driving on the Main Street, plenty of trolleys, droshkes, American made autos and trucks. Saw a few Packard cars but mostly the small type cars. People walk much and talk with their hands. Men walk with briefcases and canes. Women are dressed to kill. The magazines (stores) are fairly nice. Plenty of banks. I thought that there are more banks here than in New York. Government buildings galore, many more than in our N.Y. city government.

Maybe it's because they are such experts on running a government that they employ 10 times as many people as we do and for that they need 10 times as much space. I got to the Ghetto section of the city, it did look like Hester Street except that it was noisier and dirtier here.

So, with the dark glasses on, it looked normal but when the dark glasses are removed, one can see that everything is of the cheapest, even the well dressed. The apartment buildings inside and out, are drabby and falling apart. The people with the canes and briefcases are dressed shabby, old clothes. I thought the "Erzats" from New York was sent here. The rooms in the government buildings are four times the size they should be, only one

or two people work in a room. They look lost. Since an apartment takes up a whole square block, one has difficulty finding the people he wants. In the Jewish streets there are plenty beggars, peddlers galore, on-back-carriers, pushers and pullers of pushcarts. Father and son pull or one pull and the other pushes. Sometimes, husband and wife, or two women do the same. The neglect, the poorness, the dirt, the bad odor from the people and the toilets in the yards, and piles of accumulated dirt was enough to poison me. I ran away from there.

Rent is very cheap, cheaper than before the war. And is regulated by law. If only the same law would compel the landlords to keep the places in good repair and in sanitary condition. Then this law would be a sensible and human law. As it is, the rent doesn't pay the owner to keep these buildings in good repair so they let them rot and fall apart, not to pay taxes.

I met Mr. Prilutsky, a prominent and important politician. We embraced for we were both happy to meet. I was happy because in my circumstances such friends mean a lot. At a glass of tea, he reported on the accomplishments by Central Ukrainian Committee, in which work he is interested. He reported that the immigration from Russia to U.S.A. is greatly reduced. The big job they have now is to get papers for the refugees from Russia to live here legally and find homes for them and to get American visas for them or get some work for them to remain here. They hope that within 6 months this problem will be solved, and there will be no more refugee problem here.

I suggested that this work be united in one organization; unfortunately, this cannot be done for many reasons, mostly political. He promised to get me a visa. I left him with a hand shake and hope to see him again soon.

WARSAW, Thursday, June 29, 1922

Today is a Polish holiday. I am told that there is a holiday at least once each week, mostly religious holidays.

I went to the Ukrainian Federation, was introduced to Mr. DiJur, an immigrant lawyer. I gave him my paper and he promised me the same as Prilutsky. He showed me statistics and their latest bulletin. From there, went to meet Adolph Held at the HIAS. He was busy, his shirt sleeves rolled up, without a jacket, read letter after letter while he was talking to me. I didn't know if he didn't know what he was reading or what he was telling me.

He told me that the HIAS was in bad financial circumstances, ready to close its doors. This shouldn't happen for this is the best organization for the Jewish immigrant. Asked him about uniting all political parties in the work of helping immigrants and he replied that there are too many political factions here. The Greenbergs and Prilutskys and the others profit politically from the immigration problem and each party makes a lot of noise for

their own political benefit. (Prilutsky and Greenberg are opposing political figures in Warsaw) The day disappeared. I went to see a landsman.

My dear beloved ones how I miss all of you. Would love to know how you are. Do you miss me too?

WARSAW, Friday, June 30, 1922

Expected to hear good news about my visa but will have to wait until Sunday. It is terribly slow, even my watch seems to be working slower. Walked over to the people who are also going my way. They, too, are in the same predicament. Walked over to the Coordination Committee. They jumped on me. "You are here so long and you haven't come in to see us." I didn't want to tell them all my woes here. Excused myself and promised to visit them again on Sunday. They thought I brought American dollars for them. Why shouldn't I bring dollars? Am I not a member of the Executive Committee of the Ukrainian Federation and Treasurer, too? They were entitled to their expectations. There were nice people in the group, spoke many languages. Lawyers, doctors, rabbis, etc.

Poor Ukraine, it looks like you are getting rid of the best human material you have, and to whom?

Went to see my people, my in-laws. Took Rose and Moony to dinner. Discussed their leaving for U.S.A. I met, through a coincidence, a New York friend who knows his way around. He knows how to tickle the palm of the hands of the right people. I hope to get results soon.

Walked on the main street of Warsaw with a friend. Then to Jerusalimska Alley. This is the nicest street in Warsaw and the most anti-semitic street, too. What irony. A Jewish name of a street where Jews are more hated by the people that live on it than in any other street. It is wide, 4 rows of trees, not too well lit up. It looked like a peaceful street; is Jerusalem so nice, too? I walked into a coffee shop, pretty nice but neglected and dirty. Not all lights were on, saving electricity. Young children in drab clothes were waiting on the drab customers. Everything about looked alike except the military people, especially the officers. Warsaw is full of them. They are the only people that have everything and live a life of plenty. The music played some American music - I should say,killed some American music, didn't enjoy this.

All stores must close at 7 P.M. daily and all day Sunday. The Jews close their businesses two days each week and sometimes more because of government - national or other religious holidays.

WARSAW, Saturday, July 1, 1922

It is lonesome, I lost interest in being here. It's 20 days since I left New York. Heard nothing from my dear ones I left

behind. Jotted down in my diary since Thursday and ended with "how are you my loved ones" How do you feel?" Rose almost fell into my room with a telegram from Bessie, "Everyone fine." Rose told me that this is the first time that she wrote on Shabos (Sabbath) and the sin is on me. I told her that I gladly take such sins on me and as for you, dear Bessie, if there is a God in this world, he will repay you for this telegram and if he doesn't, then you will have to wait until I return and I'll pay you not only the principal but with plenty interest. I left with Rose to visit our people; would love to drag them away from this dump. Hope it will be soon.

Returned to hotel where I wrote again. Then to the Russian Consul to air my Russian language. He handed me a telegram from EVKOM RASHKES, New York, that all cases shipped from New York arrived in Odessa, June 20th, and will surely be awaiting me in Kiev when I get there. Good news for me. Maybe I'll soon be able to leave - maybe. Walked the streets for a few hours, looked at the many shattered panes in the large magazines (stores) which are pieced together with wood and screws. It's 7 P.M., time to close the stores. All the windows get barricaded with wooden shutters, a protection against the night walkers and night watchmen. I tried to compare this with New York stores. There are so many policemen and military men in uniform here, yet the windows must be protected. The main streets look good at night if one doesn't scrutinize or look into places he shouldn't look. I wanted to take Rose and her brother, Moony, to a Jewish theatre, but she wouldn't go today. One sin is enough. It's Sabbath. Even if I offered to take over this sin, too. She told me that I shouldn't sin too much.

Dined in a Polish restaurant at 10 P.M. Hoped that I will have good news tomorrow. Bought an English newspaper that is published in Lodz. Discovered that the Polish government is having trouble forming a new Cabinet. Too many political parties, each party wants their leader to be the President. Also found out that Mars is only 54 million miles from the earth. It was late when I was through reading the paper. One eye was half closed and the second eye refused to "scab" on the first eye, so good night.

WARSAW, Sunday, July 2, 1922

Up early. I should surely get my visa today. Went to the Central Committee. It is no use complaining, it wouldn't do any good. I'll have to wait. Went to the coordinating committee. Promised them to come again and meet one who is returning to the U.S. A. - a reporter fro the New York Jewish Tageblatt; this is what he said he was. I found out that he was in Russia four and a half months; that he just returned and is financially broke. He took a liking to my top shirt and my fountain pen. To make it short, when he left Warsaw, for the states, he had my shirt and 5000 marks and for this he kissed me when he left for the RR station.

I didn't have time to find out what kind of a bird he is. I'll leave him for another time.

WARSAW, Monday, July 3, 1922

My hope to leave today didn't materialize. The same story; I was sent from one minister to another. Went to the American Ambassador and Consul, but no results. Dropped in at 6 P.M. on the very important Mr. Prilutsky. He promised again to give me a personal letter. I must have lost 10 pounds today. Went to the coordinating committee meeting. Wanted to see how they conduct a meeting, how many members attend, and what are they talking about. Is it the same as in our New York meetings? Well, it wasn't any different. Very few came, everybody present talked, and they decided to have another meeting soon. There, I met a Rabbi from Kiev, who surprised me with his knowledge of world affairs. He spoke six languages. I enjoyed my conversation with him.

Returned to my family where I spent a few hours reporting to them what I didn't accomplish today.

WARSAW, Tuesday, July 4, 1922

The American Consulate and Embassy are closed today, it is July 4th. The stores with American names, that hung up American flags, are open.

I am angry. My friend Prilutsky misled me. Maybe he didn't mean to do it. The few Americans who also waited for visas are already on their way to Kiev. If I wasn't promised help by my friend, I would in all probability be on the way to Kiev, too.

The day disappeared. In the evening Rose, Moony and I went for a walk on Jerusalimski Street. It was terribly hot today. The streets were crowded with walkers. I told them how I felt. Have to get away from here. Am commencing to suffer and if it wasn't for them, I would never go to Kiev this way, but to please them meant to please my Bessie, for it is her parents, brothers and sisters.

When I returned to hotel, sat down on the balcony (terrace) overlooking Marshalkowski Street, it was 11 P.M. and still lively, trolleys, autos, drozhkies. Watching from here what is going on below, one can imagine that this is almost a civilized city. The newspaper boys, half naked and barefoot, holler so loud they could wake up the dead. I almost would have forgotten where I am if not for the newsboys.

There are quite a few Americans here as delegates from some organization or were sent here for business with plenty of money. They are having a real good time here. The sky is the limit. The dollar is an important factor here.

Didn't sleep at night. There was a pogrom in Wilna today.

The JEWISH WILNA, the city of JEWISH LEARNING AND CULTURE. This city is supposed to be the capital of Lithuania, a new government created by the Allies after the last war that was fought to protect minorities, but POLAND, who won her independence from RUSSIA with the military and financial assistance of the Western allies, THIS POLAND doesn't want to recognize that WILNA should belong to Lithuania and surely doesn't recognize the JEWS as a minority. So why not kill some of them? The WESTERN ALLIES wouldn't bother to protect them. It's only JEWS THAT THE POLES ARE KILLING. Are the important people in the U.S.A. too busy filling their pockets with more dough and afraid to make a noise about such trifles as KILLING JEWS IN WILNA BY POLES. Maybe the rich German Jews are afraid to protest this pogrom because they didn't want to be accused of BEING SYMPATHETIC TO RUSSIAN OR POLISH JEWS whom they dislike. Maybe the Poles celebrated this great American Independence Day, July the fourth, by showing how independent they are.

WARSAW, Wednesday, July 5, 1922

The hours dragged. Mr. Prilutsky took all my papers to go to the POWERS and told me to wait in his office. I waited from 1 to 5 P.M. but he didn't even phone to tell me what is cooking. I telephoned his home at 5, he was having dinner. I should come to his office tomorrow morning and he will go with me to the Polish Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Spent the rest of the day in the bureau, had a good chance to observe what is going on here. The impression I got was that there is no order or discipline. Everybody talks at one time and all the clerks consider themselves tops. The preparation to do something takes more time than the doing. Their hearts must have turned to stones. They are indifferent to the people that come here in groups to seek relief from their terrible predicaments. These people are being stepped on as if they were bugs. The crying of a 75 year old man with a long beard because he has no place to go, he has to sleep in the street, always hungry, didn't move anybody there to do something for him. There are thousands like him, he happened to be a Polish native citizen, not a Russian. Stories like this broke my heart and spirit. Surely the refugees that come here think that Messiah is waiting for them here. Many people who have received a few dollars from relatives in the U.S.A. and are now waiting a long time for a visa, are now indifferent for they don't believe they will ever get one and are living from day to day. They beg for whatever they can get, without any hope of becoming again a human and respected person.

I spent a few hours with Rose and Moony sipping beer. Was played out when I retired.

WARSAW, Thursday, July 6, 1922

Rushed to Prilutsky. We were to leave at 10 but left for the Minister's office at 12. We waited until 1:30, met his Honor who told us to come tomorrow, Friday, and if the Minister said come tomorrow who dares dispute him or ask questions why tomorrow, or what will happen tomorrow. Maybe he fell in love with me and wants to see me again. Something that couldn't happen to a POLISH MINISTER, for I am a JEW, and Poles don't fall in love with JEWISH MALES. They do fall in love with JEWISH FEMALES but only for a NASH. In the meantime, I have to prepare for my travel to east or west. I'll make one more try with the American legation here. Why did he get the visa for the others and not for me? A letter from him would do a lot to expedite me out of here, but he didn't want to talk to me. No reasons or excuses. Maybe it's because the others he helped were GENTILES AND RELIGIOUS PEOPLE who were to convert the JEWS TO THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION and I am just trying to help all people of all religions.

I was getting ready to leave, maybe to Moscow. Have to break through the barriers somehow, somewhere. The trouble with me and many more like me is that when we start out to make such a trip, especially to the newly created countries, we think that we will get the best of attention because we are AMERICANS and our passports will break through all barriers. The best solution is to stay in the U.S.A.

When I returned to the hotel, Rose and Moony were waiting. We were together for a few hours. It was very hot today. They left and I made myself comfortable on the BALKON (terrace) stretched out on three chairs and fell asleep when suddenly a leg of the center chair refused to carry my body and it collapsed and there I was on the floor. I spit out three times not to get superstitious and got into bed.

WARSAW, Friday, July 7, 1922

Was advised that Comrade Churgen, the Russian Ambassador to Poland, arrived from Russia. It was good news for me. I am certain he will help me.

Went to meet Mr. Margulies, a lawyer politician, a prominent personality and member of the Central Committee. Discussed my predicament with him. It is now 11:30 A.M. , too late to go with him to the Minister. We will meet again at 2. We didn't go at 2. A Mr. Miller from same organization told me that we will go tomorrow at 11 A.M.

Went to the British Consul, maybe I can get him to help me. He was very friendly but that's all. Went to the American Consul, made affidavits to take my relatives to the U.S., and asked him would he please give them visas. He promised me that they will be able to leave for U.S. in about a week.

Ran back to my people to tell them the good news. It got much cooler tonight, it rained and refreshed everything. Waited in the hotel for my people to come and shmus. I forgot that it is Friday evening and they don't ride. Fell asleep waiting.

Have lost interest in everything here. Wanted to get away. Unlike other Americans that are here and let their hair down and anything goes - sky is the limit. Maybe it's because these people don't look at things the way I do or don't go to the same places I go or don't care how they spend money entrusted to them. Many Americans that are here are delegates of some organization that sent them here to do something for their Landeleit. So they have plenty of money but no conscience. Much could be said about these people. I'll let others do the criticizing. I have three jobs to do. Get my people out of here, go to Radomysle, distribute the things that we sent from New York that are now waiting for me there, and get back to my beloved.

WARSAW, Saturday, July 8, 1922

I, too, am now inflicted with the disease of tipping my hat and bending halfway down and kissing MADAM'S hand everytime I meet people, and of course, when one tips the hat and shakes hands a conversation ensues and time is wasted. Miller and I went to the Polish Minister and after waiting for an hour and a half we left without results.

Went to HIAS to tell Held and Shluger where I now stand. They laughed at me and remarked: "Did you expect Prilutsky to do something for you or to keep on running to the Minister?"

Sent a telegram to Dr. B. Dubowsky, President of the Ukrainian Federation in New York to amend my passport to leave for Russia through another country. Went to see COMRADE CHURGEN, the RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR. He is a wonderful person. I fell in love with him the first time I met him. He made an impression on me of a saint.

After spending a half hour with him, I decided to go to Berlin, Koenigsburg and Moscow. No visa required. I felt better already. Now I know where I stand. Returned to my people, then back to hotel where I made a new acquaintance - a man from Kiev. He is here one and a half years and is now a Polish citizen. He invited me to accompany him to a Jewish theatre to see "MOTKE GANEV" (Max the Thief). Believe that this played in one of the Jewish theatres in New York with great success. Left in the middle of the second act. It reminded me of some of the Jewish theatres in New York. Everybody was trying to quiet everybody else by "shhh - keep quiet",or explaining to their neighbor what is going on, and many were eating sandwiches or cracking nuts. Just one big happy family.

WARSAW, Sunday, July 9, 1922

Went to the Coordinating Committee. Was greeted with "SHALOM ALEICHEM"..they thought I had already returned from my mission. Haven't been in touch with them for over a week and did not look so good. They felt sorry for me and when they found out that I hadn't gone yet and the reason for it, they told me to contact the Greenberg group, a political group in opposition to the Prilutsky group; in competition with each other politically. Was told that just because Prilutsky group couldn't accomplish it, the Greenberg group will do so to spite Prilutsky. A clever idea.

Left for my people's home. Took a few pictures, visited the HIAS again, walked a few streets in the Jewish Ghetto. All Jews are in the street now for there was no business transacted yesterday and today. People must keep on walking. They can't stop in groups, they may get arrested for doing business even if they are only talking politics or about the Talmud. If the Jewish position were better, politically and economically, the two day holiday would be a good thing. It would make the people walk more as I noticed in the two weeks I am here. Walking is a good habit and even now people here walk much more in comparison than they do in New York. Here and there a deal of some kind may have been negotiated - on the q.t.

Met a New York landsman who deals in everything that comes along. He invited me to take a ride with him in a taxi to visit his partner who lived in a suburb that should take three-quarters of an hour on the Main Highway. I made a price of five dollars. Of course, the road is not like our main highways from New York to Yonkers or Brownsville. After driving about thirty minutes, we got off the Soshe (highway) and on a mud and sand road. We got into a sand hole over the hub caps.Two railroad tracks run along this so-called road. One narrow gauge track for local traffic and the wide gauge track for international traffic. The local train is mostly for travel to DATCHES (vacation homes). Passengers hang on every available place. No reserved space. I never saw such travel as I am seeing now - while being stuck in the sand here. It is worse than our subway rush hour. We asked the chauffeur why we don't get out from the hole, we will help push. He replied, that if we pay him more he will let us push him out. We agreed and we started to ride again, but after a short distance he stopped again and demanded more money. This was too much under any circumstances and we told him to drive back to Warsaw. The carburetor broke and we had to get a horse to pull us back to town.

WARSAW, Monday, July 10, 1922

Went to the National Ratt (political organization) tipped my hat to everybody, shook hands with the males and kissed the hands of the females. Considered myself a native European in this

respect. Left with Mr. BRIANSKI, a GREENBERG assistant to visit the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Explained to him on the way what happened to me up to now and it is up to Greenberg to show up Prilutsky. The Minister sent him to another Minister who was too high up or too important to lower himself to speak to Brianski. Mr. Greenberg must speak to him. I was told to return at 3 for an answer. When I returned at 3 was advised that I couldn't find the Minister today and that Greenberg is coming tomorrow morning in person. Was getting ready to leave for Berlin and fly to Moscow, the only way out. Returned to my people. Didn't tell them of my predicament. Went walking on Marshalkovska. Got used to this procedure. Many people were walking as it was a beautiful evening.

WARSAW, Tuesday, July 11, 1922

Wrote about 15 postcards and letters to my dear ones in New York. Had a good meal. Went to the American Consul about the visas for my people here. He assured me that they will be able to leave in a few days. This sure was good news for me.

Went to the National Ratt. GREENBERG telephoned that he spoke to the real Minister, who spoke to his assistant to phone another Minister, etc. Was advised at 4 P.M. that somebody forgot to telephone somebody else and tomorrow - - -

Was weak and disgusted. Why am I waiting here instead of going to Berlin and Moscow? The reason is - it only takes 12 hours from here to Kiev and I have to get my people out of here, our Consul doesn't rush too fast to help me.

WARSAW, Wednesday, July 12, 1922

Left with Brianski at 11:30 A.M. to see the Minister again. We are supposed to leave at 9 but by the time he was through shaking hands and tipping his hat to everybody it was 11:30. The Minister was in conference. We were told to wait, didn't know how long. Discovered that the Poles drink tea at their conferences, the porter kept on bringing tea into the room where they met. Brianski left, told me to wait. Was getting nervous - paced the room in every direction, counted the fingers on my hand, the buttons on y coat - just to be occupied. Even started to speak Polish to the porter who understood that there is something wrong with me.

He walked into the meeting room; must have told the Minister about me for he came out with a smile, asked me for my passport, looked at it, gave me a letter with the passport, told me to show this tomorrow to Minister so and so and everything will be O.K. This meant that I am getting my visa and Greenberg's vixtory over Prilutsky is complete. I was overjoyed. Ran back to my people to tell them the good news. They, too were happy because they didn't want me to fly. Returned to hotel where Rose was

waiting for me. Told her the good news. She grabbed hold of me as little as she was and kissed and hugged me. Bet if Bessie was to see this, she would surely be jealous.

Knew that this is not yet the end but it doesn't matter any more. The important part of the job is done. Decided to donate half million marks to the local HIAS to assist in getting passports and visas for the Ukrainian refugees for I have had a good taste of the trouble it involves.

When I came to Warsaw, the official rate of exchange was 4400 marks for one dollar - today it is 6400 marks to the dollar. Who knows what it will be tomorrow or a month later because on the black market exchange - one can get almost twice as much for the dollar. Can't understand this terrible fluctuation. A rich person today can be a beggar the next day or vice versa.

WARSAW, Thursday, July 13, 1922

Everything was ready for my departure 12:30 tonight for Kiev by train. I prepared letters and telegrams to be sent out.

WARSAW, Friday, July 14, 1922

Didn't leave at 12:30 as I was supposed to. The Poles knew I had a few American dollars and they would like to put their hands on it, in spite of the fact, that they were told I am an important citizen and could almost run for Senator or even PRESIDENT in the U.S.A. - but, I wasn't worried any more. Was certain that everything will end O.K. Bought two pounds of cherries for 900 marks - each cherry as big as a plum. Returned to my people. Arranged how to leave for U.S. Rose and I went to the Federation, National Ratt and Central Committee to bid them goodbye and thank them for the help they gave me, also went to HIAS to do the same and especially say goodbye to the HELDS and SHLUGERS. Donated half million marks as I promised. This was the largest individual contribution to them here. Everybody wished me a successful mission.

WARSAW, Saturday, July 15, 1922

Up early, went to buy some things to take along on the train for I was told that the accommodations aren't so good, especially on the other side of the border. Went to the bank to pick up the dollars I just received from the States. Walked over to the U.S. Consul to inquire about the visas for my people. He told me to have them come Monday to receive their visas (3). Thought he was kidding me because he was the one that gave me the cold shoulder on the first visit when I applied for the visas, but this time he was all smiles and he showed me the number of the visas and the notice he mailed to them two days ago. Was so

overjoyed that I didn't know if I should grab hold of him and kiss him or beat hell out of him. Thanked him and bid him goodbye. He wished me the very best; the knew the purpose of my mission and invited me to visit with him on my return from Russia, he is interested to know what's going on there.

Went to the Russian Ambassador to affix his signature on my visa. He too, was happy that I am leaving. Understood that he could not help here because the relations between Poland and Russia are strained. Poland was the WESTERN ALLIES' PET CHILD to spite Russia. He wished me the very best.

Wanted to be the one to tell my people this glad news. Ran to their home my heart was palpitating fast. Knocked on the door. Rose opened it, she was holding an envelope in her hand, half open. I noticed that the envelope was from the American Consul. I said , "You already have your visas and can leave for America Monday ". I did this to make certain that I would be the first to tell her this happy news for which they had been waiting so long. Rose by that time, had the envelope opened (something she hadn't done until now - tear paper on the Sabbath). She screamed out, "We got it, MAZEL TOV, MAZEL TOV." The letter contained confirmation and the number of the visas they will get on Monday and leave this HELL forever, even if they will never forget it. We embraced and kissed. They cried for joy, I too, had to use my handkerchief to dry the tears that were sliding down my cheeks. Poor people, you didn't believe any more that such good things will ever happen to you. We cried together. It's good to cry from joy. Arranged all details for their departure; tickets and money. Said goodbye to the in-laws; we kissed and cried. Rose and Moony came with me to the hotel. Said goodbye to the few people that came here to wish me a pleasant voyage and successful mission and to the railroad station to begin my trip to the land of --- I don't know yet what to call it. I will know this on my return from there. I met, at the station, a Courier from the Ukrainian Mission, who is going to Moscow and to China. Most of this Polish railroad equipment came from Germany and Russia or was taken from both countries after World War I. The marking on these cars is in Polish. Every available space on this train, including the roofs and platforms, were full of people with packages. Even the first class passengers couldn't get to their places, except our diplomatic car. I haven't seen anything like this so far. We wre in a special international car and on the window and door of my compartment was posted a notice "DIPLOMATIC MISSION". The Polish people that looked at this notice ran away not to get contaminated with BOLSHEVISM. I had a good compartment together with the Courier.

ON TRAIN, Sunday, July 16, 1922

Didn't sleep, we conversed. The corridors of the cars

in the whole train were packed. People slept on their packs or were standing. We arrived at the Polish border town, ZDOLBENOV. We will be here for three hours for a thorough inspection by the Poles. Passports and baggage. The same car will be pushed across to the Russian side of the border, a town named SHEPETOVKA. This transfer could be done in a few minutes but the Poles are stretching it out deliberately to spite the Russians or the passengers who go to Russia. The windows were shut and the shades down because we are crossing borders. I wanted to see what a border looks like. Poland was part of Russia until after World War I. But, except for the change of conductors on the train from Polish to Russian and the Russian soldier with a rifle, dressed in a dirty torn uniform this was the only contrast between the two sides of the border, it was the same mother earth, same houses, except that Russian is spoken here and Polish was left behind. Here our International Wagon (car) will be hitched on to a Russian train from SHEPETOVKA TO KIEV.

Got off at the SHEPETOVKA STATION to drink tea and look around. It was early in the morning. People were sleeping all over the place, their baggage under their heads, barefoot, torn clothes, hungry. The air was foul, no lights. They are waiting for the next train to ride to Kiev to do business. I didn't know what they have in their baggage to sell. The so-called restaurant was crowded with tea drinkers and some kind of pastry was on the counter. We were sent to a room called "TOMOZHNE" (custom house) to wait until our car is cleaned and ready for us.

Went on an inspection tour. This small border town is surrounded by woodlands. We noticed many shanties made from mud and bricks. The occupants who came here from distant parts of Russia are dressed lightly, wear fur hats. They came from that part of Russia where people are starving from hunger. How they live here, no one knows. I had some food with me but didn't know to whom to give it to first. This was a terrible sight. There were many people sitting on the floor of the station. I tried to pick up a conversation with some of them. One's misfortune is greater than the others, especially the Jewish. Here were two sisters with children, their husbands were killed in the war. One has five million rubles for a ticket to PROSKOROV, the other had no money. They wouldn't part, so they sat on the floor, begging for bread to keep them alive and are waiting for a miracle to happen. I bought two tickets for them and left them there with the others. Returned to the Tomozhne room. It was still dark. Maybe it is better this way.

SHEPETOVKA, Monday, July 17, 1922

Didn't have to get up because I didn't go to sleep. Couldn't believe that I am in a civilized world, not so long ago these people were fighting together with the Western Allies against the

common enemy, and now what? I felt sorry, but don't know if it was for myself or for the people. I imagined for comparison, Grand Central Station and this station. The locomotive that is setting up the train for Kiev is puffing and puffing like an old horse. The holes in the ground are supposed to be living quarters for human beings that creep around like worms. All this made a terrible impression on me that I wanted to grab a hold of the maker of this world by the beard and ask him, WHY ALL THIS? WHY DO YOU PUNISH PEOPLE SO TERRIBLY, AND YOU PUNISH SOME PEOPLE MORE THAN OTHERS, AND WHY DID YOU CREATE THE HUMAN RACE?

My companion noticed my thoughts of the situation. He assured me that it is much better as we get further inland. This is a BORDER and many come here with the hope to get across to other countries but get stuck here for THEY DON'T KNOW THE POLES. He assured me that when I get to Kiev, I will feel just like being in New York. I believed him. What else could I do? The sun rose here two hours earlier than in Warsaw because we are further east and because of daylight time that's practiced here. Our diplomatic car will be hitched to the train leaving at 12. We returned to our compartment in our diplomatic wagon (car). This was a very nice car years ago when the WAGONLITZ used to ply between Belgium and Constantinople, but even now it is nicely fitted out, at least we have water to wash our hands. There was hardly any light or sanitary conveniences. The ticket from Shepetovka to Kiev cost only 21 million rubles, a small sum in dollars but a lot to the natives.

We went to the market near the station. One can buy here anything his heart desires from an egg to a piece of ham. If it wasn't for my companion, I would have bought out the whole market but he wouldn't let me. I bought a loaf of bread, 2 bottles of boiled milk, 2 dozen hard boiled eggs. The merchants noticing that I was buying so many things, surrounded me with all their merchandise. I ran away while the running was good - stumbled and fell, broke one bottle of milk and a few of the eggs.

Returned to our compartment, locked the door and enjoyed a meal fit for a king. Went again to the market, took a few photos. The station bell started to ring 1-2-3 and exactly on the minute of 12, we started for Kiev. We are now riding at a speed of 26 miles an hour.

Gazed out of the window and watched the lands go by. Beautiful pine trees (SOSNOVKES), tall and thick as I remember them as they grew in the WAALD (WOODLANDS) near Radomysle where I used to take a walk each Saturday afternoon. We arrived in NOVOGRAD VOLINSK. This was a beautiful station at one time, now it is history as written by PETLURA AND DENIKIN with the assistant-RUSSIA'S WESTERN ALLIES. Yes, now I commence to see the truth I was told about these HYDEMAKES who are responsible for the death of MILLIONS OF JEWS AND RUSSIANS, TOO.

As soon as our train arrived in this station, a mob of

about 1,000 people made a dash for the train. Men and women, old and young, each with one or more packages, some consisting of livestock, chickens, geese, ducks and pigs. I was amazed how they all squeezed, pushed and pulled. I didn't believe that this is our 20th Century world. I was in a trance until my companion asked me to take a walk with him. Woke up from my trance and realized where I was. We left in about one hour, the locomotive puffs and pulled hard. The load was too much. We were traveling about 15 miles per hour. We arrived in KOROSTIN. We were supposed to travel via BERDITCHEV, FASTOV AND KIEV but not KAZIATIN. I asked a fellow passenger about the next station and he replied, MALIN. I nearly keeled over, for Malin is only 30 viorst from Radomysle and my Mother is so near. Maybe I should get off here and drive or ride on a DELEZSHIAN (BUS) to Radomysle, or maybe I should start screaming as loud as I can so that they can hear me in Radomysle and tell Mother that I am here. What shall I do? But my fellow travelers wouldn't let me do this. To remain alone with my baggage on this dark station platform is not advisable so I wrote a note to give to somebody who is going to Radomysle. But no one was going there - I almost went insane, a telegram wasn't possible to send from here. This being a diplomatic wagon with a soldier guarding each end of the car made it impossible to get off. An inspector came up to check the passengers in this car but was chased off at the point of a gun. This was a terrible place for a stranger. I asked the soldier for permission to get off and buy some food at the market near this station. He didn't permit. I was in a terrible dilema. I laid down on my berth, face down and waited for 5:15 when this train will drag itself to Kiev. This was a difficult day for me.

KIEV, Tuesday, July 18, 1922

Arrived 5:15 A.M. I wired from Shepetovka to my sister, RIVKA that she should wait for me at the railroad station on arrival in Kiev, but after pushing through the mass of humanity that got off this train with their packages, there was nobody waiting for me. Here, too, the station was dark and packed with sleeping humanity. I was in this station in 1903 on my way out of Russia and how different this place looks now. I hired a drozhk (horse drawn cab). The price was only two and a half million rubles. Was brought to the house where my sister lives, grabbed my baggage and walked up to the second floor, knocked on the door of an apartment that I thought is occupied by my sister. After a few minutes of knocking, an old lady (gentile) in her night shirt opened the door, said something I didn't understand. I said MEDNIKOV and she pointed a finger to the room where they lived. One room - 6 people - four on the floor - two in a make-believe bed. Walked in on the tips of my toes not to wake them up for it was 6 A.M. I observed the situation, felt the atmosphere, almost smelled it. Tiptoed into a corner, sat down in a

chair, dropped a few tears, bit my lips not to break out into a sob. Walked out from the house for fresh air, then walked on the street named TAPASOVSKAYA and down to KRESTCHIATIC STREET. I wanted to look at this famous street early in the morning before the natives get busy looking at me. Yes, what destruction, almost impossible to imagine without seeing it. Most of the window panes were broken, many covered with wood or cardboard. After two hours of walking about this once beautiful street, I suddenly heard someone calling me "DIADIA" (UNCLE) Mother doesn't know what happened to you and she is terrible worried". A child thirteen years old, that never saw me but recognized me from a distance. Shall I say mental telepathy or is it because I looked like a greenhorn to her. When she reached me, she grabbed hold of me, jumped on me to hug and kiss me, and led me home to her mother, my sister RIVKA. I can't describe what happened when I walked into the one room apartment. Pen and ink can't do justice. Only imagination and dreaming can do a just job. Everybody cried with joy. Everybody wanted to be the first to tell me about everything that happened here to everybody and each wanted to stay closest to me and hold on to me so that I don't disappear or evaporate. Then began a parade from all relatives and other landsleit. This gave a lot of color to the tragic play that was staged here in the past eight years. I doubt if there is another part in the world that there is or was so much tragedy, especially to the JEWS. The repeating to me by each of his package of troubles lasted until 4 A.M. Couldn't take any more of it physically. I didn't care to eat or sleep.

KIEV, Wednesday, July 19, 1922

Was invited to visit my nephew, NATHAN OLIVENSKY, to be his guest for the evening. Here began a new chapter of the play. The second act filled with drama, tragedy and a bit of comedy, too. The meeting with the rest of the family I didn't meet yesterday and also the others to whom I brought letters and regards from their relatives in New York. Here were moments I shall never forget. Everyone has a story about what has happened to them, about all their dear ones that were killed in the war and by the PETLURAS AND DENIKINS after the war. The pogroms they lived through. I couldn't believe that human beings could take so much and still want to live.

The comedy part of this Act Two, was when they asked me if I knew their brothers or uncles or cousins Jake or Joe and other names. One has red hair, one has a long black beard, one has a wart on his nose. They don't even know in what city they live. I was up until 3 A.M., my head filled with questions I couldn't answer. And this happened here in Kiev. What will it be in Radomysle, my birthplace, when I get there?

KIEV, Thursday, July 20, 1922

Today was same as yesterday, more heart breaking stories. Went to deliver a few letters I brought with me, a few fainted when they saw me with the letters, a few started pulling their hair, grabbed me and kissed me and cried for joy. One must be made of stone not to break down. If the relatives in America could come here, if only for a few minutes, and hear and see what happened to their dear ones; how they live, eat or dress, then they would not go so often to theatres, or would buy a few less pairs of stockings, or shoes or clothes, or other foolish things and would send the few dollars to their relatives in Russia.

Went walking again. This KRESTCHIATICK, the heart of KIEV, that was once the jewel of the capital of the Ukraine; the tramways, the autos, the Isvostskikes, the horses and the people - all looked alike - DESTROYED. This is not so much the fault of the Germans during the war but due to the willful destruction by the Hydemakes (bandits) who destroyed property and killed people, especially the Jews, without rhyme or reason. Was told that Kiev looks much better today than a year ago. Today, there are electric lights, trolley cars, cabs, the water system is functioning, people are in the streets. Some business is going on. Stores are open. One can buy now a pair of stockings for one million rubles, or a half-pound of salt for a half million rubles.

Was told that since LENIN permitted the NEP, or as it is spelled out NEW ECONOMIC POLICY, the Russian people are getting back to life again.

Attended to the cases of goods that arrived here to be sent to RADOMYSLE and am arranging for my trip there too. Arrive early Friday to eat gefilte fish as I asked my Mother to prepare for me. Wanted to get someone to make a moving picture of my arrival in RADOMYSLE but such a thing was impossible. Went to the OLIVENSKY home where a crowd awaited me.

Was played out at 4 A.M. - listening again to their stories accompanied by rivers of tears.

KIEV, Friday, July 21, 1922

Couldn't sleep the few hours left during the night. Will be near my Mother, FEIGA, soon, embrace her and hold her in my arms, kiss off the tears that will be rolling down her cheeks. Maybe I'll be crying too. Or, maybe I'll feel better for my feelings are down in the dumps and I do not want to cry. Controlled myself up to now - but there wre so many occasions that actually broke me down mentally and spirtually. But now comes the climax. Am certain that each minute MOTHER waits for my arrival in RADOMYSLE is like years to her.

Went to check on the cases I brought here that were delivered to NARKOMINDEL (NORODIN COMMISSION FOR EXTERNAL AFFAIRS) also, to check on the hiring of an auto drive us to Radomysle. Didn't want to ride via horse cart so as not to arrive after sundown today. I didn't want to do anything that may be against Mother's wishes. Rented an automobile for 250 million rubles to leave Kiev at 2 and to arrive at 6 in Radomysle. But luck wasn't with me today, we started out at 4:30 P.M. The tires blew out ever so often, there was no spare. We had 6 flats in 30 miles. I ordered the car to return to Kiev because I didn't want to ride at night. Raised hell with the garage foreman. Returned to hotel disappointed. Felt terrible because there was no way to get in touch with Mother to tell her what happened. There was nothing I could do about it. Will have to wiat.

As we were returning to Kiev, I lived through a tragedy that seldom happens. My nephew-secretary, Motel, screamed out "Here is BEILA, riding on a horse driven wagon". I didn't know what happened but my other nephew, NATHAN OLIVENSKY, and his wife, and ISAAC KIPNIS asked MOTEL, where is she, and they ordered the chauffeur to turn around and catch up with them. She recognized us, jumped off the wagon right into my arms and cried "MOI DIADA" (my Uncle) and then fell to the ground, cried for five minutes. Got up, grabbed my hand, started kissing me and crying out "YA CHOTCHU YECHAT SWAM" (I want to ride with you). Then after a while, dropped her head, ashamed to come with us, walked to her horse-wagon and drove away. It happened so suddenly and so fast that I was lost for a while until ANUTA woke me up. She told me the whole story about BEILA --- she hid in a Gentile home in Celo Litivka during the pogrom made by the PETLURAS. She fell in love with a Gentile from that home and was converted. Now she is sorry but hasn't the courage to repent and come back to her family. Poor sister ESTER. POOR MOTHER FEIGA. They didn't suffer enough from pogroms, the killing of relatives, sons and daughters, this was a DESSERT for them. I shall never forget these few minutes.

As we were driving back I noticed many DATCHES (SUMMER HOMES). No Jews were allowed in there in the days of the Czars. I was told that the new NEP policy is making many millionaires that live in these datches and that Jews live there now too.

KIEV, Saturday, July 22, 1922

Didn't sleep much last night because we arranged to leave at 4 A.M. so that we can arrive in Radomysle before the people go to the synagogue. Waited until 7 - no car. Sent Motel to investigate. It is now 11, 12, 1 P.M. - almost went insane. What is Mother thinking about what happened to me. Ran to the garage and found Motel still waiting. I asked him , "WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?" He replied, "WE WILL LEAVE SOON" - so they told him



RADOMYSLE 1922



1922 Trip from railroad station to Radomysle

and he said that he wouldn't leave the garage even if he would have to wait a week. I didn't know if I should laugh or cry because the first train left this morning and the second train will leave in one hour from now and there will be nor more trains today. Grabbed Motel, ran home and asked the others to follow me to the train. Bought tickets for all. Since this train stops in MALIN, thirty miles from Radomysle, we may have to stay overnight in Teterov or drive by wagon (BALLAGOOLA) from Teterov and arrive in Radomysle 3 A.M. The train was puffing and pulling away very slowly because of the terrific load it carried. I saw through the window trenches the broken down bridges, barbed wire entanglements all over. Signs of the 20th Century civilization and friendship among the people - but this did not impress me much because only one thing was in front of me - MOTHER standing in front of her home, expecting us but not knowing when and how and from which way we would arrive. And maybe something terrible has happened to me. I can see tears rolling down her creased cheeks but she doesn't say anything - her lips move as if she was praying, "GOD, PLEASE WATCH OVER HIM".

We arrived in MALIN. To our luck, there were two BAALAGOOLAS (HORSE DRAWN BUSES) at the station, driving direct to Radomysle with a lot of Radomysle people. We jumped on one of the wagons without ceremony and ordered them to get going "a la AMERIKANSKI". This type of transportation was mostly owner operated and strictly Jewish. One of the drivers recognized me, shook hands and said - for your sake we will now drive FASTER THEN EVER BEFORE..He promised me that we will reach Radomysle in four hours.

We soon rode out from the woods, reached the river Teterov where we will have to cross it on a PAAROM (a barge) guided by ropes pulled by a man. It would be cheaper to have built a bridge across, but the local government hasn't the means or they wanted to preserve this for me to remind me that twenty years ago I passed the same PAAROM leaving Russia. We soon got stuck in sand. We were asked to get off and push. We did, until we got on dry ground from where I could observe everything about me. I recognized some of the sights, the villages that now lay asleep. Only here and there a light broke through the darkness. My nephew, Motel whispered into my ear, "SEE THAT CELO to OUR RIGHT. IT WAS FULL OF BANDITS DURING THE PETLURA, DENIKIN AND UDENITCH DAYS". They killed many Jews in this territory and their homes are full of things stolen from the Jews they robbed and then killed. Many a Jewish female disappeared into their homes. It is still dangerous to ride here at night. This was good news to me - but who cares - my objective is Radomysle, to my Mother who is not far away. We passed one Celo after another. They all looked alike - like twenty years ago - maybe worse. We are now fifteen miles past Teterov, it took us 3½ hours. All passengers are hungry. We will stop for a snack at the inn that

is operated by the only Jew in this Celo. All the passengers grabbed at the sour pickles, eggs, milk and bread. To get into this hotel or inn, one must stoop or bend down. Got into a conversation with the owner-manager-operator of this inn. I can't describe it, it consisted of one room, seven in the family. Their sleeping quarters are on the brick constructed stove. (PERETCHOK) He recited that he lived through the terrible conditions since 1914 and told me that he has brothers in America who don't make any effort to find out where he is - and then he cried like a baby. I promised him that I will try to find his brothers when I return to the states.

Now, comes the question, shall we keep on driving tonight or remain here over night and start early tomorrow morning. It is only 17 miles and will take four hours to get to Radomysle. No. I'll never wait even if I have to walk alone, for I know that Mother and the others are awaiting us in Radomysle...anxiously...Told the driver to get going and we started out. We rode on the wagon and walked part of the way to keep active. We passed the Celo of BIG RATCHE and SMALL RATHCE. We are now in LITOVKA. The river Terov is at our left. I could see a light in a distance. I was certain that it came from my Mother's house. The second wagon, also filled with passengers, that had followed us lazily suddenly came to life and with a few cracks of his whip they got ahead of us. HE WANTED TO BE THE FIRST TO TELL MY MOTHER THE GOOD NEWS'SHMILIK IS COMING ANY MINUTE'. He was a Jewish owner-operator of his wagon and the two horse and his name was MOSHE KROTOLOW. He was well known in Radomysle. We chased after his wagon but couldn't catch up until we reached Mother's home. I jumped off the wagon into her hands, embraced her, kissed her. I lifted her up and held her. This was while passengers from both wagons were enviously watching. I said to Mother, "I love you more because you did not cry. I didn't want anybody to cry. I came here to celebrate and be happy that we are together again."

Dear Bessie, I share with you the great pleasure that is mine now. You deserve it. When I return we will even up the account between us so that I shall repay you - your part of this pleasure.

There was no time left to retire and rest as we arrived early in the morning and who could sleep now, or who would want to miss a second of what is going on now in this house.

Visiting hours began at 7 A.M. The people, men and women, started to come, to meet and greet Shmilik Feigas. Oceans of tears, and stories that would fill books.

You, relatives in America, should listen to these people only one second. You would then find time to write, if only a few words. You would not go so often to the theatre or to other places of amusement, or not spend your money buying things you seldom use, but would send something to your relatives here that

have been so mercilessly tortured and almost destroyed by the HUNS and then by the HYDEMAKES, especially the places where the majority of the Jewish people lived.

RADOMYSLE - Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, July 23, 24,25,27 and 27.

Was up each day from early morning to late evening to answer all questions to the best of my ability. I promised them to find their relatives in America and see that something is done for them. Visited many people in town, examined what was left of this once pretty town, high above the river Teterov. A town that was raped, burned and robbed by the enemy. AND, by the Russian counter-revolutionist (as they were called) the HYDEMAKES. BANDITS, who were supported by the U.S., Britain, and France - all allies of Russia during the war and who fought together against the common enemy to a complete victory. Yes, Radomysle was a civilized city. Its people lived in a friendly fashion with each other. Now it is a destroyed city full of beggars, even the cemetery was desecrated and destroyed.

Visited the schools, hospitals and other public institutions, no one can be criticized for the condition they are in, because there is a lack of everything and the central government finds itself unable to help.

Walked up CHERNOBILER STREET, CHAZINOVSKY STREET, SMALL CHERNOBILER STREET, SHULL GAAS the street where all the synagogues were- all these destroyed. The BIG SHULL was partly repaired and except for the roof where the sun, moon and stars peek in every so often, was in fair condition. All of this made a terrible impression on me. I retired - wanted to fall asleep and start dreaming of my youth. The pages of my young life in Radomysle started to turn over before me - Saturday afternoon after the main meal I took a walk to VERZBITSKI WELL to drink the crystal clear spring water. So did many of the Jewish people, dressed in their best. I filled my pockets with sickle pears, sized up all the pretty girls. Wanted to pick one for my old age but couldn't decide which was the prettiest, for they were all pretty. Also wanted to dream about the place that was once our home. Where corn is now growing. It's Saturday afternoon and on the dining room table was a samovar with boiling water and a pot of tea. At the head of the table was Father, at his left I am seated, and at his right was RABBI ISAAK from SAVIROV. They were listening to me reading from memory a page from Talmud or Gmorah. The price was a promised 5 ruble in gold,which I never received.

Or in a house on Chazinovsky Street where I went to cheder (school) everyday from 5 A.M. to 10 P.M. The slaps I got from my teacher for arriving a few minutes late. I hated the teacher because I wanted to sleep a bit later but was afraid. Or each Saturday evening when I drove out from our estate on horse and wagon

circled a certain home twice, a signal for Rachel to come out and take a ride with me. I met her on the corner. We went for a ride past the cemetery to the aboutuar. The moon was in full glory. It was cool and pleasant. Our black horse knew where to take us, we were both too young to do anything wrong for we didn't know the difference. We were in love at 14. Held hands and dreamed until 3 or 4 in the morning, then brought her back to the corner where I picked her up and drove home, crept through the window into my sleeping place on the wooden Kaasten (chest)..and made believe as if nothing happened. Or days when each day for six months I visited the home of Abraham, the rope-maker where R lived. Seven times each week and the eighth time, Saturday afternoon. I used to sneak out of our house so no one should watch where I was going. We were dreaming for a few hours each time we were together. It was innocent love and we were terribly jealous of each other. This dream burst like a bubble.

Then I recalled the second day of the Jewish New Year when all the Jewish population of Radomysle walked to the river dressed in their best. This was TASHLICH when we turned our pockets inside out to shake everything into the water. All the sins from last year were now in the water for the poor fish. We all felt better after this ceremonial operation. On the way back home, we stopped at Uncle Nathan's house for tea and a snack of differenty type of homemade YOMTOV cakes. We sang and danced and then went to the MAKAROVER SHOOL to pray.

Or the tricks we used to play on our teacher David with the yellow beard. He was our private teacher. Very mean. He always held on to a KANTCHIC, or as it is called in Russian NAGAIKA. It consisted of many narrow leather straps tied or nailed to a stick. He used this very often on us. Once when he fell asleep in the midst of teaching us with a pointer in one hand and the Kantchic in the other, we stuck his beard to the table with sealing wax and all of us disappeared into the yeard. He shouldn't know who did it, but at one scream from him BANDITEN, we ran back breathless. He greeted us indiscriminately with the KANTCHIC. He didn't bother to find out who is to blame. We all laughed quietly - no matter how much it hurt. Then appeared before me, many other teachers. Some more civilized. CHAEM, with his combed beard under his chin, very short in size, blind in one eye. Very smart, he was teaching us Hebrew with all punctuations. He used to get up every morning with sunrise, walk in our garden for two hours. No grass could grow on the space where he walked. He was the BEST and most INTELLIGENT teacher we had.

Or the time I went with Father to visit the Makarover GITE YIDEN. I know that Father went there to be near the RABONIM but I wasn't so sure that I came there for the same purpose because their daughter was too beautiful - so why watch the RABBI.

Then appeared before me the story of my running away to

Odessa and my return to Radomysle via Zitomir. I suffered three months only because of Rachel. My face got red thinking of it, even if I cannot see myself.

Then my parting with my Father when I left for America. He walked out from the house with me, shook my hand and said, "SHMILIK FUHR GEZINDT". and, "I HOPE YOU WILL NEVER FEEL SORRY FOR THIS", while a tear was rolling down his cheek, down his nice beard. He couldn't control himself. I am certain that he didn't know that he would never see me again or live long enough to enjoy the accomplishments of his beloved SHMILIK. Mother was then sitting in the dining room, her head buried in her hands crying. She didn't want to see me go away, at least not so far away. Maybe she felt that by not saying goodbye to me - I would come back to her again.

Yes, Mother dear, I came back to you now. It's a good thing you didn't say goodbye to me.

Don't know how long I would have been dreaming if not for Mother, who woke me up, saying "It's time to have breakfast, it is eight in the morning and people are waiting for you."

RADOMYSLE, Friday, July 28, 1922

Up early and fast. Was eating and talking at the same time. Planned to go swimming in the Teterov River near the flour mill where the big water wheel turns to drive the grinding stones, but when I got through with the last person who was waiting for me, it was 4 P.M. and I had to attend a meeting of YEVKOM (Jewish Commission) to arrange the work of distributing the things I brought here. Took a walk about the city, met many people I remembered from my youth. Many of them looked very old prematurely. It was difficult for me to recognize them. As soon as I started talking to one, a crowd gathered around us, maybe one hundred people. Each one wanted to be nearer to me so that they wouldn't miss a single word. Each had a question to ask and they asked the questions all at one time. I tried to satisfy all as much as humanly possible. This happened on every corner on the way home where Mother prepared a dinner fit for a king. I sure did enjoy the evening. Mother was sitting at the head of the table with me, the relatives around the table. I was telling them about America and New York. The Rabbi and a few V.I.Ps. walked in, also others. There was quite a crowd now. I answered all questions to the satis faction of everybody. Retired at 3 A.M.

RADOMYSLE, Saturday, July 29, 1922

Went for a walk with Mother and my secretary, Motel. A crowd followed us, young and old. Took many pictures. Visited a children's home. Spent sometime with Drs. ZWEIFELL and SHPILBERG, also with the druggist HOFFMAN. Visited his APTEKA. The shelves

were full of empty jars. The floor was filled with bags containing wheat, corn, and other things that were bartered for medicine or anything that could be bartered. MR. HOFFMAN, who was always a very respected person, is busy writing and reading letters and addresses to and from America. Everybody in Radomysle comes to HOFFMAN to ask for advice, write applications, get information on anything. He always has a crowd at his home which is back of the store. They come to hear him read or recite the SHOLEM ALEICHEN or other JEWISH books. He is loved and respected by all - Jews and Gentiles alike. Mother and I visited with him until 2 A.M.

RADOMYSLE, Sunday, July 30, 1922

It was a beautiful day today. Was supposed to attend a meeting at 2 but it was postponed until 8. Went for a walk with Mother and Motel to the main square, PLOSHTCHAD. This is the greatest pleasure I can give Mother, walking with her hand in hand. She is in heaven. All the people in the city follow her, and congratulate her with her guest. Today is Sunday. The square is full of farmers, horse wagons filled with all kinds of assorted farm products. All business is done on a barter basis. Took a few pictures. Visited the cemetery and then went to the meeting. Made final arrangements. It is now 12 midnight. Went for a walk on the only street that is lit up until 4 A.M. One electric light lights up this square. It was lively here. The young couples were parading hand in hand. Some people sitting on the broken down benches. I didn't get into conversation with anyone. The air was delicious. I enjoyed today very much.

RADOMYSLE, Monday, July 31, 1922

Was up early to prepare to return to Kiev via MALIN. Our so-called "bus", a wagon pulled by three horses, has enough room for five, but ten persons were on it when we left. I bid goodbye to everybody as we drove through the city. We had to walk part of the way or push to help the horse pull the wagon in the sand until we arrived at MALIN, where we boarded a train. We arrived in KIEV at 8 P.M. It was quite an interesting trip.

KIEV, Tuesday, August 1st, Wednesday, August 2, Thursday, August 3, Friday, August 4, Saturday, August 5, Sunday, August 6, Monday, August 7 and Tuesday, August 8 - 1922

Am getting tired and bored. Worked everyday until 3 - 4 A.M. talking and answering questions. I miss my people in New York. I brought my mother and all relatives to Kiev. Haven't enough time for all of them. Get very little help from IDGESCOM. This is a strange land for me. It is difficult to get around, even the horses refuse to pull the carriages IZVOSTCHIKES. The

telephone and telegraphy system doesn't work. I was supposed to receive $2,000 from New York to buy tools for Radomysle, but don't know what happened. Went for a walk alone to the Botanical Gardens. This must have been a beautiful place at one time, but now it is neglected. It looked to me as if the trees were crying. No one looks after anything here. But when I reached the part of this park where a large orchestra is playing classical music, I came to life. It made a wonderful impression on me, I forgot where I was. Thought I was in Central or Prospect Park and listening to Frank Golman's orchestra, except this orchestra was much larger and played much better. This part of the park was crowded with poorly dressed but well-behaved people. This pleasure cost me only 2 million rubles, but was worth every Kopeck.

KIEV, Wednesday, August 9, 1922

Haven't much to do. The things for Radomysle were delivered and will be sent there in a few days. I am waiting for the $2,000 to buy tools for reconstruction work which is the most important job to be done here. This could be accomplished soon, but I have to wait for the money.

Made many acquaintances. Had a chance to observe what has happened to the beautiful and artistic places that Kiev was known for, like ALEKSANDROWSKI PARK with its beautiful museum, the UNIVERSITY, the ART PALACE on WLADIMIRSKA, the PRAHA HOTEL, the KRESTCHATIC, the beautiful street that was known all over Europe and all other beautiful buildings that are now mostly destroyed by the Germans and especially by the bandits.

I examined carefully the stores and the displays in the windows as I walked the KRESTCHATIC. Saw displayed in the windows, once department stores, diamonds, blouses, stockings and piece goods, tobacco and plums, horse outfits and shoes. A conglomeration of so many things. Of course, if the panes weren't broken in most windows there surely wouldn't have been enough of these things to put in the window for display. I couldn't make out where they got so many boards to cover up all the broken window panes, not only in the so-called stores, but also in the homes, trolleys, railroad cars, even furniture is plastered or nailed up with all kinds of wooden boards.

Went shopping in the open market where one can buy anything from the best-patched pair of pants to the most artistic broken down buffet or any piece of old furniture. For half a dozen lemons one can buy a house or diamonds made from pure glass. Sometimes, one's belonging would be stolen right from under their nose. White Chapel in London or Orchard and Hester Streets in New York are Altman's compared to this market.

KIEV, Thursday, August 10, Friday, August 11 and Saturday, August 12, 1922

Wanted to drive to Radomysle once more but didn't. Had enough work to keep me busy. May do it at a later date.

KIEV, Sunday, August 13, 1922

Completed my work and left for Radomysle. Here they thought I had dropped in from heaven as they didn't expect to see me any more. Many stories were circulated here. One story was that I received a wire from New York to return at once because the Russian border will be closed and the U.S.A. will stop immigration and will not let in anyone coming from Russia. The Local Committee met with me and we began to do our job on the cases of things I had sent.

RADOMYSLE, Monday, August 14, 1922

The first thing that we did was to unpack the cases that contained medicine. I started to feel bad. My body and head ached. Ran home to my mother, grabbed a bite, accepted many letters from people to their relatives in U.S.A. Promised them many things, I knew that some couldn't be fulfilled, but didn't have the heart to say no. Had to lie down, I was getting hotter by the minute. Maybe 105 degree fever. My whole body was shivering, couldn't lie quiet. I confess I got scared. It may be that sickness that people talk about when going to Russia (cholera). I asked for the best doctor here and he told me that he will be able to tell me tomorrow what is wrong with me today. He gave me a prescription for some pills I couldn't get here. Had to do without them. After he left me, I began to feel worse. Was certain that this is the end of me. Started in a whisper to say goodbye to everybody, especially my beloved ones that are very far from me. But didn't give up hope for some miracle to happen, for I haven't done any wrong to anybody, surely not here. I stuck two fingers deep into my mouth and relief came immediately. I came back to life, felt better by the minute. Had no more fever the next morning. I didn't need the doctor any more to tell me what was wrong with me yesterday.

RADOMYSLE, Tuesday, August 15, 1922

Didn't recognize myself when I looked in a mirror. Must have lost twenty pounds in the past 24 hours. I am to weak to walk around and my face is full of fever blisters. Have to lie in bed. A RUMOR WAS CIRCULATED THAT I WAS AFFLICTED WITH THE DREADFUL SICKNESS OF CHOLERA. All the religious men and women in town went to the synagogue to pray for me, and read psalms, - THILM. They often sent an emissary to my mother to find out if the prayers are helping me. I rested in bed the whole day - isolated. Nobody was permitted in my room. It's the first day since I came here that I didn't talk or see anybody except Mother who

walked into my room quietly, put her hand on my forehead, said something I couldn't hear, it must have been a special prayer, and walked out again. I didn't know if she shed any tears outside my room.

Was visited in the evening by Mr. Hoffman and Dr. Zweifel, true friends. It was easy to note from the expression on their faces, that they were worried about me. They spent about a half an hour with me. Informed me about the work we are to do when I get better. They parted with good wishes for a quick recovery. I was again alone with my thoughts about Bessie, Thelma, and Jerome. How I miss you. If I could only look at you, embrace you, and kiss you. Are you feeling good? What are you doing? Do you miss me as much as I miss you? I fell asleep dreaming of them.

RADOMYSLE, Wednesday, August 16 and Thursday, August 17, 1922

My original plan was to leave Radomysle Thursday or Friday for Zitomir, to visit my older brother and from there to Kiev and then back to the States, but Mother didn't permit me to leave. She sure did the right thing. I felt better this morning but my face was broken out with fever blisters that looked like smallpox and am also very hoarse. I couldn't leave under these circumstances. The whole Jewish population and some Gentiles, too, got wind that I am leaving soon so they came in large groups to thank me for coming here and bringing the little help I did and to give me letters to their relatives and friends in the U.S.A., and to wish me a pleasant journey with the request that I come back soon. Each wanted a word with me in person. This lasted two days, eighteen hours a day. I am certain that I satisfied each of them even if I was weak. I just couldn't refuse. Am also certain that the blessings I received from all these unfortunates will be enough to share with my family and my partners (who permitted me to come here to do a good deed for humanity).

RADOMYSLE, Friday, August 18, 1922

It is now 8 A.M., a large crowd is gathered in front of the house. They thought that I am leaving today, but they had to return to their homes. I rested and relaxed and conferred with Mother and my other relatives. Also attended a meeting with the local committee, bid them goodbye. Went with Mother to the KOROSTSHEVER SHOOL. The Cantor sang the services prepared for me. The Cantor, a young man, who considers his voice is better than Caruso's or Rosenblatt's, had my sympathy. I felt sorry for him, he struggled hard to convince me but his efforts were wasted. If he was a shoemaker or tailor, he could at least make a living. He offered to bestow the honor on me to sing the prayer, but I declined with regrets. We walked home, a large crowd following us.

The clock on the wall was ticking the minutes away. Departure time is nearing. The tenseness of the situation could be noticed on all faces except Mother's, which was full of smiles, just as she promised me it would be.

RADOMYSLE, Saturday, August 19, 1922

Mother went to Shool to pray. I am certain her prayers were especially for me and all my beloved ones, that I should leave here and live a long and healthy and happy life and not to forget Mother and all our relatives and the people of Radomysle. And this is exactly what she told me when she returned. The table service for my last meal here was with all formalities of a Sabbath meal. Again talked over things with Mother about the whole family and started to prepare for my departure. My heart was commencing to palpitate faster. I noticed Mother walking into her bedroom ever so often. I know that it was to wipe away a tear that was beginning to roll off her cheek. She didn't want me to see it for I may start to cry, too. I didn't say a word to her about it. Let her cry it out for she has chucked enough tears in her heart until now. I understand well what is going on in her mind, heart and where her thoughts are. Are we ever going to see each other again?

In the evening many people came to bid me goodbye for the tenth time and to be sure to find their relatives and friends in America, and to portray a true picture of their situation. It was early in the morning when we retired for a rest. I couldn't fall asleep. Had no right to fall asleep for I knew that Mother in the room next to me is shedding tears and crying only as a Mother can, and is doing it so quietly that I shouldn't hear; for after all, I am her SHMILIK and she didn't see me for twenty years and the few days of dreaming are over, and what will happen in the future....

RADOMYSLE, Sunday, August 20, 1922

Was up at an early hour, but Mother was up earlier. The samovar was boiling, the milk was hot, baked apples were still warm on the plate, some wrapped in a piece of cloth with other food for me to take along.

I kissed everybody, bid them all AUF WIEDERZEHN, took Mother by the arm and walked a bit facing the town. Once more to look at my birthplace which is no more - destroyed by the Petluras and others. She pointed a finger at a place and said that was our home and ZAVOD (factory), and described each room and some important events. I grabbed hold of Mother with both arms, lifted her off the ground, sank my lips on hers, then kissed off the tears from her eyes, pleading with her not to shed another tear. I'll come again to you, dear Mama, and I will take care of you and your needs before I take care of mine. I turned again to face the city where I spent my youth, foolish but happy

years, Grabbed Mother again for a last kiss. I purposely let her tear drop on my face, jumped on the wagon and told the driver to get going fast.

To you, my dear ones here, I promise you that as long as I shall feed and clothe my Bessie, Jerome and Thelma, I will share half and half with you and you will get the first half. You shall not be in need. "Goodbye dear ones". Let's hope that things will improve here and we shall meet again soon.

It was a long and tiresome trip with this wagon and slow train to Kiev. I was down in the dumps until I arrived in Kiev at 8 P.M. Hope that my visa to leave Russia will be ready tomorrow and I will be able to leave for the U.S.A. in a few days - I was wrong.

KIEV, Monday, August 21, 1922

Up early after a restless night. Went to get the visa and inquire when a train will leave for Warsaw. Was informed that the train leaves Thursday and the visa will be ready Friday. I pleaded with tears in my eyes to try to get me on Thursdays train. Was told to come Wednesday. Maybe they will have it ready.

KIEV, Tuesday, August 22, Wednesday, August 23, Thursday, August 24, Friday, August 25, Saturday, August 26, 1922

Called Wednesday and told to come Saturday to get my visa to leave on Sunday, but it wasn't ready when I called on Saturday. The clerk told me in such a cold and indifferent voice that it froze me. I was going to raise hell, but this would make matters worse. Again pleaded with the clerk and he told me to come next Wednesday and I will surely be able to leave next Thursday.

Decided to get away from Kiev for a few days. Arranged with Motel to visit UNCLE MOSHE GERSHON IN FASTOV only 2 hours from here by train, but there were no more tickets to be had, but my experience served me well and somehow we arrived in FASTOV.

When we arrived there and drove over to Uncle's home in a droshki, my AUNT YENTA was sitting outside the house waiting for me. She recognized me and screamed for Uncle. Here started a ceremony of kissing and hugging and talking and displaying me before the whole town. This is how the whole night was enjoyed by all of us in Fastov.

FASTOV, Sunday, August 27, 1922

Spent the whole day with my Uncle visiting his factory. The products are squeezing oil out of different vegetation mixed with all the dirt and flies and insects that were creeping around

in this so-called oil factory. The oil was for human consumption. We then went to the market that began today. Farmers and merchants from this rayon (sector) came here for a few days to buy and see, sell on a barter basis, etc. This gave me a chance to observe what has happened to this thriving town, mostly populated by Jews. Of the 4,000 Jews that lived here before DENIKIN and PETLURA came here to clean them out by killing and robbing; only 20% are now here, no one knows what happened to the others.

Then began the job of answering questions about relatives in America - and accepting letters. I couldn't refuse these little favors. Don't know how these people found out that I was coming here. The day passed fast, was supposed to leave for Zitomir to visit the oldest brother of the Kipnis Klan, but it started to rain and the mud got knee deep. It was impossible to drive to the railroad station about 3 miles from town, so walked in mud and got there on time.

The train was 2½ hours late. There is only one train per day. A mob was waiting with bundles and some livestock, a ring of the large Wakzal bell announced the arrival of the train.

In these small towns, tickets for the train are sold only when the train arrives. The people wait in line for hours to buy a ticket and many of them miss the train because they can't buy a ticket in time. We were all waiting for the ticket window to open, but it didn't, and instead it was announced that no tickets would be sold here because all tickets for this train were sold out in Kiev (from where the train had come) and the train is already filled with twice as many passengers as it can hold. It didn't do any good to plead to hitch on another car, no one to talk to. So for 25 million rubles, I got to Zitomir, never mind how.

My brother didn't expect me so when I arrived at his home, I peeked through the window and saw that he was just about to retire. I knocked on the door and when he opened it and saw me, he almost keeled over; lost his speech as if he was frozen stiff. He was certain that I was now on the way to America and didn't expect me. When he came to, he grabbed hold of me, shook me up to find out if I am a ghost or alive, for he was with me in Kiev and when he left for Zitomir, I was to leave for the U.S.A.

After he was convinced that it was I, he threw his arms around me and almost squeezed the life out of me. His wife, Etta, who was asleep, fell out of bed because of the noise he was making. She thought that he was having a fight with someone who broke into the house. She came out in her nightgown and when seeing me in his hands, she too, grabbed hold of me and we were crying together from joy. No money can pay for such moments. This unexpected visit was more appreciated by my brother and his wife than to have given them something of great monetary value.

I was perfectly happy for I would feel awful if I didn't make this trip to them since I have been delayed leaving Kiev for the U.S.A. He is my oldest brother and represents my father. Also visited my sister, Sima at her home. She visited me in Radomysle for 2 days and had to leave me while I was sick in bed. She too, thought that I was on the way to the U.S.A. When I walked into her home, she was at the brick stove baking bread, (she operated a bread and cake bakery) and when she saw me step into the house she remained frozen with a large piece of dough in her hands. I went over to her and kissed and embraced her. My clothes were white when I let go of her.

Later that evening the whole family here got together. I took a picture of the family.

Went for a walk on the main streets of Zitomir. Spent quite a few weeks here in 1903 before leaving for the U.S.A. I then thought that this was a very beautiful city, but now? I didn't recognize it. Many houses lay in rubbles, not a single street that didn't have broken down houses. Even the people here are old and dilapidated. What happened to the beautiful houses and the wide streets? The beautiful magazines? The show windows filled with all kinds of merchandise? They had electric street cars when we still had horse cars in New York. It did look as if it was visited by YUDENITCH DENIKEN and PETLURA at one time.

There was quite a difference between Kiev and Zitomir now, and maybe in 1903, too. Don't know for I wasn't permitted then to visit Kiev, but only to pass by train and stop a few minutes on the WAKZAL (station) on the way to Warsaw.

ZITOMIR Tuesday, August 29, 1922

The train for Kiev will leave Thursday and I have to be there on Wednesday to call for my visa. Don't know how I will get there but under no circumstances, do I want to miss the train that leaves for Warsaw on Thursday. I waited until a picture was taken of all of us by a photographer. Ran to the main square where auto trucks leave for Kiev a few times each day. The first truck had already gone carrying 40 passengers. I went into the office of GUSTRANS (the government agency) that operate transportation. I told them my troubles and they solved it. A one-ton truck was made ready especially for me and 25 more passengers. Somebody tried to put obstacles in the way of leaving, but it didn't work - we were delayed until 4 P.M. Something happened to the truck - was the fault of a person trying to hold me up for money. I didn't leave on that truck.

Met a young man from Moscow who also had to get to Kiev. We both hired a truck for 200 million rubles. I paid 150 and he paid 50. Took my brother and my nephew, Motel and the four of us



1922 With my family in Radomysle



1922 With my family in Zitomir

left Zitomir at 6:30 P.M. We decided to drive right through to Kiev even if it was dangerous to drive at night because gangsters were still lurking on the highways.

We made 80 miles up until 12 midnight. The road was bad and I glanced at my brother's face. He was terribly worried about driving further, That - I could read on the expression on his face. I didn't want to assume the responsibility. We decided to stay in this village over night and leave for Kiev early in the morning.

CELO (village) KOCHEROV, Wednesday, August 30, 1922

We left at 6 A.M. The weather was beautiful. One of the nicest mornings here. My brother was sitting near me and from his face I could see that he was still worried. Asked him what is wrong and he replied "A few more bridges to drive over." Bandits lurk in such places.

We witnessed a beautiful sunrise before arriving in Kiev at 9 A.M. without incident. Cleaned up and went to get my visa. I was sick and disgusted and ready to commit murder when I was told "not ready" in a cold and indifferent tone. Why am I being delayed - no answer. Maybe the young man in charge is envious of me.

Went to another department and told the chief my troubles. He listened to my story and assured me that I will have my papers tomorrow. Returned home and laid down. Was exhausted. I felt like crying; couldn't reason why I am being tortured.

KIEV, Thursday, August 31, Friday, September 1, 1922

Not ready still the same answer. I tried to control myself for I don't want to worry my people. AND, I am in a strange land. I made the best of the situation. Joked and laughed with my people as the saying goes 'laughed with a pain in my heart'.

Thursday at 10 A.M., I took my brother to the railroad station to return him to Zitomir. He is still afraid to ride the highways. We parted the usual way under the circumstances. When I get back to New York, I shall give myself a medal for good acting, control and behavior.

Am waiting until Saturday. Was promised that I will surely get my passport and visa and depart Saturday on the early train and that I should get ready. Kept my fingers crossed.

KIEV, Saturday, September 2, 1922

Was busy the whole day Friday trying to get my papers and visa. I was real mad because of the red tape of which I do not understand. I actually broke into the office of a Mr. Kaplan, a

secretary to someone in this department, where I received my documents stamped and ready to go. I kissed him if he didn't have a beard and was dressed cleaner I would have done so literally instead of only mentally. Ran home and gathered the whole family in Olivensky's home. I acted like a kid, cracked jokes, danced with everybody without music until 3 A.M. Who could compare with me. We started walking to the railroad station. I had little baggage with me. Asked everybody not to cry so that I wouldn't cry either. The train was 2 hours late arriving in Karkov. It was impossible to wait in the station with my crowd. It was crowded with people that looked dirty and filthy and were sleeping all over the floor. Most of them were barefoot and half-naked. The place and area around was full of flies and dark-inside and out. Talked my people into returning to their homes. They did except for Rosa and Yetta Ortenberg, who waited until the train pulled away from the station going westward.

Poor unfortunate people Why does the ONE ABOVE PUNISH HIS PEOPLE BELOW, SO MUCH?

ON THE TRAIN BETWEEN KIEV AND SHEPETOVKA, Sunday, September 3, 1922. (This is the border town between Russia and Poland)

Was placed in the diplomatic car. The same car I came in. The NOSILCHIK (Red Cap) didn't put my luggage in my compartment because it wasn't stamped by the conductor, for a few million rubles everything was in order.

I am on the way home and this is all that counts. The 3rd bell rang a blow from the locomotive and we were on the move.

Got used to Kiev. It was better there than in Radomysle, or Zitomir or Fastov. Traveling in this diplomatic car with all conveniences and a clean bed, things began to look civilized, until we arrived at Shepetovka and crossed the POLISH border town of ZDELBONOW where they examined my luggage and took away all the letters I had been given to take to the States. No reasons, I rested a while, slept with one eye open until we arrived in Warsaw. Had to keep one eye on my luggage.

Thanks to TOVARISH WEISBERG, who saw me through the border.

WARSAW, Monday, September 4, 1922

Wanted to report to the U.S. Consul about the letters that were taken away from me but this office was closed on account of it being Labor Day. Went to the steamship offices to leave on the first passage I can get. Was told that the first boat leaves on the 13th and everything is sold out. Good news - but I will swim across if I have to do it. Went to find out what happened to my people who were supposed to have left for U.S.A.

Was surprised to find Rosa in bed sick. What has she done to be punished so much. She is such a lovely and quiet, and respectable person. She could never commit a sin even if she rode once on Saturday to tell me some good news. That sin was for my account.

Went to HIAS. Was told that somebody was looking for me through the Jewish newspapers. Mrs. Held wasn't there so the information wasn't available. Returned to hotel to rest and relax.

WARSAW, Tuesday, September 5, 1922

This city looked much nicer to me and more civilized than the places and cities I just came from. If I were asked where I would rather live Kiev or Warsaw I would pick the latter. Assuming I would want to live anywhere else other than the U.S.A. It is much livelier here, the Marshalkowski Street is lit up better, and the stores and restaurants are full of people and goods. If the Poles only knew the meaning of EQUALITY and FREEDOM for all the people!

Went to the American Consul, Mr. K and told him about the letters. He promised to do all possible to get them returned to me. I went for a French and German visa which I will need to cross their lands and get back to the States. Ordered a suit for myself which will be ready in one day. I am practically naked since I left everything in Kiev. Visited Rosa and wished her a quick recovery.

WARSAW, Wednesday, September 6, 1922

Had to attend to a few things that I am supposed to send to Kiev but couldn't because of the hourly fluctuation in valuta. One can be rich in the morning and a beggar in the evening. The dollar was worth 8500 marks yesterday and today is worth 7,000...and, tomorrow it may be worth 10,000. I went to the German and French consuls. Chewed the rag a while and became poorer by 50,000 marks. Returned to the hotel with both visas stamped on my passport. I am grateful in this respect to Rosa Rosenberg. She advised me on how to get action.

Went looking for fur coats for Bessie and myself. Here I discovered the mistake I made in not buying these in Kiev, for the price here was three times more than in Kiev. The quality there was more superior than that here. If I had known that it was so easy to cross the borders I would have bought it over there - but, it is too late now.

WARSAW, Thursday, September 7, 1922

Was up early. Took care of the few things to send to Kiev.

Went to HIAS to talk things over with Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Held, two wonderful people. I asked her and Mrs. Shluger to please get a pullman ticket for me for tomorrow. They promised. Held gave me letters to Cunard Line and White Star Line to get me on the first boat leaving France for the U.S.A. Also had to get a permit to take with me the few dollars I had left over from the trip.

Worked hard today. Returned to the hotel after a visit with Rosa who is better today. I scorned her why she didn't leave for the U.S.A. until now, as she was to give my regards to Bessie, Thelma and Jerome, as she promised she would do. She assured me that her Father and Mother will surely do it for her, as they are now in New York.

WARSAW, Friday, September 8, 1922

Today is a Polish holiday. I couldn't get anything done. Everything is closed except the black market. Guess I will know better the next time; experience is a good teacher.

I wanted to leave tomorrow (Saturday); went to HIAS, Mrs. Shluger advised me that she bought a ticket to Paris for me. I wasn't anxious to return via France. I could get along with Russians, Polish people and Germans, but I don't understand a word of French. Was never there. But, since I missed Bessie, Thelma and Jerome, nothing- could be in my way to return to them. Discussed this with Mr. Held; he looked at me and burst out in a loud laugh and said, "I'd rather spend one hour in Paris than one year in Warsaw!" Mrs. Shluger gave me the railroad ticket. I thanked them and said goodbye. I will leave by train to Berlin, Paris and Cherbourg and then wait there. Maybe I'll get on the Olympic or Mauretania, the 13th or 16th - any class will do. Have only three hours to train time. Went to visit Rosa and arranged for her to leave for U.S.A. not later than a week from today. She looked and felt much better than yesterday. We parted in the usual way. Returned to the hotel and wanted to send a letter and telegram but couldn't, the whole system which is government owned is on strike.

Left for the railroad station with my fingers crossed in hope that nothing will happen to delay my departure further.

Saturday, September 9, 1922

It is 8 P.M. I have on me 49 dollars, 24 more than I am permitted to have. Was imagining terrible things will happen to me on the Polish-German border because of the hatred between these two neighbors. They see blood on anyone going or coming across these borders - but nothing happened. Am now traveling in the same international pullman car that left Warsaw, but we now have a German crew.

I spoke to the conductor and he expressed hatred towards the Poles with fire and blood in his eyes. The insult they received in the hands of the Poles after the last war is something they will never forget. Their hope is that some day in the future, they will repay the Poles with interest.

As we were riding in Germany now, one can easily note the difference between Poland Germany. The streets, the houses, the yards, the fields, canals, even the trees and the railroad cars are cleaner and more orderly; real housekeeping. If Germany would only get rid of Her PRUSSIAN UNIFORM AND GOOSE STEP that made the whole world hate her and brought her down on her knees in the last war, and is still squeezing her to choke her, Germany could be an example for the whole world, including U.S.A. Poor Germany, I feel sorry for you. As it looks now, it will take another operation to remove the cancer still left in you, that DUTCHLAND UBLER ALLES.

We were riding at 60 mph. A complete contrast to the travels in Russia and in Poland. I got acquainted with a Frenchman who spoke English well. Wasn't surprised when he expressed my opinion of the Germans. He offered to teach me a few words of French, but it was too much for me in my present state of mind. He assured me that I will get along well in France with my English, especially in the places where I am going. We both were sorry we couldn't stop awhile in cities like Essen, Dusseldorf and other famous industrial centers, where hundreds of tall red brick stacks were sending off smoke, but the Germans were busier than any other country in building up their economy with the billions of dollars our government gave them and our smart bankers loaned them to build up a NEW GERMANY, which we will never be repaid and we will EVENTUALLY PAY DEARLY FOR.

There was no check point as we passed the Belgian border; all they did was take our passports and told us to go to sleep. They will return our passports to us in the morning. I became a Russian, Polock, German, Belgian and Frenchman - all in a few days. It was too much for poor S.K. I can't be all these nationalities in one little fellow like me. I fell asleep and started to dream about Bessie, Thelma and Jerome welcoming me back home. I made such a loud noise that the Frenchman in the berth above me woke up and started at me in French. Don't know what he said but he WOKE me up. He went back to sleep but I couldn't. The nearer I get to you, my beloved, the more I miss you.

ON THE TRAIN TO PARIS, Sunday, September 10, 1922

It is now 5 A.M., I pulled up the shade as we just pulled out from the Liege Railroad station. It is easy to notice the scars of the war. It's much unlike the defeated Germany, but much nicer than Russia and Poland put together. We passed the

famous battleground city of NAMUR. We will soon pass the whole kingdom of the tall King Albert of the Belgians. Now I can see why it took the Germans only a few days to crack this first line of defense to France.

The saying "This is a nice town we just passed." suits this small kingdom and the Germans proved it to be so. This is a progressive industrial country, in spite of its ardent Catholic religious population. Much steel, glass, diamond cutting, coal and other industries here.

We are now in France at the border. I was examined fast. They wanted to know how many bars of chocolate and packs of cigarettes and other unimportant things I had. All the talk was in French. I didn't know what they asked so I answered with my head and my hands. I was almost a Frenchman for a while for they too, talked with their hands.

Was now certain that I will find my way here in France. Arrived in Paris at 12:30 P.M. Was in the street in a jiffy. Said hello to Paris and almost imagined I was in New York. There are lots of taxies, got into one and drove to the Grand Hotel. Was told by the cab driver in English that it was the nicest hotel in Paris. Got a nice room and bath for only 70 francs ($6 dollars) per day. The first thing I did was to take a bath; was so anxious for one that I almost jumped into the tub with my clothes on. Really enjoyed it, for it's now exactly 13 weeks and one day since I took a good bath. Rested a while and then on to see Paris. Wanted to see as much of it today as possible for tomorrow I will be busy visiting one steamship company after another to get a place on any boat. I am not much of a connoisseur on beautiful cities but as much as I saw of Paris, I am certain that Berlin is much nicer and cleaner. I was even told that Paris has very nice boulevards and museums and buildings, but I do not have time for this now. Will leave this for my next trip to gay Paree. Retired at 10 P.M. Oh what a long time it has been since I slept in such a comfortable bed and had such a good night's rest.

Paris, Monday, September 11, 1922

Was up at 5, couldn't sleep any longer. Nothing interested me here for I had just one desire and that was to get back home to my dear ones.

Took a guide and walked from office to office to try and get a place on any boat leaving for the U.S.A. No luck, wanted to buy third class on any boat and thought I might be able to change to first class after I got on board. Maybe I should go to Cherbourg and wait there for a last minute cancellation. No sooner said than done. The BARENGARIA leaves Tuesday, OLYMPIA on Wednesday and the MAURETANIA on Saturday. I should be able to get on one of these three boats.

Discovered that people who come from Poland or Russia and are first class passengers can leave promptly, but if they are third class passengers they must wait 14 days from time of leaving until arrival in the States. This means that if I go to Cherbourg and get first class accommodations, I'll be able to leave otherwise, I'll have to wait in Cherbourg 8 more days. Left for Cherbourg with the hope that some miracle will happen and I'll get aboard one of these ships somehow.

The train from Paris to Cherbourg was traveling fast. Lot of Americans were on board and are leaving on the BERENGARIA and OLYMPIA. Introduced myself to two school teachers, had lots of fun during the 6 hour train ride. Was tired of being alone so much. Especially since they were intelligent people who conversed in English. We arrived in Cherbourg at 10 P.M.

CHERBOURG, Tuesday, September 12, 1922

Couldn't leave on the BERENGARIA because I had to first be quarantined. Checked in all steamship offices for first class. Weent to the United States consul, maybe he can do something to help me. Told him of my predicament. He sent me to his doctor who told me that if I get first class I can leave as I am, but if I can't get first class then he will make an exception with me and let me leave on the MAURETANIA, third class if I can get passage. I shall know tomorrow.

Took my binoculars and through the window saw the giant BERENGARIA glide out from this port. It was so close to me that I could almost have jumped on its deck. It had started to rain and the wind was blowing, so I was glad that I was stopping at a hotel.

Retired with the hope that I will be able to send a telegram from the boat tomorrow to my loved ones that I am on my way back. Goodnight Bessie and kiss the children for me.

CHERBOURG, Wednesday, September 13, 1922

Couldn't sleep in this nice hotel, the best in town. It rained and a strong wind was blowing through the entire night. The thunder and lightning was frightening. I was glad when day broke. At 10 A.M. I started out again to vist the ship line offices. Maybe on the one that is leaving today, the OLYMPIA. Telegrams were sent in my behalf. Was told to return at 4 P.M. Went again to the American Consul. Maybe he will try to do something. I can get placed third class, but I will need 7 days quarantine and this means next Tuesday from what the doctor told me.

Don't know what has happened to me. Don't seem to be able to control myself and am very nervous and upset. Went to the restaurant and ordered a full bottle of wine, wanted to get

drunk to fall asleep. I didn't know that I had for dinner because I was drunk then.

Went to my room and right into bed, pulled the quilt over my head and fell asleep. Let it rain, let it blow, who cares. Was up at 12 midnight. Started to read the three English newspapers which I had already read many times. I read an advertisement where to buy powder and lipstick, read about a French palace and that Trotsky was to be shot again and that in Russia people eat each other and that a revolution is on in each town in Russia.

CHERBOURG, Thursday, September 14, 1922

Fell asleep again at 5 A.M. and up at 7 A.M. The sun was up with me and shining pleasantly, the surface of the water facing the hotel from the ocean seemed calm. Took a sun bath and got dressed and ran to the doctor. He was gone, but his assistant told me that I will not be able to leave Saturday. Will have to wait until Monday for the CARONIA. Again I ran from office to office to try for first class.

Met another gentleman who was also anxious to leave. We walked together on the streets of Cherbourg. Went into many stores but didn't buy anything. Wanted to kill time. Returned to the office of the U.S. lines. Left Friday, September 15th, first class for New York on the S.S. LAPLAND. Was certain that the telegram I sent about my coming to New York made all my friends as happy to receive it as I was to send it. I was so happy that if my companion wasn't a Polock, I would have kissed him. I was a different person now. Invited my new friend to dine with me and a bottle of wine didn't get me drunk this time.

ON THE LAPLAND, Saturday, September 16, 1922

The night passed fast, I didn't get to sleep:when I bought the ticket I was placed with two other young men and because I hadn't been assigned a place to sleep , they let me sleep in the best place. After breakfast, I observed my fellow travelers. Most were not so pleasant, not so friendly, some behaved like antis. There were very few Jewish people on this ship. I was told that it is a bit late for the Jewish people to return and that they travel on the largest ships only. This is a slow ship. I have seen quite a lot from the passengers here that I could criticize, but what for.

ON THE LAPLAND, Sunday, September 17, 1922

Was up at 7:15 A.M..... didn't feel so good - couldn't stand up straight - went back to bed, closed my eyes and pulled

the blanket over my head. Remained that way until 4 P.M. Got dressed and up on the deck. Walked a while and felt a bit better. Lay down again at 7 P.M. No food or drink.

ON THE LAPLAND, Monday, September 18, 1922

Was real hungry. Went to the dining room and ate breakfast and lunch together with a real appetite. It got very rough, and the bed was the only place I could rest.

ON THE LAPLAND, Tuesday, September 19 and Wednesday, September 20, 1922

Up early. The sun was in full blast, the water was calm. It was a real pleasure to be on deck. Enjoyed my food today and at sunset everybody on board was on deck to watch a beautiful sunset - wonders of nature. The Captain said that it will be like this to the end of our voyage.

ON THE LAPLAND, Thursday, September 21, 1922

Didn't care to do anything except to stand on deck and watch and wait. Went to my room, wrote letters to all my dear ones I left behind. Am feeling better as I come closer to you, my dear.

ON THE LAPLAND, Friday, September 22, 1922

It is only 450 miles more and it got lively on board. Everybody was getting ready. Everyone was friendlier, they all ate more and got their money's worth. Everyone, male and female alike, were dressed to kill and drank and toasted the real way. Very soon there will be no more drinking the real McCoy for prohibition in the States doesn't permit it. Everybody was up late, even the orchestra played later than usual - so did I.

Walked up on the deck, in many places the newly acquainted couples were saying goodbye in many ways. I felt sorry for them. New love affairs that have to end so soon - but never mind, they will be forgotten soon and new love affairs will be started soon after landing.

ON THE LAPLAND, Saturday, September 23, 1922

Up very early, looked out of the window. The sun was up, too. I tooks like we will have a pleasant reception. Went outside to see if land is near, but not yet. Took a bath and had breakfast which I enjoyed very much. Went back on deck and at 11 A.M. in the waters around our ship were many boats of all

sizes. We reached the Rockaway at 12 noon and then Coney Island and were crossing the Narrows toward the Hudson River and on to the docking pier. Stopped 2 hours for quarantine.

Most of the passengers were Americans and had left via New York port yet all were eager to watch the boat glide into the New York pier and anxious to see the New York skyline. The ship was tied up at the 20th Street Pier. I searched for my dear ones through my glasses but couldn't find them.

As we docked along side the pier, there were my TROIKA searching from place to place to find me, and in a few minutes I had the three of them in my arms. We all liked my return much better than my departure.

Dear Bessie, the good deeds I did and the blessings I received from everybody, will be shared alike by the two of us. For you deserve them as much as I do.

* * *

RESUME OF TRIP

The trip would have been easy and pleasant if I had prepared the details and hadn't been in such a hurry to get away; and if I HAD KNOWN what had actually happened in the countries involved in the war. Especially to Russia and her neighbors. All we in the U.S.A. know about it is what the newspapers told us or cared to tell us, or were told to tell us in the United States. My trip would have taken no more than six weeks if the Idgescom was better organized and if the Polish government would have been friendlier to her neighbor to the East and didn't play the role of the spoiled ignorant child because the West wanted her to be just that.

The trip on the boat to Europe could have been a wonderful vacation and if that was the purpose of the trip I would call it a complete success. I met a lot of different people, had a chance to study, observe and learn what people do when they get away from home (or from their wives), and the actions of the single and unmarried peoples. Nature displayed for us her beauties; the sunsets and sun rising and how it can play with the vast body of water and how small we are in comparison to it, including our giant ship.

GERMANY

On arrival in Bremerhaven, I could see that I was in a most cultured and civilized country. Tried to look and study everything I passed and visited while traveling through the important cities on our way East. Imagined how Germany must have looked in 1914. For even now, 4 years after the war everything looks clean and orderly. Working around the clock to catch up, Germany is already ahead of all her neighbors in prosperity, including the U.S.A.,who is surely doing all possible to rebuild Germany.

Germany could be an example for the rest of the world if not for the goose-stepping uniform wearing that can't be knocked out of her in spite of the squeeze put on her by the so-called VICTORS.

POLAND

This country should never have been established because it is governed by people who are stupid, shoevenists, egotists and the pawn of France who would give her anything she needs in order to beat the neighbor to the East.

When in Poland, one must be careful not to speak Russian

or German, it is dangerous and one may be suspected of being a spy. Someday, she will pay a terrible price for her behavior.

The Jews in Poland are treated worse than animals. One can see a Pole spit in the face of a Jew or pull his beard, or purposely molest a Jewish female. The Jewish population in WARSAW, and in other large Polish cities was at one time larger then the non-Jews, now the Jewish population is very small and disunited, with many political parties fighting each other for domination. Relief work suffers for this reason and the poor Jewish citizens and refugees suffer alike.

HIAS is the only real organization that does its work honestly and if it had the proper financial support it could accomplish wonders. It has good personnel and good management.

RUSSIA

My travel on the Russian railroad system was like that of a king compared with the Russians who traveled on the same trains. I can't complain on the treatment that I received except the delay in getting my exit visa in Kiev- but then maybe I was too anxious.

After one week there it impressed me like a sick person in bed with many doctors around. Each doctor has a cure for him but doesn't know how to give it to him; the patient not getting help from the doctors, is slowly recovering and will eventually have no need for the doctors.

From the many conversations I had with the various people, I learned that until about six months ago Russia looked like one big cemetery, all hope was lost to live and look like human beings. The government took away everything from everyone and wasn't able to organize itself to function properly until the NEP (New Economical Policy)was put into operation by Lenin and conditions changed over night. The people just do not believe it possible. It looks like a dream and they are afraid that the dream will disappear some day.

Didn't meet any real believers in BOLSHEVISM except the few on top. The others hang on because they can capitalize on it in many ways,until they are caught and then they are no more. Most of the people work for the government, it is the only way to exist, but one day over 80% were fired and put to work in agricultural jobs and in the factories.

The Jews pray that the present system succeeds for it not there wouldn't be a Jew left there.

Didn't see organized Police anywhere except the few policemen with torn uniforms and a gun hanging from their shoulders on a piece of rope. Couldn't understand why there are no crimes committed under such order.

No one to do business with in the United States or anywhere else, especially in the small cities. The people are not pleasant, show no consideration for anyone. They do as they please and do nothing MOST OF THE TIME. The so-called Children's Home is a disgrace even if they did have more material help for they don't know what to do with it. They are big shots on paper only.

The best help that can be rendered for the people there is to open HIAS centers (if possible) in all Jewish populated cities in Russia, Poland and the other border countries; to give information and assist those that can leave for the U.S.A., or assist in preparing them for farming or some industry.

The suffering of people there and especially of the Jewish people is impossible to describe. HIAS should get financial help from the American Jews to create a bank to lend money to those that can get out from there to their relatives in the United States. I am certain that the loans would be repaid. This would be more effective than sending packages through any relief organization.

* * *

INTRODUCTION

to

1934 TRIP TO U.S.S.R.

Lots of water went over the dam between my trip to the U.S.S.R. in 1922 and June of 1934.

In 1924 Harry Ginsberg and I parted with J.K. We took over the operation of the COLUMBIA CORRUGATED COMPANY (manufacturing corrugated boxes) and in June of 1924 we moved the plant from the 20th Street store and basement to a five-story block frnnt building on 11th Avenue between 27th and 28th Streets.

I was elected President of the Corrugated Box Manufacturers Association in Greater New York and held this position for three years. The whole industry propered under my leadership and CCC was considered a leading company in that industry in the greater New York area.

At the end of 1927, C.C.C. merged with three other companies. The new company was named NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION and in early 1928 the new company moved to Long Island into a building purchased from the U.S.A. for $1,000,000. NCC was then the largest company in Greater New York, in the corrugated box industry.

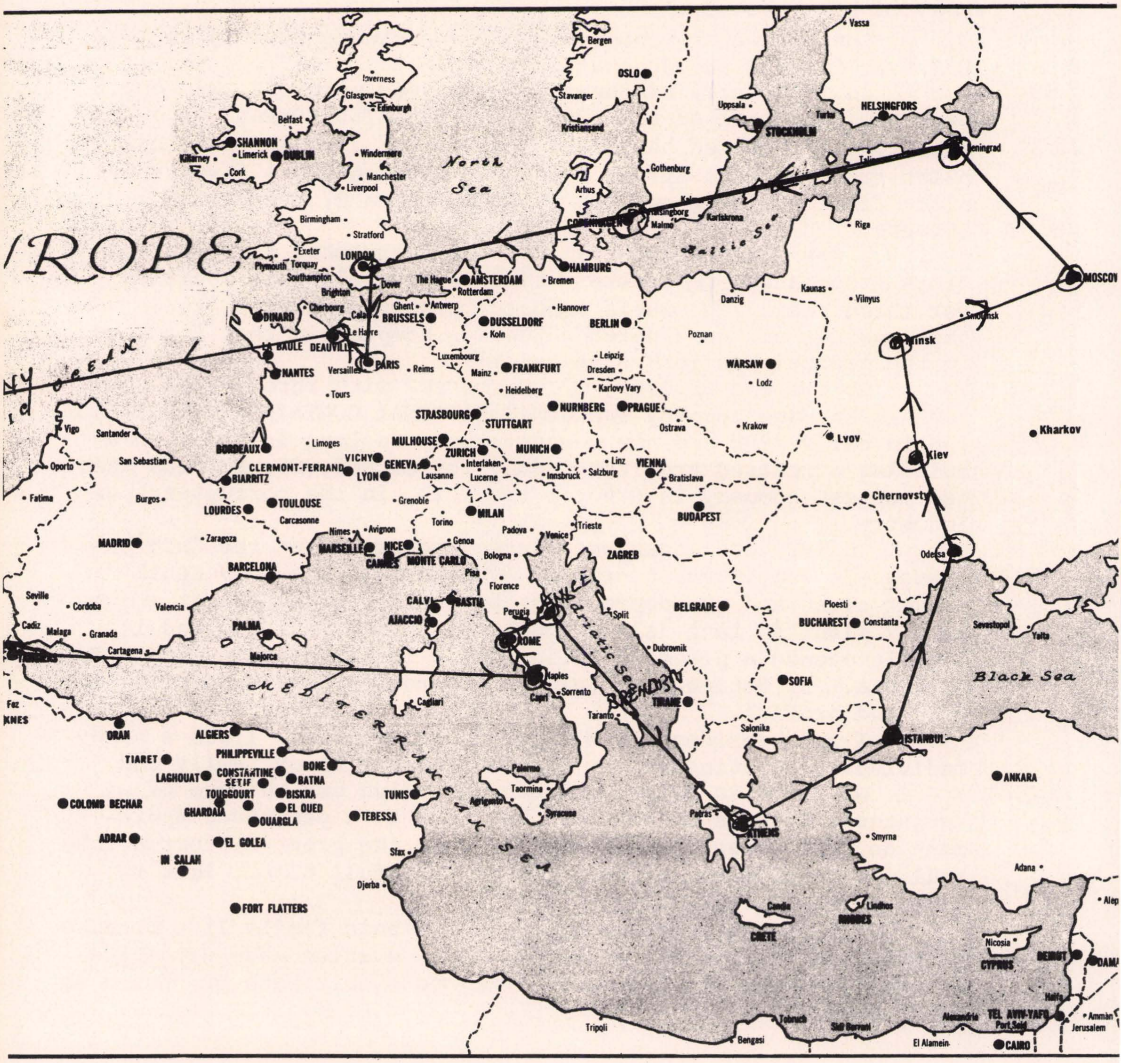
In 1929 its stock was listed and traded on the Curb Exchange. It continued to prosper even through the 1929 stock market crash and the depression that followed. It bought another box plant in Long Island, moved it to its building and in 1930 it opened a plant in Philadelphia in partnership with F.R. M. and A.L.R. National Container Corporation kept on growing in size and profits.

I was president of N.C.C. since inception. I was a happy individual, devoting all my time and energy to my family and N.C.C. We lived in Brighton Beach, Brooklyn but because of my daughter's illness we moved to New York to a penthouse apartment on 74th Street. On March 12, 1934 the great misfortune befell my family when our only daughter in full bloom, left us, never to return.

Dr. Irving Busch came into the Kipnis family life because of this misfortune. His friendship and devotion made us decide on the 1934 trip for Bessie, Jerome and myself with Dr. Busch as our guest.

* * *

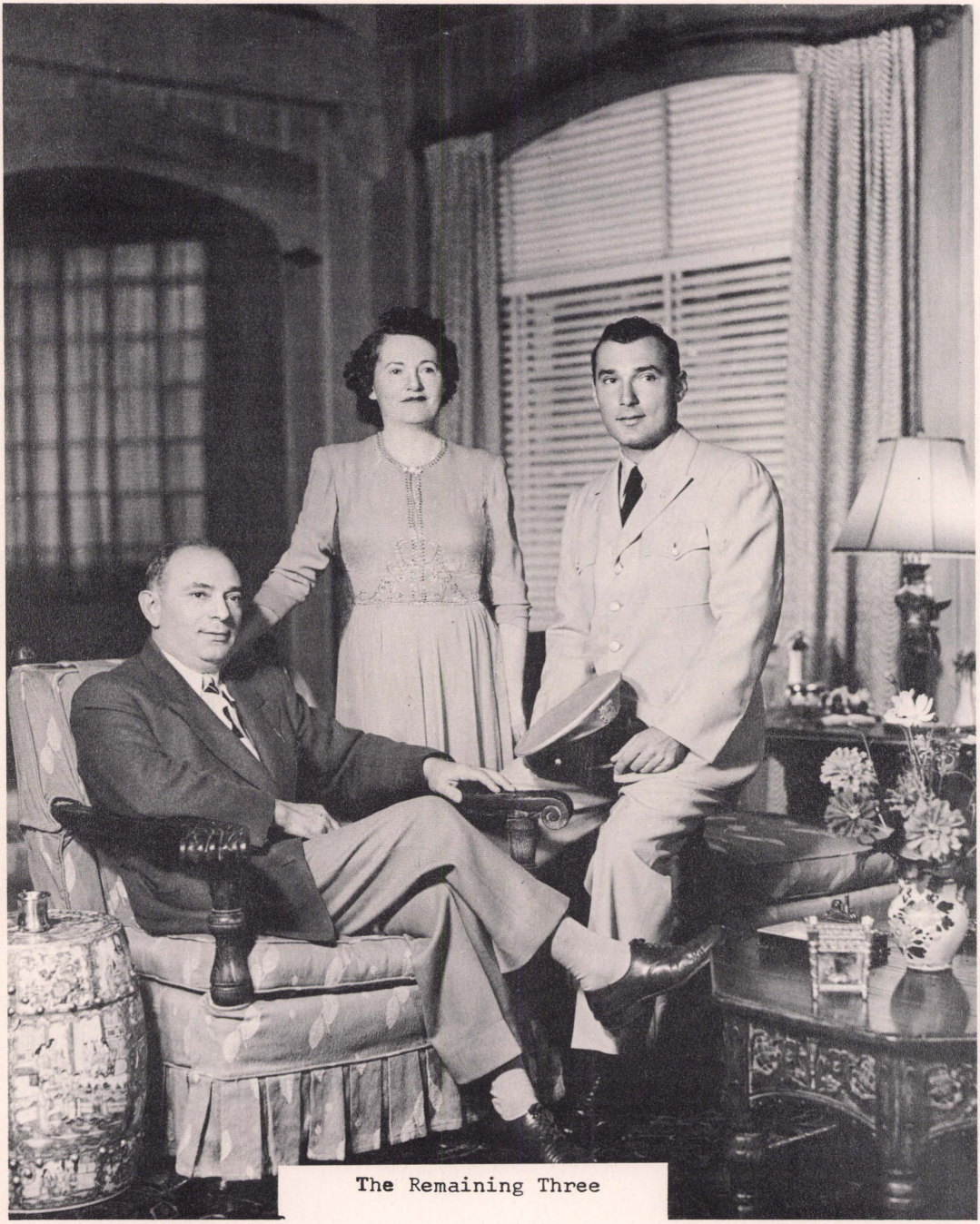
1934



North Sea
Baltic Sea
Black Sea
Adriatic Sea
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Bergen
OSLO
Stavanger
Kristiansand
Gothenburg
Arbus
Malmo
Karlshrona
Uppsala
STOCKHOLM
Turku
HELSINGFORS
Vassa
Leningrad
Riga
Kaunas
Vilnyus
Danzig
Poznan
WARSAW
Lodz
Minsk
Smolensk
Lvov
Kharkov
Kiev
Chernovsty
Odessa
Ostrava
Krakow
Bratislava
BUDAPEST
BELGRADE
Ploesti
BUCHAREST
Constanta
Sevastopol
Yalta
SOFIA
ISTANBUL
ANKARA
Salonika
Smyrna
Adana
Alep
Nicosia
CYPRUS
DEIRUT
DAMA
Haifa
Ammàn
Jerusalem
TEL AVIV-YAFO
Port Said
Alexandrie
El Alamein
CAIRO
Tobruch
Sidi Barrani
Bengasi
Tripoli
Candia
CRETE
Lindhos
RHODES
Patras
ATHENS
Syracuse
Taormina
Palermo
Agrigento
TUNIS
TEBESSA
Sfax
Djerba
Cagliari
Naples
Capri
Sorrento
Taranto
TIRANE
Dubrovnik
Split
Perugia
ROME
Pisa
Florence
Bologna
Genoa
Torino
MILAN
Padova
Venice
Trieste
ZAGREB
Linz
VIENNA
Salzburg
Innsbruck
Lucerne
Interlaken
Lausanne
ZURICH
MUNICH
STUTTGART
NURNBERG
PRAGUE
Karlovy Vary
Dresden
Leipzig
Hannover
BERLIN
Bremen
HAMBURG
Rotterdam
AMSTERDAM
The Hague
Antwerp
Ghent
BRUSSELS
Koln
DUSSELDORF
Luxembourg
Mainz
FRANKFURT
Heidelberg
STRASBOURG
MULHOUSE
Reims
Tours
Versailles
PARIS
Le Havre
Calais
Dover
Brighton
Southampton
Torquay
Exeter
Plymouth
LONDON
Birmingham
Stratford
Liverpool
Manchester
Windermere
Edinburgh
Glasgow
Inverness
Belfast
SHANNON
Limerick
DUBLIN
Killarney
Cork
Cherbourg
DINARD
LA BAULE
DEAUVILLE
NANTES
Limoges
BORDEAUX
CLERMONT-FERRAND
VICHY
GENEVA
LYON
Grenoble
BIARRITZ
LOURDES
TOULOUSE
Carcasonne
Nimes
Avignon
MARSEILLE
NICE
CANNES
MONTE CARLO
Zaragoza
MADRID
BARCELONA
Valencia
Cordoba
Seville
Cadiz
Malaga
Granada
Cartagena
PALMA
Majorca
Fez
ORAN
ALGIERS
PHILIPPEVILLE
TIARET
LAGHOUAT
CONSTANTINE
SETIF
BONE
BATNA
TOUGGOURT
BISKRA
GHARDAIA
EL OUED
OUARGLA
COLOMB BECHAR
ADRAR
EL GOLEA
IN SALAH
FORT FLATTERS
Vigo
Santander
San Sebastian
Oporto
Fatima
Burgos
Bergen



The Four



The Remaining Three



FOREVER FRIENDS

S.K. J.L.K. DR. BUSCH

1954

ON THE REX, Saturday, June 23, 1934

The REX started from her pier on the way to the old world. The sky was cloudy and sad, just the way I felt... I did not want to visit you, my sweetheart, at your new home to say goodbye because I wanted to dream and make believe that you were with us.

The REX began to move slowly. Stood on the A Deck near the railing all alone. The other members of my family were in different places on the ship waving goodbye to our friends who had come down to wish us a 'bon voyage'.

I felt so badly, lost and neglected at this time that I almost burst into tears. My heart was terribly depressed. I could not see anything before me except the face, the image of you, my dear Thelma. Memories, memories ran through my head; and who knows how long I would have stood wondering like this, when a woman, painted up like an Indian, pushed me away from the railing squeaking with a voice like a mouse, "Mister, you are breaking my flowers!" I woke up dazed and didn't know where I was, but I came to quickly and controlled myself so I wouldn't say anything insulting to her.

Looked around the pier, and discovered my dear friends waving their handkerchiefs at me. Smiling and crying there were Dr. and Mrs. Fader (we call her Sophie)....what memories you bring to me dear Sophie. You loved her very dearly too. There was Dash, Ginsberg and Bertha Goodman. The tears are dropping from her eyes down her cheeks. Poor Bertha! You do not know of your misfortune in Mexico; maybe it is better that you do not know.

There is my brother Dave. I really don't know whether he came to say goodbye to me because he likes me or because he needs my favor. And there is Joe Quarte, late as usual, the last minute. I was looking for Rose, Kate, Ray and Harry. They were lost amongst the thousands of people on the pier and I could not find them.

The ship moved out to mid-Hudson, turned towards the lower bay and within a short while the New York skyline, the Statue of Liberty, Staten Island, Coney Island, Brighton Beach, the Rockaways - all disappeared, and we were on the way to our friends and relatives on the other side in the old world.

My thanks to Mr. B. Raus for coming on board to say goodbye. I felt much friendship in his handshake - is it really necessary for me to go to Europe to make him so friendly? He has a good Jewish well-meaning soul, but is stubborn.

My thanks also to my teacher, Mr. S. Samuels. I learned to admire him for his logic and common sense judgment. Also to Harry Ginsberg, he seemed friendlier than ever. I know that he

has always been a good friend of mine without CHUCHMES (tricks). Goodbye to all of you my friends here, and everywhere. AUF WIEDERZEHEN! I wish you all health, long life, happiness and prosperity!

The four of us went to lunch together. Lots of Italians were traveling on this ship in all classes, and I thought that only Jewish people traveled on these luxury liners to Europe and back, and that the spaghetties lived on Mulberry Street and swept the streets of New York. Was really surprised to see so many travel to and from Europe.

We were tired and laid down to rest after lunch. We also dined together and after dinner walked the main promenade. Wanted to get acquainted with our fellow travelers and find the group that is traveling with us to the land of Utopia.

We received telegrams from the following friends: Mr. and Mrs. William Herman, the Gransdens, Ray Golden, Mr. and Mrs. Oppenheim, Rose Roit, Mrs. Rosenfeld and family, Kate Cash, George Cooper, Fay Lubin, A. Printz, Al Herman, Miss Hamburger, Sophie Shulman, Dora Goldstein, Mr. and Mrs. Goldberg, Ester Goldstein, Harry Ginsberg, Saul Bernstein, M. Dash, Gang from N.C.C., J. W. Quarte, Miss Ellen Fisher, Harry Cash and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Goldstein and family and Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Israel.

Also lots of flowers from the Schillings, Gordon, Ginsberg and Desiderio. Many thanks to all of you from the bottom of my heart.

ON THE REX, Sunday, June 24, 1934

We went to breakfast a bit rested. My three companions ate with good appetites, but I was not feeling well. Could not sleep well - was still in a fog. Couldn't make up my mind that we are only three in the family. Just couldn't believe it.

Memories fly through my mind like bullets and I would possible have fallen into a dream if not for Dr. Busch. "What are you thinking about?" he said, "Come on, let's go for a walk." Don't know what I would do without him. I believe that he always knows what is going on in my mind.

We went to lunch together. Again the few pieces of fresh vegetables were waiting for me on the table. The only food I eat here. We are learning the Italian language very slowly. We can say "Grazia" and "fruta fresca" and hope that by the end of this trip we will know what SPAGHETTI means in the MACARONI language.

Our dear Bessie got up during lunch and said "I am going-" .....but she didn't finish the sentence. I understood what it meant, but didn't follow her. Maybe she would feel slighted.

Later when I went to our room, I found her in bed. "I am not seasick, chas vasholom (God forbid), just resting a while, a little tired", she said. That is WHAT SHE SAID, but later she had her dinner served in the room while in bed and then did not eat much. She does not want to get out of bed. The excuse is: "A nice room, a good bed, it is nice to lie in it and rest and sleep, if possible."

The Doctor and I went for a walk on the main promenade. We walked and talked. We did not care to see a Mussolini newsreel or Janet Gaynor in "PADDY". We passed through the "Monkey Cage" (first class) where each one blows up like a turkey and imitates the others like a bunch of monkeys.

A few big shots are traveling on board ship, the kind that the women eagerly follow with envy; George Burns and Gracie Allen, Kay Francis, Mrs. Jack Pearl, Mrs. Gatti Cazazza and others. We have real sensations in our MONKEY CLASS.

Mrs. L ---- from Bronxville, a heavyweight of about 180 pounds, who had an operation and would like to talk about it, and who has traveled extensively and is a bit loud, is traveling with her two children in our group to Odessa. She was there in 1928 and travels each year to MARINBAD to reduce twenty pounds and then returns to the States to pick up what she lost. The Doctor and I made her acquaintance and made an appointment with her for tomorrow to play poker or pinochle.

ON THE REX, Monday, June 25, 1922

This morning was nice, the three of us went to breakfast without Bessie. She does not want to get out of bed and she remarked that as long as she remains in bed the ship sails smoothly, but as soon as she gets up on her feet, Rex commences to rock and roll.

The latter part of the day was not so nice. It was hot and humid. Walked through MONKEYLAND. Conversed with one of the officers on board, an intelligent young man, and he tipped me off what to say and what not to say when we get to Italy. I asked him if he knows what is going on in the other parts of the world and his answer was short: "THE PEOPLE IN ITALY KNOW ONLY WHAT MUSSOLINI WANTS THEM TO KNOW."

Dr. Busch and I met Mrs.L--- who was sitting next to a RUMANIAN MARMALIGA, a yiddel from the Bronx who believes that J.P. Morgan should be his bootblack and who kicks about everything on board the ship, speaks with a mouthful of cherries, smokes a big cigar and continuously offers me one although he knows that I do not smoke. We played poker until 12 and then to bed.

ON THE REX, Tuesday, June 26, 1934

Arose at 5:30 and peeked out through the window. It was beautiful. The sky was clear and blue, the sun full, round and pleasantly warm, the air fresh. I inhaled all my lungs would permit and gazed into the shining face of the sun.

Don't know how long I would have stayed gazing like that if it were not for the foam from a wave that broke against the side of Rex and splashed my face. It woke me up from my dream. Laid down again and slept a while, then, got up and ordered breakfast for Bessie, who still contends the Rex behaves better when she stays in bed.

The three of us went to breakfast, then went on the deck to admire the beauties of nature. The ocean was calm, almost as smooth as a mirror. The sky was as clear as crystal. The sun, large and round like a ball of fire stuck in the center of the sky, shined pleasantly upon our Rex with her human cargo of more than 2700 including passengers and crew. She is one of the largest and finest palatial ships afloat.

The horizon around us stretched as far as the naked eye could see and it looked as if a glass bowl was stuck over us, with the edges of the bowl dipped in the ocean, our own world, and if it were not for the fact that at each turn one could read the markings on the boat "ITALIA", we could have made a new republic in this part of the ocean - let us call it the "MELTING POT REPUBLIC OF THE MIDDLE ATLANTIC".

Went to our room, did not find Bessie there. It seems that she made peace with Rex. That is, she got out of bed and Rexy now behaves. I ran up to look for her and found her conversing with Mrs. L----. Maybe she is good company for her.

Jerome is a busy young man here. He runs from class to class, and has made many acquaintances of both sexes. Let him enjoy himself to his heart's content. He will tire and rest later on, maybe when I was his age I ran around too.

We dined together with Bessie in the main dining room. I did not care to see the Italian kinos - not for me. I do not care to see nicer and better ones in the States.

ON THE REX, Wednesday, June 27, 1934

Peeked through the window at the glorious morning sun that shined so bright and beautiful. The ocean is calm, smooth enough to skate on. I had a desire to get my binoculars and go up to the sport deck, the highest point here, and gaze into the blue skies, but I did not do it. I did not want to awaken our dear Bessie. I understand you, Bessie, I know what is going on in your heart. I know you would love to help us all to get used to the vacant fourth place in our home. I admire you, dear Bessie, I never thought you could suffer so much with a smile. You

sure can take it. This is why I love and respect you!

Wasn't feeling too well today, my whole body ached. I played shuffle board too long with Dr. Busch. Won by over a hundred points.

They tell me I should sit down facing the sun and get sunburned. I look yellowish. It seems that they do not know what is going on inside me. I cannot remain one place too long. I must keep on the go. Dr. Busch keeps a watchful eye on me...and comes along taking hold of my hand saying "Mr. K. come on let us walk around the deck."

We will pass the Azores today. Human being are very peculiar. At first they want to get away from land and be on water, but when they are on the water and hear the word land - all run to the sides of the ship in search of it. Each one wants to say "I saw it first", or "there it is".

We now can see the wonderful panorama. We sail between two islands, one to the right and one to the left. High mountains rise from the water, partly hidden in the clouds as if they did not want us to see their full size and height.

I wonder if the people who live on these islands are happier than we are in the big cities? How peaceful and quiet it must be there - without civilization and without HITLER, MUSSOLINI, STALIN, or even without the NEW DEAL. I wonder.....

We again played poker this evening just for fun. I was tired. Returned to the room and wrote a few letters to friends.

Experienced a pleasant surprise today, the wonder of the 20th century; I spoke 3 minutes to my partner, L. Rosenfeld by telephone from our ship REX to his ship the CONTE DI SAVOIA. I asked him to look for me tomorrow when our ships will pass each other at Gibraltar. He is returning to America. I await this event with great interest, something that happens only once in a lifetime. I am impatient. Retired at 2 A.M.

ON THE REX, Thursday, June 28, 1934

Fell asleep at 5 A.M. The night was chilly and for the first time on this voyage the ocean was rough. We swayed with the ships' movements. Got up at 6 to close the window and covered my Bessie with two pillows, her berth was near the window. She was folded up so that three small pillows were sufficient to cover her completely. I felt warmer when I saw a gratifying smile on her face. I then fell into slumber again. The ring of a bell, a knock on the door and Dr. Busch walked in and said, " It is almost 9:30. You will not be able to get breakfast. Eating is important!" He ought to know - he is the doctor.

I am pleased that he is enjoying this trip and it is certainly easy to enjoy such a pleasant trip. No one is seasick. The food is good - all one can eat and drink. Young and old are amusing each other. New romances are born here, new dreams that

will be forgotten at the end of this voyage. Some may remain sweet.

Today is the most glorious day up to now. The sky, sun, the ocean - all are most beautiful. If it were not for the vibration caused by the machines which make our REX glide along so gracefully, or if not for the white path that is left behind us for miles; one could really imagine that our PALACE is stuck on a mirrored floor that is fit to dance on. It is as pretty as one could wish for.

It is now after luch. My heroine, Bessie and Mrs. L---- are entertaining each other. Bessie listens while Mrs. L--- gabs. Mrs. L insisted on showing all her clothes so they went down to her stateroom. She displayed everything for Bessie. I am sure that Mrs. L told Bessie about her operation, but Bessie didn't tell me a word about it. Women never grow old.

I admired my heroine. I was worried about her for she has not taken a trip in the past thirty years, not since she came to the United States. She has proven herself to be a better sailor than her captain (S.K.).

Gibraltar, Spain, Africa! Everyone is running forward. From a distance we can see the tops of the mountains hiding in the clouds. Some are looking through binoculars, some are taking pictures, some are making movies. I only know of this natural wonder from reading books and from seeing GIBRALTAR on letterheads and advertisements. This piece of rock known as GIBRALTAR belongs to England and is armed to the teeth. Each ship that passes through this opening to the Mediterranean must salute and stop a while. Many of the Mediterranean powers are envious and some day England will have to pay dearly for this.

We stopped here for about an hour to unload freight and the few passengers who are disembarking there. Here we will meet our sister ship the CONTE DI SAVOIA and I will try to see my partner, L.R., as we arranged. I'll look for you, Partner!

A shriek from a siren, a blast from a fog horn and we are moving. The sun was now beginning to set and disappear on the other side of the mountains of the Spanish coast. It was beautiful and glorious - I did not know in which direction to look first - at our Rexy which was turning around so majestically in the direction of the oncoming sister ship, or at the mountains where the sun so large and red, like a ball of fire, was slowly disappearing.

She is here! Our sister ship - just like our REX for they are twins. She made a right turn into Gibraltar; we made a left turn out towards the East. We passed each other. The decks were crowded with passengers, all eager to witness this spectacle.

I was sure that L.R. was looking for me, just as I was looking for him, but we could not see each other. It was dark.

The boats saluted each other by blowing a deafening siren and then they disappeared in different directions.

Laid down to rest a while. Went to dinner and then to see a Kino. Could not see more than the beginning of the picture. Walked the promenade to see how the others were entertaining themselves. Then went to my room to write my daily diary.

ON THE REX, Friday, June 29, 1934

Slept later. The first night that I really slept. Maybe it is because I was exhausted yesterday over the excitement and retired late.

We went to breakfast together. Will have a busy day today, have to pack and prepare our baggage for tomorrow. We expect to arrive in Naples at 10 A.M. and everything must be ready by 8 P.M. today.

At 12 noon I entered our room and found both my heroes in bed. My Bessie, whom I had intended to appoint as Captain, and Jerome whom I had intended to name First Officer of the Rexy, were stretched out flat on their backs. They gave the same excuse - the boat does not rock when they lie in bed.

The weather changed. It was now much cooler and cloudy, and windy too. The ocean was getting angry and tricky. Many of our co-travelers did not show up for lunch.

Dr. Busch and I played suffleboard after lunch, and again I won both games. Then went to make our baggage ready.

We went to dinner. Bessie retired soon after. Jerome went to the First Class to bid his new friends adieu. Dr. Busch and I went for a walk, watched the shore of SARDINA with its numerous lighthouses.

After a while, I went to our room, prepared everything and sat down to write in my diary.

NAPLES, Saturday, June 30, 1934

Everybody on board retired late and arose early. Everyone was anxious to see our ship glide into the port of Naples. It is now 8 in the morning. The decks were crowded with passengers. The tops of the mountains could now be seen in the distance. VESUVIUS, the fire and mud spitting wonder, was also seen in the distance, discharging clouds of smoke and steam, as though it was threatening the human beings who dwell near by.

Arrived at 1 P.M. instead of 10 A.M. They were not in a hurry here - like all the continentals.

We are now off the ship and went directly to the custom house to have our belongings examined. It got very noisy. Everyone was talking at one time - with their hands - they even used their feet, and bodies. But they let us pass without examination. We were transit tourists.

Mr. Horton of Union Tours, packed us into a bus and in a few minutes we arrived at the GRAND HOTEL, on the shore of the Bay of Naples from where we could see a most glorious natural panorama.

We rested a while in the hotel. Then went for an auto ride (on our account) to see the high spots and observe how the natives live in the ups and downs of NAPLES.

From a distance NAPLES looks like a dream city rising from the waters edge up to the clouds. The white buildings looked like castles in the air; but when we reached up there through the narrow streets and peeked through the open doors (there are no windows in many of the houses) - what misery, what filth, and how primitive these people live! The narrow streets are clean and so is everything else on the OUTSIDE. Even on the main streets the houses are white and clean outside, but very dark and dirty and filthy inside. The stores and business places are old and dirty. I did not see a single store there that had the style of a DIVISION STREET STORE IN NEW YORK.

Naples is a city of a million inhabitants and has five hundred churches. This is what I was told by our guide. Everything is for the church, and this is the reason for the poverty and filth that these people live in.

Military uniforms, uniforms and more uniforms - all kinds, all colors and all grades.

MUSSOLINI! They all love him. That's what they say, and it is dangerous to say anything else. In each house, even the poorest, the walls are decorated with pictures. Over the bed hangs the MOTHER MARY WITH SON, JESUS IN HER ARMS and on the opposite wall over the table, hands a picture of the KING with his big mustache and near him, a bit higher, hangs a picture of IL DUCE BENITO MUSSOLINI, with the usual piercing eyes, as if to scare one into doing what he says - or else!

We returned to the hotel at 6:30 P.M. I looked out the window and saw a young man dressed like a YESHIVA BOCHIR (Talmudic scholar)... I wanted to run over to him and greet him with a SHOLEM ALEICHEM, but forgot that I was in the city of Naples, with five hundred Catholic churches. Only a short distance from Rome, the SANCTUM SANCTORUM, where the Pope lives - the gentleman who claims to be the closest and the only one who has the privilege and the right to converse and transmit all messages to GOD ALMIGHTY - and the place that claims priority and sole ownership of our brother, JESUS, the HEBREW young man, who tried to lead the old world into a new deal. If he could only have known how much JEWISH BLOOD would be spilled in his name by the TORQUEMADOS and their kind on the altar of religion, or that HITLER would want to make him a 100 per cent Aryan

or NO - JESUS -- maybe then he would rather not have been born.

Tomorrow we will be in Rome, the city with a great historical and traditional past. On every walk through the streets of Rome one can see history, dating back for centuries. When we talk of our present age as a BARBARIC AGE, we can only imagine what the old barbarians used to do. Our present barbarians - when they kill use poisonous gas, large cannons, airplanes, bombs, etc. - which mean instant death; the old barbarians amused themselves by having wild animals tear human beings limb from limb. We will probably see all this dark-age history in the museums in Rome when we arrive, if they are not afraid to show it.

After dinner we hired a DROSHKY (horse cab) and went for a ride through the main street. We walked back slowly and arranged to go to Pompeii tomorrow to see the trickster, Vesuvius. We saw little Vesuvius today. It is a large, dried up crater that still blows and spits lava and steam in many places. It is still a natural wonder and it is worthwhile seeing.

Dr. Busch told me that it seldom rains in Naples, especially at this time of the year - so it did not rain - it just poured down cats and dogs.

NAPLES, Sunday, July 1, 1934

We arose early and prepared for our sightseeing trip to POMPEII and VESUVIUS. After riding for over an hour, we stopped near a supposed-to-be museum which turned out to be a sucker place - that is - a place where they bring tourists to buy bargains. But they didn't catch us napping, we went on to our destination.

STOP! read the sign, there were a lot of others waiting ahead of us - what happened? Did VESUVIUS open its mouth? Or maybe it does not want to show its tricks to we Jewish admirers. Maybe it was converted to pure ARYAN. No - it's impossible. This is Italy, not Germany.

Mussolini is there, playing soldiers. That was the answer. But why there? This wonder is just for tourists and may Italians continue to derive their income from it. But no one dared ask questions.

We went to POMPEII, the city that was buried by VESUVIUS many centuries ago and is now being excavated. A very interesting place. They had rich and poor in those days too, and from visiting the places where women are not permitted to enter, one can draw the conclusions that the people there were human and needed pleasures of life other than food.

On the return trip we again peeked through the doors into the houses, and stopped in one place. Most of the houses consist of one room, where the family lives with the pigs, chickens and

and jackass all in one room. It smelled terrible, although, it looked very nice on the outside.

Returned to the hotel, dined and prepared to leave for Rome at 3 P.M.

We are now at the station in the special wagon (car) for our group. There is a place for each one. It is neat and surprisingly clean. A whistle and the train started on time. I looked out the window as we passed beautiful sites, white houses on the mountain tops. Here people live on the tops of mountains, not like in the United States where they live in the valleys and climb the mountains for romance. We also passed through tunnels. A few of them quite long and made entirely by human hands. Some have only been recently completed by the Mussolini regime.

Arrived in Rome at 7 P.M. and went to the HOTEL FLORA. Riding through the well lighted main street of Rome, one can see that this is an important city in continental Europe.

Had our meal quickly, and were anxious to get the first glimpse of Rome at night. So we started immediately after dinner. The main -streets are narrow, but well lighted. The autos, the taxis, shabby and old. The horse taxis (droshkys), the auto-trucks and the horse-drawn two-wheelers, all made an unfavorable impression on us. No order, no traffic rules; drivers on all sides, wherever it it more convenient. The pedestrians parade in the gutters or sit around the small tables on the sidewalks and sometimes even in the gutter. The police uniforms - many kinds. They play like children with their uniforms and keep on parading and saluting.

ROME, Monday, July 2, 1934

We will leave on a prearranged tour to the historical places at 9 A.M.

We passed the relics of the old Roman Wall, old palaces, tombs, statues, figures and then stopped at the world famous, ST. PETER at the VATICAN, the home of the Pope.

What impressions did St. Peter's make on me? - From an artistic standpoint I am not prepared to elaborate because I am not an artist or architect, and it is so grand and artistic that a layman like me feels lost and does not know what to look at first. I admired everything. We were in the SANCTUM SANCTORUM where people are kneeling and kissing the iron feet of St. Peter, the feet that are worn out from the millions of kisses received. I was not enthused like the others; not even by the ninety candles which are always lighted on the place where St. Peter's body is supposed to lie - not even impressed by the two black windows of the Vatican that are opened only when there is a change of Popes.

Through my mind ran many thoughts.....HOW MUCH DARKNESS! HOW LONG WILL IT LAST! HOW MANY HUMAN LIVES WERE SACRIFICED.....AND HOW MANY MORE WILL BE SACRIFICED, ON THE ALTAR OF THIS OR ANY OTHER RELIGION. AND WHO WILL BE THE ONE TO SAY " LET THERE BE LIGHT!" I thought Mussolini would be the one, but the darkness won over him. They got him.

Returned at 1:30 - we were all tired. Had to rest a while. We were supposed to go out again to see the CIVILIZATION OF NERO and his kind, where they used to assemble a crow of 15,000, to show them how wild animals satisfied their appetites by feasting on human beings - just to amuse their rulers. COLISEUM - is the name of the place. Grass is now growing all over it. I WOULD DEMOLISH THIS RELIC, AND WOULD DESTROY AND WIPE OUT ITS HISTORY, TOGETHER WITH PART OF OUR PRESENT HISTORY MAKERS.

We were late for the afternoon trip. Bessie was still resting and did not care to get up. She was not tired or sleepy, but just does not care to go. That's what she said. So the three of us went to the Coliseum and as usual, the vendors of the pictures and books of the historical places are Hebrews. One spoke English. All wear a button in their lapel, signifying that they are members of the Fascist Party. They tell us that they are pleased with Mussolini's government and leadership. Of course there is room for improvement. They call attention to their neighbor Hitler. Tjey do not know the whole truth here. Mussolini permits the press to publish only what is favorable to him.

One asks (in a whisper) is it TRUE THAT MAX BAER REALLY WON FROM CARNERO, OR WAS IT JUST A FRAME-UP? He did not want the others to know what we were talking about. We noticed the satisfaction on his face when we told him - Yes, it was a real fight and Baer made a monkey of Carnera.

"Is Baer a religious Jew?" - was the next question.

"Sure!" - I answered, and volunteered that he prays three times a day, washes his hands before each meal to say HEAMOTZ, and that he went to the Rabbi for blessing before the fight; and that his mother was IRISH CATHOLIC but now she goes to the MIKVEH and lights candles on Friday.

He danced with joy. The expression of satisfaction on his face cannot be described, only Michaelangelo or Raphael could have copied it. He told us not to talk to anyone here about the fight. They are sure that the fight was a FIX. Then he asked, "Will they fight again? And who will win?" Someone would think that he wants to make reservations for seats or to make a bet. I told him that no one will go to see them fight again.

He shook our hands and gave us the address of a kosher

restaurant, also the street where we can find a synagogue to DAVEN MINCHO (have evening prayer). He told us that before Mussolini's time, the Italians just tolerated the few thousand Jews, but now all are equal citizens. THERE IS NO JEWISH PROBLEM HERE. He sold us a few pictures and books (after all business is business!) and advised us to go back to the hotel and look over these pictures and books, and if we care to see more he will sell us others and remarked that we will not get tired seeing Rome in the books. Then with a goodbye and good luck - a handshake - we left to see the STATUE OF MOSES, which stands in an old church on a side street. The existence of this church depends on the statue which is by Michaelangelo. All visitors to Rome come here to admire this work of art, this beautiful painted image of the historical person named Moses.

Back to the hotel for dinner. We rested a while, then again walked the streets of Rome until 1 A.M.

ROME, JULY 3, 1934

We will leave for Venice at 2 P.M. today. As usual I have to pack again and prepare, since I am the leader of this caravan.

We live like gypsies. We pack and unpack, eat and sleep and walk. We are every other day in another city.

After lunch we drove to the station. If it was not for the station and railroad cars that reminded me we are on the continent, I would surely think that we are in the New York subway during the rush hours. It resembled an Erie or West Shore train on a Saturday during vacation time. Everyone ran with baggage in their hand to the first available seat in the car. It was hot and trunks were thrown all over the car, on the floor, on the seats and in the overhead.

It is hard to control people who have no self-control; and, if one desires to command respect for himself from others, he must respect others first. But it was not so in this moment with our group. Somehow we were in the car that was next to the one that was so crowded. Our trip across the country to Venice began.

"Who is Mr. Kipnis?" - I heard a voice asking. A middle-aged woman came over to our place. She was told by the other passengers that we are on the way to Russia and she said that she was expecting a cousin of hers, also a Kipnis, on this train. She almost embraced me when I handed her a few liras. She swore she was no faker...but I would not let anyone be in such a predicament.

Again we passed through wonderful natural beauty. The houses on the mountain tops look very nice from far away, but through my glasses I could plainly see the old dilapidated

houses and churches. I asked the conductor why the people live in houses on the tops of the mountains and he explained that it is a tradition. The Romans used to build their forts and castles and churches on the mountain tops to be able to defend themselves against the enemy. They did not think of airplanes or artillery that can shoot up as well as down, or of poison gases that can reach all over. They were not as civilized as are now!

Mussolini built many things for his spaghetti land. New railroads, some electrified; new tunnels that make traveling faster from city to city; electric transmitting wires that cut through the width and length of Italy. Electricity, the servant of humanity, is serving even the poorest farmer here.

We arrived in Venice at 10:30. As usual, they took us to our hotel in a motor boat, not gondolas. We were tired, went to dinner and then retired for the night.

Italy! Small people, small horses, small autos, small tramways, small railroad cars, small locomotives, small chairs and tables; LARGE CHURCHES AND MONUMENTS, STATUES, FIGURES AND PLAZAS, large wheels on the two-wheeled wagons that are drawn by one, two or three little horses or asses; and large old-fashioned rooms.

The noise in the streets from the autos passing by is enough to deafen one. They squeak, blow, whistle, and run in every direction, without order. If this were New York, with its millions of automobiles it would be so noisy, that the people living there would be NERTZ in no time.

The MONKS AND THE NUNS with their various style uniforms made a terrible impression on me. I shiver when I think of them. And, since I am on the way to the Soviets, it is my opinion that if Russia did not accomplish any more than just clean up this dreadful darkness, that she already accomplished plenty. I was never religious, not even in my childhood, and if I would have a feeling for religion, just one good look at these MONKS and NUNS... and I would lose it too.

VENICE, Wednesday, July 4, 1934

Our hotel, the Reginia is on the Grand Canal. Opposite it across the canal stands a gorgeous church. To the left, on the Canal is anchored a few of Mussolini's war babies (ships) dressed in white. I don't know whether these are all the babies he has or not. They were not there for our reception, because on the ropes that were strung from mast to mast one could plainly see the sailors clothes hanging to dry.

We went to breakfast and then for a walk to the PLAZA ST. MARCO. This is the largest plaza in Venice, also, there stands the largest cathedral in Venice and is known the world over. We stepped into a few stores to buy bargains, the kind we can get

in New York for half the price. Then went to the CATHEDRAL to admire the works of Michaelangelo and others. Here we again witnessed the same scenes we saw at St. Peter's in Rome, although not as impressive. Went up the tower to look down upon Venice, but could not see anything but red tile roofs. The streets are all narrow canals.

We came down and purchased a bag of corn to feed to the thousands of pigeons that are there. (They are defacing all the buildings) When they saw a paper bag in my hands, hundreds of them started flapping their wings toward me. They scared me for a moment. Who knows? Hitler was here not so long ago and he stood on the place where I am now standing and maybe he converted all the pigeons INTO PURE ARYANS...and they are trying to chase me away from here, although I want to be kind and feed them.

My fright did not last long. The pigeons encircled me, rested on my hands, and shoulders, even on my head and pecked at the bag of corn. They are practical birds - they mean business. I was informed that these birds are internationalists. People come here from every corner of the globe and give them food. These birds don't discriminate, they eat from everybody's hands.

Went back to the hotel to lunch and rest a while. Jerome: when I gave him full freedom to do as he pleases - does not look well. He has lost weight, his face is drawn because he runs around too much. He does not rest or stop long enough in one place, but is always on the go. No, when I was his age I was quick too, but not so quick. I had more responsibility. Used to think more before I said or did something. He wanted a new camera, although he has the best one that money can buy. Cost? Money? He does not question these things.

A young man of his age should learn and gain lots of experience from a trip such as this. Many a young man dreams of a trip like this and remains with only his dream. This is not what I expected when I planned our trip. I am terribly sorry that we do not have the kind of co-travelers from whom he could learn. There is no one, except Dr. Busch, from whom he can learn. Let him run around - he will tire - so said the Doctor.

Hired a motor boat. It was the only way to see Venice in one hour. Sailed through the Grand Canal. I wanted to see where the gondola pushers lived, where the toiler spends his spare time, the home of the poor street vendor, the streets of the proletariat.

We saw old, dark and dirty dwellings. Naked and dirty children roam the narrow walks of the water streets. The grown-ups in shabby ragged clothes. And this is the dream city Venice (Venecia). Of course, there are nice homes and palaces, but these are mostly for the suckers - the travelers from foreign lands.

How can this poor population support so many churches and clergy? I am afraid to ask for an explanation. I am not enthused or excited about the things they show me, although my cotravelers praise and get excited over everything, including the bargains they purchase in each town where we stop.

Went to dinner. Jerome wanted to lie down - doesn't feel well. He is feverish. I glanced at Bessie; know she watches over him and I watch over both of them. The Doctor took hold of my hand. "Don't worry," he said. He examined him and after a good physic Jerry laid down and fell asleep.

I laid down too, and what terrible torturing thoughts shot through my mind. I jumped off the bed as if bitten by a snake. A cold sweat dripped down my face. "Where am I?" - I asked, bewildered. Don't know what brought this on.

Jerry is feeling better. He wants to remain in bed and doesn't care to go to the Lido to dance. He made an appointment with a young lady to celebrate the American holiday, Independence Day and I was pleased, but he doesn't feel up to going.

We remained in our rooms and celebrated with the mosquitoes. I have to pack again as we leave early for Athens, Istanbul and then Odessa.

Jerome fell asleep. The Doctor too. He is also overdoing it. Am prepared for everything for tomorrow, finished and then wrote until late in the morning. Inspected my dear ones who were slumbering and with a satisfied feeling that everything will be O.K. tomorrow, I laid down on my bed and after rolling from side to side a while - finally fell off to dreamland.

In this CITY OF WONDERS, each bed is covered all around with mosquito netting - as I lay in bed it made me feel as if I were a prince, or a little baby.

VENICE, Thursday, July 5, 1934

Jerome felt much better. He wanted to eat. We made everything ready for our trip and then off to breakfast. I watched Jerome to see whether he is eating just to make us feel better, but no, he was eating because he was hungry. It made me feel better, too.

Tried to keep away from the gondolas but it seems that I could not avoid taking a ride in one of them. Suppose fate made it to be so. They sent us with our baggage back to the boat in a black gondola. No matter how romantic it may be to be pushed in a gondola on the Grand Canal, it is surely not comfortable. All the gondolas are black and I HATE BLACK.

It is possible that it pays to forget the discomforts in the gondola when one has a shiny black-eyed Maria on his lap, his arms wrapped around her while she sings to him of love. I don't know for sure about this though.

We are now on the ADRIA. This is the boat that will take us to Odessa via Greece and Constantinople. To compare this boat to the Rex is impossible. The contrast is too great. But we are told that we will have a most pleasant trip. The Adriatic, the weather, the scenes - everything will be lovely. WE WILL SEE.

A siren shrieked. The gondolas got out of the way, and the Adria moved slowly away from the open dock. It was interesting to watch it. The port is nice and is armed. That's why we are not permitted to take pictures.

Within an hour's time we were in the Adriatic. It was an extraordinarily lovely day. The skies were blue and clear, the sun shone and as the water was calm and smooth is looked like glass. I never thought that nature could be so beautiful.

We ate our first meal on this boat - lunch. Then went on the promenade for a long walk. Wanted to inhale as much as possible of this glorious air. One of the co-travelers (a she) walked over to me while I stood near the railing, my hands supporting my dreamy head as I gazed into the mirror-like waters, and she started to talk to me. A new female character. Shall add her to the many characters I will remember from this trip.

Jerry and Bessie want to rest a while. The bell rang for dinner. We changed from special to first class.

Watched the sun set before I went to dinner. The sun is now larger than ever before - one large red ball of fire, that sinks slowly into the ocean beyond us.

"Quick, quick, she is drowning " - I screamed loudly.

Everyone in the dining room ran out and looked at me. They thought something happened to me. I pointed to the disappearing, drowning sun.

How beautiful - they all answered in concert.

The sunset painted the whole horizon with the most beautiful colors, nicer than a rainbow. Wonderful nature! What an artist you are! What spectacle you have shown us!

We walked to the Captain's bridge. I gazed up into the skies and found them dark and clear. The horizon, the blue glass bowl that covered us was chuck full of sparkling stars. They were many and so close to us.....what a beautiful night for romance. I called Dr. Busch's attention to my thoughts with the remark that nights like this make me long for somebody. He knows and understands me - and does not reply. He does not care to disturb.

ON THE ADRIA, Friday, July 6, 1934

Retired at 2 A.M., could not fall asleep. It is very quiet on board. I peeked through the window and noticed a red point is rising from the ater to the north and is slowly getting larger and more beautiful. It is the moon in full quarter, A TURKISH MOON - reflecting red from the sun. She is rising high.

Laid down again at 5:30 and slumbered a while. Had breakfast at 8 then walked the decks.

It was very pleasant. Can't describe my satisfaction when I saw Bessie enjoying herself. I worried over her and am surprised at the way she takes this trip.

It is after lunch now. All on board rushed to the top deck. We will shortly arrive into the fortified port of Brindizi, the last stop in Italy, the land of OLIVE OIL, CHEESE and SPAGHETTI. No one was permitted to take pictures here. One may discover HIDDEN SECRETS (CANNONS) here.

We left the boat to buy some "fruta fresca" (fresh fruit) and after one hour in this port we started out again. The sky is a bit cloudy. It looks as if we are not going to have the same weather we had last night.

The bell was ringing again - dinner time. Here we ate 6 times a day - breakfast at 8, coffee and a "NASH" at 11, lunch at 1, tea and a bite at 4:30, dinner at 7 and again a "NASH" at 11. It is interesting to watch Mrs. L--- and a few others that go to Marinbad to reduce. How they stuff themselves in the 6 meals. It is not just a bite to them, they want their full money worth.

After lunch we went to see a movie, a comedy - COHEN and KELLY IN HOLLYWOOD. I laughed heartily. I have always enjoyed these two comedians.

It is really a wonder of God. Humanity is progressing after all. I don't want to believe that all the new inventions are for destructive purposes only. For instance, the moving picture camera. During the war they used it to film the enemy position so that they could better find the range to kill more of the men. They also used the camera during the war in the theatres to create patriotism. They waved flags and used fake scenes. After the war they used it to show the terrible results of the "WORLD WAR". Now, during the so-called "PEACE TIME", they use this same camera to teach in schools, for political campaigns and propaganda and many useful and also useless purposes, and for medicine and science. The talking pictures and the radio are the two most outstanding achievements of recent years.

ON THE ADRIA, Saturday, July 7, 1934

Up at 7:30 - peeked through the window. It is a very beautiful morning. Dressed in my usual morning attire and walked to the top deck, paced it a while then went to breakfast. I conversed with some of our group - they are part of a group of real characters.

There was a young man from St. Louis, who spoke louder than anyone here, sang "Yankee Doodle", and finished with the "International" - and seems to be everywhere at one time.

There was Mrs. B---. She desired to know why I am so estranged - why I keep away from her. At least one half hour each day will satisfy her. She is anxious to tell me something.

And there was Miss G---, an intelligent young lady in the thirties - not bad in figures, moved closer to me when we stood near the railing on the deck. She changed her clothes many times a day to attract the opposite sex. She would like to romance - just a small romance.

There was Mr. L--. He walked around mostly naked the whole day - is sun black and is not ashamed. The others ignore him.

There was Miss L---. She ran after each uniformed male, and if she couldn't find one in a uniform - then one in a pair of pants would do. She had no respect for herself or her mother.

And there was Mrs. L---, who is not any better than her daughter.

There were the two Turkish girls who were returning from Paris to Turkey. They were refined and well behaved and commanded respect from the other passengers.

There was Miss ?..... A young American girl who was living with her parents in Istanbul. She spoke many languages and behaved as lovely and respectful as one could wish. What a contrast between her and Miss L___.

There was Mrs. A---. She spoke English and Russian fluently. She claimed to be a piano artist but didn't care to honor us with her talent. A pleasant person!

Her friend, Mrs. W---, a "red", well educated and well read. She carried a pencil and pad along at all times and made notations of everything she saw of interest. She did not know that she could buy a book for five cents and see pictures with explanations of all the important subjects one cares to see when one is sightseeing - and she complained to my why I did not buy this book for her.

There was Sonia, who grabbed hold of my hand and in the Russian tongue said, "Mr. Kipnis, I know who you are, and if you are going to write about me I will tell Cantor Hershman, Cantor Quartin and my husband." She grabbed hold of her bag, pulled out a few pictures and said, "Here they are - you know them. I know you are writing for the 'Forward'. You may write about everybody, but don't write about me, please."

Well, I certainly did not expect such a downfall, such an insult. I didn't mind being called every name in the dictionary, but NOT A JEWISH WRITER. And surely not for the FORWARD. I do not like them. They are a gang of small politicians.

Discovered afterwards that they made a writer of me and are all anxious to have me tell them where my writings will be published. Mrs. A-- and Mrs. W-- confided in me that I cannot fool them any more; they know all about me!

We are nearing Greece. There are mountains on both sides. The tops are bare and look like bald heads.

We are now in the AEGEAN SEA and will very shortly be in the land where centuries ago was found the cradle of civilization, sculpture, astronomy and art. Now it is a small, insignificant, backward, little country.

We reached CORINTH CANAL at 4 P.M. This canal was cut through a mountain fifty years ago by the Greeks and the work done entirely by human labor, not by machinery. It is about four miles long, just wide enough for a boat like the ADRIA to pass. We were pulled through this canal by a Greek tug and was again in a large body of water.

At 6 P.M. the city of Corinth was visible in the distance. The city is only a few miles from ATHENS, the capital of GREECE.

Through my binoculars I could see the ACROPOLIS, surrounded by other relics, in the mountains beyond Corinth.

Arrived in the PORT OF CORINTH about 7 P.M. there was not much to see there except dirth and filth, and the primitive process of coaling a vessel by humans carrying the coal in baskets up the ship and dumping it into the hold. I imagined everything else was done here in practically the same fashion.

After one hour lay-over, we started on our way to the DARDANELLES and TURKEY. Went to dinner; then up on the deck. It blew up a bit.

Took Dr. Busch for a walk around the deck. We discussed a few world problems and the only matter we agreed upon was that it was time to retire. But----

Not so soon can one retire on this gay boat, where the Captain would like to entertain and be entertained by some of the female passengers (some of whom seem anxious to be entertained by the Captain). The music is playing. The band leader, a bearded Austrian, who through the efforts of G. D'Annunzio, had to become an Italian citizen (Fiuma). He played the violin well, and promised to play American jazz. The males grabbed the nearest females and they danced to their hearts' content. After all, what is dancing? One keeps on turning until the music stops, or until he gets tired.

ON THE ADRIA, Sunday, July 8, 1934.

Time flies. It is fifteen days since we left New York. Two more days and we will be in Odessa.

Today, at about 12, we will pass the DARDANELLES, the historic GALLIPOLI PENNISULA, the place where the British Empire sacrificed thousands of young lives on the altar of war. Here is where the biggest blunder of the war was made. Many a chapter was written about this historic battle, yet the real truth may never be known.

We are there now. We can see the battered forts, the tall and beautiful monument that the British erected here (with the permission of the Turkish government) in memory of the fallen heros. THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT IS NOT AFRAID OF ENEMY SOLDIERS AS LONG AS THEY ARE DEAD AND BURIED. The cemetery full of white crosses can be seen beyond the monument.

Poor people. What else could you do. They did not ask you whether you wanted to be brought here, thousands of miles from your homes, parents, sisters, brothers, wives and children, to be slaughtered here and then make heros of you and erect an expensive monument in your memory.

Are we smarter now? Did we learn anything rom the last world war?

NO - I am afraid not. The HITLERS, MUSSOLINIS, the DOLFUSSES, THE MILITARISTS, and the new nations that were created after the war, the BALTIC STATES, the breaking up and dividing the CENTRAL POWERS, the enforcing of the MINORITY RULE on MAJORITIES, the POLISH CORRIDOR, the VERSAILLES PEACE (which, while the ink was not dried, the signers were preparing for the next war) - all these are the greatest dangers for world peace.

England's largest warships are on the bottom of these waters, but SHE IS AGAIN PREPARING WITH GREAT VIGOR FOR THE NEXT WAR, AND ARE ALL THE OTHER NATIONS, LARGE AND SMALL - ON LAND, ON WATER, AND IN THE AIR. ONE OF THESE DAYS A FIRE WILL BREAK OUT IN ONE OF THESE POWDER-KEGS THAT WILL MAKE THE LAST WORLD WAR AND DANTE'S INFERNO LOOK LIKE CHILD'S PLAY COMPARED TO WHAT IS TO COME. They, the big shots known to us as "diplo - mats" do not know yet what to name it.

My poor broken heart aches when I think of what the near future is holding for humanity.

We glided through the entire length of these historic waters and apart from its historic sorrowful memory, it made no impression on me. Our Hudson River is much prettier and more pleasant. It surely has no such bloody history.

We passed the MARMORA SEA. This is the smallest ocean I know of, but the nicest and the smoothest. The sunset here is the most beautiful spectacle nature could treat us to. I was terribly sorry that it was cloudy at the tip of the horizon and nature could not complete the spectacle. The sun painted the water with such beautiful colors and a colored pillar of fire stuck in the water from the reflection of the sun and then disappeared with the sunset beyond the clouds.

It was after dinner now and it was dark. Everybody was on the promenade. We can see lights. ISTANBUL - everyone shouted in unison.

We reached the port in about an hour, the boat was tied up to an open pier. All passengers were embarking here, except

our group that is going on to Odessa. On the opposite side of the street from the pier was a dance hall. Music was playing and girls were waving to us to come over. At first I thought that the Captain had arranged a HAREM RECEPTION for our group from America. But we have no TURKISH VISA and couldn't land.

To be there and not to see ISTANBUL and not to drink Turkish coffee would be just like coming in to the house of a Rabbi and not kissing the MEZZUZA.

Somehow we managed to get into autos to see Istanbul and some of the points of interest. (American dollar - YOU ARE KING IN THIS WORLD.)

Turkey! Constantinople! now Istanbul - half-European and half-Asiatic - how many diplomatic intrigues were made within and about you. How many thousands of lives were lost over these intrigues? Each European country was eager to conquer this city, the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, in order to be able to control the Black Sea, the Ocean of Marmora and the inlet to the Adriatic and Mediterranean Seas, but no ONE power succeeded and each intrigue burst like a toy balloon. There were too many that wanted this possession and the jealousy between the powers did not permit the dream of the various diplomatic intrigues to succeed.

We were on the way to the old part of Istanbul. Stopped at the GALLANTA BRIDGE that separates the old city from the new. It is better known as the ASIATIC SIDE and the European Side of Constantinople. Then on to the famous SOPHIA MOSQUE, but we couldn't go inside - they fooled us. They commenced to tell us the history of this Mosque and then took us to see another Mosque, and again the same story - too late - so sorry - NO CAN SEE! They showed us the prison where our INSULL spent time. Then to the European side of the city and the PLAZA OF THE REPUBLIC - and here is where we really were fooled! We thought they would show us as much of the city as possible, but instead they took us to an American style dance place and restaurant. We did not care for this. We were not hungry and we did not want to dance. Told our leader to show us the narrow streets and the driver replied that all streets are narrow and crooked like the Turkish politicians.

We never saw so many cats and dogs in the streets. They act as street cleaners at night. They eat up all the garbage that is thrown into the streets through the doors and windows. It is possible to be hit by a bundle of garbage while walking down the streets. I could imagine the filth and unsanitary conditions inside these houses. Most of the people live like animals.

Saw a few modern apartment buildings in the process of construction. I could not discuss KEMAL PASHA, because he is

the SAVIOR now, but does it matter anyway? I would not care to live here.

In one of the narrow streets two dogs followed us with a continuous bark - just like Hitler - I assumed that they were pure-blooded ARYANS.

We returned to the boat and retired. It was impossible to fall asleep. There was too much noise and it did not pay to fall asleep. Only two more hours and we will start on the last lap of this part of the trip. I did not want to miss the beautiful scenery of the BOSPHORUS, that I had heard so much about.

ON THE ADRIA, Monday, July 9, 1934

It is now 5:30. Looked out of our window, the sky was cloudy and it is drizzling. A siren blast and the boat moved out from its berth, turned around towards the Bosphorus and we are on the way. It is thundering, lightning and pouring but all the passengers are on the decks with binoculars.

To the right of us is the Sultan's Palace and a beautiful MOSQUE. Up on the hill are pretty looking houses and numerous MOSQUES with MINARETS, all of the same architecture. Five hundred of these holy places are in Istanbul. The masses are kept in darkness. They call God "Allah" and MOHAMMED is his MINISTER. I was told that they are not building any more mosques.

We are getting to the end of the BOSPHORUS. Our co-travelers are raving about its beauty. I am not excited over it. Our Hudson River is much more beautiful and is better developed.

We noticed the old destroyed forts in the rocks. I suppose many a young life will be sacrificed here again some day.

It is still thundering, lightning and raining. Thousands of swallows followed our ship, flying low over the waters, as if they wanted to show us what good training they had. They were making all kinds of tricks for us. They circled the boat a few times and flew back and forth - always in formation. We forgot all about the natural scenery and devoted our attention to the birds.

We are now in the wide open waters of the BLACK SEA. Straight across about 350 miles away, lies the once beautiful city of ODESSA, the small Paris of OLD RUSSIA. It is the first Soviet city we will visit.

Will I be disappointed - as I was on my first trip in 1922, in this new world of UTOPIA, whose rebuilding of the capitalistic slave-society is eagerly and zealously watched by the rest of the world and whose system OUR NEW DEAL IS COPYING - but in a capitalistic way? Will I find my 66 year young brother waiting for me? Did he tell all our relatives that we were coming? Although, I asked him not to do this.

What will my Mother be thinking now? Her 88 year old heart must be beating faster now that we are so near to her.

Time flies. It is now 10 P.M. Only a few more hours.

ODESSA, Tuesday, July 10, 1934

Who could sleep last night? We expected to arrive at 7 A.M. and as usual wanted to be on deck at sunrise so I could be the first to see land. Maybe I will recognize Odessa. I remember you - little Paris - I was there 31 years ago.

Yes, through my glasses I could see in the distance the OPERA HOUSE, THE DUMA AND THE PORT.

We were met by a Russian pilot who brought the Adria into this picturesque port and within a few minutes she was tied up. Why she did not fly the Soviet flag here as she did when she arrived in the ports of other governments is something that I couldn't ask for I was too excited.

Was my brother here? Did he bring our dear Mother? Maybe he didn't have enough money to buy a ticket to come here - not even enough to send a telegram to me. I asked my partner, L.R. who was supposed to have been there a month ago to deliver my monthly favors to my relatives, but he didn't go this far. It is all my fault.

Searched amongst the people who are waiting on the pier. I saw a man with a beard. Mrs. L-- who was standing near me said, "Is IT POSSIBLE THAT THAT MAN IF MY FATHER? NO, IMPOSSIBLE! MY FATHER WAS ALWAYS CLEAN SHAVEN." Maybe he got 'frum' (religious). It did not enter my mind that this man might be my brother, Ovsei. I knew that he had a nice respectable beard; not this kind of a beard.

Went down to my room to get ready and I heard a voice calling, "Mr. Kipnis, someone on the pier wishes to see you." I ran up quickly and looked over the railing. The man with the beard called out: "SHMILICK" and I answered OVSEI! and remained motionless for a while. Then again he called out: "IS THAT YOU SHMILICK?" and I answered, "OVSEI, IS THAT YOU?" - and we remained looking at each other. Everyone around us was watching too. They knew what would soon happen.

Had to wait until we were permitted to land. I almost jumped off the boat to the pier. We fell into each others arms. Embraced and hugged and kissed and cried from joy and sorrow. We did not let go. I imagined everyone around that witnessed this scene cried with us.

"NOT HERE, NOT HERE, TOVARISTCHI." interrupted the voice of a policeman. That is - my brother could not stand near me. They were careful about foreigners, especially Americans. My brother stepped back. It was indeed nice of the policeman to

let us stand there together as long as he did. We went to the Custom House to have our belongings examined. It will take about two hours. I asked Ovsei to go back to his hotel and rest and come to our hotel later. No one is permitted in the TOMOJNE (Custom House) except us, the greenhorns, the inspector was polite and made a quick job of us.

This Custom House was small, not like those in the other countries we have visited. Since the Russians do not leave their country and do not come back when they do, there are just the few foreigners coming and going. The place was clean and pleasant.

We walked outside a while to look around and the first surprise was the many women working on a new railroad track. Many of them stopped to converse with us.

From now on we will be under the supervision of the INTOURIST, the Russian Traveling Agency. They took us in their auto-bus to the HOTEL LONDON, the best place there, near the OLD DUMA and OPERA HOUSE. Pushkinskaya and Derabasovskaya streets are near here.

In the days of the Czars, this part of the city was the Fifth Avenue of Odessa. Here lived the richest people in the city and very seldom did they permit Jews there.

It is impossible to get an idea of conditions in other parts of the city when one lives in this luxurious hotel, which boasts a clean and pretty lobby, a doorman who bows for you when you walk in or out, a clerk that registers your name and takes your passport and valuta, a fine restaurant and garden cafe, good music and nice rooms, cheaply furnished but clean with hot and cold water. Only tourists and officials are permitted to stay here but in the restaurant everybody is welcomed. The food wasn't bad. The service as usual was slow - in typical Russian style. They think it is fast and call it "TEMPO".

I was anxious to glance at the city and see what they will show us and then see the other things that we will see by ourselves.

After lunch they drove us in a bus over the main streets; the PASSAGE, a famous building in the old days. They showed us all the large buildings and explained what they have been converted into. Then, on the way to the ARCADIA (an amusement and bathing beach on the shore of the Black Sea) they showed us the summer homes for rest and culture for children and grown-ups - these were once the palaces of the rich. Through the fences we could see that everything was kept in good trim.

Drove over a road that shook the guts out of us. We arrived in Arcadia. These were just a few memories that brought me here to ODESSA; the ARCADIA, the PASSAGE, the OPERA HOUSE and the DUMA - all of which I saw 31 years ago.

When I came here in 1903 from Radomysle, Odessa looked like a paradise. I could not get over the beauty and cleanliness of the city and the wonderful music in the Arcadia, with the thousands of people that used to come there to dance and bathe and make merry. Also the FUNICULAR RAILWAY that runs up and down, to and from the PERECIP (docks) and the four hundred steps that made the picture "POTEMKIN" famous. And now? A city of beggars, young and old. Cigarette venders in the hundreds, mostly children, clothed in rags and dirty with filth. The stores that were once famous all over Russia look like holes. A dead city.....

But, maybe I was exaggerating. I should not try to compare anything here with New York. I must still compare Radomysle with Odessa. It is possible that the contrast today between these two cities is still as great as it was 31 years ago.

Everything here looked so small, so backward, so neglected, so far from the civilization I know. And what a contrast between the U.S.A. and this part of the world! And yet after all, when we walked the main streets in the evening they were crowded with people, some walking, some standing and cracking polly-seeds or other seeds - many with smiling faces. The stores were crowded with customers.

I couldn't find out about the actual conditions here, for I had no relatives here and didn't dare to ask strangers. It was my first stop in Russia and I had to be careful. I'll wait until I get to Kiev, where most of my relatives live. Kiev is a much larger city and since the UKRANIAN GOVERNMENT made KIEV its CAPITAL, I assume I will be able to get more of the information that I ma anxious to have.

Why do the local authorities permit so many children to indulge in cigarette peddling? I had always thought that this was the childrens' heaven.

ODESSA, Wednesday, July 11, 1934

We were up at 10 A.M. and supposed to see points of interest, but the rest of our group was late, so I went alone.

Mr. L-- remarked, "I will go along with you." and although, I did not care for his company, I could not say no.

We walked on the main streets, PUSHKINSKAYA and DEREBASOVSKAYA. Stepped into many stores to look at bargains - not to buy. Walked into the TORGSIN stores, inspected and bargained, but did not purchase anything, because we did not care to part with our dollars. Besides, the articles they sell there were not to our taste.

Again we saw the many children peddlers. It was most

interesting to watch the long lines of people, young and old; male and female, waiting for the newspapers that arrive by plane from Moscow. They are all interested in politics, they exaggerate and color their own news as well as the news from other lands. PROPAGANDA,is the name for it.

On the return to the hotel we met one of the star singers of the opera in Odessa. He praised his government and was pleased with his position, but complained they do not let him out of the country to go ZAGRANITZE (abroad).

Again I must pack. We have only two days here. Were driven to the once beautiful railroad station where the richest and most prominent people in Odessa used to arrive with their TROIKA. Now it is dilapidated, neglected, with many shabby looking people all over the place. The only well dressed ones here are the tourists, mostly Americans, and some Russians who wear wide trousers, long boots, and white roobashkes (shirts) with a medal or other mark of distinction on them.

Second Class was the only class we could get here. I walked into third class to see my brother, who is traveling on the same train to Kiev. The third bell rang -- our train pulled of the station on the way to Kiev.

We were so occupied in Odessa with sightseeing that we had no time to talk with my dear brother. I promised him that when we get to Kiev - then, then! Well, we will see what actually will happen when we get there.

We met all kinds of people on this train. Lots of them were government people, many with medals. We also met many Jews in army uniforms, some of them decorated. I began conversing in Russian and finished in Jewish. They surely were proud of their present form of government, and they were also proud of their military forces. They are not afraid of any other nation. This army consists of intelligent, educated and patriotic men. They pointed with pride to the fact that they have no Jewish problem. There are Jewish generals, admirals, officers, diplomats - no discrimination - the fullest freedom and rights for the minorities. They are proud of Mr. Litvinov, Ambassador to the U.S.A.

ON TRAIN TO KIEV, Thursday, July 12, 1934

Will arrive in Kiev at 10:30. I could not sleep. The bed was hard and filthy and smelled bad (bed bugs).

Was anxious to look out the window, watch for the village houses with the straw roofs, the cows, pigs, sheep in the fields; I could not see much of that, only many long barns and new houses. They call these places SOVCHOZ OR KOLCHOZ. They liquidated the individual farms and consolidated them into the

above, or into cooperatives. I imagine that now they can starve cooperatively.

Dr. Busch and I walked into the dining car at 8 for coffee. "Not ready", we were told and they showed us a sign on the wall - "Open at 9". The car steward (a woman) was making a report on a small piece of paper. I was at a loss to understand how they can conduct their business here and all over Russia on these small pieces of paper.

Our car porters were two young ladies. One slept while the other watched her sleep. One of them was singing while sweeping the dirt into our room. I asked her why the song and dance and she replied that she felt blue that morning. Good psychology!

Kiev could now be seen in the distance. Few new houses on the higher points of the city and the WAGZAL (station), but did not recognize it. They have built a new one, I was told that they demolished the old one and built this new one when the second Five-Year-Plan will come to an end, and a new plan will come into effect then they will build another new railroad station.

The Intourist met us and in one of their autos took us to the Continental Hotel, the finest they have here, first class, on the KARL MARX STREET. Nikolaievskaya, was the old name for this street. If Czar Nikolas knew what they named his street, he would turn over in his grave.

I recognized the streets, each building, as we rode by. It did not change a bit in the past twelve years, since I was here last, except that the houses are now whitewashed on the outside. I was told that since the Ukranian Government made Kiev the capital, everything must look better and they are renovating everywhere, but at the rate they are doing it, they will surely need a few more Five Year Plans.

We were asked to hurry up because there would soon be a parade. "What,"I asked very much surprised, "who asked them to parade for us? We don't want any reception. No noise! We are quiet people and want to rest. They may want us to deliver a speech. No. No. Not that! We did not prepare one, and our Russian is not so good!" Our guide came to our rescue. The parade is not for us. They are celebrating the Fifteenth Anniversary of the Komsomoltzes.

Again, we were ushered into an auto and stopped at a corner to watch the colorful parade. It is much easier and much more comfortable to watch parades on the screen while sitting in a comfortable theatre chair instead of standing on the street as we had to do.

Parades are now in style all over the world. Especially in the lands of the dictators. Here they wear mostly red shirts.

In the States we have all kinds of shirts; brown, black, blue, green and yellow and even silver shirts, but they don't parade so often.

I believe that the enthusiasm was mostly artificial. A few prominent people spoke. It didn't impress me the way our Mr. Roosevelt's speeches do. Propaganda, is the theme of all these speakers. I was sure that many who were parading would rather have been home resting, or would rather have a good meal, if they could get one.

Pictures, posters, signs - are at every turn, on each window, on every spare place. BARNUM AND BAILEY DID NOT ADVERTISE THEIR CIRCUS THE WAY THEY ADVERTISE THEIR LEADERS HERE.

I excused them. They are still children. They will grow up. I must forget that we come from North America, the U.S.A., the land that is the YOUNGEST, NICEST, BEST AND THE MOST CIVILIZED AND THE RICHEST. A YOUNG LAND THAT IS WAY AHEAD OF THE REST OF THE WORLD....and with all conveniences. Now we are in Russia, a country that was always backward, though I cannot compare the present Russia with the one that I saw 12 years ago. The trains are cleaner and run on time, with a dining car that serves three meals a day. It surely is not as good or as clean as in the U.S.A. but WE MUST NOT EXPECT IT HERE.

We returned to the hotel, cleaned up, rested a while. The noise from a plane woke me up. It was one of the largest planes in the world. It flew from Moscow to Karkow. These planes will fly throughout the breadth and length of Russia - a new way to spread propaganda to the people in the far corners of this great land. They want to civilize you, you don't know what kind of a government is ruling you. But don't worry, they will come down from the heavens in their large monsters, with pictures of all the new leaders and plaster them over the windows and doors of your houses and buildings and teach you the new religion called BOLSHEVISM.

At six, the Doctor, Orvsei and I started out to call on our relatives. No one, except Ovsei and my Mother knew that we came here. The first call was on Nathan Olivensky, my nephew.

He lay stretched out on the divan and slumbered. Ovsei knocked on the door.

"Who is it?", asked a voice from within.

"It is me!" , he answered. They let him enter as a regular visitor.

"Look, look who is here!", cried out Anuta, Nathan's wife. She remained standing, speechless. Nathan, a bit sore because he was disturbed from his sleep, murmured, "What happened?" (Shto tom Takoy?) He opened one eye, then the other and noticed me. Shook his head and rubbed his eyes. He was startled and stared at us and was trembling. Then fell off the divan, picked himself

up and ran over to me. We embraced each other, hugged and kissed. He cried. I must not cry - self-control is very important. This is only the beginning.

Anuta, realized what happened. "It is really SHMILICK." She then burst into tears, crying loudly and fell into my arms. She also mourns her great loss and my coming here reminded her of it - both our misfortunes, both the same age - her son and my daughter - both the loveliest creatures heaven gave us, both were torn away from us at the same time. I was choking with tears.

Both of them called Ovsei a liar (a mashenick), or faker, because he did not tell them that we were coming. I had to make excuses for him.

Then we went to see my nephew, Mitia. He too was in bed resting for he had just returned from the parade. He is a Captain of a Division in a factory.

A knock on the door. The same question and answer as before. Ovsei walked in first, we followed closely behind. Mitia's young wife, Anne who opened the door for us and who had never seen me, cried out "DIADIA!" (Uncle).

Mitia, scared, woke up and sat up in bed. He gazed at me and the Doctor. He was lost, didn't know where in the world he was. Grabbed hold of his hair and yelled - OY, OY, OY. He was in a predicament, didn't know what to do first. I realized his predicament and walked over to him; we embraced and kissed.

I kissed his beautiful, young wife and we excused oursleves and went to my sister, Rivka who lived across the street.

We walked over to an open window. She was writing a letter, and noticed Ovsei and said , "KIK, NOR, KIK NOR! VOS TISTI DOO?" (Look, look, what are you doing here?). "YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO BE IN ODESSA!" I peeked over his shoulder. She noticed me.

"OY, LOOK WHO IS HERE: GEVALD, SHNELL. LOST MICH LOIFFEN ZU IM!" (Quick, let me run to him) She started to run from the house, through the yard to me.

We met half way in the yard. The same scene, the same actions, kissing and hugging. All the neighbors watched and envied her. We walked into her house and found her son, Aaron, my nephew, also in bed resting. Today is the sixth day, this means rest day for all. This is why they paraded today...and then we had the same scene as with Mitia.

My friend, the Doctor, watched me. I imagine that he never witnessed anything like this. They all acted natural, but I must act different. I must use more control, had to play a big role. It was difficult to hold myself in control, but I tried. I didn't want to cry, not even when I will meet with my Mother.

We returned to the hotel. After dinner we played host to many who called on us. They found out that we were here. I

introduced everyone to my Bessie and Jerome and the Doctor. We conversed about everything and everybody. They all asked me about brother Saul who died before we left. I must lie, for I cannot mar their happiness.

We were exhausted when we retired at 12.

KIEV, Friday, July 13, 1934

It is now 7:30 A.M., don't feel well - a bit feverish. I have a lot to do, but the Doctor does not permit me to go out. Couldn't stand on my feet any longer, felt that I was burning up. My temperature is now 102. I pleaded with all to leave me alone. I could not hold out any longer it was too much for me. I wanted to cry. I was terribly irritated, laid down and did not want to talk to anyone.

KIEV, Saturday, July 14, 1934

Arose a new person, refreshed, well and hungry. I did not eat anything yesterday.

After breakfast they took us sightseeing. First they showed us the best, the shoe factory that was built a la America in 1929.

At the factory gate a Red soldier with a rifle on his back opened the large gate for us. They took us from floor to floor and told us of their wonderful accomplishments. They have larger and better shoe factories in Leningrad.

I couldn't compare this place with any of the first class shoe factories in America, but I have seen worse places in America too. Imagine how their old factories must look compared to this new one.

They then took us to the dining room. It was large enough for five hundred people to eat at one time. It was fairly clean. The flies enjoy complete freedom, they can bite and sting everybody, even those from foreign lands, to their hearts' content.

This factory was a modern one. It had windows all around, plenty of light, sunshine and ventilation and it is surely cleaner than the ones I remember in my young days there. The machines are of a modern type and each laborer has ample room.

The day was ended with visits to some relatives. We arranged to go to Radomysle tomorrow at 9 A.M. in an automobile.

Good night to all!

KIEV, Sunday, July 15, 1934

We arose early to prepare for our trip to Radomysle. We were supposed to start out promptly at 9, but started at 10. What a contrast between this trip and my trip in 1922. It took

11 hours then, now only 3 ½ hours. But the trip then, was more romantic - the getting into the horse-driven wagon, the driver "Motel Krotolov" (Crooked Head), with his humorous jokes, the crossing of the River TETEROW by the PROM (rope pulled ferry). The sound of the driver's VIO VIO (Giddap) the driving through the villages and the arrival at my mother's house late in the night.

It was much different now - too modern. It was not becoming to this town, where the streets are strewn full of horse and cow dirt, to drive about town in a beautiful automobile did not harmonize with the local atmosphere.

We arrived at mother's house at 1 P.M. No one there knew of our coming except Mother. My sister-in-law, Hentzi and mother were both resting. Probably tired of waiting for me. Vicia, my niece, who was on the steps of the house, was attracted by the noise of the auto horn and the crowd that assembled around our car, cried out "DIADIA" as I stepped from the auto. She recognized me from our pictures that they had. She was so surprised and dazed that she remained standing speechless.

In a short time all the people of Radomysle were around us. They made so much noise that it woke up Mother. She screamed, "What happened? What happened?"

I pushed through the crowd into the house and quickly spotted her. She was still in a daze. Ran over to her, grabbed her in my arms, lifted her off the floor, pressed her to my heart and whispered, "My little Mother." I kissed her face, her eyes and did not want to give her a chance to say anything. Her tears rolled down her cheeks and fell on mine. "MY SON, MY MOSHIACH (Messiah), MY GRANDCHILD, MY THELMA....." I pressed my lips to her to stop her talking.

I pleaded with her not to cry over matters that are past and are beyond our control. Life will go on and we must be thankful that we see each other once more and that I am fortunate enough to be able to be there with my Bessie and Jerome. We stood embraced, two bodies with one thought. Again I pleaded with her not to cry when she will meet Bessie.

The others walked into the house. Mother acted and behaved like a heroine (MOLODETZ) - just a few tears, and Bessie too answered with a few tears.

I wanted to honor Mother with the great pleasure of walking through the town arm in arm with Bessie, me, the Doctor and Jerry. This we did.

Today as always, was market day (yarid) and people were in town. Mother's honor and pleasure were beyond imagination. She was all smiles. Everybody in town was following us. They were congratulating her and saying "MIT MAZIL" to Mother. It was something to remember.

Went to visit Dr. Zweifel, the old Bolshevik. He was asleep when we walked in,but awakened at our arrival. He did not recognize me. I don't know whether I got older or he got younger. He is a sincere idealist. We talked of the past and I reminded him of our work in 1922. He related the results of the work after I left. I told him of the rumor I heard in New York amongst the landsleit, that I ran away from Radomyale in 1922 at midnight.

"Never expect compensation for good deeds," he exclaimed with a smile.

He invited the Doctor and me to visit the City Hospital with him tomorrow morning. We accepted with pleasure.

We were soaked on the way home, a wet reception from heaven.

A most trying task is before me. Men and women, old and young, waiting in line to speak to me. Each one has a bundle of woes to tell me. They want me to be their MESSIAH, to open the hearts of their relatives in America to send them something. They asked me if I knew their relatives in Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, Baltimore and in other cities in the States, and when I told them NO - they couldn't believe it possible. I noticed the expression of hope in their faces when I promised them that I would do everything possible to reach their relatives and prevail upon them to send help.

Relatives in America, if you would only know how much one dollar can accomplish for your OWN in this land of poverty, and misery, then you would play cards or go to the theatre once less each week, you would save on your food and share with these YOUR people.

RADOMYSLE, Wednesday, July 16, 1934

I learned to be an acrobat last night. They put us to sleep (Bessie and me) in a narrow bed. The feather mattress was slippery and it was supported only on three corners. I had to lie in one position the whole night, flat on my back, holding on with my hands to the upper end of the bed, resting my feet against the lower end of the bed in order not to fall off.

Arose with the sun. It was impossible to sleep. The windows were shut tight with wooden shutters on the inside, it was very stuffy. I was broken up, could not stand up straight. I will remember the bed and the incident with the militia last night because we did not register our passports.

Most of last night was spent with the town people who came to see me and cry for me to do something for them. Many have relatives in the U.S.A. who are well to do, but do not even write a letter. It is heartbreaking to see them cry.





KIEV 1934

I asked Mother to make this a special day, to help all, to give and give to all the needy. Let them remember that an American was here today, one that was born here, spent his childhood days here and still has a heart.

Went sightseeing in the automobile. We had to drive very slowly. A large crowd followed. Our first stop was at the hospital. Only the Doctor and I were permitted inside. They dressed us up in white and introduced me to the staff as a Dr. Kipnis. We visited each department. Although I know little about medicine, but was sure that this hospital is far from modern. Dr. Zweifel, who never saw anything better, praised the institution. They showed us some of the patients and what they were operated on. Dr. Busch could not believe it possible. We all posed on the front steps and Jerome took a few pictures of us.

We rode to the cemetery. The same negligence and destruction can be noticed, even there. On the way back we noticed a group of small children that looked like ducks from a distance. They were dressed in shorts, exposed to nature. They were being taken by a supervisor to the park for exercise. It was a pleasant sight.

It is now 5 P.M. The auto was waiting to take us back to Kiev. We were now seven passengers instead of five, for Mother and Vicia were added to the group which included Bessie, Jerome, Dr. Busch, my brother, Orvei, myself. The chauffer didn't want to move. Only six - he said. It did not help us to beg him or offer to pay for the extra one. We had to leave Ovsei to come to Kiev the next day via the bus.

Many came to Mother's home to wish us bon voyage, and give us letters for their relatives in the U.S.A. " MR. KIPNIS, MR. KIPNIS, DO -NOT FORGET US. BE SURE TO DELIVER THE RIGHT MESSAGE TO THEM IN AMERICA." - this was the pleading of all. I was told that Beila, my niece, was there. I hardly recognized her. She couldn't come over to speak to me because of my Mother. She is non-existent to Mother since she married a goy (gentile). I motioned to her to follow me away from the crowd. I asked the chauffer to drive around the corner and wait for me. The crowd didn't move. They were watching us.

I walked over to her. She burst into tears. "DIADA, DIADIA. VAY ISMIR (Woe is me!) She entered my arms, I embraced her and she me, her head on my bosom. I assured her that she is still my niece like the others, and I gave her my favor, as I did with the others. Asked her to come to Kiev so that I can speak with her at length. She said she would try.

The crowd was silently watching us. They were eager to see how I would behave. They would surely have applauded when I embraced her and kissed her goodbye - if it was not for my Mother, whose feelings they did not care to hurt.

This was part of the role that I am playing here. Goodbye. Goodbye to all of you. Auf Wiedersehn. I will try my best for you. With these words I stepped into the auto and we started on our way to Kiev. When we crossed the bridge I asked the chauffeur to stop. I stepped out of the car and turned around to glance once more on Radomysle. Again I said goodbye to the city where I spent my childhood years, with so many sweet dreams and memories. Will I see you again? Will you be completely blotted out, like hundreds of other towns, which have no reason to exist in this new system of government?

We disappeared in the pine forest. The trees are still standing tall and proud, as in the early years of my life, when I used to walk there Saturday afternoons after kiggel (pudding), arm in arm with a pretty girl, and dream of love (innocent love), and the birds were singing in the tall trees, and the trees were bending back and forth, as if they were dancing to our dreams. It is very long since then. Many a water went over the dam, many a thing has happened. Sweet and bitter memories!

We arrived in Kiev at 8:30 without mishap. We were tired and therefore retired early. The two days were trying days. The Radomysle people broke my heart. They finished me. I could not fall asleep. Why did the creator create so many human beings and make them suffer so much?

KIEV, Tuesday, July 17, 1934

I arose early to jot down my memories. The day disappeared. It passed so fast, as if someone stole it from me.

We came back to life here. The contrast between Radomysle and Kiev is like between, well there is just no comparison. Here it is light, clean, lively, the streets are crowded with gay people until late hours. The parks are likewise crowded. The music playing, the stores are open and well lit up, and filled with merchandise. The TORGSIN STORE is crowded with buyers and the windows are dressed a la Fifth Avenue.

It seems that quite a few Americans do not forget their friends here.

ONE CAN SEE A LOT OF PURCHASES ON AMERICAN DOLLARS HERE!

We walked the main street (Krestchatic). It was really a pleasure to walk on this street. We thought that we were parading on Fifth Avenue. Radomysle made us change our minds about Kiev. They are repairing all houses here - only the outside for the present. Later on they will repair the interior too. As the Capital of Ukrania, the city must be dressed up. Lot of tourists here. There are many taxis and droshkas. Of course, it is impossible to get one when you need one, but never mind this!

We had come into a new world since yesterday. It is easy to notice that something is being done here to bring this city back to life, while the small town is being liquidated unless the small town is strategically important. They said that a lot will be accomplished by September 15th. They sure can figure!

We dined at Nathan's home at eight. Only seven people were supposed to be there, but by the time we were eating the fish, there was no more standing room. They were all around Mother, our little Faigel. We were all happy!

Dr. Busch now spoke YIDDISH like a BEREDITCHEVER JEW speaks GOYISH and he spoke RUSSIAN almost better than myself. It is remarkable the way he conversed with everyone here.

This day was one of the most pleasant here. Radomysle opened our eyes. We did not realize what "BAD" meant until we got to Radomysle. We returned to the hotel tired but pleased.

Good night to all my dear friends.

KIEV, Wednesday, July 18, 1934

Decided to leave for Moscow Sunday, the 21st. Went to the Torgsin to purchase gifts for my relatives (about 50 of them). It was the largest sale for American dollar checks that they had ever made in one day. I wanted to satisfy all of them here, just as I did in Radomysle.

At my request, Ovsei and Aaron were busy arranging a banquet to honor our Faigel, my 88 year young Mother. I wanted all our relatives to be present and wanted it held in the nicest place, this hotel. It will cost a fortune- 2,000 rubles ($200.00), but it will be worth every penny of it. It is one of my dreams that will come true tomorrow evening, if all arrangements will be completed as planned.

The "arrangement committee" was afraid. THEY WILL SEE, SAY AND ASK..... I told them that I assume all responsibility, and everything was arranged for tomorrow evening.

Tonight we will dine at Rivka's home. That is sister, Rivka and nephew, Mitia and his wife will make a partnership dinner and reception for us in Rivka's home - one room. It is a great honor to them to have us as their guests. We couldn't refuse, no matter how we are inconvenienced in their so-called "HOMES".

To the Americans who live in decent homes, nicely furnished, their homes look like holes. We forget that we were born and spent our childhood days in worse holes. We should not compare our new world to this old world. We must also remember that we too have slums in Harlem, east and west side shanty-towns,

Pitt, Orchard, Elizabeth, Mott and other famous streets in the world famous city of New York, located in the richest country in the world. And the same, or worse, slums exist in every large city all over the world - the miners in Kentucky or Virginia, and other places.

We spent a pleasant evening with a houseful of relatives. Returned to the hotel happy and satisfied.

Good night - sweet dreams.

KIEV, Thursday, July 19, 1934

Arose early and mindful that we will have to leave this city very soon. The time has surely passed quickly. I did not yet speak to Mother and Ovsei as I thought I would.

When? WHEN WILL I BE ABLE TO TALK WITH YOU ALONE FOR A WHILE? THERE IS SO MUCH TO TELL YOU! - my Mother remarks to me and so does, Ovsei.

I arranged to see Mother alone at 4 o'clock this afternoon. Arranged for a taxi to call for her and bring her to the hotel, where we will be alone in my room for a while, and from there we will parade arm in arm to the banquet, which will take place this evening in the main dining room here. The same place where the Czar used to have his formal banquests.

Tonight is the night when my life's dream will be realized. I will have all my relatives and Bessie, Jerome and Dr. Busch, at a table served in the AMERICAN STYLE, with everything of the best that money can buy here. They never witnessed anything like this in their lives. My order to the Arrangement Committee WAS NOT TO SPARE THE RUBLES.

Wanted to buy a RUBASHKA (Russian blouse) as I wanted to look like a NAASH BRAT (real Russian) but my friends advised me not to do it.

Wanted to rest a while so that I could be in proper spirit and have enough strength to go through with tonights' ordeal. But they did not let me. They came here one by one to tell me of their bitter life and hard struggle and that I should not neglect them. Each one thinks he is entitled to more than the others. Poor people. I promise you that I will share with you.

It is now 5 P.M. We are supposed to get together at 6. Mother is not here yet. I sent Aaron for her. He did not find her at home. She left by street car. The cab did not call for her on time so she did not wait. We also arranged to take movies of our crowd as they arrived, but it so happened that the CHELIUSKIN heros arrived from Moscow today and they stopped at this hotel and were given a welcome reception and the street was crowded with people. It is true that they deserved it, but why couldn't they have waited for the next day, so that I could pay

my full respect to my Mother? She is a heroine too! My relatives are in no hurry, not even for a good meal, served in a nice place. I was sure that they would be here promptly, but like all continentals they take their time.

At 8 o'clock we took our places around the T-shaped table. I observed Mother's facial expressions - watched her carefully. Her eyes were bright, with a smile all over her face. She was in heaven. She sat on the throne at the head of the table, surrounded by sons, daughters, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren - all in all, five generations. A page of history in our own little world.

I was happiest watching the others. I was sitting to the right of my mother. Bessie to the left, Jerome near Bessie, Dr. Busch near me, brother Ovsei near the Doctor, Brother Nathan with the long beard on Bessie's side, and all the others next in accordance with their rank. Like a cabinet with all the protocol.

I offered a toast to Mother - Health and Long Life! I rose, the others followed and repeated, GEZUNT UN LANG LEBEN! NACHAS FUN ALLE KINDER! (Health, long life and happiness from all the children.)

We drank the vodka and I again observed Mother. I looked into her face, read her mind now, while the holiness of the evening was still fresh. I saw a tear rolling down her cheek for she wanted to cry from joy and sorrow. She commenced to utter the words that I expected. She was missing a few of our dear ones that would make this a truly joyful, historical event and she began to mention names. I begged her, "No, Mother dear. Not now please! We must not desecrate the holiness and disturb the happiness of this evening. It should have been different but not now. Please, not now! I am heartbroken enough!"

We left the party at 12 midnight. Everybody kissed everybody and everybody kissed Mother and me.

KIEV, Friday, July 20, 1934

I was so tired yesterday that I fell asleep as soon as I retired - the first night on this trip that I slept good. I arose at 6 and jotted down the events of yesterday.

We have little to do today. A package to be sent to Bessie's brother, a trip to the Lovra, a historical wonder, and then to dine at my niece, Polia's home.

The day passed very quickly. Could not really rest as I wanted to. Many of my relatives called again to discuss their problems. My nephew, Isaac wished me to spare one hour for him so that he can read for me his latest writings (he is a Jewish writer). He also desires to introduce me to Mr. Opotashu, a

famous Jewish writer.

We visited the Lovra and the Catacombs. The latter made a terrible impression on me. The dampness and the cold chilled me to the bone. Skeletons and human bones lie there. How many people lost their lives constructing these caves? How many lives were extinguished in this underground grave by the beastly Russian rulers?

The long walk to the Catacombs and back, tired all of us and we stopped in one of the churches to rest. It began to rain. A stroke of lightning followed by thunder that struck the steeple on the inside of this church. We were terribly frightened. We were deaf and dumb for a while. We thought that someone was shooting at us with howitzers and that the church was falling down. It did not hurt anybody. We recovered soon and ran out from the church to the auto that was waiting for us and in the process we got soaked. It seemed to me that the Heavenly Master wanted to wash from us the middleaged dust and rust that had settled on our clothes while we were down there in the Catacombs.

We returned to the hotel, cleaned and dried our clothes and then went to Polia's for dinner. She is supposed to be the rich relative. Her husband, the Bolshevik, earns five hundred rubles a month. One small room serves as a bedroom dining room and reception room and to accommodate eight of us they had to move the bed out and some had to stand up while the others sat. A double shift affair.

We were there until 10:30 P.M. Then walked Mother home to Rivka, where a house full of people awaited us. Spent a couple of hours there and then walked back to the hotel.

KIEV, Saturday, July 21, 1934

We were preparing for our trip to Moscow. The train leaves tomorrow morning at 6 A.M. How time flies. We had hardly seen anything. Mother wished to talk with me a while. We postponed our conference from day to day. Ovsei can wait as he is traveling with us to Moscow. But Mother and all the others? Each wanted at least one half hour alone with me. I understand them. I feel sorry for them, but I cannot take it any longer. The same stories over and over again; my nerves are shattered. I assured them that I will take proper care of each one. I will share with all of them to the best of my ability.

I arranged to be at Rivka's house at 6 p.m. There I will speak to Mother and then take pictures of all who will be there. We were there and after the pictures I sat down with Mother on a bench under a tree and with tears in her eyes and her hands in mine she thanked me over and over again for everything I did for

all of them, especially for her and Hentzi, the blind widow and the two orphan children of my brother, Itzek. She embraced me and kissed me and murmured, "It is all over. A few more hours and who knows if we will ever see each other again."

I held her hands in mine and gazed into her eyes. There were tears but we didn't dare let go. Who knows if we will ever sit like this again?

Dinner is ready. Rivka called. We were there until almost 12:30, said goodbye and arranged with those who will meet us at the railroad station.

KIEV, Sunday, July 22, 1934

We ate our breakfast each day we were here in Ovsei's house. Today we could not eat at his house so we ate in the hotel. We arose very early not because we wanted to get up so early, but because of the hairdresser.

We had checked out yesterday and paid up until this morning, but the hairdresser forgot to include his bill, which amounted to one dollar and three cents for dressing Bessie's hair. I pleaded with her yesterday not to have her hair dressed as we will have to ride in a dusty train for 21 hours. You can have your hair washed and dressed in Moscow, I told her. And, besides, we have no time for it now, we have to pack for the Moscow trip and I want you to help me. She thought I was right and promised not to do it.

So the hairdresser knocked at our door every fifteen minutes from 6 A.M. on. We begged him to leave us alone and assured him that we will pay him before we leave. This did not satisfy him - he continued to knock. This time Bessie paid the penalty, she had to sacrifice one hour of her sleep. She went down to settle the bill and for this reason we were up early this morning.

Went to the station in an Intourist bus, Mother was there, waiting. She did not want to miss us, so she came very early.

We gathered in one place opposite the station and Jerome took some pictures of us. It is not permitted to take pictures of railroad stations, trains, waterways, bridges, ships, airplanes, soldiers, etc., etc., without special permission, but we were not bothered.

The MOST CRITICAL MOMENT IS AT HAND. WILL I BE ABLE TO CONTROL MYSELF? I DID IT UNTIL NOW, BUT NOW? I DO NOT WANT MOTHER TO CRY. WE MUST NOT CRY. WE HAVE CRIED ENOUGH IN THE LAST EIGHT MONTHS.

Took Mother to our compartment so she could say goodbye to Bessie. Was sure they would cry and they did. They have

learned to love each other very much. Took hold of Mother and lead her off the car. The train was to start very soon.

We embraced and kissed and held on to each other. The tears were dropping from her eyes and falling on my cheeks. We both had the same thought in mind - will we ever see each other again?

The second bell - a blast from the locomotives siren. The train started to move. Again I embraced and kissed Mother. I wiped away her tears. "Do not cry, dear Faigel. Let us live and hope that we will see each other once more, at least once more." I had no time to embrace and kiss the others. I waved to them and jumped on the steps of the car that was already in motion.

The trip to Moscow was the worst. We had two compartments near each other. Clouds of dust followed our train and we spoke, ate, drank, slept, coughed and spat - with dust.

We arrived in Moscow on time. The Intourist waited for us and took us to one of the good hotels, the Novo Moskowskaya.

MOSCOW, Monday, July 23; Tuesday, July 24 and Wednesday, July 25, 1934

The first evening we went to their newest kino theatre, where they exhibited the Cheliuskin, the heroes of the frozen north. We felt much better when we got out of the theatre. Propaganda is my definition of that picture.

The second day was bargain day. We walked from store to store and as usual - found no bargains. In the evening an American citizen, now a Moscovite Red, took us on a boat ride on the Moscow River, where we were freely bitten by the mosquitoes. On the third day we were supposed to visit the sanctum sanctorum, the Kremlin, and the Tomb of Lenin, but didn't receive permission to do so although we had registered for this trip the first day we arrived.

I decided to leave for Minsk with Bessie and leave Dr. Busch and Jerome here for one day and then meet them in Leningrad the following day. My brother, Ovsei, who is here with us, is still waiting to speak with me.

I asked Ovsei to go to Kiev and I will talk matters over when I come to Russia again. Know what he has in mind and I assure him of my support. "Please do not worry. As long as I live and have the necessities of life, I will share with all of you. Go home and get married!"

Bessie and I left for the station at 8:30 P.M. We kissed and hugged Ovsei. He could not utter a word, he was choking with tears. He is my oldest and loveliest brother. Dear Brother; I

promise you I will give you all the time you want when we next meet - if there will be a next time.....

The Doctor and Jerome went sightseeing with the same American to the Park of Culture and Rest and it made a wonderful impression on them - so they said.

I almost forgot the most important event of yesterday. They held the Annual Parade of the Komsomols. Our Mr. Bullit and Mr. H. G. Wells were on the grandstand. There were soldiers, militia, police boys and girls, half a million strong, parading on Red Square. They were dressed in various colors. It was a pretty, colorful spectacle to watch from our hotel room window opposite the Kremlin. We were invited to the Red Square to watch the parade, but thanked them, and told them it was more convenient to watch it from our hotel window. But (there is always a but out here) since we went shopping at 10 A.M. and the parade began at 11 - we could not return to the hotel until 4 P.M. and had to walk all around the town to get back as the center of town was closed to all except those marching.

I had the opportunity here to observe American male and female school teachers who came here to study the Soviet school system. They are characters which I DID NOT KNOW UP TO NOW. I was not very proud of them.

ON TRAIN MOSCOW TO MINSK, Thursday, July 26, 1934

The night on the train passed quickly. The Intourist had promised us a compartment for two but we were placed in a room for four with two strangers. It was too late to complain and we would not have accomplished more if we had complained. We had to take what they gave us and like it. This trip was the cleanest of all up to now. We were on the main line between Moscow and Nigorello, the border town near Poland where they operate the best trains. Most of the foreigners enter the U.S.S.R. this way.

We arrived in Minsk at 10:45 A.M., searched for Bessie's brother who was to wait for us at the station. We had advised him by telegram of our coming, but we couldn't find him. Maybe we do not recognize him? It is 32 years since Bessie last saw him.

Walked into the Second Class waiting room. "Here he is, here is Muni", I called out. He recognized us. Informed us that we resembled our photographs that had been sent him. Bessie and Muni embraced and kissed. They cried again and again. I followed the same procedure, then we repeated the same ceremony with his four children. I was informed that one child is at his home in Uzda and that his wife could not come here to meet us as she is busy giving birth to their sixth child.

To visit Uzda was out of the question. It would take two hours by train and three hours via horse and wagon and just as long to return. Decided to remain in Minsk the 12 hours that we have to wait until we can get a train to Leningrad.

The only problem to solve now is how to get two railroad tickets to Leningrad - a task not so easy to accomplish for a foreigner and certainly more difficult for a native.

Spent most of the day on this and finally succeeded, but the procedure will remain my secret.

Was anxious for Bessie to see the house where she spent her childhood days. Hired a taxi and after driving a few blocks, a tire blew out. We walked and walked but we were determined to see the house that Bessie talked about so much, the two-story skyscraper, the tallest building in that part of the town, and the Inn I had heard so much about.

Had great pleasure watching Bessie's disappointment. "Is that the house? Is that the Inn?" - she exclaimed with great surprise and astonishment. "I DON'T SEE HOW I COULD HAVE LIVED HERE," she whispered. I remarked, "Yes, Bessie!" We forget that both of us spent our childhood days in these homes that now look like relics.

The rest of the time was spent with Muni and his children. We stopped at the house of one of his relatives and ate a lunch which consisted of black bread, cucumber, raddish, scallion....and we never ate with a better appetite.

We were tired. Walked around town most of the day. It was time to leave for the railroad station. We will rest on the train. It will take twenty hours to get to Leningrad.

We said goodbye to all the neighbors. Left my favors with Muni and family and walked to the station, baggage in our hands. The procedure of hugging and kissing was repeated. We were on the last lap of our trip in Russia.

ON TRAIN, MINSK TO LENINGRAD, Friday, July 27, 1934

This train is called THE COURIER. It is the fastest train in the U.S.S.R. Our car was switched to the Leningrad train in Orsha, also a fast train. The roadbed from Nigorello to Moscow is rock-covered and dustless. I thought we will have the same dustless trip to Leningrad. Opened the window in our compartment. When I arose in the morning everything in the room was covered with dust. I quickly got off the bed to close the window and when I glanced in the mirror, I got scared. I looked like Al Jolson in his "Mammy face". I changed my looks to resemble myself. Then called in our TOVARISTSH, a neat looking she-porter, to help me bring things to order. She started to

beat the things with a stick and made it worse than before. The day passed quickly. Had many foreigners on this train, who were going to a fur auction sale in Leningrad.

It was raining when we arrived in Leningrad. The Doctor and Jerome were waiting for us at the station.

The Intourist brought us to the Astoria Hotel, one of the best. A bath - a bath! We never enjoyed one quite so much. Dr. Busch told us that we will be able to rest here and pull ourselves together. The hotel is nice, clean and pleasant and the food is good. So is the service AND the city is very beautiful.

Went to dine, then to rest. Bessie fell asleep and I sat down to jot down my memories. I retired at 5.

LENINGRAD, Saturday, July 28, 1934

We were ready for breakfast at 8:30. First we visited the HERMITAGE, one of the greatest art museums in the world, with the largest collection of paintings and other arts.

Later we went to the Church of KAZAN, which serves now as an anti-religious institute. It resembles St. Peter's in Rome. We also visited St. Isaac's, another anti-religious museum.

What a contrast between the Italian churches we visited and the Soviet churches. In Rome and all over Italy, they are cradled in the darkest religion. One sees priests all over town, religious fanatics, kneeling, praying, kissing the floors and the images, but here....a continuous stream of people (young and old) male and female, led by guides who explain why religion was always a fake and a menace to humanity.

IF THIS EDUCATION AND ENLIGHTENMENT WILL PULL OUR RACE OUT OF THE DARKNESS KNOWN AS RELIGION (A CAUSE FOR WHICH MILLIONS OF HUMANS WERE - - ARE STILL KILLING AND BEING KILLED, AND WILL BRING BETTER UNDERSTANDING AMONST PEOPLE, THEN - MY SINCERE WISHES FOR SUCCESS GO TO THE U.S.S.R.

It is cool here. We shivered when we read how they are hot in New York. It rained today. We could not go anywhere this evening.

LENINGRAD, Sunday, July 29, 1934

It rained again. Arranged to visit the WINTER PALACE, THE FORTRESS OF PETER AND PAUL, the place where the best and most revolutionary martyrs of Russia, spent most of their lives. It made a wonderful impression on us when we found all the prison cells vacant and learned that it is now used as a museum. We were also impressed by the yard - church where all Czars are buried under impressive tombs of marble. ONE FEELS SAFER WITH

all THESE RULERS DEEP UNDER THE SLABS of MARBLE. From here we again went to find bargains. Got tired and couldn't walk any longer. I was trailing the others.

We have to prepare again for our trip to London on the 31st. Spent the rest of the day making arrangements which included arranging to visit TSARSKO-SELLO and PETERHOF. We were told not to miss seeing these two places.

LENINGRAD, Monday, July 30, 1934

The disorder in this hotel is the same as in the others. It is the same old story. Boys and girls, inexperienced, lost in the work of managing the gigantic enterprise called "INTOURIST". I wonder how they will ever find their way out of this chaos.

Hired a car for the whole day, the first stop was PETERHOF. I acted as the guide. I used INTOURIST as the password at each window and gate - they respect the Intourist and the foreigners. For five rubles per person they admitted us ahead of all the others who were waiting in line to enter PETERHOF.

Walked from room to room dazed. Couldn't catch our breath. It's the dream of a thousand and one nights. Just cannot describe what we saw. It took 3 hours to walk the full length of this one building. Thought that there cannot be anything more beautiful than this. Walked in the park where all the fountains were in full display. They told us that this building is a duplicate of the historical VERSAILLES.

We then left for the village of the Czars, TSARKO-SELLO, and during the 2 hours of this visit we again saw something that one dreams of. This palace is much more of an art treasure than PETERHOF. It was worth this long trip.

The most interesting thing about our visits to these churches, museums and other places was the large groups of people of all ages, from various factories who are spending their days off inspecting these places. They walk slowly, led by a guide who explains each subject in the fullest detail and they listen with great attention.

We were surprised to find the places so spotless and well preserved, and wondered how the Soviets could keep it so during the days of the Revolution.

LENINGRAD, Tuesday, July 31, 1934

We are leaving for London today. Only a few more hours in Soviet land. We had permission to stay here nine more days, but we were tired and wanted to rest. We longed for our friends in the States. Hope that we will be able to rest on the small Soviet boat....that will take us to London. Again we got ready.

The day passed quickly. Settled our account with the INTOURIST and while checking out I was informed that although I paid for four first class tickets on the boat I will receive two first class and two second class tickets. Rushed from one office to the other and detained the parting of our group that was leaving on this boat. They finally sent someone with us to get us the proper places and on to the boat we went.

The examination of our belongings was quick. The Custom Inspectors were very polite. Courtesy to foreigners must be the order from the higher ups.

We were on the boat at 10 P.M. Then started on the way. The sunset takes place at 11 P.M. here. and it was a beautiful spectacle to see.

After the first meal, we knew we will have a restful and pleasant trip.

Everything was simple, the atmosphere friendly. From the CAPTAIN to the floor washer, all are TOVARISTSHI (Comrades). One waiter for the forty passengers and he serves satisfactorily.

ON THE COOPERATIVE, Wednesday, August 1, 1934

Slept soundly through the night. The three meals we ate today were the best and the simplest of the whole trip - as good as on the Rex and with less ceremony. The passengers were more friendly. A few of this group were with us on the Rex. There were also a few English passengers who are returning from a tour in Russia.

This trip is exclusively RUSSIAN. The boat was built in Russia in 1929. The Diesel motor was likewise their own work. The Captain and the crew speak Russian only.

This day as it turned out, was a real rest day for us. We admired the canal which led us out from the Leningrad port to the upper Baltic Sea. We passed KRONSTAT, but it was too late to see it except a few warships which appeared to be of the latest type.

Again slept soundly.

ON THE COOPERATIVE, Thursday, August 2, 1934

The breakfast was tasty. We are invited to attend a lecture on communism and the U.S.S.R. The lecturer was an ex-deputy of the ENGLISH PARLIAMENT, a member of the COMMUNIST PARTY. I rember reading in the New York Times about this gentleman, he ran again in the last election, but not fast enough. He resembled all the English - slim and tall and not good looking. He was dressed like a BOLSHEVIK. We named him MAHATMA GANDHI. He looked like him.

The Englishman praised the Soviets and their accomplishments.

He mentioned the same arguments about RUSSIA that I do in my summation. He excused them for their faults and painted their accomplishments in many pretty colors.

ON THE COOPERATIVE, Friday, August 3, 1934

Time flies. Today is the 3rd day on this boat and we will be in England in less than 2 days. We are not far from the GERMAN COAST now. Will arrive at the KIEV CANAL about 4 P.M.

In other times I would be happy about this. The trip through this canal will surely be a pleasant one. It will take about six hours to glide through this canal, the best and most complete canal built by human hands.

By means of this canal BISMARK and the KAISERS had dreamed to control the EUROPEAN WORLD. It would enable them to bring their war fleet to the BALTIC AND NORTH SEAS in a short time and the other leading powers would fear them and dance to their music.

They never dreamed of 1918 - that they would have to give up some of their own land to others and that a Soviet boat with a RED FLAG would cut across this canal. But now, the beast HITLER WITH HIS SWASTIKA FLAG and the OLD GERMAN IMPERIAL FLAG, were hanging side by side, at half mast from each home and building. I HATED TO LOOK AT THEM. They are the symbols of barbarism of the middle ages of darkness.

Today was President VON HINDENBURG'S FUNERAL! He should have died in 1913, before the World War. Maybe there would not have been a war. But since he had to die now why was it not Hitler who died instead?

We were on the North Sea side of the canal at 12 midnight. Had engine trouble. We were glad to be out of the Canal. My heart ached when I saw so many SWASTIKAS IN GERMANY, the country that was at one time the most civilized.

ON THE COOPERATIVE, Saturday, August 4, 1934

This trip on this boat reminded me of a vacation in a farm house in the States. One eats, drinks, and walks around dressed as one pleases. It is quiet and restful.

Time passed pleasantly. THE NORTH SEA, that is always angry was smooth and calm.

We will arrive in London tomorrow. IN THE CITY OF FOGS!

ON THE COOPERATIVE, Sunday, August 5, 1934

The motor of our boat refused to function yesterday at about 5 P.M. and we drifted for 3 hours in the surprizingly

smooth North Sea. We are supposed to arrive in London at 10 A.M. but since our boat will dock near the TOWER BRIDGE we will have to wait for high tide. It is too shallow now.

We were anxious to glance at the largest city in the old world. (The English are still of the opinion that London is the largest, richest, smartest, etc....city in the whole world) We had to wait for this pleasure (?).

On arrival our boat was tied up to a pier. We were taken by bus to a hotel.

The Immigration Officer, while inspecting my passport, noticed my transit visa and asked me how long I intended to stop in England. I asked if I can change my visa to a regular one, not a transit, he answered that the ENGLISH DO NOT PERMIT PEOPLE TO CHANGE THEIR MINDS. NOT SO SMART FOR AN ENGLISHMAN!

There was no room for us in the first hotel so they sent us to a sister-hotel, the Regent Plaza and Strand Plaza. These two and many other of the best hotels in London, as well as a very large chain of bakeries, restaurants and stores belong to two Jewish young men by the name of Lyons.

LONDON, Monday, August 6, 1934

Today is a bank holiday. All the poor people are observing this rich mans' holiday. Saturday, Sunday and a hangover on Monday; a three-day holiday. I was told that many poor people make the hangover last longer.

We couldn't go to the U.S. Line offices to arrange our return trip so we will have to see London today. I did not care for London with its people and their language accent. It is a land that lives on tradition. They drive left on the right side of the street and our lives were constantly in danger as we walked the streets.

The police hats, the changing of the KING'S GUARD and the KING'S HORSES - which their own people watch and do not know what it is all about - all part of their traditions.

Walked to the PALACE OF THE KING to admire the wonder of this century, the CHANGING OF THE GUARD. We stood in front of BUCKINGHAM, as they did not permit us to enter within. Who cared? The ROYAL FAMILY was not at home. They had gone to inspect the grand fleet they built with our dollars. Furthermore, I was sure that we had already seen the finest of palaces in Russia. It is impossible to see anything more beautiful!

Walked around the city as long as our feet were able to carry our bodies. Visited the HOUSE OF LORDS and the HOUSE OF COMMONS....we were terrible disappointed in them...expected to see much nicer places.

We window shopped on the way back to the hotel. The

stores were closed with shutters over the windows. Only a few windows remained uncovered. No bargains today!

Dr. Busch and Jerome wanted to know my opinion of England and London, the city of TRADITION AND HISTORY - OF KINGS THAT MURDERED EACH OTHER AND THEN ERECTED GREAT MONUMENTS TO THE MURDERED KING.... I replied, "GIVE ME THE TODAYS AND THE TOMORROWS AND KEEP THE YESTERDAYS WITH ALL THE GLORY!"

It was impossible to compare the progress of the United States in all fields of technical knowledge and convenience with this old world of yesterdays. Our poor workers live better than their middle class. The autos here are built for poor people. They are small and cheap looking. Only the very rich ride in good cars.

The hotel where we stopped was a modern 7 story building but contained no baths. They do not bathe often here.

We visited Whitechapel, the JEWISH GHETTO. Could not see much. They too celebrated the bank holiday. Peeked through the open windows and doors of the houses in the narrow streets and believe that they live better in Russia than here. Will visit here again.

LONDON, Tuesday, August 7, 1934

The Doctor and I called at the U.S. Line offices and were informed that the first available sailing is August 16th and that even this sailing is questionable....AND, that our tickets from Leningrad are not in order. We walked from one office to the other hoping that we might get sailings on other lines. All sold out! Will wait for tomorrow to try again.

We could sail on the 11th, but it is too early. How can we leave Europe and not visit PARIS, the city where all American suckers go?

Was anxious to have Bessie and Jerome visit this second largest capital in Europe - the city that is trying to dominate the political and diplomatic stage of all Europe.

Today we will visit LONDON TOWERS a historic place of the DARK AGES...its history was written in blood.... a place where heads of important and unimportant people were chopped off. KINGS AND QUEENS AND RULERS of all kinds were beheaded there.

We visited the bloody tower where they still exhibit the logs on which the heads were chopped off and the different style hatchets that were used.

Are we more civilized now? I DO NOT MEAN HITLER'S GERMANY OR THE WILDS OF AFRICA.... I MEAN THE SO-CALLED CIVILIZED PEOPLE IN AMERICA, ENGLAND, FRANCE AND OTHER COUNTRIES...Members of the supposedly civilized world.

We visited the room where they keep the ROYAL JEWELS. It was worth watching the poor who come to admire these playthings. These jewels valued in the hundreds of millions of dollars that are made for the royalty to play with. SOVIET RUSSIA made propaganda of these things when they had the royal jewels, but the poor paupers there needed the cash and pawned some of their jewels in the States.

We spent two hours there, then went to lunch and then on to a kino. Bessie and Jerome went to see "THE HOUSE OF ROTHCHILD" with Geroge Arliss, and the Doctor and I went to see a newreel. Wanted to compare our kino technique with theirs.

There are many visitors here, especially Americans, who praise everything that is not American, most of them do not know what they are talking about. I met many such people.

LONDON, Wednesday, August 8, 1934

Today we will visit WINDSOR CASTLE, another famous historical palace with plenty of tradition. The Royal family come here for a few weeks each year.

We came here without a guide. It is about an hours ride from London proper. It was not worth the time we spent after seeing Peterhof and Tsarska-Sello. The English Royal family are pikers compared to the way the Russian Royal families spent the money of their people.

Wasted the whole day on this visit and had no time to look for bargains. How can we return to the U.S. without bargains, even if we do have to pay twice as much for these "bargains". But who cares? We are satisfied and very happy.

Our return trip is now arranged for the 16th. We long so much for our America, New York and all our friends and are tired of lands with traditions.

After dinner the Doctor went visiting a friend of his who is studying here and then went to see a kino.

LONDON, Thursday, August 9, 1934

Today is the fourth cloudy day in a row. It gets hot, cold and then hot again. It rains and stops and rains again. The sun breaks through the clouds once in a while - just one small peek and then goes into hiding again.

We will visit Whitechapel once more. It is Thursday and therefore we should be able to make our observations. Fish, chickens and everything for the SHABOS (SABBATH) is bought today. Walked from street to street and conversed with many. We were advised to keep our hands in our pockets, but since our dollars are now very cheap and since we have very little money

left....and we do need our hands for conversation - we did not heed their advice and did not hide our hands.

These streets are known everywhere. They are no honor to the Jewish race or to London....although, we have streets in New York that are just as filthy. Bought one bargain here, a Rolls razor for less than we could buy one near our hotel and for less than it cost in New York - at least, this is what the Doctor said.

Spent most of the day in Whitechapel and returned tired and hungry. We would have enjoyed a KOSHER MEAL a la Siegel's in New York, but we ate one kosher meal on the second day here in London and then and there resolved we would eat no more kosher meals in this city.

Went for a walk about 10:30 and stepped into a newsreel theatre. At the end of the show the King's picture was flashed on the screen accompanied by music "God Save the King". All in the theatre rose and remained standing. We did not grasp the meaning of all this, and stood up too until the finish. We were told that this ceremony is practiced all over the British empire, it's tradition! It reminded me of my childhood days, when they used to say a prayer to the Czar in all the synagogues and then curse him on the way out.

I dislike the English people. They are not good looking, and the females are worse looking than the males. I believe that the tallest people are here. The women are dressed cheaply and are not neat. But when it comes to drinking in a saloon or pub, and spitting on the floor - the English women have it all over our best American women drinkers.

Since we already have full knowledge of TRAFALGAR SQUARE, with its lions, and of HYDE PARK, with its various meetings of Communists, socialists and Mosleyists, and have no interest in these places, we decided to visit a few of the nice and interesting parks, zoological and botanical in the suburbs of London.

LONDON, Friday, August 10, 1934

It is cold and cloudy and may rain again today. It is the fifth day of weather like this. We rose late and were the last to enter the dining room for breakfast. Didn't want to miss breakfast here for two reasons; it is delicious and it is free. It is included in our room rent.

Went for a walk after breakfast. This time to the Waterloo Ghetto, a Gentile ghetto where all the stores are owned by Jews. We conversed with a few of the shop people. We then crossed one of the bridges over the River Thames and boarded one of the boats to Kew, a suburb of London where we will visit a park.

We were half frozen and hungry and so we inquired of the captain where we might get something to eat. He answered that when we get off the boat we should walk straight ahead for three blocks, then turn to the right, to the left and then turn again, etc. and they will find us and they did.

Visited a large BOTANICAL GARDEN, neatly kept, with many plantations, but I believe that our Prospect Park or Bronx Park Botanical Gardens are just as nice if not nicer.

Passed Kensington on our return. This is a fine suburb. It reminded me of a few towns on Long Island.

Returned by bus although we had return tickets on the boat. Again we walked the main but narrow streets of London. Some of the streets are lighted with gas and others with electricity. Also walked on some of the side streets that are not lighted so well. Gaslight is used here extensively. Peeked into the saloons where the Britishers enjoy equality to their hearts content. We noticed many drunks at the front doors and in the yard.

LONDON, Saturday, August 11, 1934

Decided to leave for Paris tomorrow. Shall it be by boat, rail or plane? It takes 7 hours the first way and one and one half hours by plane. I could not decide on account of Bessie and Dr. Busch; they had never been up in a plane and the weather is bad. I talked it over with them and they said they wanted to fly. I was not quite sure that they meant it and I decided to wait with my decision until tomorrow.

LONDON, Sunday, August 12, 1934

After breakfast the Doctor and I went for the plane tickets. The cost is as reasonable as the boat and train and surely more comfortable via plane. Will leave London at 6 P.M. to arrive in Paris at 8:30 P.M.

The weather was nice today and we thought we would have sunshine the rest of the day.

Arrived at the air field, watched Bessie - will she go through with it or will she back out at the last moment and refuse to fly. After all, it is her first flight and especially over water across the channel.

We were six passengers in a small two engined plane. It was comfortable and cute. In a few minutes we parted from the British soil. The ground disappeared under us. We were up 3,000 feet in a few minutes AND flew directly into a storm. It started lightning, thundering and raining and was very dark.

I glanced at the Doctor, at Jerome and Bessie. I wondered if they were sorry. They said they felt good and enjoyed it.

We were out of the dark clouds and climbing over the light clouds. The plane behaved very well. Saw a beautiful panorama under us. We were flying over clouds that looked like white cotton, here and there were holes through the clouds. The fields looked like a patch-work quilt of many colors. We must have been up about 10,000 feet.

We were leaving the British Isles. The shore could be seen from our great height but not the waves. The weather was getting worse. It was raining and foggy. We couldn't see the wings of the plane. We felt that the plane was gliding downwards - the motors were slowed down....the pilot was trying to get under the clouds. Then we could see the water again and are now only a few hundred feet above it. It got foggy here too and we are again climbing fast. Bessie grabbed hold of the paper bag and gave up the food she had eaten in the last few days. She sat opposite me...and later confessed that she suddenly felt very bad and did not know what had happened.

Suddenly we were out of the clouds, as if by magic, the sun was shining again. We are now over French soil. Flew over villages and towns. One half hour more and we will be in Paris. The worst is over.

EIFFEL TOWER, I hollered out. Where - Where - the Doctor asked. He impressed me as if he will be happier when he is standing on solid ground once again.

Within five minutes the plane landed on the famous LE BOURGET FIELD, where LINDBERG landed on his historic flight from New York. WE WERE JUST AS HAPPY TO LAND as Lindberg must have been. Bessie, was surely pleased when she stepped out of the plane and was once again with both feet on solid ground.

We were through the Custom House and into a bus to GAY PAREE in quick order. The sun had already set and it is now dark and cool.

We have no French money. We were warned to be careful here. They are waiting for suckers and we should bargain for everything. They asked 150 francs for two rooms and the final price was 120.

Bessie retired, the Doctor, Jerome and I went for a snack. The price was too much but we will fix them - we will even up matters on the next snack. That's what we thought!

We went to dine in one of the main restaurants and walked the main streets of Paris. We were approached by street vendors who wanted to know if we wished to purchase post card pictures OR DID WE CARE TO SEE A PRIVATE SHOW. I did not understand what they meant. The Doctor explained. He was here once before, EXPERIENCE PAYS!

PARIS, Monday, August 13, 1934

The Doctor and I went to the American Express office to change some dollars into francs. We discovered that the dollar is sliding downwards.

While returning to the hotel we searched for a place to have breakfast and found one but by the time we understood the waiter we had lost our appetite. Our finger language was misunderstood. "Omelet Natural" was our breakfast. An international breakfast here.

Went sightseeing. The LOUVRE was the first place to see but it was closed. It is cleaning day. Some people know Saturday is the day to take a bath but here it is on Monday that they do their cleaning up. Therefore, most of the public buildings and museums are closed on that day for the weekly cleaning. The EIFFEL TOWER, WAS OPEN! It cost forty francs for the four of us to ride up to the top. We stopped on the third platform to change lifts and here Jerome commenced to feel bad. Spoiled his stomach drinking raw milk in England.

We returned to the hotel. Bessie remained with him. Doctor and I went to the U.S. Line to arrange our return trip to the States on the steamship WASHINGTON, and make everything ready for Thursday. We were also advised where we could eat a good American meal.

Went to the famous Notre Dame Cathedral. It did not impress us. Here too we found the same religious darkness - full of the past. We were told the architecture of this church is famous but we are not architects and know little of architectural art. There were no paintings or mosaics like we saw in the famous cathedrals in Italy and Russia.

We then visited Napoleon's tomb. It is a beautiful place and a record of all his victories is engraved in the marble slabs on the floor. Very few of these victories are now French possessions. It was worth while visiting this tomb. One feels secure when he sees such famous people inside their artistic coffins.

Hired a cab and drove through the famous streets of Paris, the NEW MONTMARTE and the OLD MONTMARTE and the Latin Quarter. There are many nicer streets in Leningrad and Moscow. Here, as in London gaslight is used extensively. The main streets are lighted well but the side streets are not. The traffic is bad. First come - has the right-of-way. The taxis and private cars are more up to date than in England but the buses are not.

Did not see any new buildings or any under construction. The buildings are all very old in appearance. There are fine stores but everything in them is very expensive. Higher prices than in England.

Bessie remained in the room with Jerome and they had dinner there. The Doctor and I went to our regular place for dinner. Omelet Nature1 and coffee was our ten course dinner.

We then walked the main streets until our feet refused to walk any more. We were looking for the beautiful CAN CAN PARISIENNE, the opposite sex we had heard so much about. Looked onto all the cafes and bars but couldn't find any drug store dolled-up females or the Parisians in the modes and fashions the American women are so anxious to copy.

We are in the center of PAREE, near the best stores, and jewelry magazines,but still NO BEAUTIES, NO MODELS, NO MODES, NO PAINTED DOLLS, NO LONG RED FINGERNAILS. I saw more of that in the inexpensive restaurants in New York than in all of Paris.

PARIS, Tuesday, August 14, 1934

Dr. Busch advised that Jerome remain in bed the rest of the day. The weather is not nice, it is cool and cloudy. Bessie decided to remain with Jerome in the room.

The Doctor and I went to breakfast. Ordered breakfast for Bessie and Jerome - to be sent up to their room. Then we visited the local HIAS office and made the acquaintance of Dr. Bernstein, the Manager. He could not answer our questions although we thought he should be able to answer them. Asked him how many Jews there are in Paris and in all of France. He said that there were 50,000 in France, but I doubted the accuracy of his statement.

Left there to visit the Jewish ghetto of Gay Paree, the place where the Russian and Polish Jews live. We peeked into the living quarters, in the stores and the strictly kosher (?) shops and were terribly depressed. We were told that about half a million Jews live (?) in Paris. Jews of all nationalities, Russian, Polish, English, Turkish, Greek, Italian, German, Austrians and from the Balkans and near East. Each group has its' own characteristics. This ghetto is like Whitechapel in London and the East Side of New York - it is a typical Jewish ghetto. We were told that as soon as a Jew get acclimated and can speak the French language, he moves from here to better quarters. We were a bit ashamed of our co-religionists. Time will change this.

This is a very old part of Paris without any modern conveniences. I imagine the New York city fathers would not permit human beings to dwell in houses like the ones that I saw in Italy, Turkey, England, Russia and now here in Paris. I can find excuses for Russia, but not for the other supposedly civilized countries that were helped by our U.S. Treasury with billions of American dollars. I am possibly wrong about conditions in some places of our dear U.S.A. even in New York City and especially in the mining towns and towns in the deep south, but I do not believe on the whole we have anything as bad as we found throughout Europe.

Returned to our hotel about 2:30 P.M. and found that Jerome is till not well and is still in bed on the advice of the Doctor. I am terribly worried about him. He surely would not have been in bed if he did not feel terrible, especially at this part of the trip.

With hopes for tomorrow being a better day and that Jerome will be able to get out of bed we decided to spend the rest of the day in the room together. Later in the evening, the Doctor and I again walked through the streets before retiring.

PARIS, Wednesday, August 15, 1934

Catholic France is celebrating Assumption today. I do not know the meaning of it, but I suppose it has something to do with the Catholic religion and our brother, Jesus.

The stores are closed and most of the windows are covered with rolling shutters - they are still doing as they did years ago. It made a queer impression on me. I imagined what would happen if we did this in New York. The people would probably think that the Dillinger Gang had arrived and the Governor had ordered the state militia out or the U.S. Army for protection.

It was beginning to clear up and was getting warmer. Jerome is still in bed at the Doctor's order. Thought of going somewhere together, but health is more important than seeing Paris.

Ordered breakfast to be served in the room for Bessie and Jerry. The Doctor and I went to our usual breakfast hang out for Omelet Natural. This time we called it ham and eggs, just to change the atmosphere.

The Doctor insisted on visiting the famous Versailles, the Hall of Mirrors where the famous peace treaty was signed after the World War to make the world safe for democracy. Here is where the various dictators were made. IF WILSON, CLEMENCEAU AND THE OTHER PEACE SIGNERS WOULD ONLY KNOW WHAT THEY CREATED WITH THE PEACE TREATY THEY SIGNED, AND WHAT BECAME OF THE DEMOCRACY FOR WHOM TEN MILLION LIVES WERE SACRIFICED AND THE MISERY CAUSED TO UNTOLD MILLIONS AND THE BILLIONS ON BILLIONS OF DOLLARS THAT WERE SPENT BY ALL THE COMBATANT NATIONS - THEN THEY WOULD NOT HAVE WAITED FOR THEIR NATURAL DEATHS BUT WOULD HAVE COMMITTED SUICIDE BEFORE SIGNING THIS "PEACE TREATY".

When we were in Peterhof we were told that it was built after the plans of the PALACE OF VERSAILLES, so we were sure to see something that would startle us, but how disappointing, and disillusioned we were after we passed through the various rooms. This place looked like a barn compared with PETERHOF.

We also saw the HOUSE OF DEPUTIES - which is another dump. It is possible that VERSAILLES has much history and tradition, but we could real all this in books. Did not have to come thousands of miles to look at it.

This trip was the end of the rope. No more wonders for us, saw all we cared to see in Rome, London and Paris. Will leave for home tomorrow by ship via LeHavre and Southampton.

PARIS, Thursday, August 16, 1934

Didn't sleep much last night. Had too much to think about. What have I accomplished on this trip? It is possible that under other circumstances this trip would have been the most interesting, successful and enjoyable vacation we could have had. We would not have been so anxious to have the time pass by quickly and would not have run away from all the places we visited.

Why and to whom as I so anxious to return? Did I have to take Dr. Busch with us? Did he assist me in any way? Was this trip altogether necessary?

I looked to myself for the answers to these questions. One thing was certain I could never have taken this trip without Dr. Busch - not because of his medical assistance, that I didn't need and didn't ask for, but because of his morale and friendly support, of which I was much in need. I would have been lost without him - I am afraid of myself when I am alone. I cannot expect from Bessie and Jerome the same assistance I got from Dr. Busch. I needed a friend who would drag me from place to place, who would not leave me alone and who was willing to share everything with me.

We leave today on the WASHINGTON. Our original plan was to return on the Leviathan on the 21st but we are anxious to get back as soon as possible. We are therefore, leaving today the 16th.

Had I known that Jerome would be confined in bed all this time, we have been here, we would have left from London on the 10th.

We arose early, waited for the Doctor to go to breakfast with us. Was informed on his return that he had been out shopping, looking for bargains. He wanted to buy handkerchiefs to take as souvenirs to his friends.

Went together to breakfast in the hotel dining room. We sat down at a table that was ready for service but the headwaiter asked us if we belonged to the Italian Tourist Group. We were a bit insulted. We did not have to travel throughout Europe to have some Frenchman make an Italian of us. But had no time to argue with him. We moved to another table for breakfast.

We are now on the special train that runs from the railroad station, SAINT LAZARRE direct to the boat side, it takes three hours. Many of our co-travelers looked back to Paris with sweet memories. They had a "good time". But I have nothing to look back on. Paris did not impress me much. Even if I had seen the LOUVRE and all its art treasures including the MONA LISA and VENUS DE MILO. Surely not the cafe houses, the cabarets, and the other underground places where the American tourists spend their time and money and rave about afterwards. That was not MY IDEA OF A GOOD TIME. I believe that such good times can be had in New York City or in many other places in the States except that there they manage to keep from being so filthy and dirty.

The train stewards are dressed in white. They passed through our car and asked if anyone wanted some coffee. A lady passenger and the Doctor ordered some - they thought it was on the HOUSE - they thought that Americans traveling on a special train to the boat are entitled to free service. Were they embarrassed when they were asked to pay fifty cents each.

Had no difficulty with the Custom Inspectors on the pier. Most of our belongings were sent from London direct to Southampton, to be put on this boat. Our rooms on board the WASHINGTON are convenient, especially mine.

It took us no time to get on board. The boat was supposed to sail from Le Havre at 2:30 P.M. but the French, like the rest of the continentals do not hurry. They dine and rest between 12 and 2. We finally started on our return voyage at 4.

Arrived at Southampton late. Could not sail at midnight. It was foggy and they had to load a few thousand tons of silver that the United States Treasurer purchased in England. It was safer to load it at night while we were all asleep. Sailed for Queenstown at 6 A.M.

The trip across the channel from Southampton to Queenstown (Cobb) was fine, and hoped that the remaining days of our trip will be just as pleasant. We are eight hours late but will surely make it up in this nice weather and should arrive in New York early Thursday morning. We can then pat ourselves on the back and say what good sailors we are. This is what we thought!

ON THE WASHINGTON, Friday, August 17, 1934

This day disappeared between Southampton and Queenstown. We arrived late in the afternoon and sailed again after a short stop here. This is the last stop in English waters.

ON THE WASHINGTON, Saturday, August 18, 1934

It is cloudy. The boat began to rock slightly while we were at the breakfast table. The first to take to bed was Bessie. While we were still having breakfast, she arose and said, "I do not care to eat any more." I understood what this meant.

Weather conditions continued to get worse. It seemed that someone was going to take revenge on us for the good weather we have had until now. We thought that we were all good sailors, but we soon found out differently.

Many of our fellow travelers did not come to lunch today. The Doctor and I played a few games of shuffleboard, until we couldn't stand straight any longer. I went to the front of the ship to see what was going on there. Most of the passengers were in their rooms by this time. The kino salon was empty. There was no one on the promenade. I walked the upper deck. Again stopped at the front of the ship and what I saw was unbelievable..... a real battle was going on between the ship and nature. I never thought that ships like ours could rise so high in the air and come down so deep that the whole front of the ship was under water.

The worst of the struggle between our ship and the elements took place during the night. Nobody in the dining salon. Most passengers sick and remained in their rooms.

I couldn't sleep a wink. The waves played with our ship like it was a nutshell.

ON THE WASHINGTON, Sunday, August 19, 1934

It is raining. The ocean is mad. The waves rise like mountains and come down with a bang. Everyone sticking close to their rooms - no one on the deck. They do not even come out for meals.

ON THE WASHINGTON, Monday, August 20, 1934

It is still raining. The waves are toying with our ship. They spread white foam as they disperse to make room for the next waves to do the same. The Captain told us that this was the worst storm he ever experienced.

ON THE WASHINGTON, Tuesday, August 21, 1934

Forgot to move my watch back one hour. We do this for five days...moving back one hour each day. This is how we have a 25 hour day here.

Went to breakfast (3 of us), but did not eat much. No one ate this morning. Walked to the top deck to see what is

cooking, then to our room and into bed with the cover over my head. Didn't want to hear or see what is taking place outside.

Later I looked through the porthole and was scared. It looked like a blizzard. The skies were cloudy and the waves were coming down with a terrible force. The blowing of the wind made ghastly noises. The spray from the breaking waves was blown in all directions and looked like snow.

The fog siren has been working since 5 A.M. We are now passing the point of Newfoundland - where, it is always foggy.

From noon to evening the weather cleared up and was lovely in comparison to yesterday and this morning. But, at night it got cloudy again. Whitecaps appeared on the surface of the water, but it was not so bad. We could parade the decks.

After dinner the Doctor and I went to my room to talk things over. I was anxious to know if he understands me correctly - if he knows why I do not sleep, no matter how tired I am; if he understands my problems when I return home with Bessie and Jerry. I have problems and lots of them. I need help from someone who understands my circumstances and is acquainted with my situation.

Bessie could help me much, but she does not care to. She is indifferent to everything. She speaks of bygones that cannot be changed.

I need a friend who is willing to help me carry my heavy burden and who could do it better than Dr. Busch, if he understands me correctly. He says he does and is trying. He tells Bessie that she must change her attitude toward Jerome and me.

We discussed our plans when we will return home, but could not reach a definite decision. Read a few pages of my diary to Bessie and the Doctor, but did not expect to get their approval. Many of my ideas do not coincide with theirs.

We parted at 11. Bessie retired. Jerry is busy with his new shipboard acquaintance. The Doctor and I went to see how our civilized cotravelers behave and as usual, we found many at the bars and tables drinking. Some were already spiritually happy, singing and babbling. The females seemed to be going one better than the men. Many were playing ship horse-races, with paper and dummy horses - the kind children play with. I remarked to the Doctor, "They never grow up."

The Doctor retired and I went to my room to jot down my recollections of the day.

ON THE WASHINGTON, Wednesday, August 22, 1934

Up at 5 A.M. Went to breakfast together (4) and then up

to the sport deck. Again played shuffleboard with the Doctor. A crowd is now watching us. Won four out of five games. Suppose I will be crowned "Champion" before this trip is over.

I notice a marked change in Jerome. He is reading books and is not spending so much time on childish play things. Is out growing knee-pants and is growing into Long Pants! Jerome is really a dear young man, but he needs better company from whom he can learn the better side of life. Unfortunately, he did not meet this kind on this trip and no one cares to learn from their own. He does not get excited so readily when we discuss things. I asked him to be friends with me. "Let us discuss our problems and better understand each other." And, I added, "Let us help our Bessie forget the terrible past and make our future brighter and happier together."

The weather was nice this afternoon. What to do first when we arrive in New York tomorrow was a problem that was worrying me. Could not come to a decision. Read a few chapters of ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT'S TRIP TO RUSSIA, which is very interesting.

I am worried over Bessie's attitude. She is not helping us to pull ourselves together. We should understand each other's problems and work together. We will soon be home and then what?

Will we continue walking about with long, sour faces - sighing and crying, nervous and irritated. It cannot continue like this. We must break this monotony for Jerome's sake and for the sake of each of us in our home and for the rest of our family. We are still young and are entitled to live and enjoy life. Also for the sake of the memory of sweet Thelma, who is gone but will never be forgotten.

Bessie is very disagreeable. "DO AS YOU PLEASE." - is her answer to all my questions. Later she asks why I don't consult her! The closer we get to shore the more thinking I do.

The moon was of a silver color tonight. I don't know why but it was a pleasant sight to watch the reflection of the silvery moon on the smooth waters of the ocean. I stood near the round porthole of my room, resting my head on my hands, and gazed at the moon and her reflection on the water. Again I admired the beauties of nature. The scene was framed within the rim of my porthole window.

The weather is lovely. Am Commencing to feel sorry that this is the last day on board ship. It is a real pleasure to be on board a ship like this on days that are like today.

The Doctor and I had discussed the cleanliness, order and discipline on this ship. Each man in the crew from the Captain down to the deckhands, has his responsibility and carries it out punctually. We compared this ship to the Soviet boat, COOPERATIVE, what a contrast! STALIN AND COMPANY SHOULD TAKE A LESSON.

I told the Doctor that I am sleepy and started to walk to my room. Suddenly the Doctor remarked, "Mr. K., I want to speak to you. That is, I want to thank you for ...." I did not let him finish, for it is I who should thank him.

Went to my room finished arrangements for tomorrow, again read Woolcott and then went to sleep.

ON THE WASHINGTON, Thursday, August 23, 1934

Up at 4 A.M. Stood near the window of my room watching the horizon. Saw a steamer passing near ours, the first since we left Cobb. Light is breaking through the darkness. The day will soon be here. It is cloudy. The water is smooth, the boat is gliding swiftly.

Wanted to write but couldn't put the light on. Bessie was sleeping. Waited until it was light neough to see.

We will arrive in New York today. Should have been there by this time, but lost time in Le Havre and Southampton.

It is 7:30. To breakfast. Every morning the same thing. Breakfast! What a wonderful thing it would be if we did not have to eat. I imagine life would be much better and healthier if we could get along without this daily dozen.

After breakfast the Doctor and I played shuffleboard. I did not play like a champ.

Watched the people and again marveled at the peculiarities of the human being. All on board were happy to get away from the States to praise the wonders they will see in the old world, but now they cannot wait long enough to see the Statue of Liberty, the skyline of Manhattan, the $25 Island we bought from the Indians ...and they all ask, "WHY ARE WE GLIDING SO SLOWLY?"

The elements again interferred. A fog encircled the ship and we had to slow down. We could not see the picturesque entrance into New York harbor, or Coney Island, or Staten Island, the Rockaways, Atlantic Highlands or South Brooklyn at the narrows.

The mail bags were piled on the deck, ready to be unloaded first. The fog was slowly lifting.

We then stopped for quarantine. The mail is to be unloaded here. Passengers and passports will be examined and permits to land will be issued. The S.S. LAFAYETTE arrived a few minutes ahead of us.

Many of the passengers are envious of the passengers on the LAFAYETTE because she will land a few minutes earlier.

It is now a matter of minutes. A few minutes are sometimes longer than a few years when you are coming home.

Lower Manhattan is a most impressive sight when making the turn from the Lower Bay into the Hudson River. The bridges spanning the East River, the Statue of Liberty on the left with the torch of friendship in her hand, the skyline to the right in front - is a sight well worth seeing.

The WASHINGTON glided slowly up the Hudson to 21st Street. Six tugs puffed and puffed until they turned the giant around and pushed her into her berth. She was then tied to the pier and one long siren was the signal to leave the ship.

Shall I say "FINITA LA COMEDIE?" No. I must start anew. I did not realize how many people are depending on me before seeing all my relatives, and it is for their sake that I must turn over a new leaf in my book of life and start over again.

We arrived at 444 Central Park West at 3 P.M. We must clean up our nest, put it in order, just as if we had never left home.

Shall I phone our relatives and my partners or shall I walk into the office unexpected? It will be better this way.

I decided that tomorrow at lunch time, I will walk into the office and personally inform everybody that I am back and then inform the rest of the family.

The next day, I walked into the office as I had decided. They were at the tables lunching. Some of my friends in the office were speechless. Rosenfeld and Herman remained with their forks near their mouths. Harry Ginsberg rose excitedly and hollered out: "DIDN'T I TELL YOU HE WOULD DO IT JUST THIS WAY?".

We sure were happy to be back together again!

And so ended a trip that was made at the advise of our friend, Dr. Busch, to accomplish a purpose. Did it? Only time will tell.

* * *

1934

IMPRESSIONS OF THE PRESENT SOVIET RUSSIA

If one is a native American, or came to the States from Russia when a child and remembers nothing of the old Russia is desirous of making a trip to the Soviet Union to study how a new UTOPIAN SOCIETY is being built - then, before undertaking this trip he should read up on and get acquainted with the life of the Russian masses before the Revolution, and forget, for the time of the trip that he has lived in the United States. You must not make comparisons between the two countries if you really want to understand them.

THE RUSSIAN BORN NATURALIZED AMERICAN CITIZEN who has spent several decades in America, but still remembers his life in Russia, the old houses with their inconveniences, and the old life in general, will find on making a trip to Russia that the conditions as they existed when he left Russia before the World War, have improved considerably.

We must realize that the Russian people under the Czars, were never creators or builders of consequence, in any field. All that the Czars knew was to have large armies of cannon fodder, to grab more and more land from the neighboring states and to borrow billions of dollars from France and England to pay for the imports of every description from abroad, AND to pay for the tremendous expenditures of the Czars and their gangs. Graft was rampant in those days and costly.

in 1917, when the Bolsheviks took over Russia, the country was in ruins, they had to start from scratch. the three years of fighting the HYDEMAKES, THE KOLCHAKS, THE YUDEMTCHES, AND ALL THE OTHERS - FIGHTS THAT WERE INSTIGATED BY RUSSIAN ALLIES IN THE WORLD WAR FROM 1914 to 1918, THESE PEOPLE WHO WERE SUPPORTED WITH AMMUNITION AND MONEY BY RUSSIAN ALLIES. All this fighting caused hunger, starvation and pestilence.

All of Russia was blocked by the sea by the same allies who were anxious to drown her in blood direct and through the bandits and KILL THE NEW IDEALOGY OF BOLSHEVISM, and even to this day, Russia is surrounded by her enemies. Although on the surface, these enemies write love letters to the Soviets.

Independent States were created by the Versailles Treaty to act as buffer-states to stop the spreading of the new IDEOLOGY.

The Allies did not give or lend a cent to the Bolshevists for reconstruction; while our United States, the smart, liberal and rich country; gave billions to Germany, Poland, Italy, France England and all the other old and new goverments - (all of whom are now giving us the ha - ha- ha).

When one takes all these facts into consideration and also bears in mind the size of the country with its many types of people and many languages - a people that were 95% illiterate and the fact that they never knew the word "technic", not even in the dictionary - and then sees the great things that the SOVIETS have accomplished in the heavy and light industrial fields, how 170 million people are ready to carry out the will of a few leaders.....how tens of millions, who haven't enough to eat or drink, enthusiastically show their willingness to make all sacrifices to build a future. Especially the younger generations, when one sees all this - he cannot help but admire the work of the BOLSHEVIKS, whether he is in sympathy with them or not.

It reminded me of the days in 1909,when I engaged in my first venture in the paper box business. I worked day and night, neglected food and clothes - worked 25 hours each day. When the month was over I was shy 30 hours to the monthly accounting for time, which I had borrowed from the next month.

I worked and slaved, borrowed and begged, until I commenced to see daylight. Then my ambition began showing results. I began to work fewer hours daily, wore better clothes, lived in a better apartment, bought a car, ate better and more food, etc....This is how I size up the efforts of the Bolseviks.

In Russia today, there are hundreds of new enterprises (some can be called the largest in Europe) that are ready and producing, many more are in the course of construction or in the planning stages. If the tourist will observe with an impartial and unbiased mind, he can see that these enterprises are not built for dividends only, but for the benefit of all the people of the land. While we did not visit the very largest projects, such as DNIEPERSTROI, STALINGRAD, GORKI, KUZBEK, RED PUTILOW, THE NEW RAILROAD LINES, THE SHOE AND CLOTHING FACTORIES, THE DOM PRAVITELSTVO (government buildings that were built in each capital city that are modern and up-to-date) - the ones that we did visit were surely something that the Old Russia never dreamed about. We could only imagine how the larger enterprises compare with the smaller ones that we saw.

There is a shoe factory in Kiev that was built in 1929 by Americans. It is equipped with the latest shoe making machinery. It is light and roomy. Three thousand workers are employed here. Each second hour they rest for 10 minutes (coffee break). There is a large garden, planted with all kinds of flowers and it is kept in good order. There is also a large dining room that seats five hundred persons in one sitting. It too, is clean and orderly. It cannot be COMPARED with America's best, but I have seen worse places in the States - where labor conditions were worse.

We visited a large department store in Moscow, the MOSTORG. It is not outfitted or decorated as nicely as Macys but it is large in size and one can purchase everything there that one desires.

Everything sold here is Russian made and this is true in every store whether the merchandise is sold for foreign valuta or for their own money, MADE IN THE U.S.S.R. is tamped or labeled on each article - something old Russia never dreamed about.

The streets are clean in all the large and small cities. Although, it is difficult to walk on some of the sidewalks. Traffic is regulated fairly well. The police are strict with reckless drivers. I saw traffic signals that operate better than ours. The police and militia are more polite than ours and do not carry blackjacks or night sticks.

It will take Russia a long time to get ahead of the United States or even catch up with us particularly in respect to the standard of living of the masses. But, it is my opinion, that in ten years the masses in Russia will live much better than they do no. They will try to carry out the promise that " NO ONE SHALL BE IN NEED IN A LAND OF PLENTY." If there will not be any wars in the coming ten years, in which Russia will play a leading role or be dragged into as an ally - there are high hopes for the Russian masses to accomplish great things for humanity.

They will establish a new system of society that will be an example for the rest of the world to follow. The masses are suffering for lack of many necessities, but their sacrifices will be well compensated for when their efforts are crowned by success.

There is order everywhere - day or night. We kept our rooms open in all the hotels we stopped at, and never missed anything. We walked the streets at all hours of the night and were never molested. We felt safer there than in the large cities of Europe or America. The people there are not afraid holdups, murders, robberies.....AND, THERE ARE NO pickpockets, gangsters, pimps or prostitutes.

We were warned that we would find ourselves hungry in the U.S.S.R., that even foreign valuta will not purchase our daily needs of food. This was absolutely false. We procured everything we wanted, even for Soviet rubles.

Blessed are the Russian people who have relatives in foreign lands and receive packages from them. The best assistance that foreigners can render to their relatives in the U.S.S.R. is to send them packages.

They are still young children. They do not know what tempo, technic and responsibility means. BUT THEY WILL GROW UP!

They have a wonderful example - THE UNITED STATES!

Morals? It is my belief that their morals are on a higher level than ours, considering their living conditions. The females carry more responsibility and occupy positions of greater importance in their government than women in any other country in the world.

We traveled the breadth of Russia from Odessa to Leningrad. We observed how the village and small town is disappearing and the KOLCHOZ AND SOVCHOZ replacing them.

The peasant did not change much. His manners are the same as when I saw them last - the same horses and wagons, but now they (the peasants) can read and write.

OPERAS, MUSIC, THEATRES, KINO HOUSES, PARKS, ENTERTAINMENT, AMUSEMENTS OF ALL KINDS.....this they have everywhere, even in small villages. Their pictures or theatres are mostly for propaganda purposes, but from the reviews and criticisms that I read in some of our best U.S. papers, on some of the above, they can be proud of their accomplishments in the field of moving pictures too.

The music we heard playing in the hotels at dinner, was as good as the music in our finest New York hotels.

Their means of travel surely cannot compare with ours, but it is one hundred per cent better now than it was in 1922, on my first return visit, and it is steadily improving. The streets at least, are well lighted.

The young generation that knows of no other system of condition, only post-war or post-revolution, pities us in the capitalistic Americas. They do not know the truth. The Bolshevik press prints only what is good for them and reports only the troubles the other countries have.

Youth there is enthused for their leaders, more than the older generation. Although there are many of the older generation, who are devoited to the cause and to the leaders - there are also grafters among them. But only until they are caught! Then - against the wall!

Most of the masses respect their leaders and believe in their sincerity. I spoke with many of all ages and classes - army men, leaders of industry and commerce, and people in the street - all seemed to be satisfied. Many were actually enthusiastic. It is also possible that many were afraid to tell me the truth.

It is possible that the rest of the world will envy them in the years ahead.

* * *

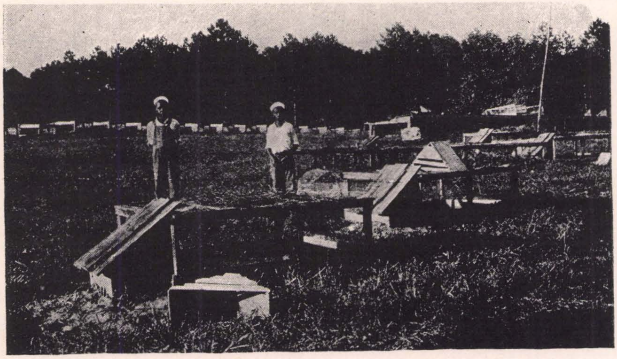
THE JULIAN T. BISHOP QUAIL FARM STORY

An ad in the July 1936 issue of Game Breeder made front page news in all the newspapers in the U.S.A.

On the following pages are just a few letters on this subject.

The Literary Digest

Julian T. Bishop, suave New York broker, who can't stomach the New Deal, is traveling in California. SAMUEL KIPNIS, genial Long Island container company executive, who relishes the New Deal, is off to Texas on business. Both were publicly silent last week, but their colloquy over a quail farm carried on across the border of the United States into Canada.



Pictures, Inc.

Glimpse of Mr. Bishop's quail farm, for sale if New Deal wins in November

PATRIOTIC UPROAR: Canada Adds Its Word as New Dealer Jumps on Quail Farm Anti

It had started with a four-inch advertisement in the July issue of the GAME BREEDER AND SPORTSMAN, published in New York. "In the Event that Roosevelt is Reelected!" glared in big black letters across the top. At the bottom, in even bigger letters, appeared the name of Julian T. Bishop.

In between, Mr. Bishop announced that he was prepared to sell his entire Horseshoe Quail Farm near Carthage, North Carolina, and move to Canada in the event of a New Deal victory in November. The property, "complete, and with sufficient equipment in good condition to raise between 5,000 and 6,000 quail," carried with it a large log cabin, shooting privileges on 20,000 acres.

ANGRY CITIZEN - Mr. Bishop, who is forty-six years old and has a home in Greenwich, Connecticut, thinks, it developed, that if Mr. Roosevelt is reelected "we will go through hell four more years" and he doesn't want "any part of it." To him, everything the Administration has done is "haywire, "red as fire," inspired by "a bunch of fellows"who were in Harvard when I was in Yale, "working just on theory with a lot of socialistic ideas in their heads."

Mr. Bishop, reported to have lost $188,100 in stock market operations between 1929 and 1933, gets an annual income from a trust fund provided by his grandfather William D. Bishop, once President of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, a staunch Democrat,

who left an estate of $2,165,984. Probate records show that Mr. Bishop received $11,451 from this fund in February, 1936.

In the August issue of the GAME BREEDER AND SPORTSMAN a buyer showed up for the quail farm along the green and hilly banks of North Carolina's Horseshoe River. Another advertiser, unnamed, convinced that "since Roosevelt tackled America's recovery job, the toughest and most important since 1776, the wealth of the nation has sky-rocketed from the zero point in 1932," was willing to purchase the farm, if the price were fair, at once, without waiting for the election, plus a one-way ticket to Canada for Mr. Bishop.

READY BUYER - It turned out that the potential purchaser was Mr. Kipnis, who is forty-nine years old and has always wanted a country estate before he is fifty. He upped his offer of a one-way ticket to Canada from railway to air passage, remarking "the sooner a man like that gets out of the country the better."

Mr. Kipnis came to America from Russia when he was a boy and was educated in night schools here, he says,"not to sell the American people short."

"I have enough confidence in the United States and the Administration to buy everything he wants to sell," he added.

Meanwhile, taking Mr. Bishop at his word, the County Game Protector at Raleigh, North Carolina, refused to renew the broker's deputy game warden commission because "I am sure Mr. Roosevelt will be our next President and I have no authority to have you appointed in Canada."

ONTARIO STIRRED - Then last week, Canada put in its two-bits' worth.

"The Dominion does not propose to constitute itself a dumping ground for United States tax-dodgers," David A. Croll, Minister of Public Welfare of Ontario, wrote.

AN OPEN LETTER TO JULIAN T. BISHOP, RENO, NEVADA

Your letter received and note that you will not sell your quail farm as offered in GAME BREEDER & SPORTSMAN, to a New Dealer if Mr. Roosevelt is re-elected President, instead you would rather give it to a friend.

Please let us remind you that as we understand the law, if you fail to perform you will be liable for a commission and your wholesale discrimination against fellow Americans is no legal excuse, and you can bet all the ties on the New Haven roadbed that Roosevelt, Democracy's greatest common denominator, will be the next President of the United States.

In all fairness, how could it be otherwise, Mr. Bishop? Unless the American voters scrapped the incontestable fact of 1936, and say that it was HUMANITY to feed the Armenians and INHUMANITY to feed the Americans; reward "rugged individualism," that starved the nation and penalize New Dealism that fed it? Hoover fed the Armenians before he was made President, Roosevelt fed the Americans after he was made President.

Now, let us try to reason in true American spirit, hoping that upon reflection you may change your mind and vote for the man that America gave us in her great crisis, who kept his promise to the

people at a time when they had lost their way, their homes and their hope, who saved the nation from revolution, who won the war against depression, without the firing of one shot or the shedding of one drop of blood.

True, it took a lot of money, but was not the beneficial results the biggest bargain since Democracy was established? Can you forget that the Insull kind cost the taxpayers manyfold the cost of recovery and the value of your quail farm and our home was restored by New Deal measures?

But to show you our heart is in the right place, if you will reconsider, if you will not desert your native land, if you will follow the brave example of Mrs. Charles S. Whitman, wife of former Governor Charles S. Whitman of New York, and Herbert S. Houston, co-organizer of the United States Chamber of Commerce and vote for FDR who made America feel better, our client MR. SAMUEL KIPNIS,* who believes "Better days ahead with Roosevelt," will withdraw his offer to purchase your quail farm and we will forego our commission.

*Is this you-Sam?

MEOLA & MEOLA
Specialists in Orange County Property
Middletown New York

Rather interesting anyway - When are we going to see you again.

Sincerely,

(Signed)
W. W. Gray

Dascit Underwriters, Inc.

New York August 22, 1936
Office of the President

Dear Sam:
Just read the Herald Tribune. You certainly took a good whack at Julian T. Bishop, one which he well deserved.
Whoopee and Hallelujah.

Sincerely,

Mannie (Signed)

Mr. S. Kipnis
c/o National Container Corp.
Long Island City, N.Y.

WESTERN UNION

Goshen N.Y. 1936 Aug. 24

Samuel Kipnis
30-01 Review Ave. Long Island City, N.Y.
Heartiest congratulations to a rugged individualist have read articles best wishes for success and hope you are a good shot -
W. LePrestre

Amityvill, Long Island
August 24th, 1936

Mr. Samuel Kipnis
Borden and Review Avenues
Long Island City, New York

Dear Mr. Kipnis;-
It is very amusing to the writer to note so much interest being headlined over the name of Julian T. Bishop. I remember this silver-spooned artist way back in his home town of Bridgeport, Connecticut and the name gets its cling from his prominent grandfather. Knowing this chap, if I were you, I would offer him fifty-cents on the dollar for his quail yard and watch out that you do not get stuck at that price. One can see he is anxious to get rid of it and we all want to help him and perhaps when he starts for Canada we can dig up a few others to go along with him.

All the hell that this Mr. Bishop has been thru is what he raised himself. Further for the time being, I doubt if Canada wants him to come over and still more doubts if he will sell, so play him up and let me know how you make out. You have the right slant about the Administration. Best wishes,

Respectfully yours,

Edw. B. Chaffee

8/23/1936

Sir:
Please read this carefully - you contradict yourself in all your statements. How can a man like you, who came to this country to be free, and have equal opportunities with others, and who has evidently succeeded under this great American form of government, want to deprive the youth of today of that same privilege. You do not seem to understand the facts of the situation when you speak for the re-election of Roosevelt. In all seriousness, many good men in business will move out of this country if he is re-elected. Just as many did to avoid the dictatorship of N.R.A. We among them. I voted for Roosevelt, and like Paul Block, the Democratic publisher, I hope God will forgive me for it.

You don't seem to know that the New Deal is only a plan to change our form of government to the Russian form, from which you ran away. Read Tugwell and Wallace's books, and see that for yourself. Someone handed me the enclosed article, read it if you can understand it, for it explains just what Roosevelt does. Why are the best Democrats in the country against Roosevelt and the New Deal? And why are Earl Browder, and other communists and socialists for him? All the scum of the earth, who want to be supported (without working) by the taxes we pay by the sweat of our brow, are for him.

You owe America a great deal, but are aiming to help ruin it. Roosevelt and all the New Dealers are using billions of dollars of our money to buy votes. They are selling their souls, and selling America short, not votes. They've ruined all our export trade, and we are importing millions and millions of dollars worth of everything that we used to export. That causes much more unemployment, and millions more on relief, than when he took office, to break all the promises he made.

The man in Carthage, N.C. - a life long Democrat, knows what

he is talking about. You do not. If you prefer the Russian or German system go back there and have it, but do not help turn the American form of government into a foreign form.

If not so serious, you'd be a joke. Be American and help save America and the only way is to defeat Roosevelt. If not, we'll have exactly what Spain is having - Because Roosevelt preaches class hatred, and against the capitalist system. That will ruin this country. We need Capital and Labor, and the American Open Shop.

No doubt your son is also a Communist. Wake up before it is too late.

J. Cohen

N.Y. Aug. 24, 1936
Read this and have your son to do the same. Do not forget that in 1932 Roosevelt only got the nomination through Hearst, Huey Long, and Father Coughlin, but they all learned their mistake in a hurry.

Astoria, L. I.
8/26/36

Dear Sir:

As to you giving Mr. Bishop a ticket to Canada, how about one from me to you to get you back in Russia? As to the quail starving if Mr. Roosevelt isn't elected, let me tell you there are more people starving today than when Mr. Hoover was in. Your lack of brain power makes you speak as you do. Business is not better under Mr. R., "not by a long shot". Conditions are far worse than ever. Look at the thousands on relief, the same out of work. We have had more suicides these past two years than I have ever known or read of. Instead of sending Mr. Bishop to Canada, you go back to Russia and I will shout for joy. Take Mr. Roosevelt and "Jim" Farley with you.

Truly yours,

A Conn. Yankee

MEOLA & MEOLA, REALTORS August 26, 1936

Dear Mr. Kipnis:

Everybody around here is talking about you, very favorably. You surely made a hit, the President himself, I am sure has noticed your article in the papers, which was a "Knock-out," and should stand you in good stead.

You even attracted notice in the Dominion of Canada, herewith is a copy just received from the head of the Government. Canada does not even want Bishop. We have communicated today the papers about this and maybe there will be some more in the news.

Your offer to give Bishop an airplane ticket to get him out of the country quicker went over big.

Wired Carthage, N.C. about the Bishop property, and was informed that it is only 5 acres, 3 room shack, and assessed at $800.

If you hear from Bishop offer him only the assessed valuation, then denote it to the community as you said in the papers. Sorry I did not know before it was such a cheap property, we would made a bum out of Bishop. Good luck to you.

Meola

ONTARIO
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WELFARE
Office of the Minister

Toronto,
August 24th, 1936

Messrs. Meola and Meola
Middletown, New York, U.S.A.

Dear Sirs:

Somewhat apprehensively, I have read your letter to Mr. Julian Bishop, of Carthage, N.C., offering to purchase his quail farm in the event of President Roosevelt's re-election. My apprehension springs from the fact that a one-way ticket to Canada is included in the purchase price.

The Dominion does not propose to constitute itself a dumping-ground for United States tax-dodgers, nor encourage them to run away from their obligations rather than to take their licking like men, nor do we particularly welcome the thought of an influx of disgruntled United States brokers. I think all Canada will agree that we have an ample supply of brokers at the present time. Our native problems are sufficient to occupy all governmental attention, without importing additional ones.

I must inform you, then, that if the conditions of the proposed purchase are fulfilled, I shall do my utmost to prevent Mr. Bishop's admission to Canada, on the ground that his opposition to constituted authority in the United States proves him to be an undesirable.

Sincerely yours,

David Croll

Louis Kipnis
Counselor at Law
305 Broadway, New York,N.Y.

August 27th, 1936

Mr. Samuel Kipnis
National Container Corporation
Borden and Review Avenues
Long Island City, N.Y.

My dear Mr. Kipnis:

From the news accounts in today's Herald-Tribune it appears that you were instrumental in the resultant blasting of Julian T. Bishop and his anti-Roosevelt bilge.

Any deflation of the ego inherent in types like Mr. Bishop is a source of joy to me as a Roosevelt Democrat, but this joy reaches unparalleled heights when it appears to have been set in motion by one of the clan Kipnis, (may its tribe increase). Good luck.

Sincerely,

Louis Kipnis

Elmhurst, Long Island, N.Y.
Saturday August 29th, 1936

Mr. Samuel Kipnis
31-75 Twenty-ninth St.
Astoria, Long Island, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

The enclosed letter is a copy I mailed to the Daily Star on Monday August 24th, 1936. Up to date they failed to print same and I am there for sending you a copy of the letter to let you personally know how Franklin D. Roosevelt kept me from obtaining employment.

Can you buy my home and buy me a one way ticket to any place where I might be in a position to obtain employment. I personally know that while Franklin D. Roosevelt is in office I will not be able to obtain work as I never belonged to any political club as I always stood on my own and never grafted on any political party.

Very truly yours,
Richard D. Smith (signed)
43-19 Elbertson Street,
Elmhurst, Long Island, N.Y.

August 29, 1936
MEOLA & MEOLA, Realtors

Dear Mr. Kipnis:

You missed lot of fun while you were in Texas. Over every station on the Radio it was announced. One station said that "America had to be given a lesson in patriotism from the high Commissioner of the Dominion of Canada and an emmigrant boy who came to this country and made good."

Why don't you go after a big government order?

After all in this whole campaign your stand is the most outstanding gesture made not only in favor of Roosevelt but in favor of the good old USA. So much so that the British Empire came to your rescue, backed you up, by refusing Bishop to enter Canada.

The New York News carried a story, but I did not see it, perhaps you could get one in New York, write to the paper to send you a copy. Since the United Press took up the story, it appeared all over the country and its too bad we have not got the other papers.

Enclosed are the clippings.

Sincerely,

Meola

P.S. Mrs. Lepreste called me up about you, she thought it was great, she also thought if you bought Bishop's place you would not buy her place, but I told her you were going to make a gift to the community. You know Orange County is Republican but is slipping very fast since Roosevelt was elected President, and it needs a man like you up here, you could be the leader here, the democrats would be only too glad. The market players here in town all want me to get a tip from you when National Container on the Curb is going up. I did not know you were listed on the Exchange until the local stock exchange office mentioned it.

9/3/36
Del Monte Ranch
Reno, Nevada

Meola & Meola
Middletown, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

In regard to your ad in August issue Game Breeder, your client must be able to read English. I distinctly stated in my add in July issue of Game Breeder that my Quail Farm would be for sale in the event that Roosevelt was reelected.

You might advise your client that elections for President in this country do not take place until November, and no offers will be considered until then.

Furthermore, no matter who is elected, the Horse Shoe Quail Farm will not be sold to a New Dealer. I would rather give it away to one of my friends.

Yours truly,

J. T. Bishop

Meola & Meola, Realtors

Dear Mr. Kipnis: September 7, 1936

Well, Bishop was bluffing all right, just as you said. Here is his letter. He won't sell.

When you attend, by the way, the President's dinner, save me a little chicken wing.

Meola

Sept. 8, 1936

Meola & Meola, Realtors

Dear Mr. Kipnis:

The Game Breeder magazine wants another ad on Bishop. What do you think? Bishop's answer could go in the magazine with our comment this would be taken up again by all the papers. We have only a few days left to get it in, so will you please return Bishop's letter, also what you wrote about Roosevelt (which you read over the phone), this would be good material. After all Bishop back downed.

Meola

Meola & Meola, Realtors

Sept. 16, 1936

Dear Mr. Kipnis:

Enclosed news item about you and Bishop. He infers that you poisoned his quail. It's a good thing we never went down to look over his farm he then would charge that we did poison his birds -- that would be just too bad.

Game Breeder wants an answer. If you say the word, I could give Benedict Arnold Bishop an answer he would not forget.

Meola

September 28, 1936

Editor
New York Herald Tribune
230 West 41st Street
New York, New York

Dear Sir:

Upon my return from Texas, my attention was called to Mr. Julian T. Bishop's comment in the Herald Tribune of September 16th, about his quail farm, which, of course, is quite amusing.

I am still ready to purchase that Carolina quail farm for a reasonable price, regardless of whether I can shoot quail or anything else. And I am ready to make this purchase not because I want it as a summer place, - not because Mr. Roosevelt will be re-elected, nor because Mr. Landon will be defeated. I want to purchase this farm because I believe in the future of the United States, regardless of the election results.

Any reasonable buy, in my judgment, is good business.

If I get the farm, I intend to turn it over to some worthy community, or club, in the South, to do all the quail shooting it pleases. All that I would like is one shot quail as a momento.

I am ready and willing to purchase right now, at a reasonable figure. And to Mr. Bishop, I would like to say that while my ancestors did not come over on the Mayflower, I am as genuinely proud as he, if not more so, to be a citizen of the United States.

Cordially,

Samuel Kipnis

WESTERN UNION

Samuel Kipnis, President Jacksonville Fla. Nov. 4
National Container Corp.

Awaiting invitation quail hunt your North Carolina farm hurrah for Roosevelt -

Louis R. Fendig

Editor
World Telegram
125 Barclay Street
New York, N.Y.

November 6, 1936

Dear Sir:

In your last Wednesday issue of the World Telegram, I noticed a statement made by Mr. Julian T. Bishop, that he intends to live in Nevada because it is a tax-free state, and that he is desirous of selling his quail farm in North Carolina, because some of the Democrats there might take a pot shot at him, or his automobile (or his horse).

If Mr. Bishop changes his mind and is willing to sell his farm to a New Dealer, and I am proud to say I am one, I would still be waiting to purchase it, at a reasonable price of course.

I believe in the future of the United States more than ever before, because of the common sense used by most of the people in the last election.

If I should purchase this farm, before I turn it over to some worthy community or club in the Carolinas, I shall invite the whole Democratic National Committee down to shoot quail with me on the farm.

I am very happy to live in a state which is not tax-free, and am very happy to be able to pay taxes. A government cannot continue to function properly and look after its citizens unless those who are able to pay taxes are willing to pay.

Cordially,

Samuel Kipnis

November 6, 1936

Editor
Daily News
220 East 42nd Street
New York, New York

Dear Sir:

I have noted with great satisfaction, the statement made by Mr. Julian T. Bishop, that he will remain in the United States.

As stated by you in today's issue of the Daily News, "America still looks good to Julian T. Bishop". I believe that not only does it look good to him, but to a great many others who bragged about leaving this country if President Roosevelt was re-elected, and who are going to remain here.

I also noted in Mr. Bishop's statement, his willingness to sell his farm in North Carolina, becuase he is afraid that the Democrats in North Carolina will take a pot shot at him, or his car, (or his horse).

If he should change his mind about selling his farm to a New Dealer, and I am proud to say I am one, I would still be willing to purchase it, at a reasonable price of course.

I am very much elated over the results of the elections, and am more than ever convinced of the future of the United States, because of the common sense used by most of the people in the last election.

Cordially,

Samuel Kipnis

BRODIE G. HIGLEY
Attorney at Law

New York, N. Y.
Nov. 14, 1936

Mr. Samuel Kipnis
c/o National Container Corp.
Review Avenue
Long Island City, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Kipnis:

I have read with pleasure your offer to buy of Julian T. Bishop his Quail Farm, giving him the opportunity to make good his very much publicized statement, that if President Roosevelt was re-elected he would sell it. And I also noticed that you in addition to being will-

ing to pay for the Farm would furnish Mr. Bishop with a rapid transit means of transporting himself and his affections into another country. You certainly called the turn on him.

Bishop's type of citizenship can easily and comfortably expatriate themselves from our frontiers for boats, and trains are leaving regularly that are anxious to assist them in doing so for a small consideration.

I was particularly pleased with your statement about your having confidence in the U.S.A., and that you do not object to contributing your part toward the expenses the Government incurs in doing things for others as well as yourself. It is your kind of citizens who make the country worth what it is and will insure its continued progress in human ideals.

Your act in this instance should be commended by all good citizens, of whom I am one.

Yours sincerely,

Brodie G. Higley

November 23, 1936

Mr. Harry Goodwin, Managing Editor
The Home News
373 East 148th Street
New York City

My dear Mr. Goodwin:

My attention has been called to a recent editorial which appeared in the Home News, under the caption "His Neighbors Want Him Back."

I quote herewith one of the paragraphs: "Subsequently, Bishop received a very attractive offer for his quail farm, but there was one proviso in the offer which indicated that it was motivated by malice rather than by business judgment. The prospective purchaser made his offer contingent upon Bishop's agreement to buy a one-way ticket to Canada and to promise not to return to the United States."

I am very happy to inform you, if you have not been informed up to now through all the publicity given this matter, that I am the one who had confidence enough in the future of the United States, whether Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Landon were elected, to take up Mr. Bishop's offer. This offer was not contingent upon Mr. Bishop's agreement to buy a one-way ticket to Canada, but instead, my offer included the purchase of a one-way ticket to Canada free, as an inducement to him to sell and leave the country, since he was so dissatisfied here.

I should, therefore, appreciate your informing me what you meant when you stated that the offer was "motivated by malice rather than by business judgment."

Cordially,

Samuel Kipnis

THE HOME NEWS - Bronx and Manhattan
HIS NEIGHBORS WANT HIM BACK

Among those who felt more than a little foolish following the tremendous vote of confidence given President Roosevelt on Election Day, none needs sympathy more than Julian T. Bishop, stockbroker and quail farm operator.

When the election campaign had just begun, some months ago, Bishop announced that, in the event of Roosevelt's re-election, he would sell his quail farm near Carthage, N.C., and otherwise dispose of his holdings in this country, and then would move to Canada, where presumably he would not be living under the shadow of a dangerous bureaucracy.

Subsequently, Bishop received a very attractive offer for his quail farm, but there was one proviso in the offer which indicated that it was motivated by malice rather than by business judgment. The prospective purchaser made his offer contingent upon Bishop's agreement to buy a one-way ticket to Canada and to promise not to return to the United States.

Then came word from Canada where a high official explained that, since Bishop's grievance against the Roosevelt administration was based upon his contentions that taxes were too high, he would not be welcome in Canada. "We don't want any tax-dodgers from across the border," may not have been the exact words used by this official, but that was their meaning.

Last week, Broker Bishop discovered that, although he heartily disapproved of President Roosevelt, the vast majority of his fellow-citizens took a contrary view. They voted for Roosevelt as they had not, in many generations, voted for any other President. Perhaps it was because they had no quail farms. If the Republicans want to stage a come-back, they ought to forget the line about two chickens in every pot and provide each citizen with a quail farm.

Of course, we don't know whether having a quail farm inevitably induces anti-New Deal sentiments. As a matter of fact, having a very tall building is apt to be just as effective. Being a munitions manufacturer is even more certain to make one violently anti-New Deal. And it was not long ago that a Brooklyn family proved that possession of a poultry market could produce anti-New Deal bias, but perhaps we shouldn't mention that because, from last reports, they are sorry they brought their affairs into the Supreme Court.

But let's get back to Bishop. Immediately after Roosevelt's re-election, he was found residing in Nevada and happy to be there. No, he would not go to Canada. Oh yes, Nevada is a great State; very liberal and a great place to live, even if it IS part of the United States. The fact that it voted for Roosevelt against Bishop's better judgment didn't seem to count against it. It appears that Nevada is a fine place, even for one not looking for a divorce.

The last we heard about Broker Bishop is that the folk down near Carthage, N.C.,are not half as angry with him as he was with Roosevelt. The welcome sign is still out for Bishop if and when he tires of Nevada and decides to do a little quail shooting in the North Carolina woods. He's done it for twenty-five years and we dare say that, when the season arrives presently, he will have a strong inclination to return to his hunting lodge.

His Carolina neighbors have promised not to take any "pot shots" at him when he returns, but will he dare go back?

He still could find sanctuary in Maine or Vermont, with the

hope that he might smuggle himself across the line some night when the Canadian authorities aren't looking.

For he will have to do a lot of pride-swallowing before he can resume shooting quail in the carefree manner which, we dare say, was his before he began taking politics too seriously.

Mr. Harry Goodwin, Managing Editor
The Home News
373 East 148th Street
New York City

December 2, 1936

My dear Mr. Goodwin:

I enclose herewith, as per your request, a copy of the letter written you November 23rd.

I certainly am not asking you for any publicity, but I feel that you, as Managing Editor, should have enough responsibility to correct misinformation.

I should like to receive a reply from you.

Cordially,

Samuel Kipnis

THE HOME NEWS

Samuel Kipnis
National Container Corp.
Long Island City, L.I.

December 3, 1936

My dear Mr. Kipnis:

I have checked back on our editorial, under the caption, "His Neighbors Want Him Back," which appeared in The Home News a few weeks ago, and find that it was based upon press reports regarding an offer which Broker Julian T. Bishop received in response to his advertisement of his quail farm for sale. That offer undoubtedly is the one made by you, or on your behalf, but as we recall it, the news accounts had it that the offer was contingent upon Bishop's agreement to buy a one-way ticket to Canada and promise not to return to the United States.

Your statement, in your recent letter, that your offer included the purchase of a one-way airplane ticket to Canada, free, made it even more attractive than we had supposed.

We are willing, of course, to accept your assurance that you took up Bishop's offer because you had confidence in the future of the United States. And you were not alone in that confidence. Just the same, it is a little difficult to see wherein business judgment would be required in the purchase of a quail farm. As I understand it, Broker Bishop operated the quail farm not as a business, but as a retreat and a relief from his business endeavors which he implied had been arduous. He was a sportsman; he evidently operated the farm for sport rather than for profit.

Perhaps we overstated it somewhat when we referred to the readiness of your acceptance of Bishop's offer as being evidence of "amline". It came very close to that, however, for it showed him up and also showed up his viewing-with-alarm as being without foundation. Certainly, if we refer to it as malice, we also believe it entirely justified.

Sincerely yours,

P.S. Did you get a reply to your offer?

Nissan Wiesen



April 29, 1937

Dearest Dad,

When the policies of some corporation are to be formulated, the elder, usually the president, decides on certain ideas. He then gets the opinion of those under him, and with them chooses policies that will benefit them as a whole, for present and future.

A person's life can be likened to a corporation in that there, too, are policies that must be set. They should be chosen so that they benefit not only the individual himself, but those closely connected to him. They must be effective not only to do good for the present, but to guide the individual so that the future also will be good. These policies can be seen more clearly by an elder, and as in a corporation, he should suggest them for approval or modification by the other party.

Before a corporation comes into existence, some individuals must plan it out. They must determine what they are going to produce, how much it will cost them to set up the organization, and most important, if there will be any demand for their product when all is completed.

A person does similar things before he offers to sell his services. He spends many years in educating himself, thus preparing himself to offer his services.

For a corporation, though the venture be quite new, there usually can be found some clever executives to guide the business properly. And similarly the younger individual can find more experienced people to guide him.

Today, I find myself in the position of that individual I described before. I find myself having organized my business through these last twenty years, ready to put it into production.

This will be a new venture for me. There are policies to be set. There is guidance to be received. But I have been blessed. I have close to me that good executive advice that is vital to the success of my business.

So I come to you Dad, to ask you to be the president of my concern; for you to suggest which way I move.

If past performance is any criterion, I am positive that all the advice I will receive will be perfect, and that my business will be successful if only to say that I have for its president, you, Dad.

It is easy for a person to tell how well he thinks of someone else, but it is very difficult for a son to tell his father how proud he is of him. Writing makes it easier.

That is why I am writing you now. I'm proud of you, Dad. As a business man (and I have met quite a few of them in the last few years) I think you are tops. I mean that, Dad. You've got them all beat when it comes to clear, straight thinking. And I admire you for it. I have such profound respect for you in that you are truly a self made man. And yet I know I will understand more clearly how hard it is to carry the load yourself when I get a chance at it.

But more than that, Dad, if there was nothing else, I would be just as proud because as a father you are 100%. I think back to recollect that there was nothing, nothing at all which you didn't think good for me that I didn't get. For the devotion I received I always wanted to repay you, somehow, in some way, but I do not know how.

So for these two things, as a man, and as a father, I am proud of you Dad

So I say again, for my own good and the good of those about me, as though I was to start a small business, I would like you to be boss, and with us working together, always together, I can see a great future.

Your loving son,



April 29, 1937

Mr. Jerome Kipnis
225 West 106th Street
New York, New York

Dear Son:

Your letter of the 29th addressed to your "Dearest Dad", was received on the 29th, and is herewith acknowledged on the 29th.

I was delighted to read the contents of your letter, -- and under ordinary circumstances, would take plenty of time to consider the proposition you have put before me, but -- I have watched you grow up from Childhood, and although I have alway been a very busy man, always worked very hard to accomplish the task I have undertaken, -- which I deemed necessary for the forward movement of our Industry, and for the benefit of my Company, -- I never failed to observe your growth into Manhood.

It is true that we had a few controversies and disagreements. After all, being so closely related, one would expect an argument once in a while. And, of course, there is bound to be a difference of opinion between people who are aggressive and progressive.

I assure you that all my arguments with you, if we may call them such, were meant for the best.

It is true that one must plan for everything concerning one's future. But things do not always work out in accordance with plans. Sometimes it is opportunity. Take, for instance, my present opportunity to become the President of the firm of Kipnis & Kipnis. Who wouldn't be proud to have a young man like you associated with him as Executive Vice President and General Manager?

Yes, Son, your letter makes me more proud of you, and certainly makes me feel that my dream that one day in the near future, you will assume some of my duties and responsibilities, and eventually step into my shoes, is coming to a realization.

I am very happy to advise you that I accept your invitation to join your concern as President, to assist you in planning, and guiding your future moves.

I shall do my very best to deserve your complete confidence and help you make your future life a success in whichever way one measures success.

I close this letter with this statement: That our feelings are mutual, and that in spite of any disagreements between us, and differences of opinion -- as they may come up, -- you can count on my whole hearted cooperation, for now and ever.

I love and respect you.

Dad

No. 1552

COMMERCIAL TRUST COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY

Jersey City, N.J.

THE CHASE NATIONAL BANK

NEW YORK

1-74

19

PAY TO THE ORDER OF NATIONAL CONTAINER CORP. ---------- $ 2,385,000.0

TWO MILLION THREE HUNDRED EIGHTY FIVE THOUSAND & 00/10 ---------- DOLLARS

PRESIDENT

No. 1553

COMMERCIAL TRUST COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY

Jersey City, N.J.

THE CHASE NATIONAL BANK

NEW YORK

1-74

19

PAY TO THE ORDER OF NATIONAL CONTAINER CORP. ---------- $374,666.67

THREE HUNDRED SEVENTY FOUR THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED SIXTY SIX & 67/100 DOLLARS

PRESIDENT

THE CONTINENTAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

MAIN OFFICE NEW YORK 5-19-37

WE ARE CREDITING YOUR ACCOUNT WITH THE AMOUNT OF THE ITEMS DESCRIBED BELOW

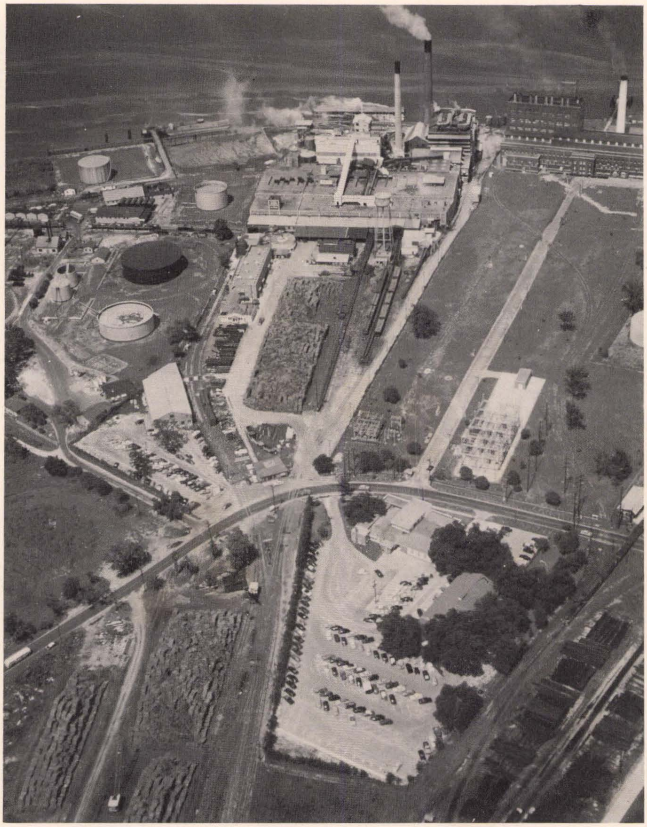
TRANSFER OF NEW YORK CLEARING HOUSE FUNDS FOR CREDIT TO THE ACCOUNT OF NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION CONSTRUCTION ACCOUNT BY ORDER OF A.W. PORTER INC.

COMMERCIAL TRUST COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY, JERSEY CITY, N.J.

875,000 00

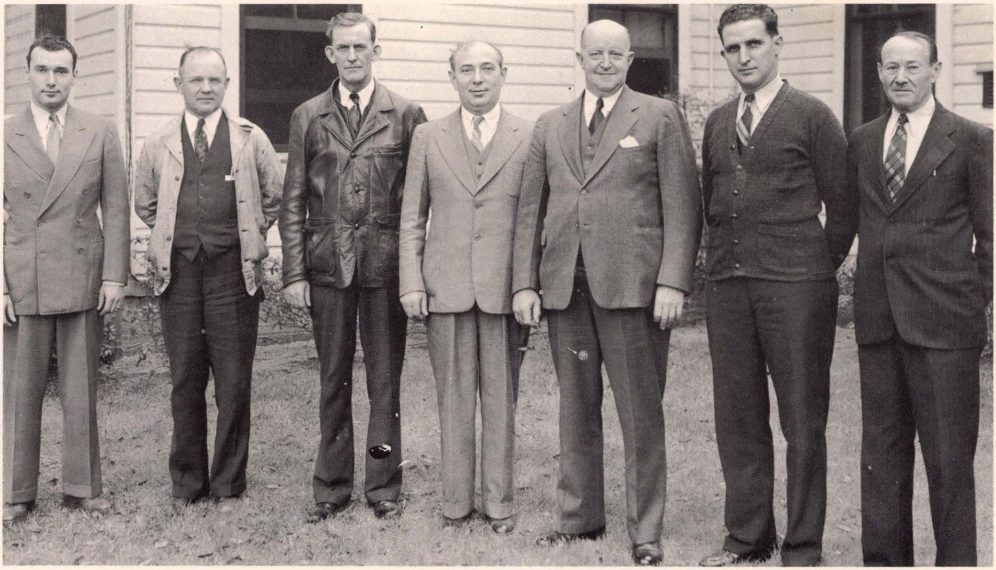
The Continental Bank & Trust Co





PRODUCTION
MANAGEMENT,

JACKSONVILLE
KRAFT
PULP & BOARD
MILL
1939







JACKSONVILLE MANAGEMENT
&
FIRST PICNIC
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, MILL





MAYOR LaGUARDIA - NEW YORK

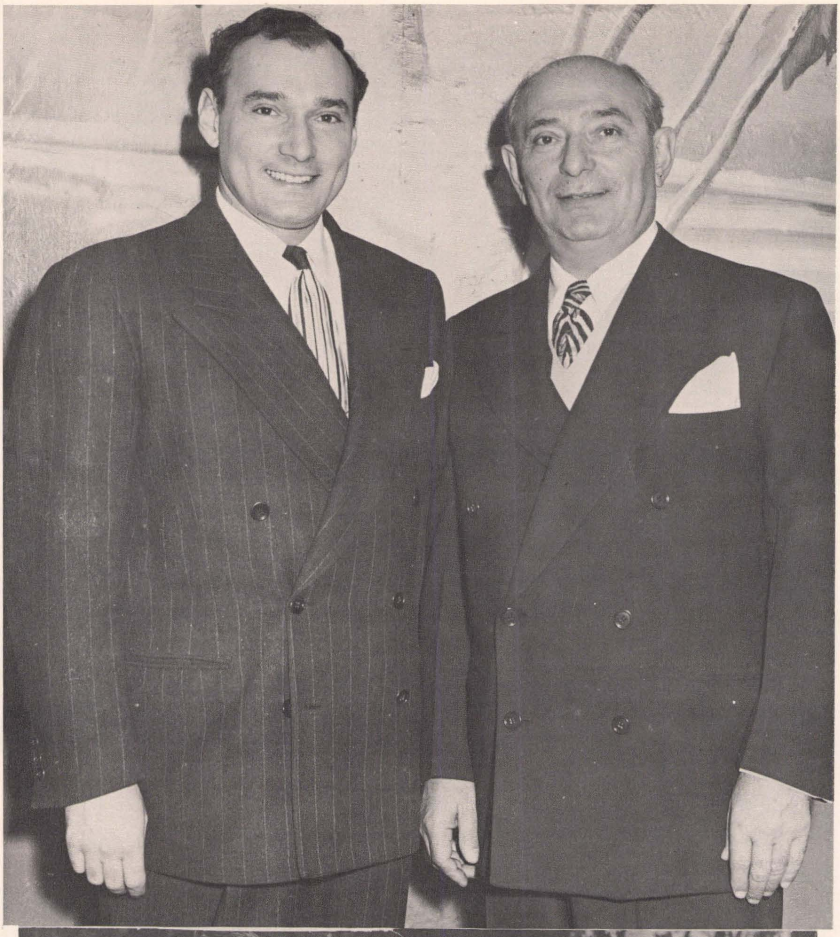
MAYOR BLUME - JACKSONVILLE
AT JACKSONVILLE AIRPORT
1940

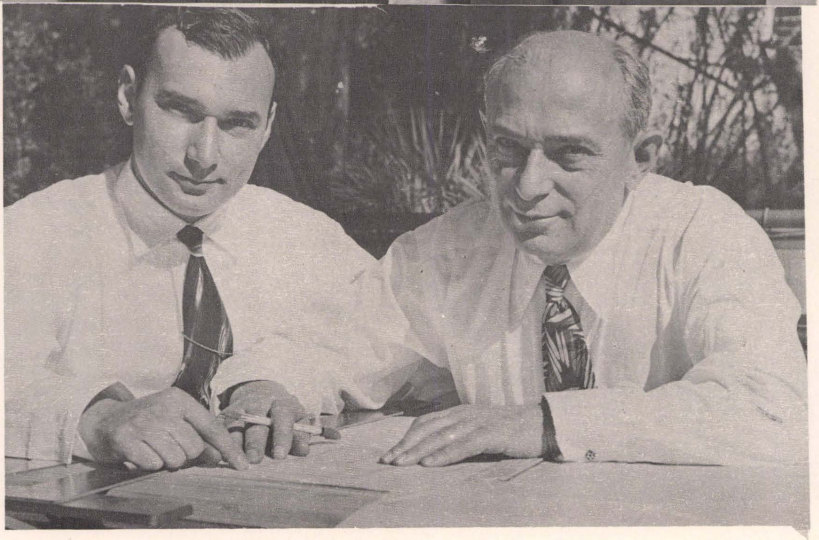


CALIFORNIA HERE WE ARE

1941 OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

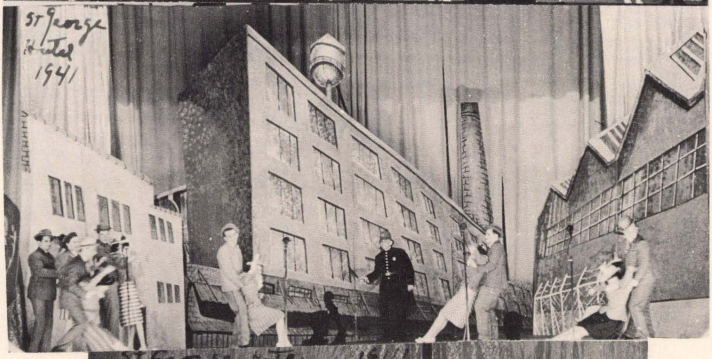




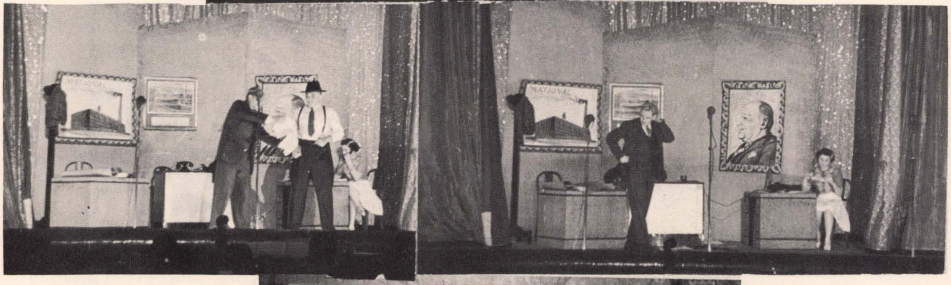


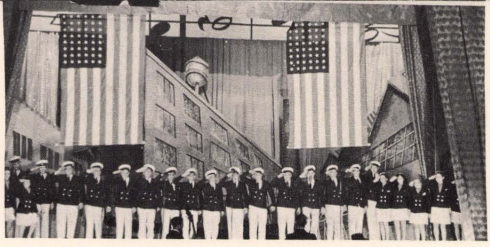
1941 CHRISTMAS PARTY N.C.C. "WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN" AND "THE SONG AND DANCE ACT" WAS WRITTEN, COMPOSED AND ACTED BY NATCONS TALENT.



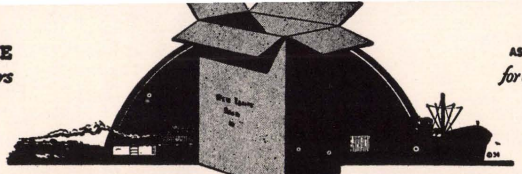








RUGATED
OLID FIBRE
ng Containers



BURLA
ASPHALT-COATED,
for Export & Domes

NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION
KRAFT PULP & BOARD DIVISION
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

I salute you Mr. Kipnis
And your happy busy life.
I am thankful you came to our city
To help us in our strife.
I can see that Nature blessed you
With a bright perpetual smile
And your eyes are full of sparkle
As you go the second mile.
No one has heard you whine
Nor complain of your work,
Though your tasks are colossal
You were never known to shirk.
Just in case in life's swift changes
Some of us may have to part,
I present to you this effort
Of the feeling in my heart.

September 7, 1942 Bill Corley

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And your happy busy life.
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To help us in our strife.
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Though your tasks are colossal
You were never known to shirk.
Just in case in life's swift changes
Some of us may have to part,
I present to you this effort
Of the feeling in my heart.

September 7, 1942 Bill Corley

WHAT A MAN IS HE !

It makes no difference
 If it's early or late
Plane, train or car
 West Coast, East Coast
Cold North or Warm South
 If it's near or far.

It's George, Dick or Al
 Harry, Vice or Fred
Lee, Joe or Ellen
 Les, Dan or Ed.

Kraft Pulp and Board
 Long Island or Northeastern
Corrugated Kraft, Anchor
 or Southern.

He is always there
 Sam Kipnis, our President
To suggest and cooperate
 And lend a helping hand.

He loves to work
 From place to place fly
All the girls love his genial way
 We all know why.

We all regret
 He is leaving to see Harry
And he won't be with us
 To celebrate and make merry.

The undersigned wish you
 Godspeed on your flight
Your continued success
 To our delight.

A Happy New Year
 We all wish it to be
Victory, Peace, and Happiness too
 What a man is he !

December 15, 1942

Wm. Hafleman Norman Dickson R. H. Stevens
Wm. M. Cary B. H. Buck Albert G. Edwards



LUNCHEON - NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION, WOMEN OFFICE EMPLOYEES, PAPER MILL AND BOX FACTORY, JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.
12-23-42

To Our President

SAMUEL KIPNIS

— THANKS —

FOR HIS UNTIRING EFFORTS IN BEHALF OF
OUR COMPANY

NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION

- AND -

CONGRATULATIONS

TO HIM ON THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT OF HIS CAREER
CULMINATING IN THE LISTING OF OUR COMPANY SHARES
ON THE

— BIG BOARD —

THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

- AS OF AUGUST 22ND 1943 -

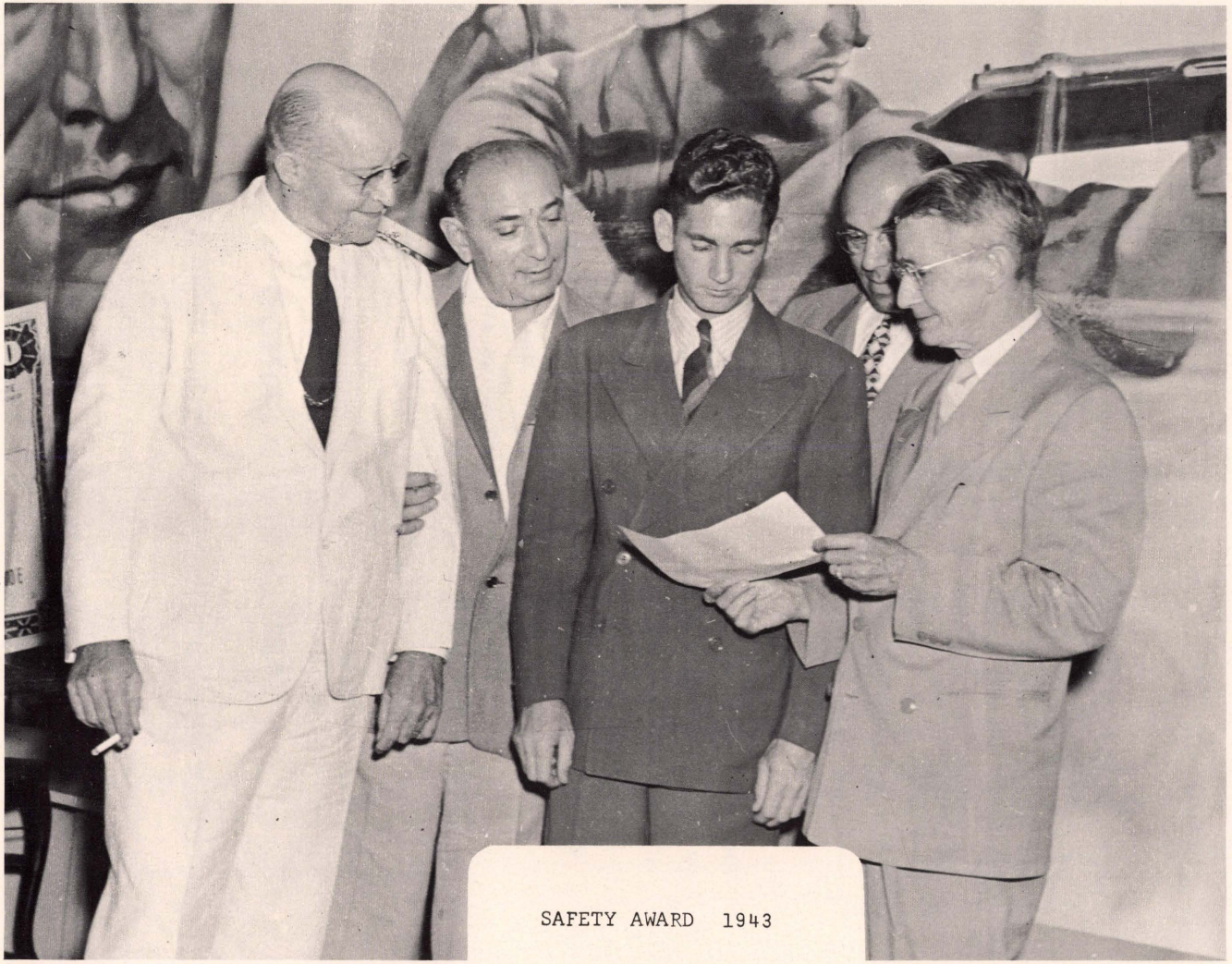
OF WHICH WE ARE ALL MOST PROUD

MAY IT BE BUT THE BEGINNING OF A NEW SERIES OF EVENTS WHICH WILL RESULT IN OUR COMPANY MAINTAINING ITS ENVIABLE POSITION IN OUR INDUSTRY UNDER HIS ABLE LEADERSHIP IN THE FUTURE AS IN THE PAST. GOOD LUCK – GOOD HEALTH AND BEST WISHES FROM –

[illegible]	Wm M Cary	Albert H. Edwards
Guy M. Wesley	B. H. Buck	Robert H. Stevens
Lewis E. Staley	Norman Dickson	M. L. Garman
A. B. Wells	L. F. Eabridge, Jr.	W. R. Talbut
	R. C. Richter	Leonce J. Hebert
Glenn Robby	[illegible]	[illegible]
C. J. Brumfield	D. J. Britt Jr.	Floyd J. Clark
W. H. Swindell	Alfred L. Folse	N. C. Hayes
W. B. Hobbs	Layton Smith	L. L. McLeod

PRESENTED TO MR. SAMUEL KIPNIS AT A GET-TOGETHER SUPPER HELD AT THE HOTEL SEMINOLE – JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

AUGUST 16TH 1943.



SAFETY AWARD 1943



ROPE DRIVE 1943

MAYOR JOHN ALSOP, CHAIRMAN

CORRUGATED
and SOLID FIBRE
Shipping Containers

BURLABOX
ASPHALT-COATED, BURLAP-LINED
for Export & Domestic Shipping

NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION

TELEPHONE IRONSIDES 6-8000
LONG ISLAND CITY • NEW YORK

August 1, 1940

Mr. Samuel Kipnis, President
National Container Corporation
Jacksonville, Florida

Dear Sam:

Your absence from the Directors' meeting today gives us the chance to tell you something we have wanted to tell you for a long time but couldn't, face to face, for we'd have made you blush.

We want you to know how much all of us appreciate the extraordinary zeal, unbounding effort, and overwhelming drive that you are expending for the Company.

Although it is difficult to be too articulate, we are sure you must sense our admiration and appreciation.

May your accomplishments bring you pleasure as well as meritorious results!

With the deepest respect and most cordial feeling from all your colleague Directors,

Louis Rosenfeld

Louis Rosenfeld, Chairman of the Board

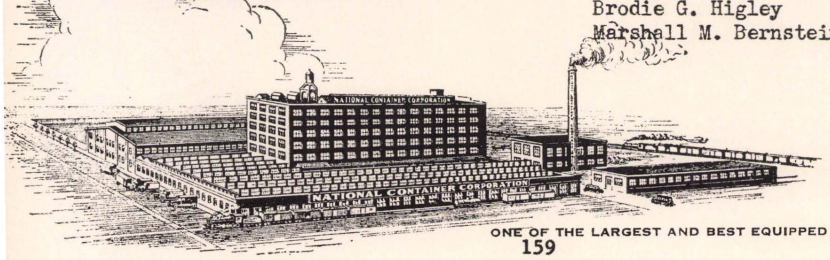
- For -

Harry Ginsberg
Albert H. Edwards
Alexander C. Herman
Joseph W. Quarte
Lionel M. Goldberg
Brodie G. Higley
Marshall M. Bernstein

Attested by:

Abraham Herman

Abraham Herman, Secretary



ONE OF THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED PLANTS

Paper Container Industrial Salvage Committee

NEW YORK AREA

IN CONJUNCTION WITH

THE WAR PRODUCTION BOARD

AWARDS THIS CERTIFICATE

TO

Samuel Kipnis

OF THE

National Container Corp.

FOR PATRIOTIC SERVICES RENDERED IN BEHALF OF THE

WAR SALVAGE PROGRAM

Samuel Kipnis
Industry Chairman

W. Thomas Hoyt
For the War Production Board

160

Florida Salvage Committee

Certificate for Patriotic Service

AWARDED TO Samuel Kipnis

In recognition of service rendered the State of Florida and the United States by cooperating with and participating in the efforts of the Florida Salvage Committee

The National Salvage Program affords the opportunity for every loyal civilian to contribute essential materials for the implements of war needed by our soldiers on the fighting fronts.

Governor

Chairman Florida Committee

W.P.B. State Salvage Manager



INDUSTRIAL SALVAGE COMMITTEE FOR GREATER NEW YORK

Under Direction of the War Production Board

This Citation is Awarded to

Samuel Kipnis CHAIRMAN
Container Industry

For Patriotic Services Rendered

in Behalf of the War Salvage Program

Rolland J. Hamilton CHAIRMAN

Walter Mack jr. VICE CHAIRMAN



Citation for Meritorious Service

is hereby awarded to

Samuel Kipnis

in behalf of those in our Country's service, our valiant Allies, and our vital war services at home, for an outstanding contribution to the 1944 New York War Fund Campaign

Division Chairman

Campaign Chairman



DINNER HONORING
MR. SAMUEL KIPNIS
15 YEARS AS PRESIDENT OF
NATIONAL CONTAINER CORP.
HOTEL COMMODORE JAN. 5, 1944

4654

CONGRATULATIONS

TO

SAMUEL KIPNIS

ON

FEBRUARY 10, 1944

IT'S NOT JUST A LOT OF APPLE SAUCE
WHEN WE SAY HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO OUR BOSS!
YOU'RE TOPS WITH ALL OF US, S. K.
THAT'S WHY WE FEEL TOWARD YOU THIS WAY.

AS YOU CONTINUE IN LIFE AND WEND YOUR WAY,
MAY THE MAGIC WAND OF LUCK NE'ER LEAVE YOU A DAY.
AND SO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS WE WISH FOR YOU
EACH DAY, THIS YEAR, AND A HUNDRED MORE TOO!

SOME OF YOUR JACKSONVILLE ADMIRERS.

R H Taftman
A. B. Wells
Fern Wenzig
Bertha T. Bishop
Arthur R. Cohn
Mildred Read
Francis Adams
Velma W. Taylor
Sybil L. Reid
Lorena Richey
Rudolph C. Richter
W B Hobbe Jr.
B. H. Buck
Norman Dienson
R. H. Stevens
W. C. Hayes
Raymond McCormick
P. L. Patridge, Jr.
C. W. Wilkins
P. J. Bruenfeld
Floyd F. Clark, Jr.
Chas. P. Gregg
A. False

Albert S. Edwards
Louise Lorimier
Marion V. Little
Naomi Duffy
J. M. McDonald
Jim McCary
Inez Sparkman
Roberta Dedmon
Glenn Nabby
D. J. Brett Jr.
Helen E. Merkel
Ruth Gibson
Tom McCloud
Laydon Smith
Gladys Walker
Mary H. Gove
H. I. Morris
Belle Corley
J. A. Woods
Guy N. Wesley
Louis E. Swaley
W. H. Swindell
[illegible]

Marjorie Clifford
W. R. Talbert
Arthur Winningham
R. G. Nevins
Lillian Watson
Lucille Schaper

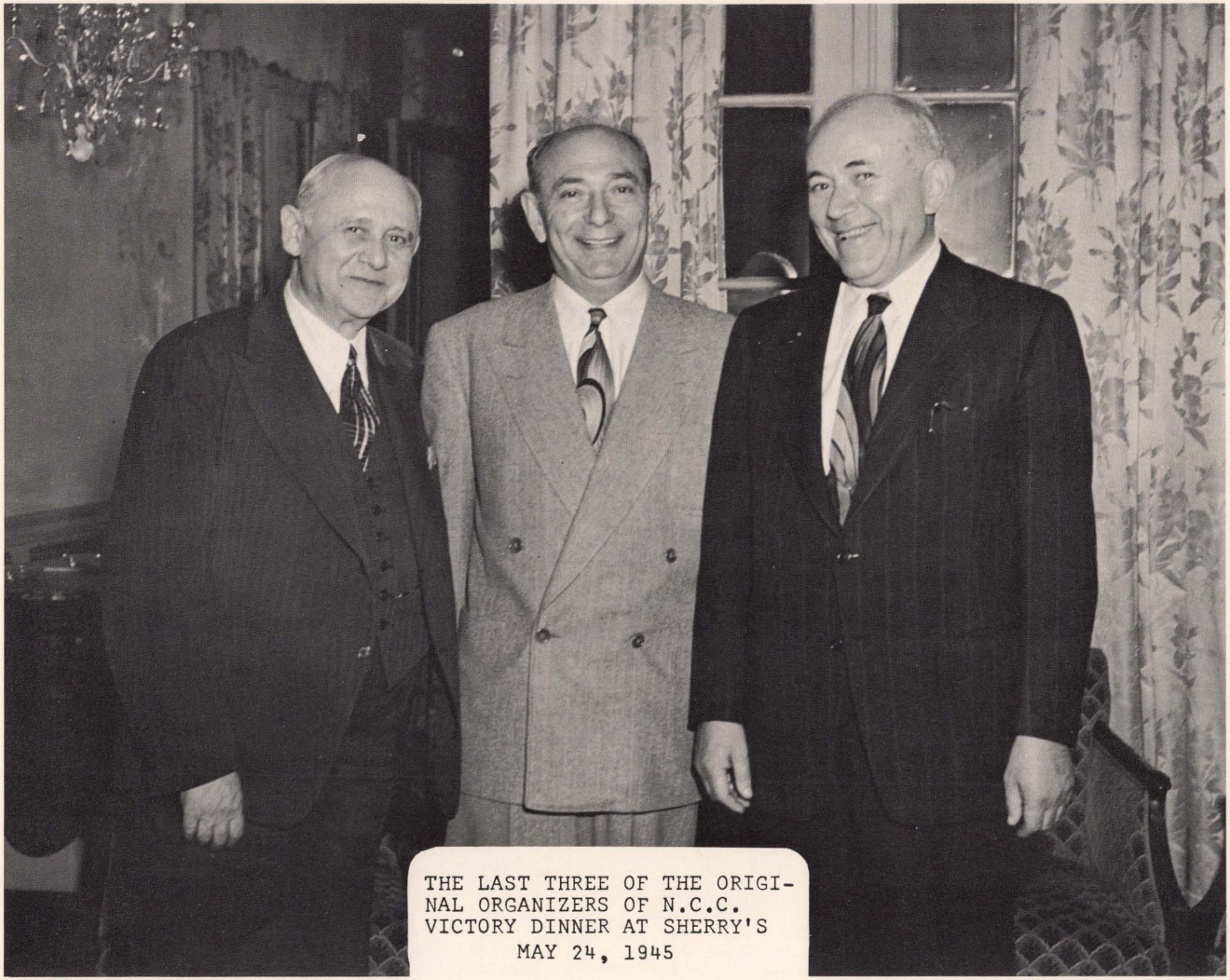


MAY 24, 1945 CELEBRATING OUR VICTORY IN THE FLORIDA SUPREME COURT WHO DECIDED IN FAVOR OF N.C.C. AND AGAINST ALL THOSE THAT SUED IT, INCLUDING THE CITY OF JACKSONVILLE.



NATIONAL CONTAINER DIRECTORS

AT SHERRY'S
MAY 24, 1945



THE LAST THREE OF THE ORIGINAL ORGANIZERS OF N.C.C. VICTORY DINNER AT SHERRY'S MAY 24, 1945



JACKSONVILLE MILL MANAGEMENT
AT VICTORY DINNER MAY 24,1945
AT SHERRY'S

VAN ALSTYNE, NOEL & CO.

MEMBERS
NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
NEW YORK CURB EXCHANGE

TELEPHONE
BOWLING GREEN 9-3010

52 WALL STREET

CABLE ADDRESS
"VANOELBA"

NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

July 30, 1945

Mr. Samuel Kipnis, President
National Container Corporation
Review Avenue
Long Island City, N. Y.

Dear Sam:

The very successful conclusion of the offering of 100,000 shares of National Container Corporation 4 3/4% Convertible Preferred Stock is now another milestone in the march of progress of your very excellent company. The reception which the investment banking fraternity of the United States accorded this offering is indeed a tribute to the management of the National Container Corporation and an indication of the high standing of its securities in the minds of the investment dealers.

For your information, 77 dealers throughout the United States participated in the distribution of these shares and many more would have participated had the stock been available. It is interesting to note that investment dealers having their home office in the following 19 states constituted the distributors:

New York
North Carolina
California
Georgia
Missouri
Pennsylvania
District of Columbia
Illinois
Colorado
Tennessee
Maryland
Ohio
Louisiana
Connecticut
Indiana
New Jersey
Virginia
Massachusetts
Delaware

Many of these dealers have representatives in adjoining states, hence the distribution is even wider than indicated. This will be evidenced by the transfer sheets after the delivery date on August 1st.

I merely wanted you and your associates to share the great satisfaction that the offering of these securities has brought to Van Alstyne, Noel & Co. and the satisfied dealers throughout the country who participated.

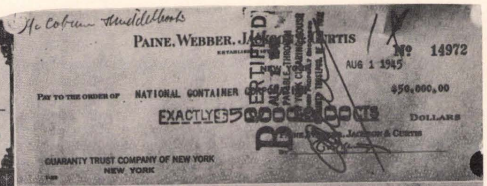
My sincerest regards.

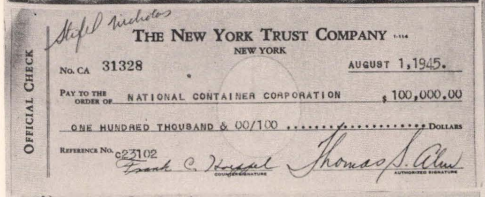
Yours very truly,

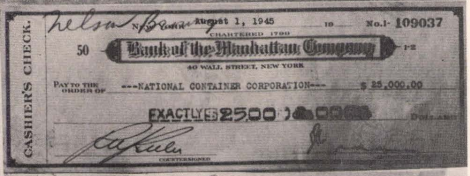
R. C. Noel

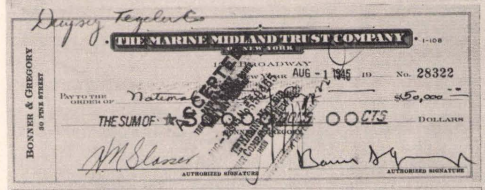
RCN:akd

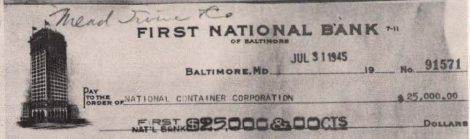

OFFICIAL CHECKS
NEW YORK AUGUST 1, 1945 No. 107378 -SEC-55
MANUFACTURERS TRUST COMPANY 1-30
PAY TO THE ORDER OF NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION $ 25,000.00
25000 00
DOLLARS
Woodfield Hoyt
Authorized Signature


PAINE, WEBBER, JACKSON & CURTIS
No 14972
AUG 1 1945
PAY TO THE ORDER OF NATIONAL CONTAINER
$50,000.00
EXACTLY 50000 00 CTS
DOLLARS
GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK
NEW YORK

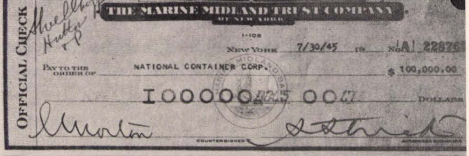

OFFICIAL CHECK
THE NEW YORK TRUST COMPANY 1-114
NEW YORK
No. CA 31328 AUGUST 1, 1945.
PAY TO THE ORDER OF NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION $ 100,000.00
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND & 00/100 DOLLARS
Reference No. C231102
Thomas S. Allen
Authorized Signature

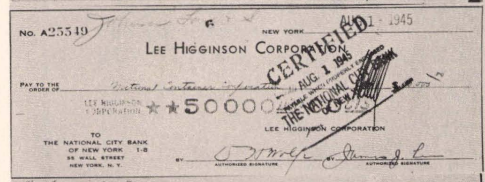

CASHIER'S CHECK
August 1, 1945 No. 109037
50 Bank of the Manhattan Company 1-2
40 WALL STREET, NEW YORK
PAY TO THE ORDER OF ---NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION--- $ 25,000.00
EXACTLY 25000 00
DOLLARS


BONNER & GREGORY
80 FOX STREET
THE MARINE MIDLAND TRUST COMPANY
OF NEW YORK 1-108
AUG 1 1945
No. 28322
PAY TO THE ORDER OF National Container Corporation $50,000
THE SUM OF $ 50000 00 CTS
DOLLARS
J.M. Glosser
Authorized Signature
Authorized Signature

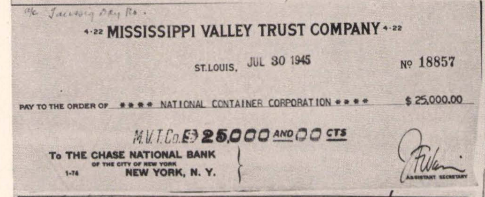

Mead Paper Co
FIRST NATIONAL BANK 7-11
OF BALTIMORE
JUL 31 1945
BALTIMORE, MD. 19 No. 91571
PAY TO THE ORDER OF NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION $ 25,000.00
FIRST NATL BANK $25,000 & 00 CTS
DOLLARS
To NEW YORK TRUST COMPANY
1-114 NEW YORK, N. Y.
Asst. Cashier


E. W. CLUCAS & CO.
70 FOX STREET
NEW YORK 19 No. A 05161
THE CHASE NATIONAL BANK 1-74
PAY TO THE ORDER OF $ 62500 00
I62500 00 CTS
DOLLARS
E. W. CLUCAS & CO.
Harry J. Mule

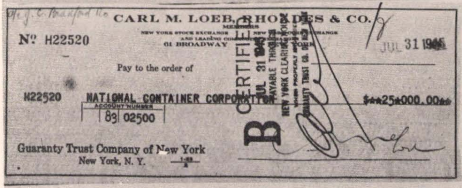

OFFICIAL CHECK
THE MARINE MIDLAND TRUST COMPANY
OF NEW YORK
1-108
NEW YORK 7/30/45 19 No. A 22875
PAY TO THE ORDER OF NATIONAL CONTAINER CORP.
$ 100,000.00
I00000 00 CTS
DOLLARS


No. A25549
NEW YORK 1945
LEE HIGGINSON CORPORATION
CERTIFIED
AUG 1 1945
THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK
PAY TO THE ORDER OF
50000 00
TO THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK 1-8 55 WALL STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.
LEE HIGGINSON CORPORATION
BY
AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE
AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE

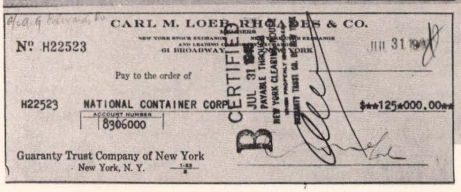

Treasurer's Check
Guaranty Trust Company of New York
TRUST CUSTODY DIVISION
New York AUG 1 1945 No C 92432
Pay to the order of National Container Corporation $125,000.00
GUARANTY TRUST CO. $125,000 & 00 CTS
Dollars
Countersigned
Authorized Signature

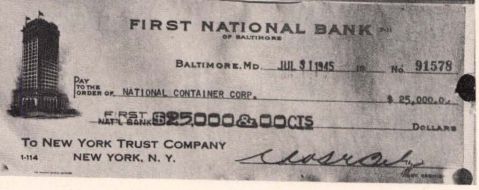

4-22 MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST COMPANY 4-22
ST. LOUIS, JUL 30 1945 No 18857
PAY TO THE ORDER OF **** NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION **** $ 25,000.00
M.V.T.Co. $25,000 AND 00 CTS
To THE CHASE NATIONAL BANK
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
1-74 NEW YORK, N. Y.
ASSISTANT SECRETARY

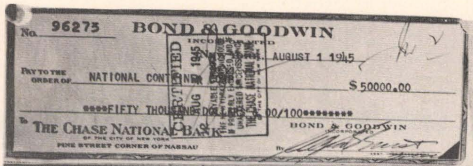

BONNER & GREGORY
80 FOX STREET
THE MARINE MIDLAND TRUST COMPANY
OF NEW YORK 1-108
PAY TO THE ORDER OF
THE SUM OF $ 25000 00 CTS
J.M. Glosser
AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE

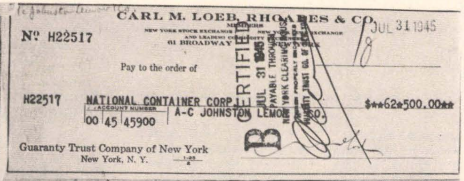

CARL M. LOEB, RHOADES & CO.
No H22520
JUL 31 1945
Pay to the order of
H22520 NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION $ 25,000.00
ACCOUNT NUMBER 89 02500
Guaranty Trust Company of New York
New York, N. Y.
CERTIFIED
JUL 31 1945
GUARANTY TRUST CO. OF NEW YORK

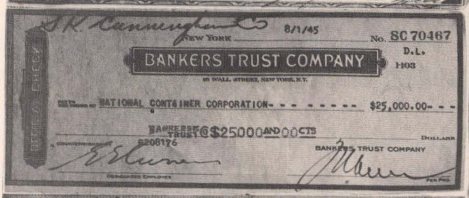

STARKWEATHER & CO.
111 BROADWAY
PAY TO THE ORDER OF NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION
STARKWEATHER & CO. $100,000.00 cts
DOLLARS
To THE CHASE NATIONAL BANK
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
PINE STREET CORNER OF NASSAU
CERTIFIED
AUG 1 1945
GUARANTY TRUST CO. OF NEW YORK

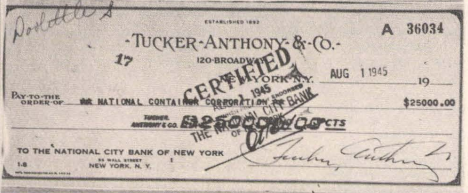

CARL M. LOEB, RHOADES & CO.
No H22523
JUL 31 1945
Pay to the order of
H22523 NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION $ 125,000.00
ACCOUNT NUMBER 8306000
Guaranty Trust Company of New York
New York, N. Y.
CERTIFIED
JUL 31 1945
GUARANTY TRUST CO. OF NEW YORK

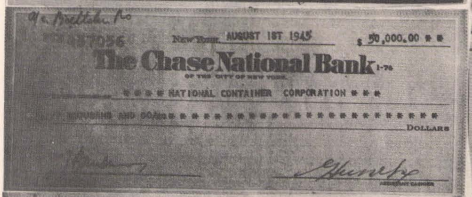

FIRST NATIONAL BANK 7-11
OF BALTIMORE
BALTIMORE, MD. JUL 31 1945 19 No. 91578
PAY TO THE ORDER OF NATIONAL CONTAINER CORP.
$ 25,000.00
FIRST NATL BANK $25,000 & 00 CTS
DOLLARS
To NEW YORK TRUST COMPANY
1-114 NEW YORK, N. Y.
ASST. CASHIER


No. 96275 BOND & GOODWIN INCORPORATED AUGUST 1 1945 Pay to the order of NATIONAL CONTAINER CORP. $50000.00 FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS 00/100 To THE CHASE NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK PINE STREET CORNER OF NASSAU BOND & GOODWIN

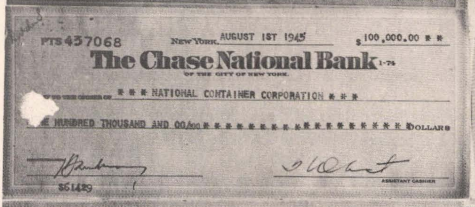

CARL M. LOEB, RHOADES & CO. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE AND 61 BROADWAY JUL 31 1945 Nº H22517 Pay to the order of H22517 NATIONAL CONTAINER CORP. A-C JOHNSTON LEMON CO. $62,500.00 Guaranty Trust Company of New York New York, N. Y. CERTIFIED JUL 31 1945 BANK CLEARING HOUSE


S. R. Cunningham New York 8/1/45 No. SC 70467 BANKERS TRUST COMPANY 16 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. Pay to the order of NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION $25,000.00 Twenty-five thousand and 00 CTS DOLLARS BANKERS TRUST COMPANY

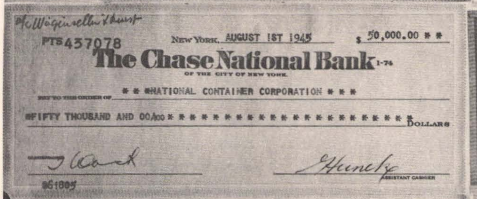

TUCKER-ANTHONY & CO. 120 BROADWAY NEW YORK, N.Y. AUG 1 1945 A 36034 Pay to the order of NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION $25000.00 CERTIFIED AUG 1 1945 THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK TO THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK 55 WALL STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.


PTS 437056 New York AUGUST 1ST 1945 $ 50,000.00 The Chase National Bank OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK 1-76 NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION DOLLARS

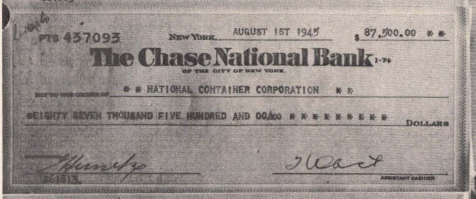

FREDERICK S. ROBINSON & CO. 52 WILLIAM STREET THE MARINE MIDLAND TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK 120 BROADWAY NEW YORK AUG 1 1945 No. 2064 Pay to the order of NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION $25,000.00 The sum of Twenty-five thousand and 00 CTS DOLLARS ACCEPTED FREDERICK S. ROBINSON & CO. INC. AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE

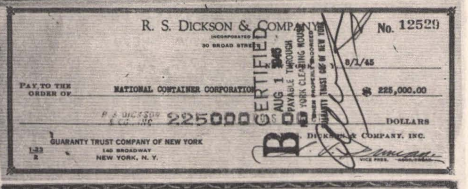

PTS 437068 New York AUGUST 1ST 1945 $ 100,000.00 The Chase National Bank OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK 1-76 NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND AND 00/100 DOLLARS 851429

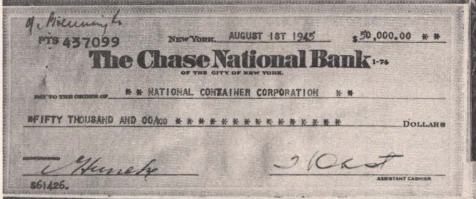

COHU & TORREY THE MARINE MIDLAND TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK 120 BROADWAY NEW YORK AUG 1 1945 No. F 2320 Pay to the order of National Container Corporation $100,000.00 The Sum of $100,000.00 DOLLARS ACCEPTED COHU & TORREY ATTORNEY

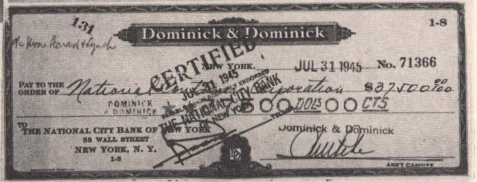

PTS 437078 New York AUGUST 1ST 1945 $ 50,000.00 The Chase National Bank OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK 1-76 NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION FIFTY THOUSAND AND 00/100 DOLLARS 851084

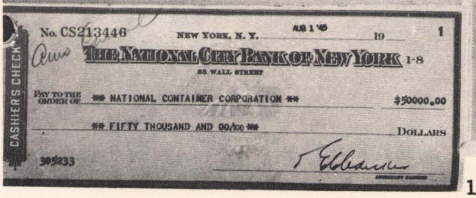

VAN ALSTYNE, NOEL & CO. THE MARINE MIDLAND TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK AUG 1 1945 No. 15354 Pay to the order of National Container Corporation $37,500.00 The Sum of $37,500.00 DOLLARS ACCEPTED VAN ALSTYNE, NOEL & CO. ATTORNEY


PTS 437093 New York AUGUST 1ST 1945 $ 87,500.00 The Chase National Bank OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK 1-76 NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION EIGHTY SEVEN THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND 00/100 DOLLARS 851013


R. S. DICKSON & COMPANY, INC. INCORPORATED 30 BROAD STREET No. 12529 8/1/45 Pay to the order of NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION $ 225,000.00 R. S. DICKSON & CO. INC. 225000 DOLLARS GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK 140 BROADWAY NEW YORK, N. Y. CERTIFIED AUG 1 1945 BANK CLEARING HOUSE DICKSON & COMPANY, INC.


PTS 437099 New York AUGUST 1ST 1945 $ 50,000.00 The Chase National Bank OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK 1-76 NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION FIFTY THOUSAND AND 00/100 DOLLARS 851426


Dominick & Dominick 1-8 NEW YORK JUL 31 1945 No. 71366 Pay to the order of National Container Corporation $37500.00 37500 00 CTS DOMINICK & DOMINICK CERTIFIED JUL 31 1945 THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK 55 WALL STREET NEW YORK, N. Y. Dominick & Dominick ASST. CASHIER


No. CS213446 NEW YORK, N. Y. AUG 1 '45 1 THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK 1-8 55 WALL STREET CASHIER'S CHECK Pay to the order of NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION $50000.00 FIFTY THOUSAND AND 00/100 DOLLARS 305233


PTS 437145 New York AUGUST 1ST 1945 $ 150,000.00 The Chase National Bank OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK 1-76 NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION ONE HUNDRED FIFTY THOUSAND AND 00/100 DOLLARS 851013

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

MRS. JOHN O. WILSON — PRESIDENT
MRS. GRANVILLE E. BATEY, JR. — FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT
MRS. ROBERT B. MCIVER — SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT
MRS. E. W. MITCHELL — THIRD VICE-PRESIDENT
MRS. RAY V. SOWERS — RECORDING SECRETARY
MRS. GEORGE W. CARTER — CORRESPONDING SECRETARY
MRS. J. LEROY DART — TREASURER
MRS. GUY A. KENIMER — FINANCE CHAIRMAN

MRS. WM. R. BARNETT
MRS. DAVID E. BOWERS
MRS. FRED COBB
MRS. M. A. DEMOREST
MRS. EDWARD DWELLE
MRS. CARMEN EDWARDS
MRS. MARC L. FLEISHEL
MRS. HARRY GRAY
MRS. GEORGE F. HART
MRS. ALBERT C. HOLT
MRS. L. CONE HOLLOWAY
MRS. G. C. ILLINGWORTH
MRS. ARTHUR G. IVEY
MRS. FRED H. KENT
MRS. JAMES BRIGHT LEE
MRS. JOHN O. LEWIS
MRS. W. WORTH REED
MRS. FRANK L. ROGERS
MISS MILDRED SEALS
MRS. RONALD S. SLYE
MRS. CARL SWISHER
MRS. OLIN E. WATTS

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
MISS NELLE ANSLEY

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
of Jacksonville, Florida

MEMBER OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

130 W. MONROE STREET TELEPHONE 5-0112 JACKSONVILLE 2, FLORIDA

November 26, 1946

Mr. Samuel Kipnis
National Container Corporation
4300 Talleyrand Avenue
Jacksonville, Florida

Dear Mr. Kipnis:

It was with a great deal of interest and, may I add, unqualified joy and happiness that we read in Saturday's Journal of your gift of a swiming pool to the new building for the Y.M.C.A. and the statement that you would do your share for the Young Women's Christian Association for its' new building.

Hundreds of girls over the weekend have enthusiastically talked about your fine gift and are looking forward to the swiming pool in the new Y.W.C.A. I wonder if you fine citizens who do so much for the people of our city in the way of large gifts like these fully realize how very appreciative we folks are. The boys and girls and the young men and women of Jacksonville will be thankful to you and the members of your corporation in the years to come because you have made these gifts to them.

On behalf of the Young Women's Christian Association we do want to express to you, to Mr. Edwards, to Mr. Laftman, and to Mr. J. L. Kipnis our very deep appreciation.

The Y.W.C.A. is having its' new building campaign early in 1947.

Sincerely,

Nelle Ansley

Nelle Ansley,
Executive Director

NA:am

FRANK W. SHERMAN, PRESIDENT | B. D. FINCANNON, FIRST VICE PRESIDENT | RONALD S. SLYE, SECOND VICE PRESIDENT | E. H. BERTSCHI, SECRETARY | W. AUSTIN SMITH, ASST. SECRETARY | W. R. BARNETT, TREASURER | ODIS B. HINNANT, GENERAL SECRETARY

Jacksonville Youth Memorial

Y.M.C.A. BUILDING FUND CAMPAIGN

CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS — ARAGON HOTEL LOBBY
POST OFFICE BOX 1198 — TELEPHONES 5-1439 - 5-1567
JACKSONVILLE 1, FLORIDA

November 29, 1946

Mr. Samuel Kipnis, President
National Container Corporation
4300 Talleyrand Avenue
Jacksonville, Florida

Dear Mr. Kipnis:

All of us have much for which to be thankful, but those of us responsible for the execution of the Y.M.C.A. Building Fund Campaign are endebted to you and your fine organization for your memorial gift which dedicates the swimming pool in the new Y.M.C.A. Memorial Building.

You have taken rightful pride in the World War heroes of the National Container Corporation and have established a fine symbol of gratitude to their sacrifice and devotion. This memorial will keep alive their heroic deeds and inspire the thoughts and actions of tomorrow's leaders.

I am sure the entire community is thankful for such citizens as you, and our Board of Directors wish to express deep appreciation for the vision that you have in the future of Jacksonville. To this, I wish to add my own personal thanks to the National Container Corporation and its officials for their faith in our program.

Sincerely yours,

Ronald S. Slye

Ronald S. Slye
General Chairman

RSS:jwr

SERVING WITH YOUTH THROUGHOUT THE WORLD — Y·M·C·A

"LET US RISE UP AND BUILD"

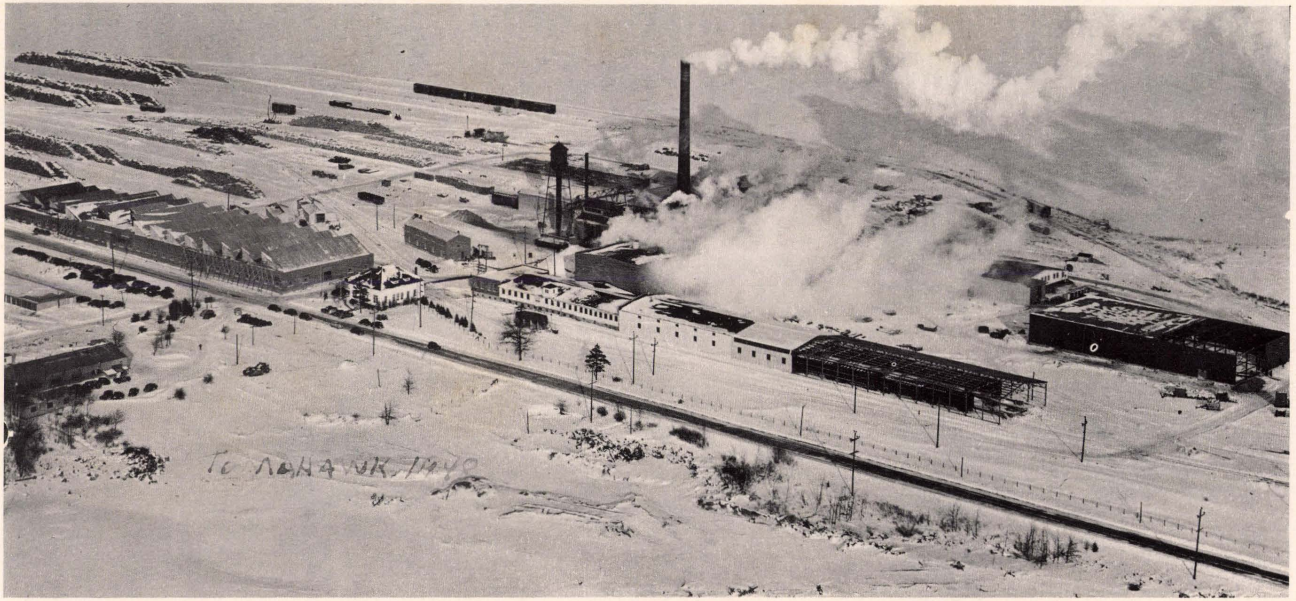


Annual Dinner
Directors and Guest
National Container Corp.
June 23, 1947



Container Check Aids School Budget September 1947

Samuel Kipnis presents Mayor Smith with check to help finance the local school budget at a dinner meeting at the Container Home. Others at the table are Don Dieke, Marshall Bernstein, Harry Ginsberg and George Richard.



TOMAHAWK
PAPER MILL
AND BOX
SHOP 1947

"There is no new thing to be said of Samuel Kipnis. As there is no new thing to be said of the mountains, or of the sea, or of the stars. The years go their way -- but the same mountains lift their granite shoulders above the drifting clouds, and the same mysterious sea beats upon the shore, and the same silent stars keep holy vigil above a tired world." -- And so with you. Your vigor and spirit is a sea of steadfast purpose and of service just going on and on.

The years roll by but your youth seems to increase with age.

Therefore, as you continue to offer your mind and heart to build a better National Container Corporation, we want to offer our congratulations and best wishes to you on your birthday. Like Peter Pan you will never grow old as far as we are concerned.

We all look forward to many more years of friendly and happy association.

Sincerely,

From Florida
in the deep South
February 13th, 1948



National Container Home

Second Avenue - Tomahawk, Wisconsin March 9, 1948



Company Party - April, 1948

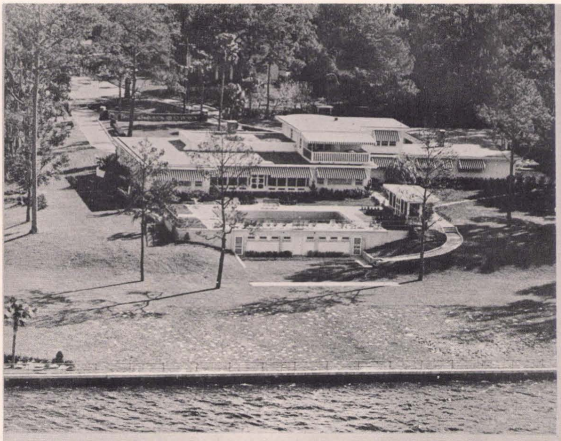
National Container officials from various branches attended the party: R V St Amant, Tomahawk Timber Co; L T Moore, Chicago, Lester Edwards, Bradford, Pa; T SDvorak, M T & W; C G McLaren; H L Fitze; E W Lewis, Newton Cuneo, Ontonagon; and C E Stoke.

April 4, 1948



RUBINOFF IN SK's HOME
IN JACKSONVILLE

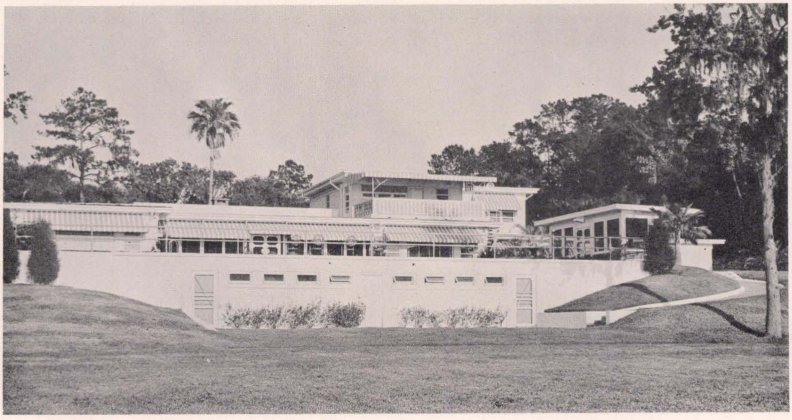
1948

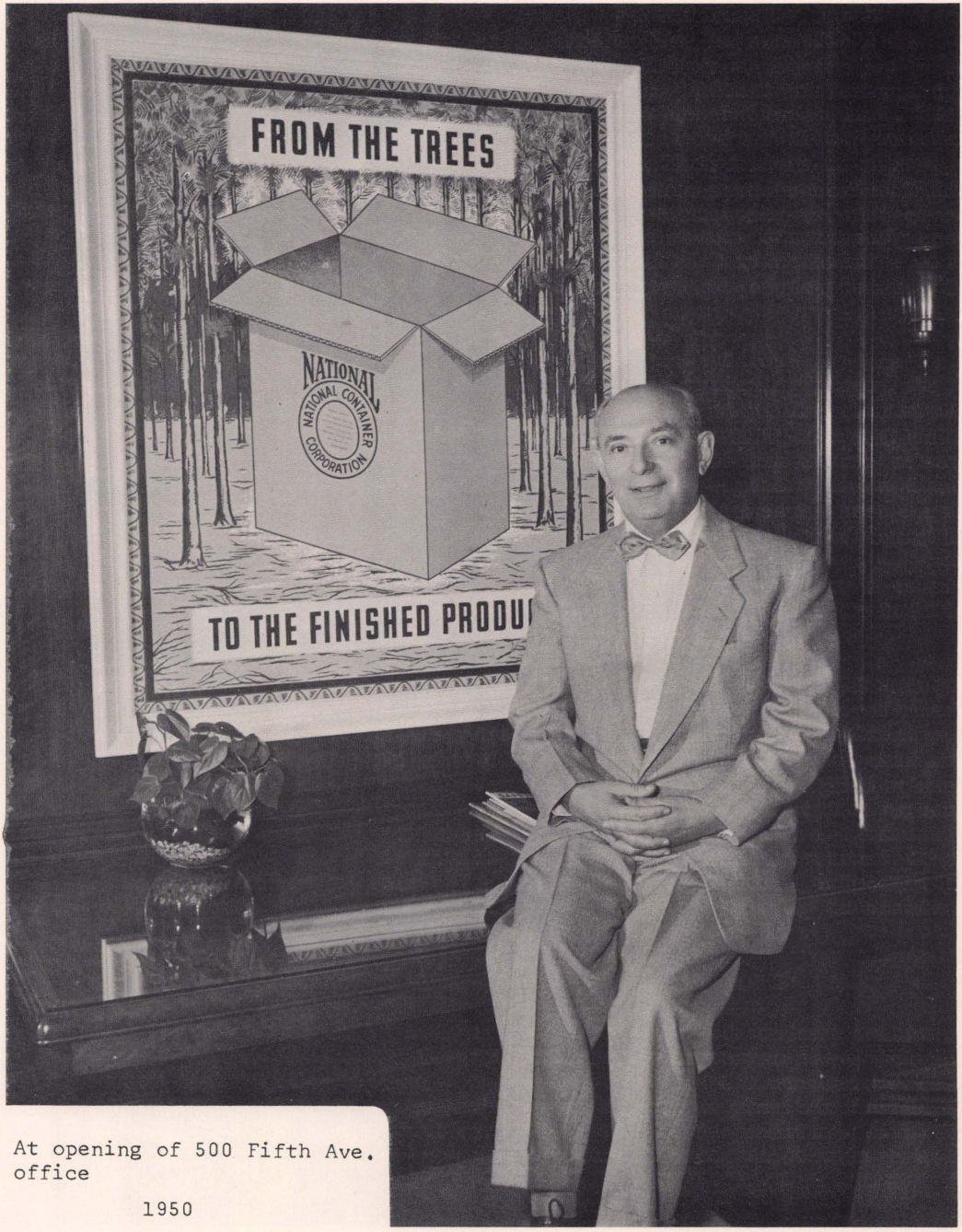












At opening of 500 Fifth Ave. office

1950

HALSEY, STUART & CO. INC.
CHICAGO, NEW YORK
AND OTHER PRINCIPAL CITIES

TELEPHONE WHITEHALL 4-4400
35 WALL STREET · NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

September 21, 1951

Mr. Samuel Kipnis, President
National Container Corporation
P. O. Box 1620
Jacksonville, Florida

Dear Mr. Kipnis:

We want you and your associates to know that we are delighted to have been identified with the debenture financing of your company. The deal was a success and we understand that the preferred stock issue also was successful. We think you have a first-rate company and we want you to think of our interest as a continuing one and not merely as a passing one. We are available to you and your associates at any time you think we might be of assistance, and this without any obligation or expense whatsoever on the part of your company.

We hope you can take luncheon with us when you are free, and you set the date.

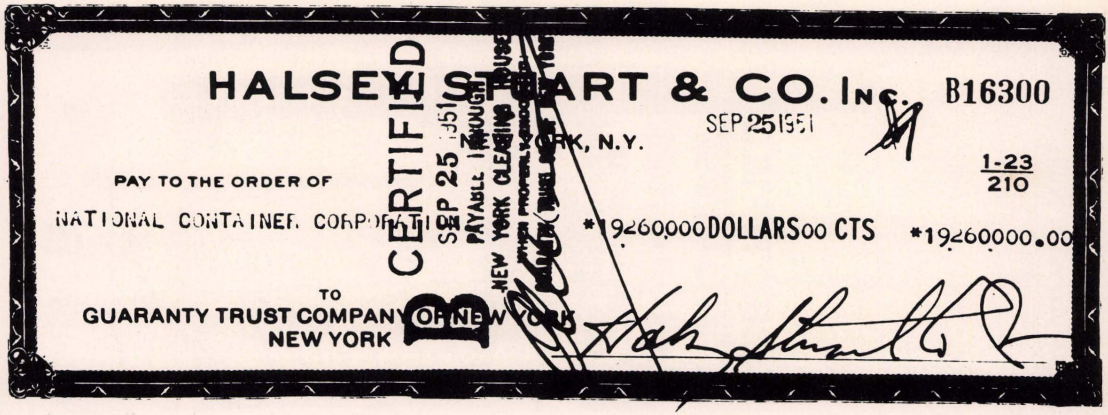
Good luck.

Sincerely,

C. B. Stuart

CBS:m

P.S. I read this letter over the telephone to Dave Van Alstyne and am sending him a copy of it.



VAN ALSTYNE, NOEL & CO.

MEMBERS
NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
NEW YORK CURB EXCHANGE

TELEPHONE
BOWLING GREEN 9-3010

52 WALL STREET
NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

CABLE ADDRESS
"VANOELBA"

September 25th, 1951.

Mr. Samuel Kipnis,
National Container Corp.,
500 Fifth Avenue,
New York, 19, New York.

Dear Sam:-

Having returned from the closing of the $32,600,000 of financing I could not allow this occasion to go bye without congratulating you and the other officers of National Container Corp. upon the successful culmination of all our efforts which were started last May.

Because of unusual obstacles thrown in our path, this deal presented a very difficult situation to work out and only the constant efforts of all concerned achieved success.

I want to thank you for your confidence in me and my firm in permitting us to do this job for you. I also want you to know that we are standing by, ready and willing to do the next one when it comes along.

You mentioned you were going to have a party at the ground-breaking ceremonies at Valdosta. I should certainly like to be there but please give me as much advance notice as possible.

Sincerely,

Dave

DVA:L DAVID VAN ALSTYNE, JR.

VAN ALSTYNE, NOEL & CO.

THE MARINE MIDLAND TRUST COMPANY
OF NEW YORK
BROADWAY
NEW YORK September 27 1951 No. 50378

1-108
210

PAY TO THE ORDER OF National Container Corporation $12,000,000 00/100

Twelve Million DOLLARS

CERTIFIED SEP 27 1951 MARINE MIDLAND TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

VAN ALSTYNE, NOEL & CO.

David Van Alstyne PARTNER ATTORNEY

Noel PARTNER ATTORNEY 1

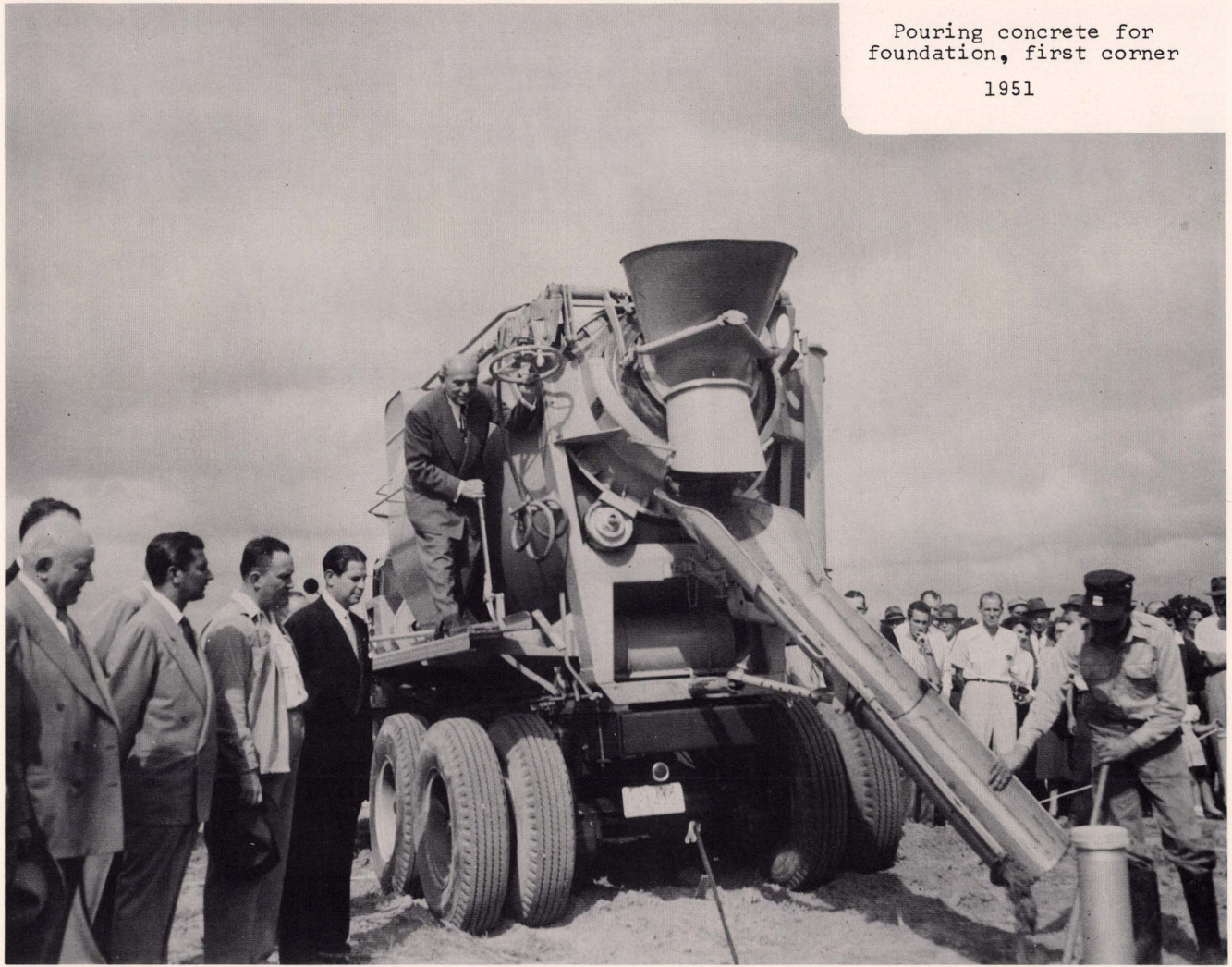


Ground breaking
1951



Ground breaking and pouring first foundation corner

1951



Pouring concrete for foundation, first corner

1951



GROUND BREAKING CEREMONY
VALDOSTA, GEORGIA



MAJORETTES AT THE GROUND
BREAKING CEREMONY
VALDOSTA, GEORGIA


EUROPE
1952
North Sea
Baltic Sea
Adriatic Sea
ATLANTIC OCEAN
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Inverness
Glasgow
Edinburgh
Belfast
SHANNON
Killarney
Limerick
DUBLIN
Cork
Windermere
Manchester
Liverpool
Birmingham
Stratford
Exeter
Plymouth
Torquay
Southampton
LONDON
Dover
Brighton
Cherbourg
DINARD
Calais
Le Havre
BRUSSELS
Ghent
Antwerp
The Hague
AMSTERDAM
Rotterdam
Bergen
OSLO
Stavanger
Kristiansand
Gothenburg
Arhus
COPENHAGEN
Halsingborg
Malmo
Kalmar
Karlskrona
Uppsala
STOCKHOLM
Turku
HELSINGFORS
Vassa
Talinn
Riga
HAMBURG
Bremen
Hannover
DUSSELDORF
Koln
BERLIN
Danzig
Kaunas
Vilnyus
Minsk
Poznan
WARSAW
Lodz
Krakow
Lvov
Kiev
Chernovsty
Odessa
LA BAULE
DEAUVILLE
NANTES
Versailles
PARIS
Reims
Luxembourg
Mainz
FRANKFURT
Heidelberg
Leipzig
Dresden
Karlovy Vary
NURNBERG
PRAGUE
Ostrava
Tours
STRASBOURG
STUTTGART
MULHOUSE
ZURICH
MUNICH
Vigo
Santander
San Sebastian
Oporto
Fatima
BORDEAUX
Limoges
VICHY
GENEVA
Interlaken
Lausanne
Lucerne
Innsbruck
Salzburg
Linz
VIENNA
Bratislava
BUDAPEST
CLERMONT-FERRAND
BIARRITZ
LYON
Burgos
LOURDES
TOULOUSE
Carcasonne
Grenoble
MILAN
Torino
Padova
Venice
Trieste
ZAGREB
Zaragoza
MADRID
Nimes
Avignon
MARSEILLE
NICE
CANNES
MONTE CARLO
Genoa
Bologna
Pisa
Florence
BARCELONA
Seville
Cordoba
Valencia
Cadiz
Malaga
Granada
Gibraltar
TANGIERS
Cartagena
PALMA
Majorca
CALVI
BASTIA
AJACCIO
Perugia
ROME
Split
Dubrovnik
BELGRADE
Ploesti
BUCHAREST
Constanta
SOFIA
RABAT
CASABLANCA
Fez
MEKNES
Marrakech
ORAN
ALGIERS
Cagliari
Naples
Capri
Sorrento
Taranto
TIRANE
Salonika
ISTANBUL
TIARET
PHILIPPEVILLE
BONE
LAGHOUAT
CONSTANTINE
SETIF
BATNA
TOUGGOURT
BISKRA
COLOMB BECHAR
GHARDAIA
EL OUED
OUARGLA
TUNIS
TEBESSA
Palermo
Taormina
Agrigento
Syracuse
Patras
ATHENS
Smyrna
ADRAR
EL GOLEA
IN SALAH
Sfax
Djerba
FORT FLATTERS
Candia
CRETE
Lindhos
RHODES

INTRODUCTION

TO

1952 TRIP TO EUROPE

* *

Many things happened between 1934 and 1952. I wanted to retire from business after the 1934 tour. I was lost, my ambition gone, and I had no desire to work any longer. I confided this to my friends, S.S. and Dr. Busch. They pleaded with me not to do it; that for the good of all concerned, I must make a new start by trying to use more effort to work harder, be more active and forget the past. There was nothing I could do about yesterdays.

We moved to a penthouse on 106th Street and Broadway. Began expanding National Container Corporation. We opened a box plant in Bradford, Pa. in 1936 and took L. R. Edwards and D. Olhus, as partners.

National Container Corporation requirement for paperboard was now large enough to build a kraft pulp and paper mill. The Company didn't have enough money so Wall Street was called upon to assist.

My family and I moved to Jacksonville, Florida in early 1937 to get ready for the operation of the mill that was being built there. In April 1938 we started operating it making kraft liner board. We also opened a box plant there, in the same year.

WORLD WAR II was in the making. The Allies stood by watching Hitler prepare for it. They could have stopped him, but the money boys and conniving diplomats didn't want to stop Hitler because they believed that he would aim NOCH OSTEN, that is to grab Russia and kill off the Commies.

The famous meeting between Hitler and Chamberlain (of umbrella fame) took place. Hell broke loose in POLAND, CZECHOSLOVAKIA AND AUSTRIA. Country after country was swallowed by Hitler, most of Europe and part of East Africa, European Russia and Britain were being destroyed.

Millions of people (combatants and civilians) were slaughtered on both sides. Hundreds of billions of dollars worth of property went up in smoke.

The B-29 and the B-36 and the BLOCK BUSTERS AND "A" Bombs were born. This war ended in 1945.

BLACK MARKETS FOR EVERYTHING HARD TO GET MADE MANY MILLIONAIRES. Safety boxes were bulging with the loot. DIAMONDS became the girls' best friend and many girls displayed both the

diamonds and the friends.

HITLER AND MUSSOLINI MET A MISERABLE END. JAPAN SURRENDERED after the "A"Bomb demolished Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Here 120,000 lives were destroyed with one shot. PEACE WASN'T YET MADE WITH THE VANQUISHED.

TTHE UNITED NATIONS THAT WAS CONCEIVED IN THE MINDS OF PRESIDENT F. D. ROOSEVELT AND HIS "BRAIN TRUSTERS" OF THE NEW DEAL, WAS INAUGURATED IN SAN FRANCISCO and a new kind of order was to rule the world.

ROOSEVELT DIED IN APRIL of 1945 and TRUMAN became President.

While this was happening, England,with some U.S. Diplomats and money made capitalists, was already planning how to destroy their Russian ally. A lot of underhand work was going on all the world capitals between the 'intrigue minded' diplomats.

THE MARSHALL PLAN and the TRUMAN CONTAINMENT PLAN were born and billions of our dollars found their way into the pockets of the foreign and domestic diplomatic thieves.

TRUMAN was reelected President in 1948, by a hair. National Container Corporation bought three more paper mills and bought or built a dozen more box shops between 1940 and 1950, including West Coast plants.....which were opened through a coincidence involving an ambitious female on the West Coast. Ambitious in many more ways then just business. She almost broke up my home, my family,and I almost lost my life to underworld characters I met through her stooges.....who took me for over $250,000. I later wrote nearly a thousand pages about that experience in my life that last four years. I kept the story until 1958 when I cremated it. Thanks to Dr. Busch and another friend who pulled me out from a terrible dilemma and brought me back to my senses.

In 1950 we moved the Executive Offices of National Container Corp. from Long Island City to the 50th floor of 500 Fifth Avenue. This was quite a move "up" for N.C.C. We outgrew these offices and in 1952 moved to 7 Central Park West, occupying the entire first floor. There we had separate offices for each executive and became a mature company...since every executive kept their doors locked, nobody knew what they were doing.

In 1951-52 the Korean War came in handy - it made the rich richer. MANY NEW MILLIONAIRES WERE MADE DURING THIS WAR. BLACK MARKETS, FAKE DEALS, AND MERGERS OF ALL KINDS WERE MADE. N.C.C. was pulled into one of these FAKE DEALS.

In 1952, I had to go to Europe and Mexico to get certain things straightened out and find the fakers. Hence, the trip to Europe and Mexico looking for a Mr. Max M., who placed a large order with N.C.C. for newsprint, but failed to deliver and disappeared instead.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1952

Left on TWA at 10 A.M. for MADRID via the AZORES and LISBON. I thought we would fly directly across to the Azores since would were not stopping at Gander because of weather conditions, but we flew straight northeast over Long Island to Boston.

We were told it would take about 9 hours and 18 minutes from Idlewild Airport to Santa Maria. Azores - 2,643 miles, IF we were to stop at Gander. It must be a few hundred miles less the way we are flying without a stop.

We arrived at Santa Maria, one of the islands of the Azores, 3 hours early.

LISBON and MADRID, Monday, March 3, 1952

Arrived in Liston on time. Was met by Senor Helda De Rosa. A nice Jewish fellow flew with me to Madrid. Got an earful about Max Meyers. Arrived in Madrid at 11. Immigration ceremonies were easy.

Senor Francisco Penol called for us. He too, had dealings with Max. Both of these gentlemen spoke English well.

The cab we took from the airport really took the cake! I could have carried it in my arms, it was small like the horses here.

I spent the day with Penol and one hour with Alvaro Aparicia, who had never met Meyers. My order for newsprint was to be shipped to these people.

Took a long walk on the main street.

MADRID, Tuesday, March 4, 1952

Sent two telegrams to New York yesterday and made one telephone call - no answer. Max M. wired he is coming, but he is a faker. Senor Penol is my pal now. Too bad he can't hear well. I would have brought batteries for his hearing aid if I had known.

Walked and heard more Spanish today than in all my life. I wanted to talk politics with him but would have had to speak too loud.

After 10, a young man named Phelix took me to dinner. The day begins at 11 A.M. and ends at 2 A.M. - no work is done between 12:30 and 3:00 P.M. This is their siesta hour.

MADRID, Wednesday, March 5, 1952

A dull day with my friend Penol. I wanted to get away to Zurich but couldn't get a flight via Barcelona, so went via Paris.

It took two and a half hours via Constellation. Rushed like hell - expected to get a flight from Paris to Zurich at 10:20 A.M. on the Swiss line but couldn't. Will try to leave next day via train at 7:45 A.M. to arrive at 3:26 P.M.

PARIS, Thursday, March 6, 1952

Got a reservation on the train. It cost a few SHMATES. Lucky I got a taxicab driver who was a pal. He got me everything - a hotel room, and a train ticket. It is a special 3 car diesel train hooked together as one. Goes to Basel, then changes to an electric train (Swiss) for Zurich.

ZURICH, Thursday, March 6, 1952

Had no hotel reservation where Meyer told me to stop, but Mr. Maunter, of Rinderknicht's office, whom I came here to see, made a reservation for me at the Hotel Edem AuLac. At 5:20 P.M. I was up at Rinderknicht's office and in a few minutes I found out what a faker M. is, but I am now speaking to the right man. I spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Rinderknicht.

ZURICH, Friday, March 7, 1952

It is chilly here. Received a few telegrams from Meyer indicating that he is coming Sunday or Monday. I decided to to to London to visit the Isaacs but found out that they are in Switzerland. Went to Rome to investigate more about M.M. Got a plane seat - was in Rome at 9 P.M. Drogony's friend met me and drove me to the FLORA. When I got in the hotel I thought it was the end of me - took 3 aspirins, 2 oliphant pills, and to bed at 10:30.

ROME, Saturday, March 8, 1952

I didn't think I would be able to get up but I did. Went to visit Mr. Mario Gonzales, Local Manager of the Banka de Roma, who met me at the airport and made hotel reservations for me at the Flora. A very pleasant gentleman.

Also had a visit yesterday in Zurich with Swiss Credit. Today, I visited the largest paper dealer here in Italy to find out about M.M. Then went to P.A.A. - arranged my tickets to Madrid for tomorrow, Zurich on Tuesday, Frankfurt, Wednesday, and London on Friday. Searching for M.M.

Went for a ride and in one and a half hours I saw everything, including the Jewish Ghetto. Peddlers near each hotel selling watches and "Parker 51 Fountain Pens, or if you want

something they haven't got they will take you to stores nearby to make your choice. Mostly, (or maybe) all of the peddlers are JEWISH REFUGEES.

I wanted to see the Jewish Ghetto which still exists here and is near the "pickpocket row". So, I asked the Flora hotel doorman to get me a cab for this purpose. I was immediately surrounded by the CAMEO peddlers with the greeting - "SHALOM, SHALOM, YOU WANT TO BUY....etc, etc. I AM A JEW, TOO, HERE IS MY MOGEN DAVID.

I picked one man that looked most attractive, because he spoke English better than the others. He had no hat or coat and was red and coughing. I hired a cab for 3,000 lire for 2 hours ($3.20) and off we went.

He told me that of the 75,000 Jews that lived here before the war, there are only 8,000 now - few are rich, some middle-class, lots of them poor. The stores and Houses of Worship are closed until 3:30 P.M., the synagogue will open from 6:30 to 7:00 P.M. I could not see one now.

All the people in the neighborhood lived like swine. It was a cold day, even too cold for pickpockets and prostitutes, but he told me not to worry, their work starts promptly on time and he can fix me up.

I locked the doors of the cab which almost knocked my kishkes out, riding in it; then drove around the various historical places, including the COLISEUM. Then to the biggest Latin Quarter of all of VATICAN CITY. This visit made no impression on me - for there were no people on the plaza or on the steps of St. Peter's - not even beggars. Even the driver didn't cross his heart.

My guide was continually trying to sell me four PARKER 51's for $4.00 each, or $15.00 for the four. I had some Swiss francs and also some French francs which I gave to him to keep him quiet.

We drove all around VATICAN CITY. It is as dirty in the rear as it is in the rest of the city, which has dirty and crooked streets. The famous PALAZIA VENUZIA, from which Mussolini made history, is dark and dirty as is the balcony where he usually spoke to the throngs of people.

We were through in one and a half hours. He took me to buy a Barcelona hat which I didn't buy - not because the price of $13.00 or 10,000 lire, but because I looked like a gangster in the hat. Then he took me to buy a ready-to-wear Cashmere coat for $50.00, but they didn't have my size. From there he dragged me to buy little watches, pins and cameos. I sure had a chance to study human nature. ....but, I didn't buy a thing. Paid the cab driver and gave my pal a tip of 1,000 lire. He went home sick and coughing, but happy.

I walked back to the Flora, which is near the American Embassy and the Main Consular buildings, occupied at present by Mr. Dunn, who did a beautiful job AGAINST the American people, but very good for the VATICAN'S GASPERI and many top GOVERNMENT GANGSTERS who are sharing the spoils. All the hundreds of millions of dollars we are pouring into Italy now, can't be noticed on the people.

I didn't see as many cars in Zurich as were in Rome in proportion, and while in Madrid saw only two kinds of cars, broken down and good American, (especially Cadillacs) and other better cars. But here in Rome the small autos (little Fiats) - motorcycles with spare tire in the rear and bicycles jam the crooked, narrow streets, even the wide ones - (the few that are here) are crowded. These cars look like bugs running around.

I saw four traffic lights and in many places cops with white sleeves regulating traffic, if one is not careful he will find a convertible or a coupe right in his arms with four passengers in it. They turn in the shortest spaces, no horn blowing at night, they use the lights for signaling. The whole thing seemed like looking through a microscope at a bunch of ants working and creeping over each other.

I rested an hour, then went back to the restaurant which opens at 7:00. I was told I would get the best Jewish meal there, and to visit the best TEMPLE here during service.

Was driven round and round. Locked the doors of the cab. Never thought there could be so many crooked streets and dirty looking houses in one city. We have plenty of dirty and filthy looking streets in all cities in the States, but nothing to compare with this. Stopped in an open yard, here it was I paid the cab 1,400 lira, and went inside. It was pretty clean. "SPEAK ENGLISH?" I asked one of the waiters, who was getting things ready and shivering doing it. "A LITTLE", he said, and it was very little. After 15 minutes of talking with my hands, I understood that this was not a KOSHER place but that I would like the food, so said he.

I wanted to see the SYNAGOGUE, and was shown how to get there. With my heart in my mouth I walked in the dark until I noticed people coming out from a building. This is it. I watched the people, not one looked Jewish, but real Italian, no "GUTTE WOUCH" or any other word to assure me this is it. I walked in and one greeted me "SHALOM". I told him what I wanted

and he took me around. I was surprised at the beauty of the architecture of the inside. Most beautiful marble work, but so terribly cold. I met the SHAMOS and RABBI who could not greet me with any other words except "SHALOM". I got two pictures of this HOUSE OF WORSHIP, interior and exterior.

I didn't ask if there was any inscription outside of this Synagogue of historical value, but my pal took me before to another temple where I could not get in. They had inscribed on marble outside the old wall all that happened to the Jews in Italy and in the rest of Europe during Hitler's regime. ALL TOLD 6,000,000 JEWS SLAUGHTERED AND CREMATED OR TORTURED TO DEATH, INSCRIBED IN HEBREW AND ITALIAN.

I wonder if Mr. Dunn ever took the trouble to see this inscription, take a picture of it and mail it to our government heads and Generals and one to GOD Himself, who is supposed to be able to read in all languages and watch over his CHOSEN PEOPLE.

I went back to the Jewish restaurant, had a bottle of wine, "VINO", a cup of consomme "SUPPE" and well-done filet steak, white coffee and a piece of pie that probably will remain in my system a long time, called a cab and back to the Flora.

The Flora Hotel is on a main street, VIA VENEDO. It is right at and facing the old wall that encircled Rome, which is still up in parts as a relic, a reminder of the great ROMAN days, the Roman Empire that wanted to rule the World. The wall runs for miles in sections.

Sent away all my mail and telegrams. Can't get New York or anywhere by telephone. Took a bath, felt much better tonight than yesterday. The Olifant pills did a good job on me.

I digested what I saw today, especially the MUSSOLINI SPORTS PLATZ, the word "II DUCI" in mosaic is inlaid all over its floor and the Villa he built for his sweethearts, one sweetheart in, and one out. I was told that he had many, and one still lives there. They call this Villa "MUSI FIKI".

Had a nice and pleasant visit with the local manager of the BANK OF ROMA who explained to me in detail the lay of the land and that Milan, Genoa, Turin are the important centers of industrial activity, also where the RED & BLACK COLLISIONS take place.

I spent a most interesting day and I think I saw more in one day than Mr. Dunn and his entire group have seen in the years they have been here. There aren't many suckers here from foreign countries, especially from the U.S.A. because the peddlers near the hotels are complaining "BAD BUSINESS." Yet every street - bar - restaurant and other houses of enjoyment are filled to capacity. The women smoke and drink (and I suppose do other things our U.S.A. women do), for I saw this in every place I have been to on this trip. Women do not YET smoke as much as in the U.S.A.

The hotel rooms are clean, comfortable and reasonably priced in dollars. At the Palace Hotel in Madrid there were telephone books in each room and KRAFT toilet paper, also writing paper and envelopes. In Rome, at the Flora Hotel, there were no telephone books, but they had much better toilet paper, NO soap anywhere unless you asked for it.

ROME, Sunday, March 9, 1952

The grapefruit I ordered this morning was the worst looking thing I ever saw. While in Madrid I had better fruit and it is so much nicer and cleaner than Rome, Paris and even Zurich. Maybe I didn't go to the same places others go, but I will on my next trip. I got up by my alarm watch at 8:00 A.M. and turned around and fell asleep again, up at 9:30. Got dressed, packed, checked out, went for a walk. I remember this place from 1934.

It is 11:00 A.M. The street is filled with people, cars, motorcycles, bicycles, tramway and buses. It is the first sunny day since I left Madrid. No peddlers this morning. The sidewalk cafes are well filled and the few bakery shops are busy. The news stands on the corners are filled with magazines and newspapers. The park is filled with people, some games are on. The whole face of Rome didn't change since my last trip except for the MUSI PROJECT and a new railroad station and air terminal in conjunction with the R.R. station. It is large and clumsy even though it is built of marble.

Left by bus from the Hotel for the air terminal and after a few formalities we left for the airport and again formalities, free lunch and the plane PANA DE BRAZIL left for Madrid.

At the Hotel Flora grapefruit juice was served from a bottle, not from a can, a very expensive operation. The sugar was in a modern bag. The lifts (elevators) are nicer than in Madrid but very old fashioned. The natives don't ride them,

they walk up and down.

Rome does not look as nice from the air as does Madrid or Lisbon. When we crossed the cliffs of Portugal there wasn't much to see except barren lands, but soon reached the valley and the Tigris River, and that sure made a beautiful picture--green fertile lands - a wonderful irrigation system - new settlements that looked modern, and so did the city of LISBON. I was sorry I did not have time to visit it, for I had to talk business, maybe on my return trip I will have a chance to see it.

Returned from Rome March 9th to Madrid, non-stop, hoping to meet Max M. No one waited for me because my telegram to Penol was addressed to the wrong place - 14 instead of 38. I lost his card and I forgot my diary in the Flora Hotel in Rome, without a diary is like eating soup without a spoon. When I arrived at the Palace Hotel in Madrid, the crowds were just coming out of the bull arena. This is one of the things the ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH permits on Sundays, also all eating, drinking, delicacies, places and cinemas are open.

I wasn't feeling hot, called Penol, New York, Lisbon, sent a few telegrams, dined and drank a whole bottle of wine, retired but couldn't sleep. Had a nice room for 200 Pesetas a night but the mattress was no good.

MADRID, Monday, March 10, 1952

Wasted most of the day with aggravation. Received three packages - from our plants in New York, BIS ISIAND and JAITE, the best package came from JAITE. I had one call from Lisbon and one from Zurich and also a telegram. Waited the whole day for a call from New York. The long distance operator told me at 12:00 that New York will call at three, so I am still waiting. There are quite a few places I wanted to visit, like the SLUMS and the JEWISH GHETTO, but didn't have the time. I spent most of the day between the bed and Mr. Penol and from 9:00 to 11:00 P.M. with both Penol and Alvaro Aparicio. I believe we parted understanding each other because we almost kissed. This Mr. Penol is quite an interesting character - has lots to say but didn't. He has two children in the U.S.A., both citizens who are in the U.S.A. Air Service.

MADRID, Tuesday, March 11, 1952

I was up at 6:20 to catch the bus for the airport to

leave the land of Pesatas for Barcelona, a city on the Adriatic. Would like to see this city. I was told it is very pretty, but will do this some other time - I am out for business. There is quite a difference traveling on the Italian line (inland) and the Swiss line. It is the first time since I am here that we were offered writing paper and envelopes and free postage. Swisair has better DC-3 with reclining chairs and a clean hostess who spoke English. I like MADRID much more than ROME. I believe it is cleaner and more orderly, even though there are more people and automobiles (mostly made in Italy), in ROME. I think there are more poor people in Italy, or they just looked poor or because I went to see the SLUMS in Rome.

Work in all Europe is done mostly by human energy, very few machines in stores, offices, digging ditches, cleaning streets, little donkeys are pulling big two-wheeled carts - THE RICH GETTING RICHER, AND THE POOR HAVING MORE KIDS. The darkness of the Catholic Church is contributing to more kids. The contrast between the Vatican City and the surrounding neighborhood is strong. I can't see how the Pope can sleep nights or days knowing what is going on right in his back door.

In general, everything I have seen so far is far behind the modern way we do it in the U.S., even if we have lots of improving to do ourselves, too.

There are so many MONKS and NUNS in the Roman Catholic dominated Europe, you can see them everywhere, all kinds, all types, dress and uniform, especially in Rome or in the rest of Itlay. I met some of them departing with me from Rome. I could swear they were JEWISH RABBIS but they spoke German and had a Cross hanging from their belts on heavy chains. I am going to see a little more of Switzerland now, for I'll spend two days in Zurich. When I first arrived there by train last Thursday, I met lots of real JEWISH people, with all trimmings, on the R.R. station. I was going to pick a conversation with them but had no time. I'll do it now.

GENEVA, Tuesday, March 11, 1952

Arrived 13:00 o'clock on time, a new large airport - clean. So far, the cleanest and most modern. Cleaner than any in New York - even the washrooms are cleaner, - smell cleaner and are free - no nickel or dime slots. Of course, traffic is not compared with U.S. People are polite. Speak English well, in fact, they speak all European languages well. This is why they can

stay neutral during the last Wars. AIRPORTS - those that I have been to in the last few days ARE LARGE ENOUGH TO START A THIRD WAR TODAY. We are now flying over Lake Geneva, the largest lake in Switzerland, practically surrounded by mountains covered with snow. The weather is nice here - no snow on the ground, temperature 50°.

Sorry I couldn't visit the city of watches. It was beautiful to watch from the plane - the winding highways and the houses built on the slopes, the lands are mostly cultivated, wherever possible. We are now flying in the thick of the mountains, all covered with a blanket of white, not only snow, but white clouds full of holes. Maybe I can see somebody skiing or hear yodeling.

ZURICH, Wednesday, March 12, 1952

Arrived in Zurich after a pleasant flight and wonderful scenery. Rinderknecht, a prospective customer, took me to the hotel. He was dressed to kill - is going to a wedding. MM wired Rinderknecht he is arriving Wednesday from London, but to tell me from Frankfort via Paris. Why he has to lie so many times is beyond me. He is coming here actually from New York, Tuesday - arriving in Zurich Wednesday, 10:00 P.M., and Mrs. Marie Rand is coming with him. This is how he introduces her to others, but to me it was - Mrs. Meyers. I spent the day with Rinderknecht discussing MM problem.

Visited a paper mill to discuss selling them pulp. A beautiful winding road up and down hill, well maintained. The mill was clean and old fashioned. Water power. Four machines make 80 tons per day. It is quiet, no parking problem, a few hundred bicycles stuck in a rack specially built for bicycles.

Lunch at 1:30 - back to office. A Miss Abram arranged to visit the Local Jewish Center, a fine new building, large assembly hall with stage. Rooms for Sunday School, a directors room. Mr. Ginsburger, who speaks little English, informed me that there are 18,000 Jews here.

The refugee problem is not great. The Polish group is the most religious one. Three houses of worship. There are quite a few rich Jews here, a middle class, and the poor, who work at the garment industry and textiles. ANTISEMITISM exists here - the rich Swiss are jealous of the few rich Jews, but it is under cover, the Government does not permit the publication of scandal, smear or anti-semitic sheets.

We then went to dinner at Tel Aviv Restaurant, located in a "PENSION", a boarding house. I met there two poor young men who were speaking Jewish, with YARMALKES (skull cap) on their heads. There are quite a few here from Israel studying chemistry and engineering. Had a conversation with them. Will not repeat what they think of the U.S. policy (heard this from a German Thursday morning). Returned to Eden au Lac Hotel 9:30 P.M., MM was not there. I was called at 10 that Mr. & Mrs. (?) are waiting. She is a dolled-up American dame. He said he came with her from Frankfort, she came from Rome to Frankfort to meet him, which was a lie. They both came from New York, London, Zurich. Rinderknecht brougnt them here. I've got a report from Rinderknecht of his conversation with them on the way from the airport which was completely contradictory to what MM told me. They left at 11:00 P.M. I retired.

ZURICH, Thursday, March 13, 19ts

Breakfast with Rinderknect - he told me M telephoned him at 1:00 A.M. again, and told him the opposite story of the conversation at our meeting - that he will sue me for 1/4 million $ for spoiling his order in Madrid and he will not go there even though I asked him to go to Madrid with me, and he promised he will do it for his sake and she agreed. M is supposed to meet me for lunch at 11:30 - didn't come. When I returned to hotel at 12:20 the two M's and a Mr. Luft were waiting. Luft was introduced as the largest buyer of pulp in Germany. (He was just as large as MM is.) She was dressed to kill, with wedding band and all. He will meet me in Madrid, said he and she.

I was driven to airport departing for London, Swissair #110, 14:30 P.M., 2 hour and 50 minute flight. R promised to mail me the entire file of letters and telegrams from M to R and that he was through with M. I stepped into a clean plane, DC 4, clean people and attendants. polite in English. Having a pleasant flight. It is now 15:55 P.M. nearing London.

We arrived a few minutes early. Godfrey Isaacs waited for me - car and chauffeur. I was certain we wouldn't reach our destination - his home - because we were driving on the wrong side of the street, but I forgot that this is ENGLAND, and LONDON, AT ONE TIME THE CENTER OF THE WORLD, IN DIPLOMACY, INTRIGUE, FINANCE AND ROYALTY, now living on past tradition, driving on left side instead of right side of street is one of its past traditions.

We reached the Isaacs home - an old house almost falling apart from lack of repair and shaken up from a few buzz and plane bombs. They hope to have the damage claim settled soon and make repairs. I almost froze stiff at the dining table, but I didn't want to embarrass them by wearing my overcoat at the table. There was a log fire in the living room.

We talked about everything, including the Queen - and politics. Afraid ofthe next war U.S. will start and they will be the first to be destroyed and all of Europe with them, and that Mr. Churchill came to tell Truman the truth and arrange a meeting with Joe, but an order from the USA for 1,000,000 tons of steal (steel) was a stronger argument. Taxes and the cost of living will go up again, and that's the present, and no one can predict the future.

I was driven to the Savoy Hotel on Picadilly just across the street from the Strand where we stopped in 1934. Recognized everything and the Savoy too, where I met Vern Gransden when he was making shady deals, selling kraft liners for $35.00 per ton, delivered London. I had a warm, nice furnished room for $10.00 per day. Much nicer than one can get in New York for the price. I enjoyed a good night's rest.

LONDON, Friday, March 14, 1952

Breakfast at 9:00. G.I. called for me and we went to his office. Quite a set up of offices. Kept my coat on all the time. I couldn't see how anybody could work in such cold places - same thing in the streets - I haven't seen a single person wearing an overcoat; very few wear a reversible raincoat.

We talked shop - called a few people on the phone.

Went to visit Oscar Swan of Wm. Palfrey & Co. - Russian immigrants that own and operate the largest paper and textile bag plants in England. Met the old man who is 71, his name is not Swan, but A. Swirsky, is very active in the business. From there, we went for a snack and back to the office.

The young G.I. who is active in the business, arranged for a meeting at the Thompson & Norris plant in London, so we went there. They were kind enough to let me go through it. I shivered, but the workers didn't mind the cold. The operation is much behind times compared to our plants in the USA. Local leaders in the industry, like Bowater, have it fixed right. Price of jute liner is high and one can buy all he needs, but

kraft which is imported from the U.S.A. is limited and allocated in small quantities.

We returned to the hotel, met at 7:00 P.M., dined in a swanky joint - the head waiter named Abraham, gave me the address of a Jewish restaurant for tomorrow. There were eight people dining and 20 waiters hanging around. We went to see "Crazy People", an Olson and Johnson imitation. I laughed at one point, only - that was when they were spilling water in one guy's pants and he wasn't screaming - because it was cold in the theatre. Maybe the water they were spilling in his pants was warm and he liked it. I was glad when it was over and back to a warm bed. Tomorrow is tax day in the U.S.A.

LONDON, Saturday, March 15, 1952

I was up at 9:00, took a bath that refreshed me. The first place on my trip that I had two pieces of soap in my bathroom. Plenty of towels and the first place to have breakfast in the room.

I learned later that one has to have points to get sweets. This I found out at the airport the next day when I wanted to buy something to chew. I asked G.I. for points, he remarked "I NEED THE POINTS FOR MYSELF." I am to meet the Godfreys at 5:00, to go to a movie and then to KOSHER dinner in a place that's closed Friday evening and Saturday.

Walked up and down Picadilly, window shopping. Things are most expensive. England is going down the ladder. At 2:00, took a cab to see Whitechapel and some of the bombed out sections of greater London. Saw plenty all over, the scars and rubble of World War II is strongly pronounced all over London. I can't see how people can even talk about preparing for another war which will be 1,000 times worse than World War II, the results are so strongly convincing against a War.

Yes, deep down in their hearts they know the result of the antagonism between the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. and that all Europe will pay a terrible price by being destroyed first, at the first shot they will be run by hordes of soldiers under the red flag now in Europe in countless divisions, armed with the latest developed implements of war for complete destruction of humanity, and everybody knows that this is a QUARREL FOR MIGHT - NOT FOR RIGHT - BETWEEN TWO GREAT COUNTRIES. THE PROPAGANDA MACHINES OF BOTH COUNTRIES ARE HARD AT WORK CREATING

MORE HATRED BETWEEN ALL THE PEOPLES OF EUROPE with the Iron Curtain rulers and the peoples behind them. WHAT A CATASTROPHY THIS STUPIDITY MAY BRING TO THE HUMAN RACE - but life must go on, so the drinking places, cheap as well as expensive ones, the restaurants, the movies and theatres are crowded.

In the Savoy, Saturday evening, all the guests were dressed to kill, a fine orchestra was playing, quite a hangout. Was met by the G.I.'s on time. I recommended that we see "THE JOLSON STORY" and we did, at the Marble Arch Royal. Mrs. I. kissed me for recommending the movie, so did he, then went to dinner. A rumba and a fox trot band were playing. I could have danced, but didn't.

LONDON, Sunday, March 16, 1952

I was up at 7:30, prepared for departure for Lisbon BOAC TP 573, breakfast at the hotel. Was checked out yesterday by G.I. He paid with shillings. I paid him with $. Left for airport at 8:45 A.M., drove by ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL STATUE and the American Colony to the G.I. home. Still cold in the house. Then with G.I. to airport - talked shop most of the time, we didn't shake hands goodby, for he went to telephone and my flight was called. He had to telephone me to say "HURRY BACK".

The flight to Lisbon on a DC 4 was uneventful. It was over the clouds, direct over the ocean, only at two points did we fly over land. Landed on time 16:30 P.M. DeRosa was waiting for me. We talked about the prospect of business, and the mess Mr. MM made here as everywhere else. I was tired. Had a nice room at the Hotel DO IMPERIO on a side street, radio, telephone, bath with plenty of towels, but no soap. It is a much nicer hotel than many hotels I have been in other places. Everything in Europe is about the same, shutters, curtains, drapes, beds - but the best arrangement was at the Savoy in London. All room lights are controlled from the headboard.

The city of Lisbon reminds me a great deal of San Francisco. It has a cable trolley and many thousands of narrow and wide steps for walking from one elevation to another, one lift that picks up 24 people at one time from one street level to another, lots of poor people who live in old cave homes with narrow winding step-up streets for other street elevations. Some pretty new homes or apartments for the masses and private homes, maybe modern. The ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH is SUPREME,

that is why there are so many dirty people living in dirty dark holes. Here, too, the rich get richer and the poor have more children, even though the ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH is not quite as pronounced here as in the other places like Rome or surely not like Spain, for I haven't seen any nuns or monks in the streets here, nor in Madrid, but Rome is just full of all kinds of nuns and monks.

LISBON, Monday, March 17, 1952

Up at 8:00 - was met by Da Rosa. Went to his office. Almost broke my neck walking up two floors. I never believed there was such old dilapidated buildings. Such filthy, unsanitary conditions in the heart of the city.

Except for the different elevations in the streets, there is no difference between any European city, except Paris. All streets are narrow and crooked, narrow sidewalks and streets, old cars, especially here in Lisbon. Madrid - Rome and the other cities have some modern buses and street cars, not here. Children are employed everywhere for a few pennies a day. Human energy, life and limb doesn't mean much in all Europe. That's why so little is accomplished. Women work in every kind of work, even spreading manure on the fields, scrubbing, loading, repairing, peddling, carrying loads on their heads.

My first date at 11:00 A.M. was with the manager of the largest kraft paper converter. Then with the Chairman of the largest newspaper publisher, then lunch. We have to wait until 15:30 until the second period starts. Tried to do a little shopping, but convinced myself that I can do better in the States, even though KING DOLLAR reigns all over the world.

The next visit was with another newspaper publisher. It took me a long time to make arrangements for a return flight to the U.S.A., all on account of MM. I still don't know where he is or if he will meet me in Madrid or in Zurich with Miss Rand or Mrs. Meyers.

I woke up this morning with the birds who started their duties at 6:30 with songs, roosters were crowing. I don't know if a rooster must crow ten times each period as well as I must sneeze seven times when I sneeze. The birds singing, the roosters crowing, and the cows mooing, and the jackass laughing is the same language as in the States.

I don't know if I am colder than the rest here or anywhere in Europe, for I had to wear a coat while the others didn't. On the flight from London to Lisbon, I met a very fine German Jewish engineer who ran away from Hitler and is now a British citizen. We talked quite freely about the WORLD AND THE EUROPEAN SITUATION and the DOLLAR DIPLOMACY. Not everybody is happy with it or is GETTING THE BENEFIT OF THE DOLLARS. Two English ladies in their fifties whose husbands (quite old) are in Florida are going to ESTORIL, a vacation place 14 miles from Lisbon at the mouth of the Tigris River. This river comes from Spain and empties into the Atlantic. The two ladies wore beautiful clothes, expensive minks - and did they want to be made. Were willing to come to Lisbon if I wished. So goes nature.

My friend Da Rosa and I spent a pleasant evening drinking wine, white coffee and eating fillet of sole and rolls wrapped in paper.

I didn't sleep that evening; the bed was hard, the wine didn't agree with me and I had terrible dreams.

LISBON, Tuesday, March 18, 1952

Breakfast at the Hotel. When I ordered five minute eggs, I always got three minute eggs. The coffee is bitter, no matter how much hot milk I put in.

Da Rosa called for me. We made another call on a paper manufacturer who is interested in pulp.

Left on Iberia 072 at 12:40 P.M., arrived Madrid 14:40. Pinol met me - went to hotel then to meet Senor da Luis, head of the largest newspaper "Yaa" in Madrid. Had a pleasant conversation. He promised to give me an order for33,000 tons of newsprint tomorrow even if it is a holiday. We both made a mistake; I said tons and meant short tons, he meant kilos or long tons.

Dinner at Hotel Plaza where I stopped. Aparacio came in at 9:30 - everything was okay until we started on short tons and kilos. MM phoned from the Excelsior Hotel in Rome at 12:00 and asked if I am looking for him. "WHAT FOR?" I answered. "WEREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE HERE TODAY?" He replied that Rinderknecht told him I was looking for him, (he lied, because R knows better) and he continued, "I GOT WHAT YOU WANT, COME TO SEE ME IN ROME. I KNOW YOU ARE LEAVING FOR N.Y. ON TWA 983 AT

9:40 P.M." "HOW DO YOU KNOW," I asked. "I GOT SPIES ALL OVER THE WORLD," he replied. I told him he had better not come to New York, and he kept on saying "I GOT WHAT YOU WANT, COME HERE."

MM says he will be in Rome two months, and he will come to New York one day and fix me. I hung up. He had better not come to Lisbon, he is afraid to come to Madrid. I believe the same applies to Zurich. He is such a liar that his lies don't mesh. His wife (?), Miss Rand, helps him lie. She told me in Zurich when we met Wednesday evening, that she flew from Rome to meet him in Paris. They actually flew together from N.Y. - London - Zurich, and he wired R. to tell me he came from Paris - Frankfort - Zurich, and that he has two children in school in Lucerne. So many fishy stories. I retired, didn't sleep well.

MADRID, Wednesday, March 19, 1952

Was up at 9:30, after a restless night. Packed. Am leaving for New York tonight, TWA 983, at 9:40, or 3:30 P.M. New York time. Ordered breakfast, and for the first time got five minute eggs. I expect a local Jewish merchant to visit with me at 12:00 and tell me about Jewish life here where the CATHOLIC CHURCH is supreme. No other church is tolerated. Little Jesus was hanging in every room in Mr. Da Luis' offices, which were quite extensive and luxuriously furnished for a European office.

I had to wait for Mr. Penol's report on our conversation of yesterday. A Mr. Moshe Levande came to my room, spoke Jewish with a Polish accent - I, VY. He told me that there are 120 Jewish persons now (not families) in Madrid, a city of 1,800,000. Only recently, through a lot of effort, he got permission to open a synagogue, and he took me there. It is big enough for 30 males and 20 females, separate rooms. There are 1,000 Jewish persons in Barcelona, and a few Jews scattered in small towns. He showed me the three TORAHS. (Scrolls).

The irony of this Synagogue is that this JEWISH HOUSE OF WORSHIP occupies the basement of CARDINAL CISNEROS' CASTLE, built and occupied by him 150 years ago. Imagine the sanitary condition of the whole place. The keeper of the shool is a Spanish Catholic who lives in a hole next to it. Moshe's wife came along, we drove in his Fiat car, (which wasn't as big as a motorcycle,) to the Jewish Center he fixed and furnished on the third floor of a 60 year old five-story building (no lift). He is spending his own money on this.

They have a Cantor, Rabbi and Schochat, Butcher and restaurant keeper, all in one. The Rabbi is 36 years old and very religious. He runs the Kosher meat and restaurant business for those who want to eat Kosher and for the few Tangier Jewish students who are attending the Madrid University. He told me that he and the other few Jews are happy and prosperous - THEY AND ALL SPANIARDS ARE ABSOLUTELY FREE AND HAPPY SINCE THERE IS NO OPPOSITION PARTY TO FRANCO AND EVERYBODY STEALS FROM EVERYBODY. Food and rent is cheap. 90% of the Spanish people - especially from the interior - are illiterate, can't read or write. I promised Moshe I would mail him STREIT'S MATZOHS and a record of "IS DUS A CHAZAN." (Is he a Cantor.)

Today is St. Joseph's Day, right after St. Patrick's Day, so sports, bull fighting, movies, cafes, bars and streets were crowded the whole day. I was chilly in my overcoat, but most of the natives don't use any overcoats, some wear raincoats. I didn't meet a single senorita that woke up in me a desire. Most of the people are short and light weight. The mamas are a bit heavier - the soldiers are short and thin in their long uniforms. The donkeys are small compared to the 2-wheel trucks they pull. Most of the cabs are dilapidated "HAS BEEN" autos - yet, I like Madrid better as it is. Much nicer and cleaner than any other city I have been to on this trip to Europe. Everybody here seems to be happy, although on the surface, everybody was happy everywhere. I didn't see one person having a meal without a bottle of wine - three times a day.

I think that our Senators and Congressmen should compare some of our slums and colored people's way of life and the shacks they live in with that of Europe, and they would stop handing our billions of dollars to the THIEVES and GANGSTERS in Europe and spend more of it on our own people.

Back to the hotel, Mr. Penol was waiting for me.

Prada Street is a beautiful street and Madrid has beautiful buildings and streets - many movie houses. The park is much nicer than Central Park in New York, so is the post office, the Admiralty Building, also very impressive monuments, arches, and gates - beautiful hotels. The Palace Hotel here is nicer than the Savoy in London. I didn't notice any depression or feel any Dictatorship here, for there is only one opinion prevailing, the CATHOLIC; everybody goes to CHURCH AS

A HABIT, the young folks go before they have fun to pray that it will be good fun, and after they had fun pray that nothing will happen, and so goes everything. DICTATORSHIP BY THE CHURCH PERMITS FULL SWAY OF SOME NATURAL THINGS.

Labor earns very little, can't buy much. They have beautiful stores here, but nothing compares to the U.S.A. except the number of airports and the size or length of the runways. We are spending billions on this all over the world, of which more than half of the money is stolen.

Criticising or insulting other governments is not allowed here, and surely not the FRANCO REGIME. There is no opposition - or they hang or get shot.

EUROPE WILL NOT FIGHT OUR BATTLE WITH RUSSIA. We will either have to do the fighting alone or get back to the U.S.A. and let all our investments rot. Except for those sitting on top in the various governments, we are pumping billions of dollars, and they are stealing the biggest part of it. THE MASSES DON'T WANT US AND DON'T LIKE US EXCEPT AS TOURIST SUCKERS, especially the women tourists who are forever shopping for bargains and talking aloud and dressing, smoking, and drinking to kill. I saw very few women smokers in Lisbon, Madrid, Zurich, a few more in London and Rome, and I imagine more in Paris. American cigarettes are quite expensive, and I am told that they are the best.

In my discussions with some people in Madrid, those who knew what they were talking about, I was told that many in the present Regime were Republicans, but got on Franco's bandwagon when the tide turned and are at present rich - that Franco has so much gold and foreign currency in Zurich, New York and Canada, that he would like to run away from Spain but the PEOPLE AROUND HIM and the CHURCH won't let him.

I was told that Barcelona is a pretty city, but I only saw it from the air, flying up the Mediterranean Coast. There were many nice sights from the air.

NEW YORK, Thursday, March 20, 1952

10:50 Greenwich time, or 5:50 N.Y. time. The flight to N.Y. was pleasant. I slept well. The plane wasn't half full. We were offered breakfast at six, or 1:00 A.M., New York time.

We are still over the Atlantic. We should reach land soon, and will probably land in New York early. We are flying with a tailwind from Madrid.

I'll be glad to be back in spite of the load of work that is awaiting me, plus the mess MM created which I hope to clean up in New York.

1952 - TRIP TO MEXICO

NEW YORK, Wednesday, May 14, 1952

The trip from New York to Mexico was an unexpected one and unprepared. On Wednesday, May 14, 1952 ACH said to me, there is good business there for us for liner and kraft paper and maybe a box plant where we can use our own board. The proposer for the trip knew a lot of people, who knew a lot of people, who are close to a lot of people in Mexico, including our Ambassador O'Dwyer, who would like to be connected with good people like us and can do us good. It sounded good, so I said "MAKE A DATE FOR ME" and at 4 PM the same day made reservations to Mexico City. Left New York 10:30 PM on AAL 157 for our "good neighbor" country, Mexico - via Dallas.

MEXICO CITY, Thursday, May 15, 1952

Arrived in Mexico one hour late, was driven to HOTEL DEL PRADO, the best hotel in Mexico City. Jack Darling, who was to be my go-between, arrived last night and was supposed to have made reservations for me for a suite of rooms (didn't know what for). I got one little room, bath and closet - 40 pesos per day - a little less than $5.00. We met for breakfast, introduced myself, but was cut short. "I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU", said he, and we soon met in the room of a Mr. John B. Glenn, who has lived in Mexico for 20 years - knows everybody, but is not friendly with our present Ambassador. He wanted to be the Ambassador and was promised this by some U.S. politicians. He presently represents some American companies, plus the Republic Bank of Dallas. Gave him samples of our product. He will let me know tomorrow, Friday.

Lunched in Darling's rooms, there were four of us; Jack, Ray Kail, a U.S. Citizen who is mixed up in a lot of things here and lives in Mexico with his wife; Roberto Ancera who represents the Delaware Punch de Mexico and has an office on the 11th floor of Reforma #1 (one of the nicest buildings in Mexico City), and myself. They mostly drank liquor. All our conversation was in English. We talked about everything and everybody, and they were certain they can do for us everything I want done. Of course, they have to have a share in what we do. The meeting broke up at 5:30. Was tired, for I didn't sleep last night, having read certain documents I brought along.

We are going out to dinner (6 of us) Mr. and Mrs. Kail - Mr. and Mrs. Ancera - Jack and I. I couldn't remember the names of my relatives here. Called B. Goodman before leaving New York, but no one was home. Then I reminded myself the name was Olivensky. Couldn't find it in the telephone book; after one hour of searching I got their number, and what a surprise it was to them when I phoned. Ethel Ortenberg from L.A. had just arrived, answered and recognized my voice! Almost screamed, "Diadia! Diadia! Nemozet bit!" (Uncle! Uncle! It cannot be!) They speak Russian as if they just arrived from Russia. They also speak English, Jewish and Spanish. So do Fabian, 18, and Jean, their children. All speak the four languages although the kids were born here. Will see them

tomorrow.

We dined in a fancy place and after the drinking in the hotel room during most of the time we were there, we (?) started drinking again in the restaurant. Each one of them had at least six drinks of scotch and soda. After the meal (at 11 PM), Ancera insisted we go somewhere else to hear the three guitarists play for us, and at 3:15 AM Friday, all of them, after ten more drinks, were well lit up. I insisted we go home and we did. I had my heart in my mouth while Bob was driving with Hudson.

MEXICO, Friday, May 16, 1952

Up at 8 - breakfast with Jack. We again met with the others and talked again. Jack took me to a Catholic Church - one of the oldest. When I saw the inside of it I decided I don't want to be one of them. If that is religion, then I'd better be what I am, which is also a religion. I call it "Humanity". The church was cold and dark like the people that were kneeling, their heads down, moving their lips and crossing their chest. This was going on in different places of the church. Was told by my friend that different groups were praying to different Saints. My friend, who is an ardent Catholic, TO A CERTAIN EXTENT (DRINKING AND WOMEN EXCLUDED) likewise kneeled and crossed his chest a few times. Excused myself for not doing the same by pleading ignorance, and as we walked out slowly I had a chance to observe carefully the dirty, filthy, half-naked, and starved creatures of all ages that were praying. Came out in disgust. This was 12 noon. The church was in the heart of the city, a city full of narrow streets, office buildings, stores, street cars, buses, and countless autos - no horse-driven vehicles. We grabbed a cab and drove over to "FOTOCRAF", my nephew's place of business, near a square or plaza. Was supposed to be taken in to see the CHURCH on this square too, but after the pleasant meeting with my nephew, I didn't go. I didn't want to spoil the pleasure of this meeting, and because our friends are meeting us for lunch -- have a date with the U.S. Ambassador O'Dwyer, at 4 - a planned trip to see a paper mill, and dinner with my relatives at 7:30 - prevented me from another CHURCH visit.

Wanted to visit a so-called "yard apartment", where "worms" in the forms of human beings live, but I'll do this "MANYANA" or Sunday, when I'll have a half day for that purpose. I didn't have time to relax during the day. We met HIS HONOR, THE U.S. AMBASSADOR, at 4:50, for 15 minutes. It't "Sam" and "Bill" from now on! We will meet again tomorrow, Saturday, in MONTEREY for lunch at the HOTEL GRAND ANCERA. (A famous hotel where Pancho Villa kept his horses in the main lobby during his reign. He was eventually shot, not while fighting, but in peaceful days... a double cross.)

Visited the board mill in Mexico City, and the surrounding inhabited sections. Every plant has a high wall around it, with locked doors.

The Olivensky's called for me at 7:30. Drove to their home - a 10 minute ride that took 30 minutes on a beautiful wide avenue, well lit up -- poor traffic control. Never saw so many autos on one

street - not even on Fifth Avenue in New York - all U.S. made cars. I was induced to go along with them to dinner at a Mr. Kliatchkis, a Russian-born family - now rich and pleased. They live in the exclusive residential section - beautiful homes built close to each other. Lots of rich Jewish families live here, but they are 'few' compared to the rich Mexicans who live in this section in the most glamorous homes - up the hills and down the valleys. We had a grand time. Returned to the Olivensky home - saw a baseball game on TV - an exciting ninth inning finish like in a Dodger game - good TV reception. Returned to Hotel 12 midnight.

MEXICO, Saturday, May 17, 1952

Have been trying to make reservation to leave for New York or Chicago May 19th, but no luck - first reservation available is the 22nd.

Jack and I left for Monterey on MAL 7:30 AM - breakfast at airport, full of flies, yet much nicer than some of the airports in Europe. We were met by a Mr. Mack, head of a construction company in Mexico - a nice American fellow.

We visited the brewery, paper mill and container plant - "TITAN" - the Bohemian beer is very good. Had a most pleasant visit. H.G. should see a labor relation system practiced by this Company; they operate a BANK, LOAN PLAN, INSURANCE, HOUSING, RECREATION CENTER, CAFETERIA, SINGING, DANCING, MUSIC, PLAYING, SCHOOLS, THEIR OWN ORCHESTRA, ATHLETIC CLUB, SWIMMING POOL, FOOTBALL, BASEBALL FIELDS - where every member of the workers' families participate, including HOLDING STOCK IN THE COMPANY. Every place was air conditioned, all tiled baths and showers, and a COMMISSARY WHERE THE WORKERS BUY EVERYTHING THEY NEED AT COST, INCLUDING FOOD. Most important was the LIBRARY. The management is proud of this accomplishment, and of their labor relations and public relations.

Went to Grand Hotel Ancera in Monterey - while we were registering, HIS HONOR THE AMBASSADOR, BILL O'DWYER WALKED IN. We lunched together for 3 hours. HE SURE IS SOLD ON MEXICO. It holds the greatest potentialities for anyone who wants to come and help civilize the people (Indians).

There are 25,000,000 persons in Mexico - 5,000,000 live civilized; of these 5,000,000, half a million are rich, few are extremely rich - 20,000,000 live like animals or worse - many of these animals live right in Mexico City, which is inhabited by 3,000,000.

Monterey has a population of 340,000 and is a historical city, not only because of Pancho Villa, but for many other happenings in the history of Mexico. When I drove from the airport to the city (about 15 miles) I saw scenes that can only be seen here - hordes of naked, starved, filthy, dirty creatures - ALL MALE PEONS - laying or standing or walking in groups, waiting to be hired to work the harvest on the United States farms. (I read in the Chicago Tribune of Monday 5/19 that the Mexican Government asked these creatures not to congregate because there are no more jobs for them in the U.S.) I asked one of my friends, "WHERE DO THEY COME FROM? WHERE DO THEY SLEEP? WHERE DO THEY LIVE, AND HOW? WHO FEEDS THEM? WHERE DO THEY DO ALL

ALL OTHER THINGS HUMANS DO?" My friend answered, "NOTHING - NOWHERE." I couldn't understand it for there was a revolution here, and there was a socialistic government in power and the land was to have been divided, new national industries built up and lots of reforms put into effect. I couldn't see them. In fact, capitalism is stronger, AND LABOR IS MORE ABUSED HERE THAN in the United States and GRAFT IS MORE PREVALENT. The high officials are getting richer, even the oil industry which was nationalized will soon be turned back to private ownership (or the proceeds stolen).

Yet, with all that poverty, MEXICO CITY has more autos than Rome or Madrid and better ones too - all American made, has much nicer streets, and more modern buildings. Business is operated with more modern equipment - many new factories like Ford, GM, GE, Westinghouse, P & G and other American giants. Office equipment is modern, nice desks, typewriters, dictaphones, adding and bookkeeping machines. The hotels are run up to date in the offices and operation - modern elevators - something I didn't see anywhere in the big cities in Europe, including London. We returned to Mexico City 11:30 PM and retired 1:00 AM Sunday.

MEXICO, Sunday, May 18, 1952

Breakfast with Jack. Will see him again at 2:30. I found a card on my desk from a Mr. Kampler "CASABLANCA". I phoned him and he came over, took me to his business. He talks big - a Czechoslovak, speaks little English - all Spanish. We drove to see the Ace Corrugated and Folding Box Plant. Then back to hotel. Made a date with the Olivensky family to meet for dinner at 6:30 in this hotel.

It is raining today. Jack and I decided to hire a cab to see the town. Again he was anxious to take me to another Church (a very old one). Miracles are performed there, cripples get up and walk after a little water is sprinkled on them, said Jack. So we drove there. When I saw the place and the people and the booths that line the walks where some things are sold, and the entrance of the Church a shiver ran through me and I started to perspire. "IT IS NOT POSSIBLE", I said to Jack. "LET'S RUN AWAY FROM HERE... IT'S TOO HORRIBLE TO LOOK AT" and I continued talking. "IS THIS THE CHURCH OF MIRACLES? WHY DOES THE LIBERAL MEXICAN GOVERNMENT PERMIT SUCH DEFIANCE TO THE 'LAW OF HUMANITY' - IS THIS THE WAY THIS CHURCH ACCUMULATES RICHES AND KEEPS THESE CREATURES IN SUCH DARKNESS? And I thought at one time that the new REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT OF MEXICO would eradicate this from their part of the earth.

Was told by those whom I talked to that Mexico City and other few large cities have done wonders in the past ten years. Yes, I did see a lot of new government buildings - paved streets, some nicer than in New York or other cities I have been to, MONUMENTS TO LIBERTY REVOLUTION, REFORM, FREEDOM, HEROES, etc...and yet the centuries old darkness of Spain and the Catholic Church is too strong. Even the nice things can't cover this up!

I have seen the streets, small and large, broken down street cars and buses, more than I ever saw anywhere else - chock full of smelly creatures hanging on, inside and outside. Many autos crowded

the streets. No traffic order - no one stops for any one. Very few traffic lights. The cop stands on a Coca-Cola wooden box or platform, directing traffic and at night they use oil lamps to do it. I stood in a daze watching it, especially at night, wondering why hundreds of persons don't get killed each day in this traffic jam.

I told our chauffeur to go back to the hotel, because he couldn't speak English - paid him 14 pesos and hired an official guide with car for 40 pesos to show me the best and the worst, so we drove first to the worst, and I mean the WORST. I know how some white trash live in the U.S.A., for I saw some of it in Jacksonville, Miami, and other Florida cities, and in New York especially the colored people, but never can it be compared to what I see here now.

We stopped near the railroad yard, after traversing a few streets in the vicinity, at a 'so-called apartment' - one story, one main entrance. The housekeeper , or janitor - an 80 year old woman, lives in the first hole, then 14 more holes (rooms) - each hole is an apartment that houses the parents and all the children, from one to a dozen, all ages; the only light and air comes from the door opening, a community water faucet, two toilets right in the front entrance on the left side as I entered. My guide, at my request, found out that in this 'apartment hotel' live just 14 families. I asked him to ask the janitor if they would accept money from me and he said no, that THEY ARE TOO PROUD OF THEIR HOMES - JUST LIKE HE IS PROUD OF HIS HOME. I told him to ask the old woman and she said YES. I gave her 25 pesos and asked her to give each mother 2 pesos. It rained as I left the scene, all the mothers and kids ran after me, praying and blessing me. I was their "Saint". If I had a beard they probably would think that Jesus returned to earth dressed in modern clothes.

We drove across the street, stopped at something that looked like a store. I can't even describe it - this was a colony of 150 families, maybe 1500 human beings living in debris that can't be described, no matter hot filthy and rotten I should want to make it. All these I saw had a cross on a chain hanging from their necks. I asked who is the "Chief", the "Boss" around the colony - how do they live - where do they go to do what human beings do. I wanted to do the same here with pesos as I did in the "PALACE" across. I decided with my guide that next time I come here we will call a mass meeting of the entire colony and I will give each family 2 pesos. We were watched by the entire population of that block. I was afraid we would be rushed, but we weren't.

Returned to the hotel all mixed up - it can't be, I said to myself - the CATHOLIC CHURCH, who gets rich on these peons is taking away everything they can grab, while these worms kneel and kiss the cold stones of the images of SAINTS that were supposed to be humans at one time, so tells the Bible. I am certain the Saints didn't want it to be this way. I never saw so many dirty and filthy children as I saw all over Mexico, especially in the poor sections, living like rats. Here are thousands of such living quarters and of such ratholes - I didn't want to see the best, the contrast would be too great. I

was thoroughly disgusted!

My relatives arrived at 6:30. We dined at the hotel, then went to their home, played gin. Retired at 1:00 A.M., but couldn't fall asleep, even though I was played out and tired mentally and physically.

MEXICO, Monday, May 19, 1952

Was up at 7:00 - breakfast, checked out and went to the airport with Jack who kept telling me "I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU DID YESTERDAY". This trip was a false alarm, they were all a bunch of phonies.

Bill O'Dwyer, our Ambassador, is enthused about the future of Mexico and of the great possibilities, business-wise, and it is a good place to live the whole year round. He will make this his future home. When I called his attention to what I saw, the poverty, the lack of order - he replied that WE HAVE LOTS TO CORRECT IN THE STATES TOO (he is right) and the fact that there are so many autos and new buildings in Mexico City is proof that the peons are gradually getting civilized - that in the last 1-1/2 years that he is here there has been noticeable improvement.

There are a lot of natural riches in Mexico that have to be developed, there is lots of beautiful land and places like VERA CRUZ and the whole East Coast of the Gulf, and ACAPULCO on the West Coast - nicer than anywhere and also rich in history and historical places. It will take many years to civilize the Indians. I didn't quite agree with everything he said, for he too is a CATHOLIC, and while the CHURCH is not supposed to be mixing in government, it is boring from within and is again moving in on everything it can lay its paws on and will not let LIGHT AND TRUTH REPLACE DARKNESS AND HYPOCRACY. FOR THE CHURCH CAN ONLY THRIVE ON IGNORANCE AND DARKNESS. This Church, like any other Church, will disappear when everybody will say "LET THERE BE LIGHT".

I almost forgot why I went to Mexico. I was asked to go to Mexico City with a Mr. Jack Darling who has contacts with all politicians and who is a very close friend with our Ambassador in Mexico. He can make a deal for 5000 tons liner board for the local market at an attractive pride - if. The "if" didn't work and there was do deal!

MEXICO, Monday, May 19, 1952

Returned from Mexico City on AAL 158. Left 9:55 A.M. for Monterey, San Antonio, Dallas and Chicago

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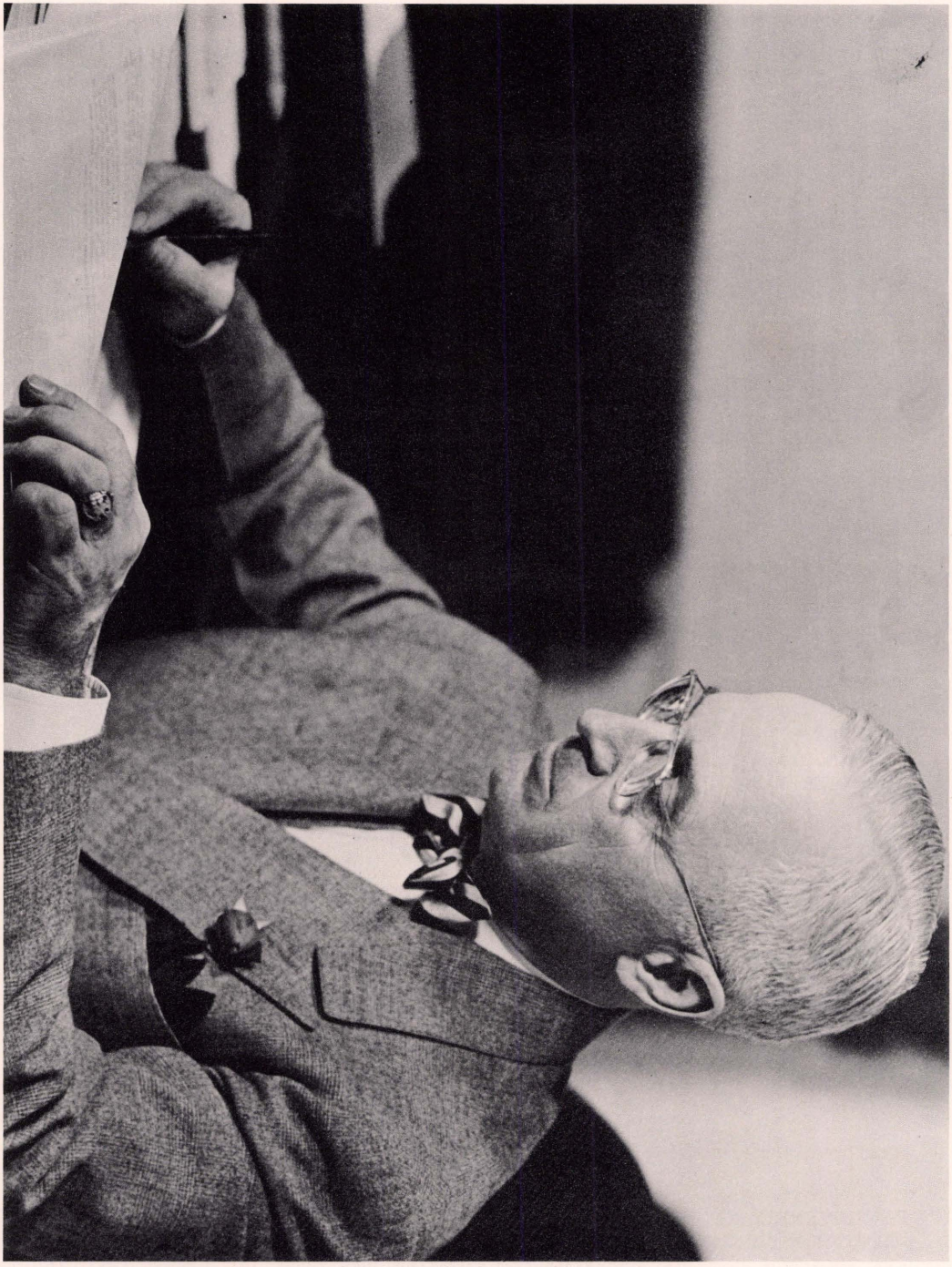


DINNER WITH THE PRESIDENT
HARRY S. TRUMAN
IN THE WHITE HOUSE
TUESDAY EVENING
JUNE 24, 1952

Jacksonville
Thursday
6-19-52:

At the management meeting of N.C.C. at its offices in Jacksonville I received a call from A. Kirsch inviting me to have dinner at the White House with the President and a few others, next Tuesday, June 24, at 7 p.m. I asked him why me and what for - he did not give a direct answer, as usual. Ordinarily, I would disregard his call for I know him too well, especially when he said "THE PRESIDENT INVITED YOU AND HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT YOU AND YOU HAVE BEEN CHECKED BY FBI AND SECURITY DEPARTMENT", but my curiosity aroused my desire and I asked for all details, how to dress, etc.

Jacksonville
Tuesday
6-24-52:

Left for Washington 12:50 p.m. to arrive in Washington 4:30 p.m., DST, this would give me 2½ hours time to rest, clean and make up and be on time at the White House. Arrived in Charlotte, North Carolina, on time. It is as hot here as in Jacksonville. I did not leave the plane since we will start in 10 minutes - it was so announced, but soon we were told that it will be 35 minutes and later, we were told I hour and 20 minutes - propeller trouble.

So there goes my dinner in the White House for which I was so anxiously excited about. I tried to charter a plane but no luck, and even if I could get a plane it would bring me to Washington too late. I was a most unhappy man and no one could help. Yet Samuel Kipnis has his lucky days, many of them, and this day was one of them. We left 3:20 p.m. Standard Time, arrived in Washington 5:45 EDT, and as I walked into the Mayflower Hotel I was advised that I have a room and JUDGE KIRSCH wants me to have cocktails with him in Room 865. When I got up to my Room 927, I was called to rush to Room 865. JUDGE KIRSCH may visit me in my Room 927 to give me further instructions. I rested, dolled up and dressed in the special clothes I took along with me on a hanger, and in 8 minutes I was in Room 865. -And I must say that I was the best-dressed man there. JUDGE KIRSCH gave me the once over and put his stamp of approval on me.

We left at 6:50 in special cars (hired by the Democratic National Committee Chairman) and at the White House North Gate checked our names from a list and were ushered into the President's home (White House). We were introduced to the main usher or RECEPTIONIST and were led into the Blue Room, which is the RECEPTION ROOM on the main floor. I asked this gent what we will have for dinner, since I don't eat everything and if I can get something

I like and that I am hungry. I was assured that I can order anything I like. So I did - grapefruit, outside cut and well-done lean roast beef and iced coffee and so it was. At 7:15 the President and Frank McKinney, Chairman, Democratic National Committee, walked in. We all stood up and were introduced. I introduced myself in my usual way. Kirsch was half drunk by then. Cocktails and hors d'oeuvres were served and at 7:30 we were ushered into the dining room - The Blue Room - beautifully decorated and serviced.

We were shown, in advance, the seating arrangement - my seat was next to McKinney, facing the President. Dinner started promptly. I got what I ordered. It was a real friendly, home-like atmosphere. The President acted like a regular human guy - a few jokes by him encouraged me to two jokes to which everybody laughed - mine were clean compared. The President autographed all our table name cards.

Champagne was served. The President tipped us off that a day before there were 34 silver spoons missing out of 134 - lunchers (women) and that they were replaced with PEWTER - I asked the President if the spoons we are using now are silver or pewter. Some one asked if the President knew that Taft's initials are "RAT" - and he replied, "OH, RAT."

The President took us on a tour through the White House. Showed us every nook and corner - explained everything on the three floors of the White House. He played on an old and on a modern piano and later played a record of the same piece played by Ignatz Paderewsky. I remarked that IGNATZ PLAYED GOOD TOO - the President remarked that Joseph Lehvine is his favorite piano artist - he was through showing us everything which was of interest at 9:15. We all bid him the best of everything, including the party's success in the next election.

I wasn't impressed with the action of a few guests, including Kirsch.

We twelve guests met with Frank McKinney. It was exactly what I expected, This meeting was held for Party Purposes.

Yet, I wouldn't have missed this dinner for anybody or anything or any price, even if money did buy an admission ticket for this dinner.

I returned to New York in a private plane belonging to Curtis Wright Company with Abe Feinberg and Fred Shields, who was the only gentile of the twelve guests present - three in a DC3. I enjoyed this as an aftermath or dessert to a most enjoyable evening - Shields' private car drove me to my sleeping place.

I HAD PLENTY OF FOOD FOR THOUGHT AND FOR COMPARISON.

I enjoyed my meeting with the President. He impressed me as a regular fellow and he will get my support any time he decides to run.

DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE

The zenith of my political achievement was when I was invited to have dinner with "Give 'em Hell" President - Harry S. Truman at the White House.

Here is the story on it -

The President

requests the pleasure of the company of

Mr. Kipnis

at dinner

on Tuesday, June 24, 1952

at seven o'clock

Black Tie

Please send response to

The Social Secretary

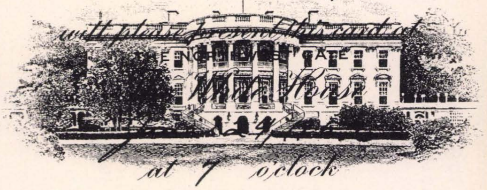
The White House

at your earliest convenience

SP

Mr. Samuel Kipnis

will please present this card at



at 7 o'clock

NOT TRANSFERABLE

A most pleasant evening

with

Mr. Kipnis

6/24/52 *Harry Truman*

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DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE
RING BUILDING
1200 EIGHTEENTH STREET, N. W.
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

FRANK E. McKINNEY
CHAIRMAN

June 27, 1952

Mr. Samuel Kipnis
P.O. Box 1620
Jacksonville, Florida

Dear Mr. Kipnis:

I am extremely happy to confirm your appointment as a member of the DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CAMPAIGN T.V. FINANCE COMMITTEE.

It is a source of pleasure to work with men such as yourself whose unselfish and untiring efforts will enable us to accomplish our goal.

The President joins me in expressing our sincere thanks and appreciation for your cooperation and assistance.

Sincerely,

Frank E. McKinney

FRANK E. McKINNEY

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE
RING BUILDING
1200 EIGHTEENTH STREET, N. W.
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

FRANK E. McKINNEY
CHAIRMAN

June 25, 1952

Dear Sam:

I wish to tell you how much I enjoyed meeting with you at the White House Dinner last evening, and to express my deep and grateful appreciation to you for your sincere interest in the matter which was discussed.

I am confident, with the understanding and cooperation of sincere and loyal friends such as you, our problem will be satisfactorily resolved.

With warm personal regards,
I remain,

Sincerely yours,

Frank

FRANK E. McKINNEY

Mr. Samuel Kipnis
P. O. Box 1620
Jacksonville, Florida

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August 11, 1952

Honorable Harry S. Truman,
President of the United States,
The White House
Washington, D.C.

My dear Mr. President:

I take the liberty to write this letter to you as a true Democrat. I am one not because I contribute at the proper time, the proper place, to the proper candidate and to the Democratic local or national campaign fund, but because of my belief that the Democratic Party and its good leaders are interested, not only in the progessive welfare of all the people of our great country, but are also interested in the welfare of the under-privileged people all over the world. (Point Four.)

I worked for the election of your predecessor, the great humanitarian, FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, each time he ran for President. I did the same in 1948 when you ran for President. I also supported and worked for the election of persons who ran for the Senate and Congress in whom I had implicit confidence that they would support your progressive policies. Unfortunately, some of the candidates were not elected.

When I had the great honor and pleasure of meeting and having dinner with you at the White House, Tuesday June 24, 1952, I had intended to make the following suggestion to you, but because of the other people present and the lateness of the hour, I could not do it; therefore, this letter.

I know you to be a man of courage and conviction. You have done a lot of good things in your career as President of the United States. Even with all the mistakes which were attributed to you, you are the BEST PRESIDENT, next to the great FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT. In spite of the fact that some of your best friends have BETRAYED your confidence in many instances, you remained FAITHFUL in the TRUE AMERICAN WAY. After you had announced your decision not to run again, I thought that for the sake of humanity and civilization throughout the whole world, you would take it upon your own responsibility to arrange a meeting with Premier Josef Stalin, in Moscow or somewhere else convenient to both, and spend as much time as necessary with him, taking along just a few people who could interpret for both of you, and come to some agreement whereby PEACE COULD REIGN IN THE WHOLE WORLD. You had courage enough at one time, not so long ago, to appoint the Honorable CHIEF JUSTICE VINSON to meet Premier Stalin for this mission. For some reason, unknown to the public this trip was cancelled. You have nothing to lose, but everything in the world to gain. You would become the GREATEST LIVING HUMAN IF YOU WOULD UNDERTAKE TO SOLVE THE GREATEST PROBLEM MANKIND EVER HAS FACED, AND SAVE HUMANITY AND CIVILIZATION FROM DESTRUCTION.

People all over the world need our help. POINT FOUR is a most important one. If only 10% of the billions of dollars spent on ammunition and implements of destruction was wisely spent on POINT FOUR, COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA could not penetrate this wall of friend-

ship. If a good part of the billions of dollars that we are spending for military preparedness all over the world to build a FENCE around the IRON CURTAIN was spent here in our great country for PROPER EDUCATION, NEW SCHOOLS and OTHER HOUSES OF LEARNING, real PUBLIC HOSPITALS, PROPER MEDICAL ASSISTANCE TO ALL, CHILDRENS' NURSERIES, ENOUGH PARKS and PLAYGROUNDS, SLUM CLEARING, BUILDING NEW MODERN SANITARY HOMES FOR ALL, ELIMINATION OF RACE DISCRIMINATION AND OTHER SHAMEFUL CONDITIONS THAT STILL EXIST IN MANY PARTS OF OUR U.S.A., GOOD MULTI-ROAD HIGHWAYS THROUGHOUT THE U.S.A., PROPER APPROACHES TO AND FROM ALL CITIES, ESPECIALLY CITIES LIKE NEW YORK AND OTHER IMPORTANT CITIES THAT ARE THE VERY HEART OF OUR GREAT COUNTRY- all this would eliminate forever any threat of COMMUNISM to us.

I have traveled over one and one-half million miles in most of the important places in the United States, north, south, east and west. I have studied, to a degree, prevailing conditions pertaining to discrimination, congestion in all phases, dirty and filthy homes in which many of our people live, conditions that breed discontent and give the SUBVERSIVE ELEMENTS a chance to do their work.

YOU AND YOUR ADVISERS ARE SPENDING BILLIONS OF DOLLARS, NOT ONLY ON IMPLEMENTS OF WAR FOR DESTRUCTION, BUT ALSO GIVING AWAY BILLIONS OF DOLLARS TO BUILD UP NATIONS WHO NOT SO LONG AGO WERE OUR AND CIVILIZATION'S WORST ENEMIES. NATIONS WHOSE LEADERS HAVE COMMITTED THE GREATEST CRIMES IN WORLD HISTORY AGAINST HUMANITY BY TORTURING TO DEATH, CREMATING, DESTROYING BY MANY WAYS AND MEANS, MILLIONS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE OF ALL RACES, RELIGIONS AND NATIONALITIES, ARE NOW OUR FRIENDS AS LONG AS WE FEED THEM WITH EVERYTHING THEY NEED. NATIONS WHOSE PEOPLE WILL NEVER FIGHT FOR US OR BE ON OUR SIDE. LIKE GERMANY AND JAPAN, AND OTHERS LIKE SPAIN AND ARGENTINA, AND MANY MORE.

I have traveled in Europe recently, especially in London. I made it my business to see the pronounced destruction caused by the last war and the rubbles that are still in many parts in the heart of that great metropolis. I can imagine the destruction in many large cities in GERMANY and the total destruction of the large and small cities in POLAND and RUSSIA and in other countries that were in the way of the FUHRER and those who refused to join "DEUTCHLAND UBER ALLES". (Which is now again being sung as a NATIONAL HYMN in WEST GERMANY.)

I shiver to think what could happen again everywhere, including our great cities, in a modern ATOMIC OR HYDROGEN WAR. I spoke to many people, those that do the suffering, they don't want to fight again for anybody.

My dear Mr. President, for the sake of saving civilization and humanity from DETERIORATION and EVENTUAL DESTRUCTION, forget the word PRIDE and be again the HUMBLE AND COURAGEOUS HARRY S. TRUMAN, the one I met the other evening in the WHITE HOUSE when you took so much humble pride in showing us every nook and corner of the newly rebuilt "PRESIDENT'S HOUSE" and try yourself to arrange for a meeting with PREMIER JOSEF STALIN. IT'S WORTH A TRY; maybe you will succeed

in making peace. We can all have greater democratic prosperity in peace time than through a destructive war.

U.S.A. AND U.S.S.R ARE THE TWO LARGEST AND GREATEST COUNTRIES ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH, AND UNTIL AND UNLESS THESE TWO COUNTRIES LIVE AT PEACE WITH EACH OTHER, THERE WILL NOT BE PEACE ANYWHERE. A cold war must lead to a hot war. These two great countries are the only ones that can and are able in every way to carry out a peace program to benefit everybody in the whole world and make it a better place to live in for all. YOU, AND ONLY YOU, COULD DO IT, AND THE TIME TO DO IT IS NOW.

I am certain you still remember PEARL HARBOR, BATAAN, CORREGIDOR, LIDICE, BUCHENWALD, DASHAU and many other places of destruction, and for destruction.

With greatest respect and admiration

Courageously yours,

Samuel Kipnis

SAMUEL KIPNIS

SK G

P. S.

I believe this move on your part will be the best campaign value for the Democratic Party. It will elect its candidates running for important office in the coming election.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

August 21, 1952

My dear Mr. Kipnis:

The President has received your letter of August eleventh. He wants you to know that he sincerely appreciates the kind interest of those who offer their ideas and suggestions to him in a spirit of helpfulness such as your words manifest, and asks that you accept his thanks.

Mr. M.J. Connelly was pardoned and restored to full citizenship rights by President J.F. Kennedy - Thanksgiving, Thurs. November 22, 1962.

Very sincerely yours,

M J Connelly

MATTHEW J. CONNELLY
Secretary to the President

Mr. Samuel Kipnis,
P.O. Box 1620,
Jacksonville 1,
Florida.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

JULY 18, 1952

HONORABLE HARRY S. TRUMAN
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
WALTER REED HOSPITAL
WASHINGTON, D.C.

I REJOICE WITH ALL GOOD CITIZENS OF OUR GREAT COUNTRY FOR YOUR QUICK RECOVERY AND PRAY FOR YOUR GOOD HEALTH. WE NEED COURAGEOUS MEN LIKE YOU ALWAYS ESPECIALLY IN THESE TROUBLED TIMES.

SAMUEL KIPNIS
&
NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION
FAMILY OF OVER 4000

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

NOVEMBER 1, 1950

HONORABLE HARRY S. TRUMAN
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON, D.C.

OUR ORGANIZATION OF 3500 PEOPLE WITH ALL PEACE AND FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER REJOICE AND PRAY THAT YOU ARE SAFE AND UNHARMED. WE NEED YOU FOR THE GOOD OF ALL HUMANITY.

SAMUEL KIPNIS, PRESIDENT
NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

November 9, 1950

Dear Mr. Kipnis:

I want to express my thanks for that message. You and your associates may be sure that I deeply appreciate your solicitous interest in my welfare.

Very sincerely yours,

Harry Truman

Mr. Samuel Kipnis,
President,
National Container Corporation,
Review Avenue,
Long Island City, N. Y.



S. K. Registering At The 25th
Anniversary Dinner - Savoy Plaza
June 10, 1953

On this 25th Anniversary

of

National Container Corporation

we honor you

Samuel Kipnis

You have been our Company's inspiration and our only President down through these many years
You have been the human dynamo, who has sparkplugged our Company from small beginnings to
the status of a National Institution known throughout the world
Your business courage, your undaunted energy, your inordinate capacity for accomplishment,
have guided and inspired us in our daily tasks
Your unbounded faith in Country, Industry and Company have swept us on to new goals, in the
attaining of which our customers, stockholders and colleague-workers have all shared and benefited
Truly, you have been a Great Leader

We wish you many more years of abounding good health, so that your next quarter-century will make the achievements of the past but the beginnings of new goals and new records

Your Natcon Family



Walking Through Twenty-Five Years of Progress With National

By SAMUEL KIPNIS, PRESIDENT

National Container Corporation of Delaware, which is the parent Company of the many companies that constitute the NATCON Family, is celebrating its twenty-fifth year of progress in 1953.

How was NATCON born? Who are the persons responsible for NATCON'S birth and who are the persons that have taken the initiative and who worked with "sweat and blood" to make NATCON blossom and grow to its present important position in the corrugated paper industry? Who are the persons left from the original group who are still pulling and pushing and making all gears mesh in this organization so that it can achieve greater successes and become a more important and useful factor in the industry?

NATCON is an outgrowth of a Company that was originally known as Columbia Corrugated Company, organized in 1917, by Samuel Kipnis and J. J. Dix. The plant was in a store and basement—Northeast corner 18th Street and Sixth Avenue—7500 square feet on both floors. The entire investment in new machines and equipment was $30,000.00, on long-term payment.

In 1918 Harry Ginsberg and J. Kramer replaced J. J. Dix. It became a three-cornered affair with Kramer, the so-called leader of the triangle. In the same year Columbia moved into larger quarters—a store and basement—Southeast corner 20th Street and Sixth Avenue. It then occupied 20,000 square feet of floor space, mostly in the basement.

During 1920 the Garment Center Fibre Company was born with quarters in the Garment Center Building on 36th Street. I was in charge of running that part of the business and Kramer and Ginsberg were in charge of the Corrugated Box business located at 20th Street and Sixth Avenue.

In January, 1924, Kramer and I decided to part and divide the business Kramer wanted the Corrugated Box business. I didn't have much to say. Ginsberg was the deciding factor—whichever part of the business I was to take. If he goes with me, it is the Corrugated; and if he remains with Kramer, it is the Garment Box for me. Lawyer Wallerstein, who was the lawyer for the three of us, held the escrow agreement with a note for $25,000.00 from Kramer and me. If any one backed out of the deal, he was to forfeit the $25,000.00 to the other. Ginsberg decided to come with me as equal partner and it was the Corrugated Box business for Ginsberg and me.

Ginsberg and I offered A. H. Edwards, who was working with the triangle as General Manager, 25% interest in our Company, but he, like others, was certain that Ginsberg an I would not last long and he remained with Kramer.

We borrowed $50,000.00 from the State Bank (Charle Smith, Vice President) for one year, to assist us in this dea I still remember Smith's statement to me: "I am lending th money to you, not to your Company, and you better have i paid on time." We repaid the loan long before maturity.

Ginsberg and I decided to move Columbia out of the 20t Street store and basement. I called on a Mr. Lynch of th Terminal Warehouse Company, 25 South William Stree New York (whom I met for the first time) to discuss th rental and terms on a five-story building at 11th Avenu from 27th to 28th Streets. He looked at me awhile and the said: The rent is $60,000.00 a year on a five-year lease, wit security. I offered $42,000.00 a year without security, pro viding he made the necessary alterations. He smiled an remarked: "I like you; I want to talk it over with my di rectors. Will you wait here? I'll let you know soon." H turned with his back to me, folded his arms over his ches and sat that way for about five minutes, then turned to m and informed me that, "I just had a meeting with my direc tors and, after a thorough discussion, we decided to accep your offer, without security." A lease was then made. B the time we rented out part of this building to Rand-McNall the $42,000.00 per year rent was reduced considerably an we had more than 60,000 square feet of working space fo our operation, at a low price.

Columbia Corrugated Company, with Ginsberg as Vic President and Kipnis as President, prospered and becam leaders in the local Corrugated Box industry. I became th president of the local industry organization and spokesma for it in the National Association. The local organizatio was looked on by all other groups of our industry as the bes led, most progressive and cooperative. That was due pr marily to the assistance and guidance I received from th late Samuel Samuels, Bernard Rous and our beloved Senio General Counsel, Saul Bernstein, who has been active in ou industry as Counsel as long as I can remember.

In 1927, I asked Ginsberg to consider merging with fou other companies: The William Herman Company, New Yor Corrugated, Grand City Corrugated, and International Bo I confided our wishes to lawyer Saul Bernstein who called meeting of the interested parties. Terms were agreed upo

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Walking Through 25 Years of Progress With National

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and he was instructed to prepare a contract for the merger. There wasn't any doubt in anyone's mind that this merger would go through and be a success. Based on that belief, Columbia Corrugated, after consultation with the others, purchased from the United States Government, for one million dollars, in its own name, the real estate and buildings where our Long Island City plant is now located. On March 1, 1928, all papers were signed and National Container Corporation was born. The next day one of the important factors in the merger decided to withdraw because he didn't think he could get along with S.K., and because he wanted to be the President, Vice President, Chairman of the Board and everything that goes with a corporation. He was certain that S.K. would want to be the same things. He didn't consult for the facts. And, that was that. Columbia was stuck with a large deposit on a million dollars worth of real estate and buildings. Nevertheless, all of those who remained in the merger decided to go forward, and in June 1928, Ginsberg and I, working conscientiously and consistently for months—seven days a week and many nights succeeded in commencing actual operation in the new building. The real estate was finally taken over by Air Depot Realty Corporation, a new corporation organized for the purpose to be the Real Estate Holding company for NATCON.

In 1929, we took a short walk, not far from our plant, and merged with the Hygrade-Eagle Corrugated Company. There too, some of the persons who came into the Company with the merger wanted to be the heads of NATCON; right or wrong, otherwise they didn't want to stay. They took a walk backwards. That is how two Eagles and one International left NATCON.

NATCON continued to grow in spite of all the difficulties, headaches and growing pains. It became an even more important factor in our industry and a leader in the National industry association.

In 1929 B. C. (before the crash) investors and underwriters bought into NATCON and our stock was listed on the New York Curb Exchange. In October-November of 1929, the crash came along and one of our good friends in the bank where we were a depositor put the squeeze on us because we owed them a few hundred thousand dollars at that time. It was not due, but they wanted immediate payment. No reasons were given. That was met with difficulty because, for reasons unknown to us, no bank wanted us to open an account with them. The Pennsylvania Exchange Bank came to our rescue. We are still a substantial depositor with the Pennsylvania Exchange Bank.

In 1930, I recommended that we take a walk to Philadelphia and a plant was born there under the management of Fred Mann and later with A. L. Rosenfeld, both as part owners of the Philadelphia Company.

In 1935, again at my recommendation, we took another walk into Pennsylvania and a plant was born in Bradford—the Northeastern Container Corporation. I was almost kicked out of NATCON because I was responsible for the birth of that plant. The return in profits from this plant, since then is almost twenty times our investment, to say nothing of our acquisition in personnel. Lester R. Edwards, who has been President of that Company since the beginning, is one of the best loved and respected of our associates, and in industry without exception, and he is my closest friend, next to Harry Ginsberg.

In 1935, we were one of the largest buyers of Kraft Linerboard from the Southern Kraft Corporation, a subsidiary of International Paper. To assure the future supply of board for our Company, I met with the heads of the Company to work out a deal for the future, but without success. We were then using about 50,000 tons of Kraft Linerboard a year. I promptly started to work on a plan to build our own Kraft board mill. I worked on this all by myself in my free time until I had a complete blueprint of the plan that could be presented to our people for consideration. After convincing our directors of the importance of having our own Kraft board mill, they half-heartedly agreed. It was then necessary to get three and one-half million dollars to do it. That took me a year, but I did it! I admit that I had to walk around many corners, but I finally succeeded in getting everything arranged, including a deal with the City of Jacksonville for a site and an existing building. One of my associates decided it was too great a risk for him to have NATCON build a Kraft paper mill and unless I purchased 50% of his stock holdings in NATCON, he would not come along. That was a big corner for me to walk around, but I made it. I purchased the stock. I got the three and one-half million dollars from underwriters to build the mill.

When I finally got to Jacksonville to sign the agreement with the City, after having everything arranged with them, some of the members of the Jacksonville City Council had changed their minds. This was another difficult corner for me to walk around. We decided to do it all by ourselves without favors from the City, and in April 1938, Kraft linerboard started to roll off the 214 inch paper machine at the rate of 220 tons per day, under the direction of R. H. Laftman, whom I met accidentally in 1937 and put in charge of building the mill. I then lived in Jacksonville. Laftman and I spent many sleepless nights and worrisome days during the construction of the mill and during the two-year operation of 1938-1939, because of bigotry on the part of a few people in Jacksonville and the indifference on the part of those who were responsible for bringing us to Jacksonville. We won every battle: Our final victory through the courts was complete. The mill now produces 450 tons of Kraft board per day and is one of the most modern and most efficient Kraft board producing mills in our country.

In 1938, after the mill started manufacturing Kraft linerboard, we took another short walk. We installed a box plant in the mill, but it soon grew to be too big for the space it occupied. Again we took a walk not far from the mill and acquired a building from the City of Jacksonville on a rental basis, with an option to purchase, and moved the box shop there. We exercised our option on the building; made additions to it. Today this plant is one of the largest and most modern box plant in the United States.

Another small company was born in Long Island in 1937, under the name of Anchor Container, managed by Goldsmith and Schneider, but that was a miscarriage. We didn't hang around that corner too long: Mistakes do happen.

In 1939, the Philadelphia management decided that they did not care to be connected with NATCON any longer. They took a walk for themselves. We sold our interest to them in the Philadelphia Company.

In 1940, due to the mishandling of sales by one of our representatives in Los Angeles who was selling corrugated boxes there for our Long Island plant, and the inspiration and encouragement of a person in Stockton, California, to whom he made a large sale that was not acceptable to us (I had to meet this person in New York to get it straightened out) and with the assistance of A. H. Edwards, who came back to us in 1931, we organized and put in operation "Kraft Corrugated Container" in Oakland, California, in space rented from that city. George Schneider took over the management of that Company at the beginning of 1941 and he moved to Oakland from New York.

In 1944, because of our continued growth, we took another walk to Big Island, Virginia, and purchased the Bedford Pulp and Paper Company, manufacturing corrugating material. It is because of the purchase of this mill that we are banking with the Marine Midland Bank and consider the personnel of that bank our dearest banker friends. This mill is now producing 150 tons per day, instead of 100.

In 1945, we took another long walk up north and purchased the Ontonagon mill in Ontonagon, Michigan. This purchase was easy because the time was ripe and we needed every pound of its production and the price was right. We didn't need banking assistance. It was April 12, 1945 at 6 p.m. at the Club in Wausau, Wisconsin when Clark Everest shook hands with me and said, "Sam, you bought a paper mill, but we just lost the greatest president we ever had: F.D.R. just died." We remained speechless.

In 1946, we took another walk up north to Tomahawk, Wisconsin. We purchased the Tomahawk Kraft Paper Company, and soon built and put in

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Walking Through 25 Years of Progress With National

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operation a box shop next to the mill. That, too, was accomplished through the full-hearted assistance of the Marine Midland Bank. This mill now produces 250 tons per day, instead of 90. The acquisition of this mill was not a bed of roses. We had to fight for it, but it was fun doing it and we came out "on top." Refinancing this year through Van Alstyne Noel & Company was easy and successful.

In 1947, we took another walk around a windy, snowbound corner in Chicago and purchased the Moore Box Company, a sheet plant, which has since been expanded to be one of the largest and best equipped corrugated box plants in Chicago.

In 1948, we took a walk along the Ohio River and purchased the Martin Brothers Box Company plant in Aurora, Indiana.

In 1948, we took a second walk in Philadelphia and purchased a plant and moved it to another building. This plant is also now considered one of the large ones in Philadelphia.

And, again in 1948, I took a walk to the land of oranges, grapefruit and sunshine, in the State where I now vote, and we opened a sheet plant in Miami which is now occupying 40,000 square feet of floor space and is serving the Greater Miami area. I was being kidded about this "baby," but it is now a factor in that territory.

In 1949, we wanted to become Texans so we took a walk to Dallas and there was born a Dallas sheet plant. Now we have a brand new converting plant in Dallas, one of the largest and best equipped in that part of the country.

In 1950, Schneider and I took another walk along the blue Pacific down to Los Angeles. We walked around many corners and decided on one particular corner, and are now operating one of the newest and best equipped box plants on the southern coast of California.

In June, 1950, we wanted to establish an over-all sales office to develop sales to nationally known users of boxes and engaged someone well-known in the industry for that purpose. We wanted window dressing. We moved our Executive Offices to the 50th Floor of 500 Fifth Avenue. The well-known (?) person didn't work out, so we now can look down at everybody and everybody has to look up to us.

In 1951, we took another walk along a small canal in Jaite, Ohio not too far from Lake Erie, and purchased a paper mill, multi-bag and display bag plant.

Again in 1951, we dreamed about building a new 500 ton per day Kraft mill on a certificate of necessity. We needed 32 million dollars. It was a big corner to walk around, yet it was the easiest of all, thanks to the holding of hands with the Halsey, Stuart and Van Alstyne Noel people. At this time that mill is being constructed in Valdosta, Georgia. We hope that it will be in operation in September 1953. This is the biggest and longest walk so far. We hope that this mill will eventually produce 700 tons of Kraft board per day.

In 1952, we took another walk to Rock Hill, South Carolina and a sheet plant was born there. I hope this sheet plant, too, will grow into a full-size converting plant soon.

A new baby was born the second week in August, 1952 in East St. Louis, Illinois—a sheet plant. I hope that this sheet plant, too, will grow into a fully equipped corrugated box converting plant.

A new building is now being constructed for us in Milwaukee, where a fully equipped, up-to-date corrugated box plant, Solid Kraft Partition and Folding Boxes, will be in operation the latter part of this year.

In January, 1953, the Empire Box Company of Atlanta, Georgia was purchased and another fully equipped converting plant is in the making. Memphis, Tennessee is now on the drawing table and will soon be in the blueprint form.

All of our plants in the cities and states where we are located are named "NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION." We are now operating plants in thirteen states, thirty-four sales offices in twenty states, and are shipping our products throughout the U.S.A.

All of our plants are unionized and the most pleasant relations exist between labor and management.

Our NATCON family consists of close to 5,000 persons for whom we have the following benefit plans:

- Vacation with pay
- Paid Holidays
- Group Insurance
- Death and Dismemberment Insurance
- Hospitalization Program (Dependents included)
- 10-15-20-25 Year Clubs with extra benefit to the members.
- Pension Plans
- Sunshine Funds
- Credit Unions
- Cafeterias
- Publications:
  - Management News & Review
  - National Container Digest
- Library
- Gifts:
  - Wedding and Births
  - Christmas Remembrances

KRAFT PAPER MILLS

Big Island, Virginia
Jacksonville, Florida
Jaite, Ohio
Ontonagon, Michigan
Tomahawk, Wisconsin
Valdosta, Georgia (in construction)

SALES OFFICES

Atlanta, Georgia
Aurora, Indiana
Baltimore, Maryland
Boston, Massachusetts
Bradford, Pennsylvania
Charlotte, North Carolina
Chicago, Illinois
Cincinnati, Ohio
Dallas, Texas
Detroit, Michigan
Jacksonville, Florida
East St. Louis, Illinois
Fort Worth, Texas
Houston, Texas
Jaite, Ohio
Long Island City, New York
Los Angeles, California
Louisville, Kentucky
Memphis, Tennessee
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Miami, Florida
Minneapolis, Minnesota
New York City, New York
Oakland, California
Orlando, Florida
Ontonagon, Michigan
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Rock Hill, South Carolina
San Francisco, California
Tomahawk, Wisconsin
Washington, D. C.
St. Paul, Minnesota

MULTI-WALL & DISPLAY BAGS

Jaite, Ohio

CORRUGATED BOX SHOPS

Aurora, Indiana
Bradford, Pennsylvania
Chicago, Illinois
Dallas, Texas
East St. Louis, Illinois
Jacksonville, Florida
Long Island City, New York
Los Angeles, California
Minneapolis, Minnesota
St. Paul, Minnesota
Miami, Florida
Milwaukee, Wisconsin (in construction)
Oakland, California
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Rock Hill, South Carolina
Tomahawk, Wisconsin

OTHER WHOLLY OWNED COMPANIES

Airdepot Realty Corporation
Long Island City, New York
Bedford Timber & Land Corporation
Big Island, Virginia
National Container Corporation Foundation—New York, New York
National Container Delivery Service, Inc.—Long Island City, New York
Marinette Tomahawk & Western Railroad—Tomahawk, Wisconsin
National Container Timber Corp.
Tomahawk, Wisconsin
National Turpentine & Pulpwood Corporation—Jacksonville, Florida
Valdosta Southern Railroad and A Barge Transportation Division, Jacksonville, Florida

We own about 300,000 acres of timberland on which we practice scientific reforestation under progressive and able management. We are truly a **National Institution,** fully integrated "FROM THE TREE TO THE FINISHED PRODUCT," from coast to coast, border to border.

NATCON's predecessor, Columbia, joined the local and national industry organizations in 1918 and NATCON has continued membership ever since in National and local industry organizations wherever it operates.

It is nice to look back to 1928 with a million dollar a year business; to

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Walking Through 25 Years of Progress With National

(Continued From Preceding Page)

70 million dollars a year business in 1951, or 250 million square feet of corrugated paper products in 1928 to over three billion square feet in 1951; only one plant in 1928 and now five paper mills and fifteen box plants and now constructing one of the largest Kraft paper mills to be completed in 1953.

The following persons are some of the organizers, those who assisted in the formation of the original NATCON, or those who have worked in responsible positions with NATCON, or its predecessor, Columbia, and are still working as a team for its continued success:

Samuel Kipnis
Harry Ginsberg
Saul Bernstein
M. M. Bernstein
A. H. Edwards
L. M. Goldberg
J. W. Quarte
A. C. Herman
J. Gruneisel
Harry Sobel
Arthur Spengler
Max Ackerman

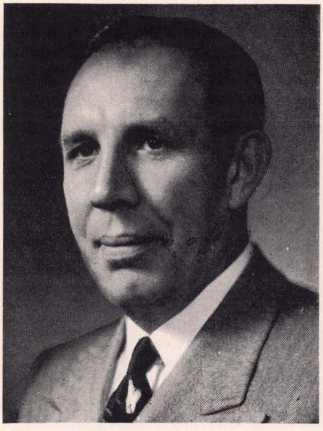
A. R. Bachrach — independent accountants and a host of others, too numerous to mention.

NO ONE PERSON COULD HAVE ACHIEVED SUCH WONDERFUL PROGRESS. IT WAS THE TEAMWORK OF ALL—EMPLOYEES, EXECUTIVES, MANAGEMENT, STOCKHOLDERS, BANKERS, UNDERWRITERS, AND INVESTORS.

We have our eyes open to find many more corners in many more states to walk around. Let's hold hands together and keep on walking forward around all the corners we have and those that we are going to have, with the hope that all of us together will celebrate NATCON's second twenty-five years of continued progress.

A Banker's Opinion

By GEORGE C. TEXTOR, *Executive Vice-President*
Marine Midland Trust Co., of N. Y.



My sincere congratulations to National Container Corporation in its twenty-fifth anniversary year.

In the last issue of the "Digest," I noticed listed a great many constructive suggestions made by workers in various departments of the company to improve the efficiency of operations for the company's products. This, to me, is most significant as typifying the cooperation throughout your organization which, over the past twenty-five years, has made National Container Corporation what it is today.

Being bankers for a progressive company like yours is one of the satisfactions of our business. It has been most gratifying to watch this fine and sound progress and to have been one of your principal banks during some of the most important parts of that progress.

THE NEXT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

By J. L. KIPNIS, *Executive Vice President and Director*

It is well to celebrate twenty-five years of work and success. It is good to search out the experiences and incidents in the mammoth growth of our company to try to find the key to this success—the gems of information that would help us continue to grow—above and beyond competition.

When you read the many articles in this issue you will at once recognize that one man, Samuel Kipnis, the indomitable individualist, through sheer determination, and in spite of many almost insurmountable hardships, made his will felt and obeyed.

Grow — increase — enlarge — explore — were his bywords. More cautious associates with imagination, yes, with less virility begged for status quo. They felt the best thing to do was to leave well enough alone.

Some say one man could not have caused this growth alone. I say only one man, Samuel Kipnis, and his indomitable spirit did this job.

Certainly many helped him operate the company and the larger the company grew, the more help he needed. But the spirit, the drive, and most of all, the vibrant imagination was his. Those who know him intimately, will verify this, and those who know him through some short meeting will certainly agree that their contact was an experience.

But, to understand his power, we must admit that he is no ordinary man. We, who have worked with him these many years would call him a genius, with all the attributes attached to one.

Now let us look at the future. What now? Samuel Kipnis has done a full job. Now over sixty-five, he has reached the accepted age of retirement. This to him is a new jumping-off place. Visions and reality—new mills—new box shops —new bag plants—new growth—new ideas — still flow from his powerful brain. He persists with endless imagination, endless determination.

What makes this man continue with his work? He shows no let-down in activities, physical, or mental.

Did you every try to keep track of him? He will be in as many cities in a week as there are days, including Saturdays and Sundays. Did you know that he travels so frequently that his mail is always sent to two places at once, and sometimes three?

His briefcase follows him everywhere, every day. Each night his re-



tiring thoughts are on the Company; each morning he is raring to go.

Some of you may have noticed the large pad which he keeps in his brief case. Things to do — people to see — deals to work — problems to straighten out — all are written on this pad, so that none of the work will be overlooked. When a job is finished, he draws a line through it. When a new thought is born, he writes it on the bottom line, and there it stays until accomplished. Then it, too, gets wiped out. This goes on day in and day out; year in and year out. Yes, for the last twenty-five years and more — truly a long time to be driving with one's foot pushing the accelerator down to the floor board.

Why, then does he work this way? Many of you would say that he is out to get rich. A little thought on this point would prove the error of this conclusion. Monetarily, Samuel Kipnis is rich and has been for quite a few years. Can he make more money through all of this untiring effort? The answer to that is, "no." The tax laws make this impossible. I will wager that you did not know that Samuel Kipnis' Big Uncle, takes almost all of his pay check each week. Yes, the startling, unbelievable fact is that he keeps less than one hundred dollars each week out of his salary check. Yet, this does not dampen his endeavor.

What then drives him on? I believe that I know the answer. Samuel Kipnis is driven on by life itself, and the beauty and intrigue that only a genius can evict from it.

Challenge drives him. The challenge of all, both within and without the Company.

Love and compassion for his fellowman drives him. His philanthropies are known far and wide. Compassion for the underdog, the great mass of us, who are at times hurt by the inequities of modern society. He champions for them.

His love for the individual man — those who work with him and about him. Some of you saw him cry — choke with tears — at a public testimonial given for two of his friends at their retirement dinner, but a few weeks ago, in Jacksonville.

His desire for accomplishment drives him.

Yes, Samuel Kipnis, has found the key to man's purpose on earth. Work and more work — improvement of man's lot through understanding, help and love.

And so he continues, and his Company, once an infant, now stands mature among the other giants of our industrial world. Maturity in status, calls for maturity in management.

The future will show you a strong tendency for greater teamwork, greater direction of corporate effort, and unfortunately, more conservatism. You will see more people carrying the load, more delegation of authority and responsibility from very top management throughout the entire organization.

Opportunity for advancement will be more eminent, with the creation of new offices and jobs. All who are interested in advancement must prepare themselves. The need for talent — all kinds of talent — production, management, accounting, research, sales, will grow. The alert mind, the interested individual, the one who is not afraid of work, will come up the line. The future brings opportunity.

You will also see the future seek out those of us who deserve recognition in whatever our endeavor and become recipients of that recognition.

There will be a hunt for those with imagination, ideas, and ability. For upon our success in finding such people, will the future growth and welfare of our Company depend. Newly established managerial methods will test, observe, scrutinize and analyze our personnel. Ability and sincerity of effort will win.

And finally, National will emerge as a closely knit team, all working for

(Continued on Next Page)

The Next 25 Years

(Continued From Preceding Page)

one common endeavor, held together by a strong pride for their work, their associates and their Company. You will hear people acclaim National as a fine Company with which to do business, a swell Company with which to be associated—a truly successful Company.

Indeed, the visions of Samuel Kipnis will grow, and this vision augmented by much more coming from you will insure its and your prosperity.

I toast you and the future. . . .

Team Work Gets Results

By The Hon. JOHN T. ALSOP, Jr.

Public Relations Consultant, Jacksonville, Florida



During the eighteen years I served as Mayor of Jacksonville I promoted or aided in building theatres, hospitals, office buildings, a post office, the Naval Air Station, and with the help of the State and City Chamber of Commerce induced many large industries to locate in Jacksonville.

But my greatest joy came from the fact that fifteen years ago I worked unceasingly and successfully with the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce, City Commission, and City Council to induce Mr. Samuel Kipnis and his associates of National Container Corporation to build a paper mill and box plant in Jacksonville.

At that time National Container, operating only three box plants with headquarters at Long Island City, New York was ten years of age, and now on the twenty-fifth anniversary, National Container Corporation is operating four paper mills, a twenty-five million dollar paper mill in the course of construction at Clyattville, Georgia near Valdosta, with a planned capacity of five hundred tons production per day, and is also operating fourteen box plants all over the nation.

And here I pause to extend greetings and felicitations to the officers and employees of National Container Corporation on the occasion of its Silver Anniversary upon the phenomenal record of achievement made by this outstanding organization.

In the very beginning, the Officers of National Container realized that while large capital, adequate buildings and modern machinery were required, they also knew that the greatest asset in the operation of these mammoth plants would be the efficient and loyal people who would work in the plants.

So now, National Container with team work and most pleasant relations between management and employees, and with some of the largest payrolls in the cities where the company operates, has become not only an outstanding industrial enterprise, but National Container has become a veritable INSTITUTION in all these home cities, and throughout the land.

As evidence of this, National Container Corporation has contributed generously to YMCA's, YWCA's, Hospitals, Colleges, Community Chests and other charitable organizations which have for their objective the building of a BIGGER and BETTER city.

There are many reasons why employees of National Container love their work. All rules for safety and health are rigidly enforced and National Container has won numerous medals in safety campaigns throughout the years. National Container furnishes wholesome food at cost; carries Group Insurance; helps Employees to save by deductions for Government Bonds; sustains Credit Unions. Management also helps employees to become active in civic, educational and religious organizations, thus inspiring them to become happy and ofttimes leading citizens in their respective communities.

Both management and employees are actively assisting in preventing forest fires and in re-forestation work, cooperating fully with Forestry Boards.

All members of the National Container Team aid through the Public Relations Department in securing good roads, which benefit all engaged in the paper mill business, farmers, merchants, and all other citizens as well.

Vice President Albert Edwards' slogan is adhered to strictly, "THINK THRU then FOLLOW THRU," which is much like Charles Kettering's recent statement to the students at Antioch College. He said "Education is what you know, and what you can do with your own hands, your own eyes, your own brain—and how you get along with the fellow next door." Let's all emulate the example given us by these two distinguished engineers.

A CHEMICAL INDUSTRY FOR GROWTH

By R. H. LAFTMAN, *former Vice President and Director*
Retired, 1951



When I was born my father was working in the managing field of the paper industry in Sweden. Little did my mother think on that September 27, 1886, when I came into this world, that I, too, would spend my whole lifetime in the paper industry after graduating as a chemical engineer in 1909 from the Orebro Technical School. There is practically no department in the pulp or paper mill in which I have not worked, and there is hardly a pulp or paper being manufactured today with which I have not had some experience both in Sweden and in the United States.

In the early thirties, through my many contacts within the industry I had heard of Samuel Kipnis, then and still President of National Container Corporation. I had heard of his indomitable will and his dynamic personality. Little did I think then, however, that I would ever be associated with him because at that time National had no mills and were buying all their paper.

In 1937 however, I was asked by "S.K.," as we usually call him, to enter the picture in the company's first venture into the pulp and paper industry in Jacksonville, Florida.

Many unusual problems presented themselves: The amount of money available for the project, the use of a piece of ground and buildings which had formerly been used by a chemical plant and which did not permit the usual pulp and paper mill layout. We had to work upward rather than laterally in any direction. Since we were starting without woodlands, we had no control whatsoever over our raw material supply.

Those were hectic days. These problems were all finally overcome, however, as indicated by the record for quality and production for the Jacksonville mill.

Of course, the Jacksonville picture looks better today because as money became available, many improvements were made and now instead of turning out only 200 tons a day, the same mill is turning out 400 tons a day, using a large percentage of wood from the company's own lands which now amount to over 237,000 acres in the State of Florida.

The Jacksonville mill is one of the first mills in the industry to use the Cottrell Electric Precipitator.

In 1944 when we took over the old Bedford Pulp and Paper Company, we knew that drastic changes had to be made and so it happened that the mill in Big Island, Virginia was the second mill in the south to install the semi-chemical process for making corrugating medium.

Soon thereafter, the mill in Ontonagon, Michigan and the mill in Tomahawk, Wisconsin came under the National ownership. Each one presented an entirely new set of problems which had to be met and solved.

My one regret is that I was compelled because of ill health to retire from active duty with National Container Corporation and the industry, but I have fond memories of the many years of association with the people who helped to make National what it is today and a certain amount of inward pride and satisfaction that the projects I left unfinished have been so capably handled by my successor, Mr. William T. Webster, whom I selected as my assistant several years before retirement.

In my mind, the pulp and paper industry is a part of the chemical industry and is definitely open for much further growth. In spite of the development which has already been made, it is an industry which is still in its infancy. No doubt, the day is not far distant when the by-products will be of such value that they will play a much more important role than they do today.

My congratulations to the National Container Digest for the excellent work it has done in the field of human relations for all the employees of National Container, and many thanks for the opportunity to write these few words for this Twenty-fifth Anniversary number.

come to it and remain year after year, working with that a highly competitive economy.

A BANKER'S GREETING

By DAVID VAN ALSTYNE, JR.
Van Alstyne, Noel & Co., New York, N. Y.



It gives me great pleasure to extend hearty congratulations to the Directors and Officers of National Container Corporation on their Twenty - fifth Anniversary. Their record is a remarkable achievement—starting from practically zero the company has become one of the largest corporations of its kind in the world, with a nation-wide sales organization.

Van Alstyne, Noel & Co. have been proud to be the investment bankers for National Container Corporation for the last nine years and we look forward to many more years of the same intimate, friendly relationship!

FUTURE UNLIMITED

By LESTER R. EDWARDS, *President and Manager*
Northeastern Container Corporation Bradford, Pennsylvania



Greetings to the Twenty-fifth Anniversary issue of the National Container Digest. National Container Corporation was formed in 1928, and six years later, in late 1934 Northeastern Container Corporation was organized, and the first board was corrugated on May 1, 1935. It is interesting to note that the original building was purchased for $8,000.00, an old second hand corrugator was installed, together with a minimum of other finishing equipment. Considerable expansion has taken place since that date, and the fixed investment today is nearing one million dollars.

National Container has grown up since that time, with the addition of mill after mill, and box plant after box plant. The completion of the new Valdosta mill, late this year will put National well up front among the integrated container operations throughout the world.

With all this growth in physical properties of buildings and machinery, congratulations go to those men of indomitable courage and foresight, who have made all this possible . They have added many workers to the organization, and all together have made National great. The Company is still young, needs added personnel with vision, ability and energy, and to these, offer wonderful opportunities for the future with National.

PRESIDENT TO PRESIDENT

By JAMES G. BLAINE, *President*
Marine Midland Trust Co. of New York



I am glad of the opportunity to congratulate you, the officers, and the employees of National Container Corporation on the happy occasion of the company having completed twenty-five years in business. However, it is one thing to be in business that long, and another to achieve so much in what really is so short a time. Twenty-five years can pass very quickly. Under your leadership the accomplishments of National Container are extraordinary.

From an ounce of oil, a ton of material for sale—and glad to move it three miles to the first customer —you have gone a long way to six mills, fifteen converting plants, and sales in 1952 of $55,000,000. Truly a remarkable performance. What do you plan by the end of 1978?

Quality of product and good service to customers are *musts* to meet competition. But unless employers and employees really work together you can't compete. We are in an era of labor history which bodes well for the future of American industry. Capital and industry today recognize the importance of their independency if the fruit of their efforts is to be fully realized. Intelligent leadership by capital and labor will lead to more and better understanding of the common problems. This will reduce the loss of wages and earnings from strikes, and make the American way of life infinitely better for us all.

I am glad that National Container recognizes the importance of proper employee relationships. It has meant much to you in the past, it will mean more and more to you all in the future.

My best wishes to you for the next twenty-five years.

RECENTLY COME OF AGE

By ALBERT H. EDWARDS, *Vice President & Director*

Jacksonville, Florida



Although I knew Samuel Kipnis and Harry Ginsberg in 1923 and had the position with them at that time as General Manager, I made the serious mistake of leaving them in 1924. Fortunately I had an opportunity to rejoin them again in a similar capacity in 1931.

In my lifetime so far, I have worked for many corporations. I have had dealings with tens of thousands of people and although they say that people are people no matter where you wander, I have long since come to the definite conclusion that the people who comprise National Container are different. This has made National Container what it is today . . . people . . . and after just recently completing my 21 years with National and having worked with its people in many of its divisions under all kinds of economic conditions I know whereof I speak when I say our people are different.

Even though good looking grounds and buildings—the latest equipment and processes, the most modern systems and methods—look good and sound good, and mind you, we have them too, to us in National Container we have come to know that they are all worthless without the proper people to run them.

Perhaps, we were ahead of the times, for National Container was practicing good human relations when others were just beginning to talk about them. No use talking about it further because the record speaks for itself.

It was for this reason that we dedicated this edition of National Container Digest to our people who through mutual hard work—knowledge, encouragement, and inspiration—led on by its President Samuel Kipnis, nicknamed the "human dynamo" and Harry Ginsberg, Chairman of the Board, nicknamed the "economist" have truly made National Container what its name would indicate, "National."

Thus, you will find pictures scattered throughout this DIGEST of activities of our people and though we do not give direct evidence of recognition of the people outside our immediate family, you can be assured we are most appreciative and give our deepest and warmest thanks to all the people on the outside who have helped all our people on the inside—whether they be stockholders, bankers, brokers, financiers, customers, buyers, the members of the press, suppliers or consultants.

And so just as young people when they reach 21 years of age, legally approve of their actions while minors, so I recently come of age with National Container, approve of my decision in past years that National Container is a good company to work for and with. For its people today, there are just as many if not more opportunities for success in National Container as there were long ago, when I came back into the fold in the early thirties.

Cosmopolitan National Container

(Continued From Preceding Page)

and his co-workers undoubtedly recognize this in that they have very cautiously proceeded in their top line organization work. They realize, however, that it must come and have gradually worked toward it; Mr. Kipnis has taken on as his assistants some young energetic organizers whose job it is to pull toward a unification of duties. It is apparent that he still values greatly the individual capacity of his people from the top management down to the last individual and is always reluctant to lose the identity of the individual and will lean backward to visit with the man running the machine in every plant he visits.

I do not think that any statement by a person from the lower executive level would be proper without some observations on the future of the Company. The Company is made up of:

1. Working properties
2. Proper financial organization
3. People

With the advent of the Valdosta mill, there is no doubt but that National will have at its disposal the lowest cost source of liner that any integrated organization has. Their portion of high cost Kraft liner will be insignificant after the starting of the Valdosta plant. For their corrugating medium source, they have two of the best corrugating medium mills in the business with the Mill at Tomahawk able to produce first quality corrugating medium at a figure that can allow a good margin.

This plant can be expanded in this field to most any point in that their entire wood supply forever can come by truck-haul to their mill. With the proper location of box plants in most market centers in the country, and an expansion into others contemplated, National is in a position to cover that field adequately.

All that needs to be done is to round up the finer points of serving the customers from these newly acquired plants and new developments I am sure this is foremost in the minds of the directors and plans are rapidly taking shape.

The financial standing and working capital of the Company appears to be adequate and they are in a position to weather any storm that their competitors can weather, especially with their source of low cost raw material in the form of board.

The last asset, and the one that either makes or breaks practically any organization, is the people behind the company, or the employees. Up until now the Company has had "growing pains," expanding rapidly and taking over a number of small plants. In some instances these plants had excellent personnel, but in other instances the personnel had to be augmented. I think that one of the big assets of National, however, is that they realize that it is necessary to keep the type of personnel in a location where they are acquainted with the people and familiar with the working conditions. It would be pretty hard to take a Midwesterner and put him in as a salesman in the garment section in New York. It would be equally as hard to bring someone out of New York to the South or West Coast. It is also pretty hard to sell a product on the West Coast that was made in any other location because of prejudices. It is because National has a cosmopolitan organization that they are able to step into these various locations and proceed to hold their position.

I am sure that we as employees and as stockholders will realize what tremendous progress has been made as the organization is solidified, duties are specifically outlined and the expansions made begin to bear fruit.

COSMOPOLITAN NATIONAL CONTAINER

By C. G. McLAREN, *Vice President*
Tomahawk, Wisconsin

Since this is the twenty-fifth anniversary issue of the National Container Corporation's Digest, and as I am relatively new to the organization, I cannot delve into or report on the first twenty-five years of its organization. As a matter of introduction, I wish to report briefly on my contact with the top executives of National and on some of the facts and observations that I have made as one of its plant managers from our so-called isolated Mid-West.

The pulpwood used in the mills in the Lake States is largely produced during the winter months and gotten to stream-side or on railroad cars prior to the break-up or thaw that occurs from the middle to the last of March. In the first week of April 1946, I received a call from the president of the old Tomahawk Kraft Paper Co., advising me of a director's meeting on the next day. He asked that I make arrangements to meet with my fellow directors in Wausau, Wisconsin. Since I had been in the deep woods of Northern Minnesota for six weeks getting in the annual pulpwood harvest, and out of contact with the outside world, and since there was no explanation as to why the hurry-up meeting, I was wholly unprepared for the bombshell that was presented.

The facts were that a concern from New York by the name of National Container Corporation, through its agent, Mr. Shipman, working for a Mr. Samuel Kipnis and a Mr. Harry Ginsberg, had entered into a contract with some of our principal stockholders and officers whereby they were going to deliver a majority of the stock under an escrow agreement for a certain sum per share and that the purpose of the meeting was to advise the rest of the principal stockholders and directors of their action and ask that we deliver our stock to fulfill the contract.

Being the largest stockholder free of the contract, and with an intimate knowledge of the assets of the corporation, I knew that the offer per share did not adequately allow for the hidden assets which existed in the timber and lands accounts and in some of the depletion accounts.

After the meeting, I quickly rounded up sufficient Class "B" stock to make the contract unfulfillable. This meant several flying trips across country to try to line up one or more purchasers who would bid against the first group. We succeeded in getting one staid old group who had been one of our good customers to make a bid for the stock at a higher price than National had set out to buy at.

There were several weeks of hectic negotiations in which National went onto the open market and obtained sufficient stock to hold a majority. They purchased the stock of the minority group aligned with me, and took over the organization in June 1946 with all stockholders getting more per share



than had been anticipated under the contract.

I had expected to be relieved of my duties immediately because of the battle that I had instigated. Instead the local manager informed us that he expected to retire and Mr. Kipnis asked that I take over the management and make up in operating profit the additional capital that they had put into the stock purchase.

I relate the above because in all of the maneuvering, the opposition (National Container Corporation) showed an aggressiveness and quickness of decision that does not usually exist in our larger organizations.

Although we at Tomahawk had obtained financial reports and individual reports on most of the directors and active heads of the Company, we had not met the individuals who dared come from the sidewalks of New York into our Middle West community of 3,000 people. It was with more than mild curiosity that I met Mr. Kipnis, Mr. Ginsberg, Mr. Bernstein, Mr. Laftman, Mr. Lester Edwards, Mr. Al Bachrach and Mr. Jerry Shipman that June night in 1946.

A description of first impressions of this group probably will explain why they are a "cosmopolitan" group and why they have been successful in their undertakings both in the mill and box business.

Mr. Samuel Kipnis was unlike the average president of any concern one might meet. He was everywhere at once, easily dominated the conversation, and it was apparent that he had been right in every detail of the acquisition from the start. It appeared that he had the details of all of his operations at his finger tips, a fact which I was to learn well at a later date. He can trim a paper machine or corrugator in his head faster than the average production manager can with all the schedules and papers in his hands.

Mr. Harry Ginsberg appeared to be the balance-wheel in the group, being cautious in his statements and cautious in his observations. I came later to know Mr. Ginsberg as the true economist and conservative member of the group.

In Mr. Bernstein, I immediately recognized a keen legal mind who undoubtedly had considerable to do with the maneuvering and acquisition.

Mr. Laftman was the ever proper Vice President in Charge of Mills. He was the only one whose personality and reputation was well known to all of us in the paper industry. Mr. Laftman's influence was like oil on troubled waters insofar as the employees were concerned. No matter how pressing business became he was one of those gentlemen who never swerved from being a gentleman.

Mr. Lester Edwards was also known to some of us, having formerly been a Wisconsin man. He, too, helped to smooth the road for me and others in getting acquainted with the organization. Mr. Edwards is a very keen gentleman who has been a tremendous asset on the directory of National Container Corporation.

Mr. A. R. Bachrach, I realized has one of the keenest financial minds I have ever encountered and undoubtedly, as an independent public accountant he had been able to analyze the statements and assets of the old Tomahawk Kraft Paper Company far beyond the average man's ability to read a balance sheet and was undoubtedly one reason why National had not found it necessary to move in with a corps of accountants and appraisers as others found it necessary to do.

Mr. Jerry Shipman was the commission man working on detail, and, I must say, he was a very tenacious agent for the group and I do not believe a better man could be found for the purpose.

This gives a short description of our first impressions of the executives of National Container Corporation who came out to take over.

I think it is due to the fact that a group of this type does head National that they have been successful in the majority of the communities into which they have ventured. In most cases they have purchased going organizations and have allowed those organizations to function pretty much on their own, thereby enabling themselves to hold local contacts and to overcome a lot of local prejudice that often follows the acquisition of companies by major organizations. In acquiring these properties the organization from a top level are also handicapped in many problems which require a tremendous amount of contact and finesse in handling. When each organization has been an identity of its own and has men heading it who have been their own bosses, more or less, they sometimes do not mold too well to line organizations. Mr. Kipnis

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Saul Bernstein's Report with Special Reference To National Container Corporation

By SAUL BERNSTEIN, *Senior General Counsel*

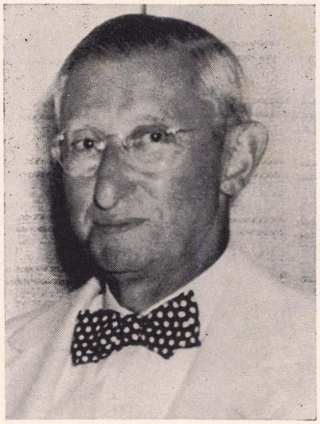
Eighty years ago, the City of New York took in the territory bounded on the west by the Hudson River, on the east by the East and Harlem Rivers, on the North by Spuyten Duyvel, on the south by the Bay. The City of Brooklyn lay on the opposite shore of the East River and Long Island City was similarly situated but to the north of Brooklyn. Ferry boats carried passengers and vehicles across the rivers for there wasn't a bridge in sight, nor was there a tunnel or a subway in or out of sight. All traffic was by horse-drawn vehicles. And the steeples of the city's churches were visible to all beholders for miles around.

It was on January 1, 1898 when the dream of Andrew Green came true. It was on that date that the three named cities, plus other adjoining territory and Staten Island, were consolidated to form the present great metropolis and in a manner of speaking, to become the capital of the world.

I shall make no further attempt to describe or to set forth the extraordinary changes that have taken place in those eighty years in the affairs of "mice and men," excepting only one phase thereof—Packaging.

Eighty years ago, all merchandise was packed and shipped in wooden boxes.

On September 15, 1917, I incorporated the Corrugated Paper Manufacturers' Association to "foster and develop trade and commerce in corrugated products made from paper." All of the firms named in connection with National Container were either among the organizers or became members of the Association later. The Association grew until practically every firm engaged in the manufacture of corrugated paper products had become a member. I was fortunate at that time to meet many who were engaged in the same business outside of New York.



About 1918 I became acquainted with Sam Kipnis, Harry Ginsberg and Joe Kramer who were associated in the corrugated box business. I invited them to become members of the Association, and they accepted.

In 1922, Mr. Kipnis was elected President of the Association for which he worked tirelessly day and night. My son and I developed a great friendship with Mr. Kipnis and that friendship and admiration still exists today.

At that time, at an Association meeting I attended, I informed some of the members that I had been at work on plans for a consolidation of certain firms. I called for a prompt response, which I received from a few people. Other answers followed and finally a meeting of minds was reached and I was able to make a preliminary draft of a "consolidation agreement."

The final draft of such agreement was signed on January 1, 1928, perchance with my fountain pen. With its signing in turn by all of those present the first of the three National Container Corporations was born. Many documents had to be drawn, and so it came to pass that the Certificate of Incorporation of the first National Container Corporation (New York) was not signed until many days later. But it was signed and filed.

Samuel Kipnis went ahead full speed. Sites for the new plant of the consolidated corporation were examined by a number of us prior to our settlement upon the acquisition of the Long Island site which was acquired only on January 23, 1928. Many were the obstacles that had to be and were overcome before we had our bid open on January 8, 1928 and accepted. Airdepot Realty Corporation was organized as a wholly owned subsidiary of National to take title to the property.

Strangely enough I was destined, a few years later, to play a somewhat similar part. In the latter case, Mr. Kipnis on one of his journeys to the northeast met two gentlemen who controlled a substantial amount of business, and they asked Mr. Kipnis if National would be interested in backing their new enterprise. It did not take him long to say yes. And in order to clinch the deal, an agreement was drawn and signed in Buffalo, New York, for the incorporation of the Northeastern Container Corporation, and for the location of a corrugating box plant in Bradford, Pa. Upon his return there was a serious controversy about the wisdom of the act. However, it was approved. That investment in the course of the years that followed proved to have been one of the best investments made on behalf of National Container.

Samuel Kipnis is a man of unusual vision, of great courage, of illimitable energy and drive (time means nothing to him) and combined with those qualities goes an extraordinary knowledge of the paper business in all its gradations.

Harry Ginsberg too possesses many of the fine qualities assigned to Samuel Kipnis. The two have been fortunately associated in business for nearly forty years. The outstanding difference between the two men arises from the fact that Harry is by nature cautious and hence is conservative. He always wants to make sure and he demands and takes time in which to decide. In the end both are found to be in agreement. Samuel Kipnis is influenced not only by an assurance in himself, but by an optimism that has made him eligible for the office of President of "The Optimists Club of America." Both are stalwart Americans and neither will ever sell America "short."

With the growth of National Container Corporation new ambitions took hold of the restless President, and his great ambition for National to own its own paper mill soon (in 1935) arose in his ever active brain. No sooner did it take hold than overt steps were taken to make the dream or the ambition become a reality.

The corporation now owns several mills: at Big Island, Va.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Jaite, Ohio; Ontonagon, Mich.; and at Tomahawk, Wis. And it is now engaged in building the largest and most modern mill at Valdosta, Georgia. What a growth!

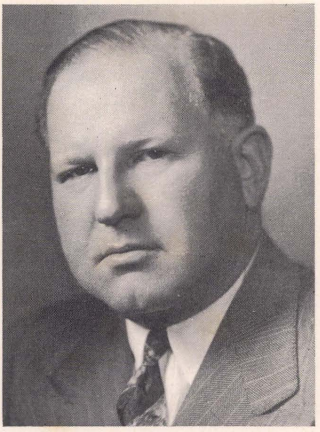
National Container Corporation proudly lays claim to the fact that a great many who started with the first National in 1928 are still with the present National.

It shall ever be my prayer that National Container Corporation, and subsidiaries, shall continue in the vanguard in the packaging industry it has served so well, and that the rendition of that service shall meet with such success as they shall have earned and merited. I can express no finer or better wish.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

By ALFRED R. BACHRACH *of Alfred R. Bachrach & Co.*

Certified Public Accountants, New York



It isn't often that an independent accountant is afforded the opportunity of participating in the composition of a client's publication and so I am delighted to contribute a short bit to the twenty-fifth anniversary issue of the Digest. Incidentally my firm is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary as independent public accountants representing National for it was our privilege to represent the Company from its beginning.

Not so many years after I left the Columbia University Accounting laboratory, I was engaged by Mr. Saul Bernstein, highly revered Counsel to National and beloved friend to me and many others directly or indirectly connected with the Company, to set up plans for a merger of four or five companies. That was the beginning of the beginning and from there in your Company provided a laboratory which covered the gamut of accounting and auditing questions and problems.

Most of the Universities and colleges and business schools which include accounting and auditing in their curriculae maintain accounting laboratories for their students. Such laboratories use as tools actual books and records of firms that are or were in active business so that the student can get as near to practical experience as is possible while in school. It is obvious that work in these libraries of industrial histories goes a long way toward rounding out and making effective the students' labors in accounting and auditing. Were it possible to exhibit National's books and records in a University laboratory, that University would indeed be fortunate and would need little more materials to educate its students in these subjects. For during its exciting life, National has participated in almost every type of financing that is known, has discovered and owned practically every class of asset one can imagine, has bought and sold subsidiary companies, has acquired and operated natural resources, has built plants to create products out of nature's raw materials and factories to fabricate finished materials out of these creations, has run a railroad and a barge line and—well my thoughts are roaming the limitless horizons of human endeavor in the industrial field—but my space is limited.

Repeating the word 'Company" and "National" over and over again and touching on laboratories, financing and plants seem cold as ice. However, all these things result from ideas originating in the minds of warm human beings which develop in blood and sweat and tears, tears sometimes of chagrin and disappointment, sometimes of joy. In this laboratory, then, we observe not only the physical assets but also the human assets. On the human side your Company is rich in personalities and famed in leadership, the richness permeating from the President and Chairman down to the so-called lower echelons which in due course and normal expectation become the higher echelons as anniversaries come and go.

Many a time and oft public accountants have been asked, "How can you stand it, adding up figures all day—checking bills — checking postings —." The answer is best illustrated by using your Company as an example of what a small part, absolutely necessary of course but small, these functions play in the public accountant's work compared to the highlights; conferences on a high level, advancement of ideas, fulfillment of suggestions and constructive planning which go on almost daily.

Let's not go back twenty-five years but just to the end of 1935, a few years prior to the metamorphosis which radically transformed your basic philosophy and your outlook. The construction of your first pulp and paper mill speeded your way to "where the blue begins." Glance at just a short concise table of comparison to pinpoint the happenings over the span of years from 1935 to the end of 1951.

	End of 1935	*End of 1951*
Total plant as measured by dollars paid therefore	$1,717,000	$52,855,000*
Cash	163,000	8,857,000
Total working capital	338,000	14,077,000
Total net worth	2,019,000	48,862,000
Net earnings for the year	207,000	8,618,000

*Includes money set aside to complete Valdosta Mill now under construction.

Since we were on the job throughout the period of this fantastic development and enormous growth, we can well realize the incomparable value of the laboratory in which we worked and the exercises of mind and heart necessary to participate even as outsiders in its development.

On behalf of my partners and my staff and for myself, may I, on your twenty-fifth anniversary, extend greetings and congratulations to your officers, your board of directors and your incomparable company of loyal workers who worked with you during these many fruitful years.

Even Greater Things To Come

By MARSHALL M. BERNSTEIN, *Secretary and Chief Counsel*

If the present construction schedule for the new mill at Clyattville, Georgia is adhered to, the mill will be completed in the 25th Anniversary year of National Container Corporation.

This fact typifies the Company's career in itself; it constitutes the culmination of a quarter of a century of progress, growth and development and holds forth the promise of even greater things the years that lie ahead.

On March 1, 1928 the first National Container Corporation was organized and June 1, saw the commencement of actual manufacturing operations in the present plant in Long Island, New York.

Just one year elapsed before the Company embarked upon its first public financing and the intervening years have been noted by an almost insistent growth so that at this stage the enterprise boasts its own substantial acreage of timberlands, five paper mills and 15 box or bag plants all scattered from coast to coast and border to border, and this is not the end, for these few statistics do not include the new mill under construction in Georgia, nor the additional converting plants planned for Milwaukee and Memphis, nor any of the additional plans which are under discussion from time to time.

Also included in the family are two railroads and a barge line and a string of trucks which radiates from each of the plants. As a matter of fact, the company even has a plane which operates in Wisconsin.

All of these extensive and far flung operations are conducted through one parent and 26 subsidiary companies.

Merely as a statistic, these figures are impressive as evidence of 25 years of growth and development, but behind the statistics rests the imagination, the drive, the incentive, the wisdom, and the courage of our President, Samuel Kipnis, our Board Chairman, Harry Ginsberg, and all of their associates through the years.

It took the original thinking of Saul Bernstein, and the imagination and conviction of Messrs. Kipnis and Ginsberg, Louis Rosenfeld, William and Abe Herman and the Honingstocks to surrender their individual independence to organize National Container originally.

Many had been called, but only these few had survived the vigorous tests which the group had established as conditions for original membership, and even at that late date one additional firm which agreed to join retired at the last minute, lacking the necessary imagination and courage. Even then, good times and success did not come without a multitude of worries and a tremendous amount of hard work and against a series of bad breaks, but respite happenings that might have discouraged lesser folk, the National ship sailed on, and in the first nine years of its existence not only tremendously increased its business at Long Island City, but added to that original plant three others. This was the first phase of National's life.

1937 saw the current Delaware corporation organized to succeed the previous New York company, and at the same time came the second public financing, the proceeds of which were included primarily for the construction of the Company's first mill in Jacksonville, Florida. It took just a few words to say all that, but it took two and one-half years of negotiation, planning, construction and modification to turn out paper from the time when decision was first made to proceed with the step. Even this was not a unanimous project by



any means, but once again the forward looking forces of progress, growth and development won out, and the mill became a reality and a monument to the start of successful integration in the industry. That mill, actually completed in 1938, itself marked the end of the first decade of the Company's existence and likewise stood as a beacon light shining into the future. The succeeding eight years saw the Company through World War II and this period witnessed the acquisition of three additional mills and five additional converting plants, and the Company's third public financing.

The seven year period since has witnessed the postwar development and the acquisition of five additional converting plants. It is also noted for the entry of the Company into the bag field, and its acquisition of an additional mill and bag plant for that purpose.

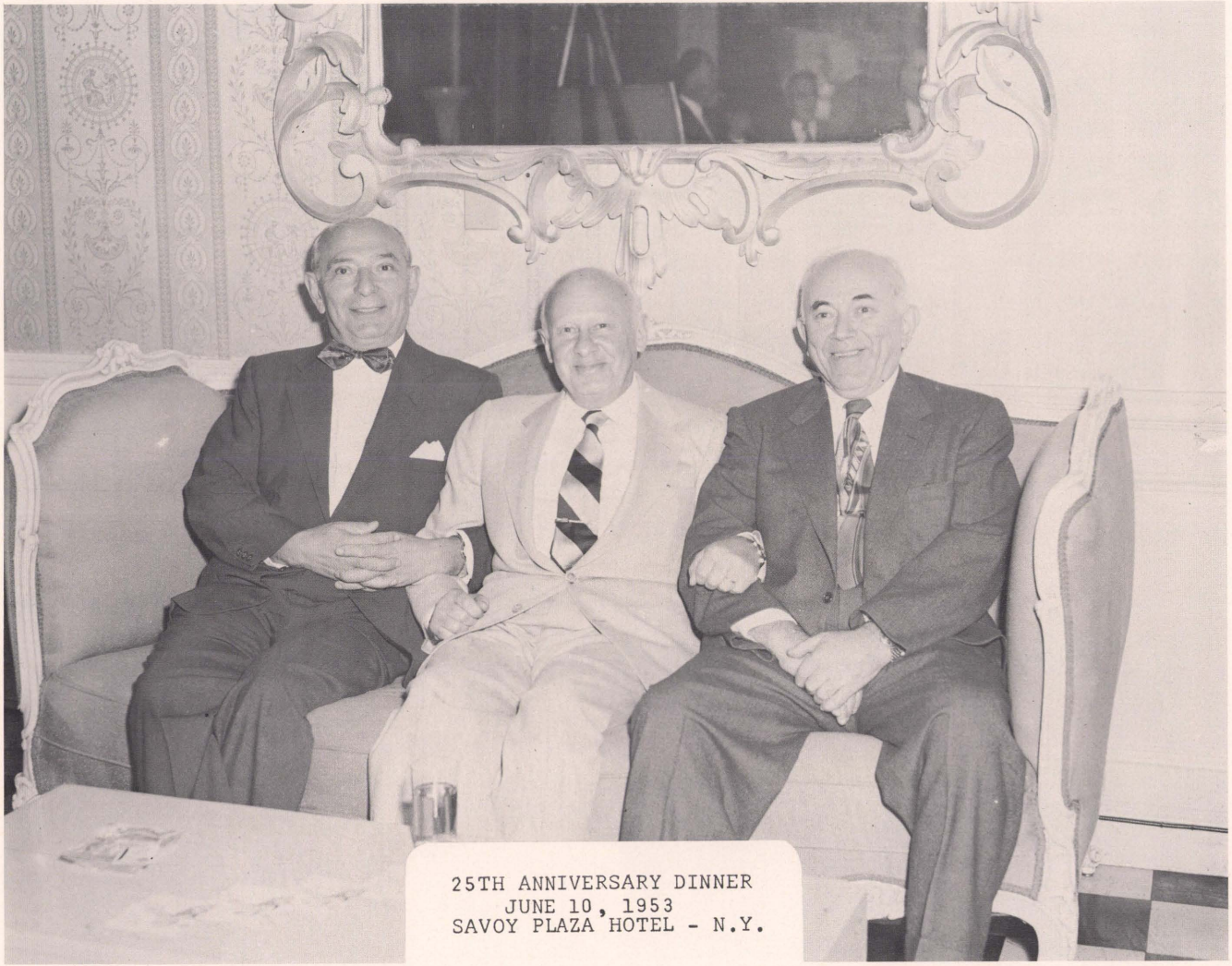
The end of this period also carried the fourth public financing of the Company, the objective of which was the construction of the new mill near Valdosta.

In the short space that is available here, it is impossible to do more than just catalogue happenings. It is impossible to detail the glamour and the heartaches, the hard work and the marvelous accomplishments, the wonderful cooperation, teamwork and the results that have shown in black and white at each year's end.

But these results have not been mere accidents; they have been due to the thought, the planning, the wonderful teamwork of workers in every plant, of unions all over the country, of grateful and appreciative customers everywhere, and the trusting and understanding bankers and underwriters, and all the willing stockholders and security holders. No one could have accomplished such results these past 25 years without the help of all of the others. Everyone pulling together has achieved this outstanding result and made National Container the wonderful Company as it stands today and a living growing monument to its workers and to its staff, and a promise of even greater things to come in the years that lie just ahead.



25TH ANNIVERSARY DINNER
JUNE 10, 1953
SAVOY PLAZA HOTEL - N.Y.

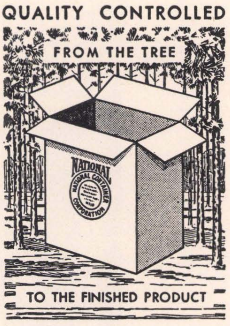


25TH ANNIVERSARY DINNER
JUNE 10, 1953
SAVOY PLAZA HOTEL - N.Y.

NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION

1928 1953

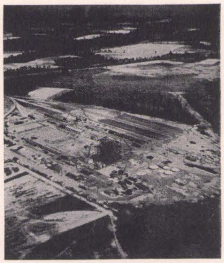
25 Years of Progress



This Anniversary Review of National Container Corporation's first twenty-five years is dedicated to the men and women who by their labor, capital, courage and talents together have made the corporation successful — the founders, our fellow employees, management, securities-holders, bankers, customers and other friends of National.

Samuel Kipnis

President



VALDOSTA (*cover*) What appears as airfield is really biggest venture in National Container's twenty-five-year life. Details of this $25,000,000 new mill project are on pages 36-40.

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COVER — BACK — DIRECTORY OF MILLS, BOX PLANTS AND SALES OFFICES

"Twenty-Five Years of Progress"—produced, with the cooperation of National Container personnel, by Berens Organization, Inc., New York, Public Relations Counsel to National Container Corporation.



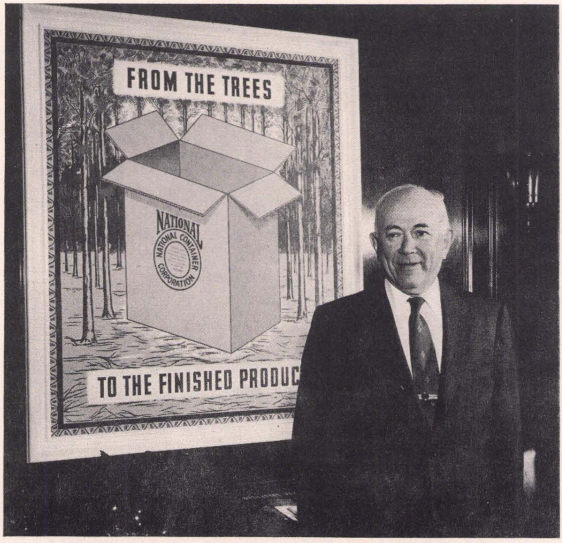




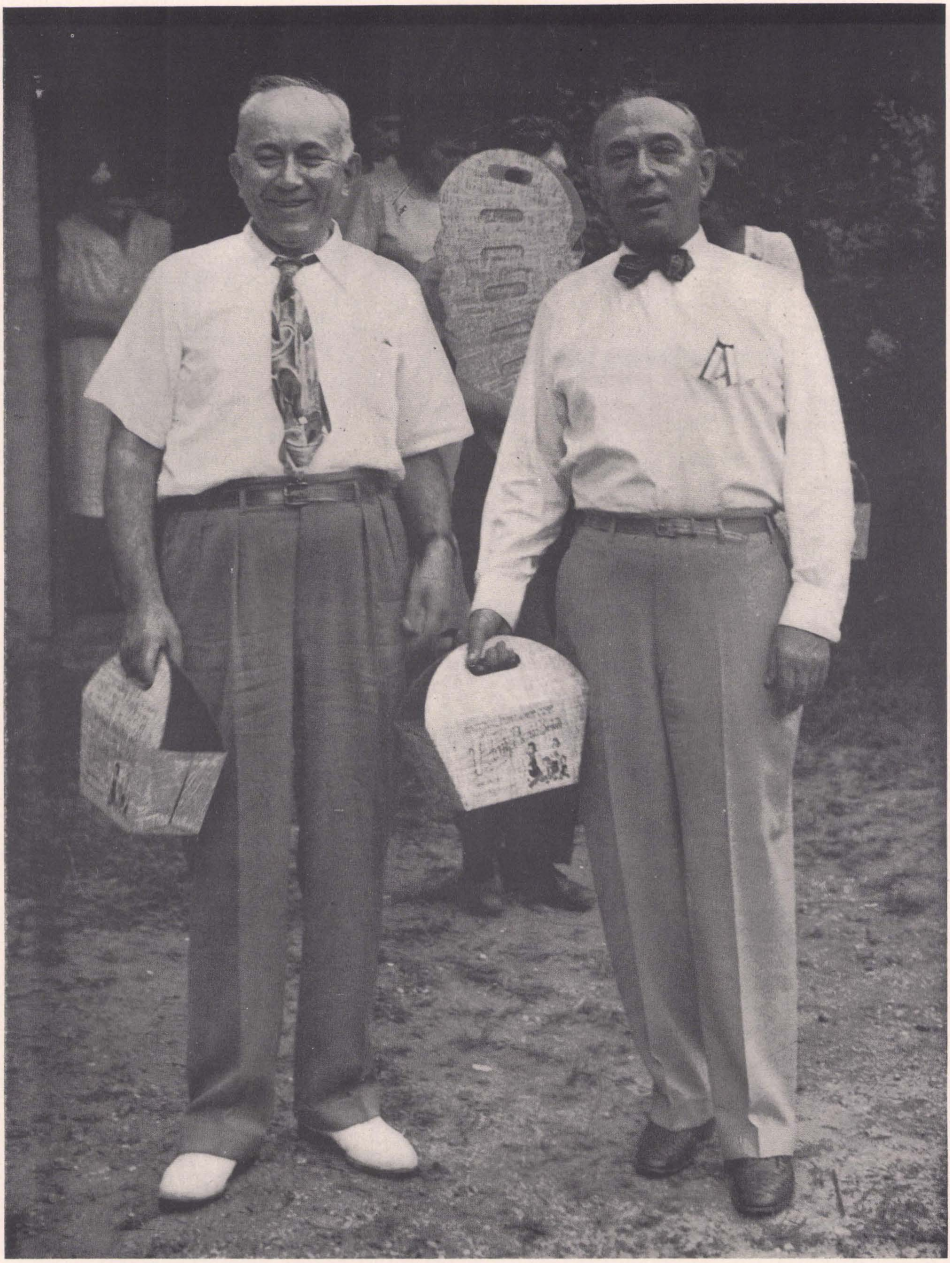
OTHER FOUNDERS, now deceased: Louis Rosenfeld (*top*) was first Chairman; Abraham Herman (*left*) was Chairman, 1942-47. His brother, William Herman (*right*) was first Treasurer.



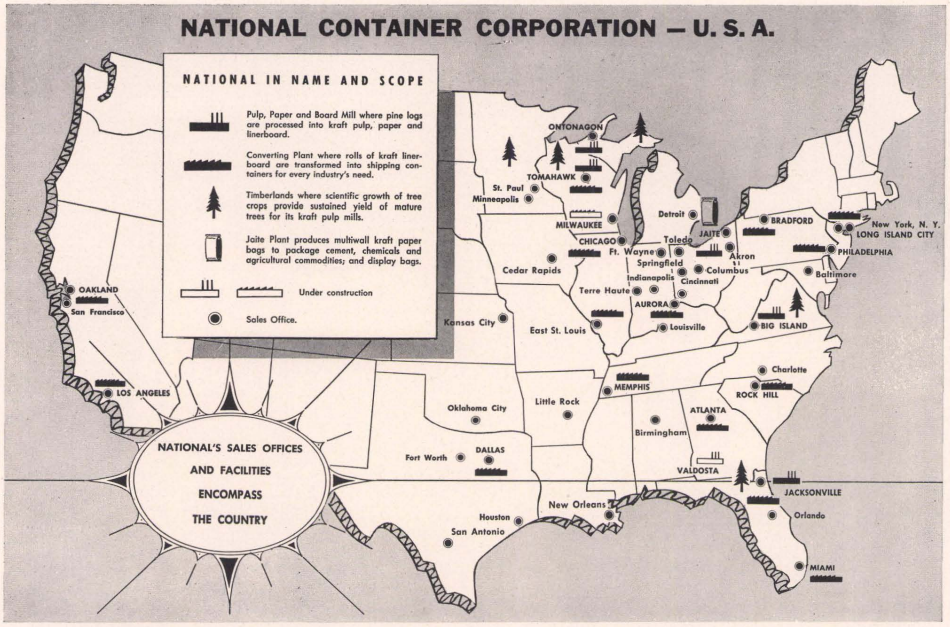
SPONTANEOUS, UNINHIBITED, sparkplug of National Container's growth, the corporation's only President throughout its quarter-century existence—Samuel Kipnis. Salesman extraordinary, rated "the industry's greatest board and box salesman," Kipnis uses more airplane travel mileage per year than possibly any other industrialist in America. His faith in National Container Corporation, in the corrugated paper industry, is next only to his faith in the future of the United States. He lives and breathes National Container. His life savings are invested in its shares of stock; his faith in the company was dramatically exhibited by his willingness to subordinate his common stock to the preferred stock and debentures which were issued to finance the construction of the Valdosta kraft pulp and board mill.



HARRY GINSBERG is affectionately called National's "economist" by his associates because of his exceptional sense of timing economic trends. A genuine "box man" since 1906 when he landed in the U. S. seeking opportunity, he brought twenty-two years box shop experience "from A to Z" to National Container which he helped organize. He and Samuel Kipnis, who operate as a team, are the only founders still alive. Capable of supervising any box shop operation, Ginsberg in recent years has confined his activities to over-all policy, in his capacity as Board Chairman and Treasurer. His counsel and guidance, his practical cautions and go-ahead signals have been a paramount factor in National's growth and prosperity.



TIME OUT FOR FUN, Harry Ginsberg (*left*), Chairman of the Board, and dynamic President Samuel Kipnis (*right*) pose for snapshot at company outing in 1941. Both men carry corrugated paper picnic baskets made specially for occasion. Each year President Kipnis flies around country to attend employee parties at most plants. Fast friends and business associates since 1918, Kipnis and Ginsberg are only original founders left with National Container.



NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION - 1953 NET WORTH FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS

National Container Corporation, U.S.A.—1953, is another example of venture-capital achievement in a free enterprise system — the wise and courageous use of private savings in private business.

National Container, 1953, physically, means five kraft pulp, board and paper mills in as many states. Greater than any of them, the Valdosta, Georgia mill, when completed this year, will be the most modern and efficient operation of its kind anywhere in the world. Five hundred tons per day of kraft board will be available from this one mill, in which $25,000,000 is being invested. The Valdosta mill will add about fifty per cent to the producing capacity of the company's mills, increasing their output from 1,000 tons daily to 1,500 tons.

National Container, U.S.A. — 1953, physically also means sixteen box-making plants, and a bag plant, which literally are located from coast to coast (New York to Los Angeles) and from border to border (Michigan to Texas and Florida). These plants in one year have produced more than 3,000,000,000 square feet of containers and 123,000,000 multiwall and display bags.

National Container, 1953, also means 12,000 owners of its securities, of which 9,000 are truly full partners in ownership of the business as holders of its common stock. National Container means the several hundred thousand acres of forest, the railroads, trucks, barges and innumerable other assets in an industrial empire whose financial worth is represented in a conservative balance sheet valuation of about Fifty Million Dollars.

Success and growth of National Container have produced for its shareholders dividends over the past twenty-five years aggregating $20,000,000.

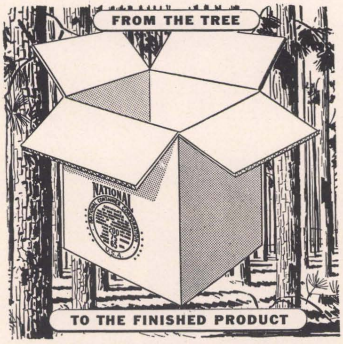
Its employees have received wages, salaries and other compensation *in one year* of $17,000,000. National Container, U.S.A. — 1953, is the place of employment for 4,000 people, men and women representing a cross section of the entire United States, cooperating to achieve a common objective of reciprocal benefits in a spirit of mutual good-will.

National Container also means the thousands of businesses which the Corporation has been privileged to serve, and the untold others of our population whose everyday needs and desires have in some way been alleviated, gratified or aided.

This is National Container Corporation, U.S.A. — 1953.

INTEGRATED FOR COMPLETE SERVICE
LOCATED TO REACH YOU QUICKLY

QUALITY CONTROLLED



CORRUGATED • SOLID FIBRE
BURLABOX • ASPHALTITE
MULTIWALL BAGS

MILLS

BIG ISLAND, VA. • JACKSONVILLE, FLA. • JAITE, OHIO
ONTONAGON, MICH. • TOMAHAWK, WIS. • VALDOSTA, GA.*

CONVERTING PLANTS

ATLANTA, GA. • AURORA, IND. • BRADFORD, PA. • CHICAGO, ILL.
DALLAS, TEXAS • EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL. • JACKSONVILLE, FLA. • JAITE, OHIO
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y. • LOS ANGELES, CAL.
MEMPHIS, TENN. • MIAMI, FLA. • MILWAUKEE, WIS.*
OAKLAND, CAL. • PHILADELPHIA, PA.
ROCK HILL, S. C. • TOMAHAWK, WIS.

** under construction*

NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION

Executive Offices
SEVEN CENTRAL PARK WEST, NEW YORK 23, N. Y.

SALES OFFICES

AKRON, OHIO • ATLANTA, GA. • AURORA, IND. • BALTIMORE, MD.
BIG ISLAND, VA. • BIRMINGHAM, ALA. • BRADFORD, PA. • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA
CHARLOTTE, N. C. • CHICAGO, ILL. • CINCINNATI, OHIO • COLUMBUS, OHIO
DALLAS, TEXAS • DETROIT, MICH. • EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL. • FORT WAYNE, IND.
FORT WORTH, TEXAS • HOUSTON, •TEXAS • INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
JACKSONVILLE, FLA. • JAITE, OHIO • KANSAS CITY, MO. • LITTLE ROCK, ARK.
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y. • LOS ANGELES, CAL. • LOUISVILLE, KY. • MEMPHIS, TENN.
MIAMI, FLA. • MILWAUKEE, WIS. • MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. • NEW ORLEANS, LA.
NEW YORK, N. Y. • OAKLAND, CAL. • OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA. • ONTONAGON, MICH.
ORLANDO, FLA. • PHILADELPHIA, PA. • ROCK HILL, S. C. • SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. • ST. PAUL, MINN. • SPRINGFIELD, OHIO • TERRE HAUTE, IND.
TOLEDO, OHIO • TOMAHAWK, WIS.



N.J.SENATOR DAVID VAN ALSTYNE OF VAN ALSTYNE, NOEL & CO. INSPECTING THE VALDUSTA PAPER MACHINE WHILE IT IS BEING ASSEMBLED. OCT.1953



Sen. David Van Alstyne and Mr. Samuel Kipnis - First non-stop round trip service between New York and Los Angeles. 11/29/53



Welcoming President Kipnis to mill opening.

Feb. 1954



Guests arriving to mill opening

Feb. 1954



President, Southern RR
with
President, Eskay RR
1954



S.K. TAKING OVER
1954



PRESIDENT OF SOUTHERN RAILROAD
&
PRESIDENT N.C.C. 1954



ENGINEERS EXCHANGING HATS

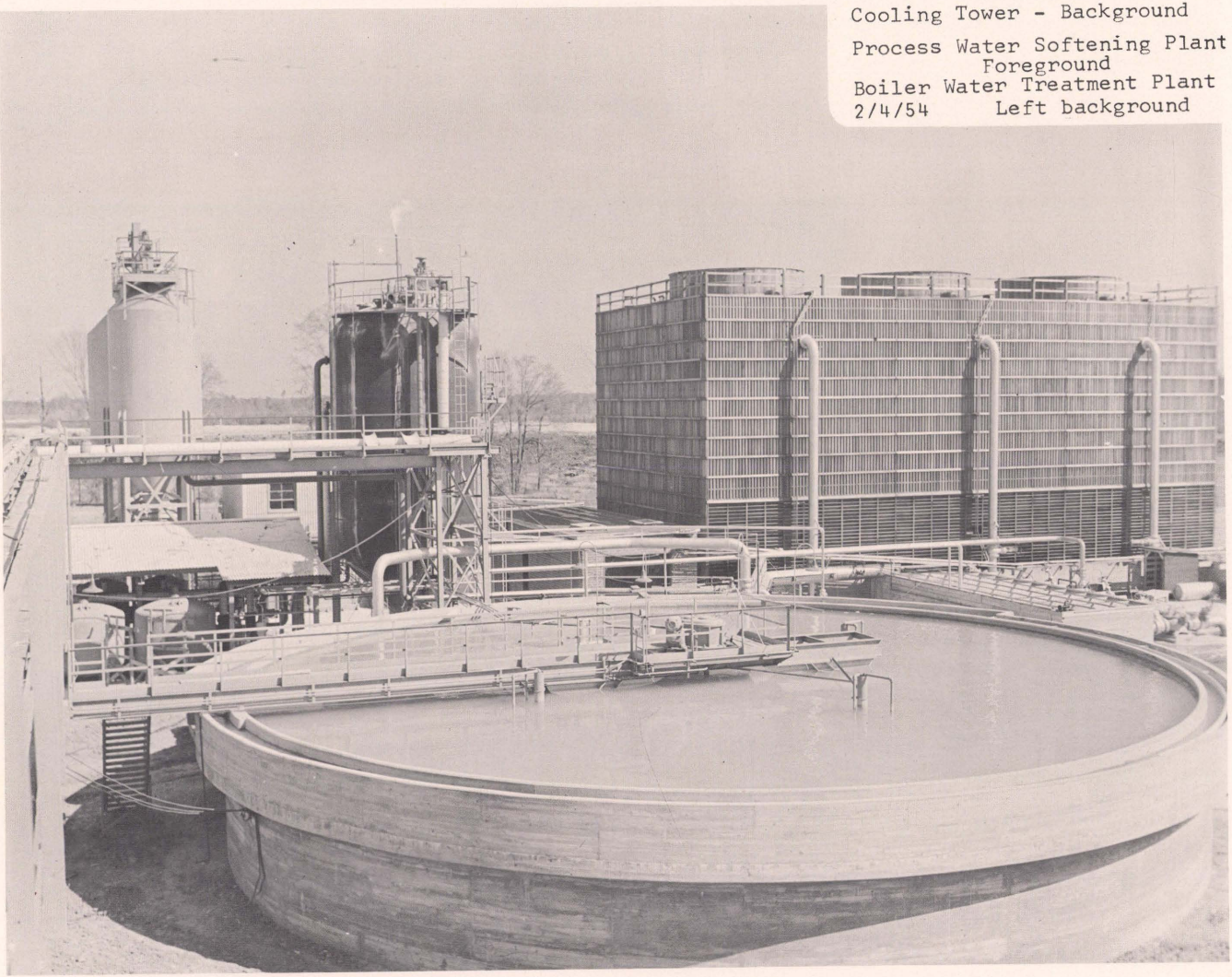
1954



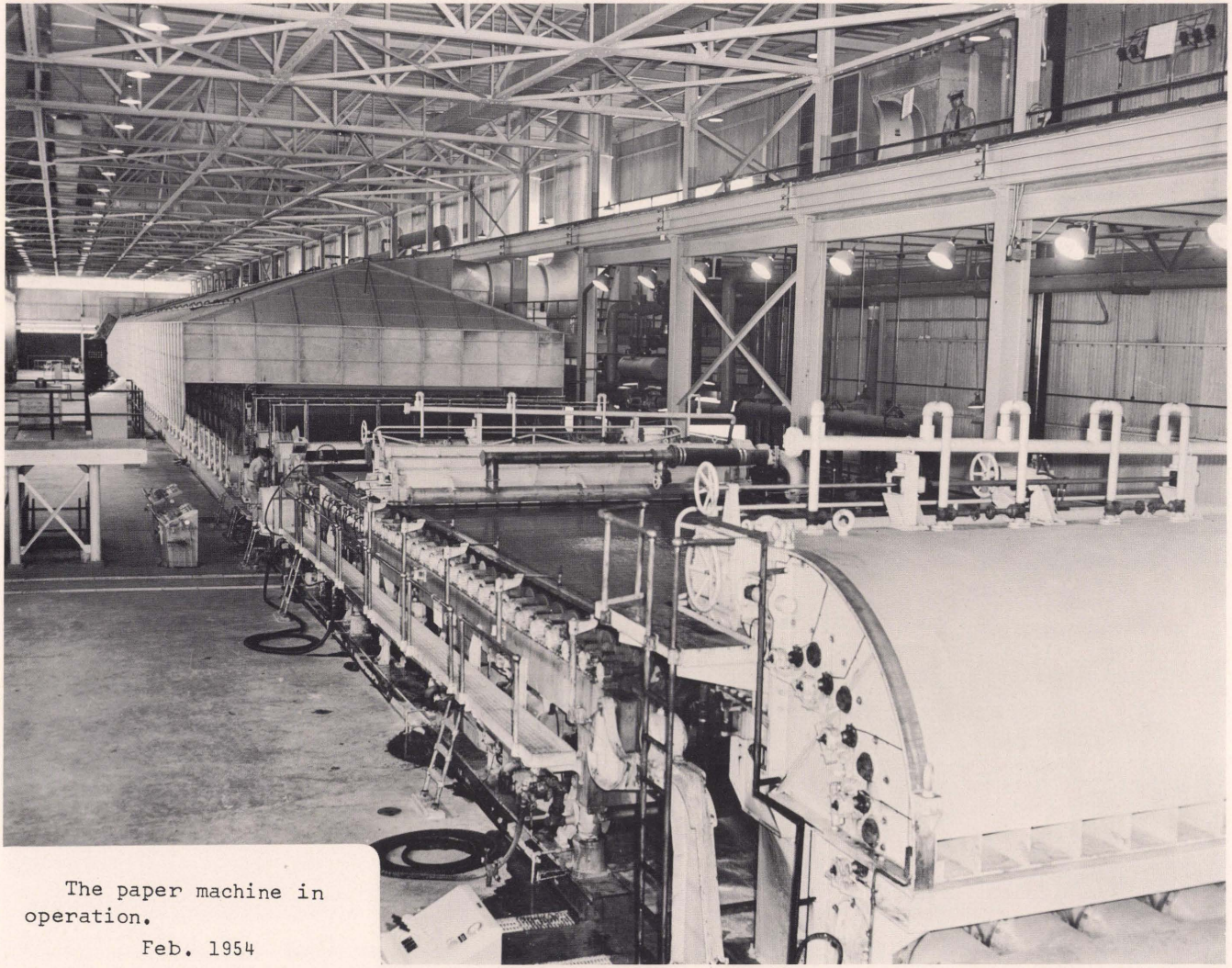
The Engineer
February 23, 1954



The pulp and paper mill
Valdosta, Ga. in operation
Feb. 1954



Cooling Tower - Background
Process Water Softening Plant
Foreground
Boiler Water Treatment Plant
2/4/54 Left background



The paper machine in operation.

Feb. 1954


FIRST LOAD OF PULPWOOD
FOR
1954
National Container Corporation's
NEW PULP MILL at VALDOSTA, GA

NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION

PREVIEW OF TWENTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLAR VALDOSTA KRAFT BOARD MILL

APRIL 9-10, 1954

Luncheon Menu

Crisp Celery and Olives

Chilled Tomato Juice — Cold Jellied Consomme, Madrilene

Vegetable Soup — Hot Consomme, Clear

Broiled Fish, Lemon Butter

Prime Rib of Beef, Natural

Grilled Lamb Chops, Bacon

Mashed Potatoes — Sweet Potatoes, Southern

Turnip Greens (Peperoncini) — Green Lima Beans

Lettuce and Tomato Salad

French Dressing

Apple Pie, Cheese — Vanilla Ice Cream

Bleu Cheese, Crackers — Half Grapefruit

Coffee — Tea — Milk

THE SOUTHERN SR SERVES THE SOUTH

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM



SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY GIVEN FOR SAMUEL KIPNIS BY THE DIRECTORS OF NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION.
SAVOY-PLAZA - OCT.25, 1954



Surprise birthday party
given for Samuel Kipnis by
the Board of Directors of
National Container Corporation
Savoy-Plaza Oct.25, 1954



THE TWO MUSKETEERS
1954



Surprise birthday party
given for Samuel Kipnis by
the Board of Directors of
National Container Corporation
Savoy-Plaza Oct.25, 1954



Surprise birthday party
given for Samuel Kipnis by
the Board of Directors of
National Container Corporation
Savoy-Plaza Oct.25.1954



Surprise birthday party
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National Container Corporation
Savoy-Plaza Oct.25,1954



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Surprise birthday party
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the Board of Directors of
National Container Corporation
Savoy-Plaza Oct.25,1954



SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY GIVEN FOR
SK BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF NATIONAL
CONTAINER CORPORATION -
SAVOY PLAZA - OCTOBER 25, 1954
HG BILL LEVIS SK



SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY GIVEN FOR SAMUEL KIPNIS BY THE DIRECTORS OF NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION.
SAVOY-PLAZA - OCT. 25,1954



WM (BILL) LEVIS OF O.I.
TELLING US AN OFF-COLOR STORY
10/25/54



EX-PARTNERS
BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR SK
OCTOBER 25, 1954

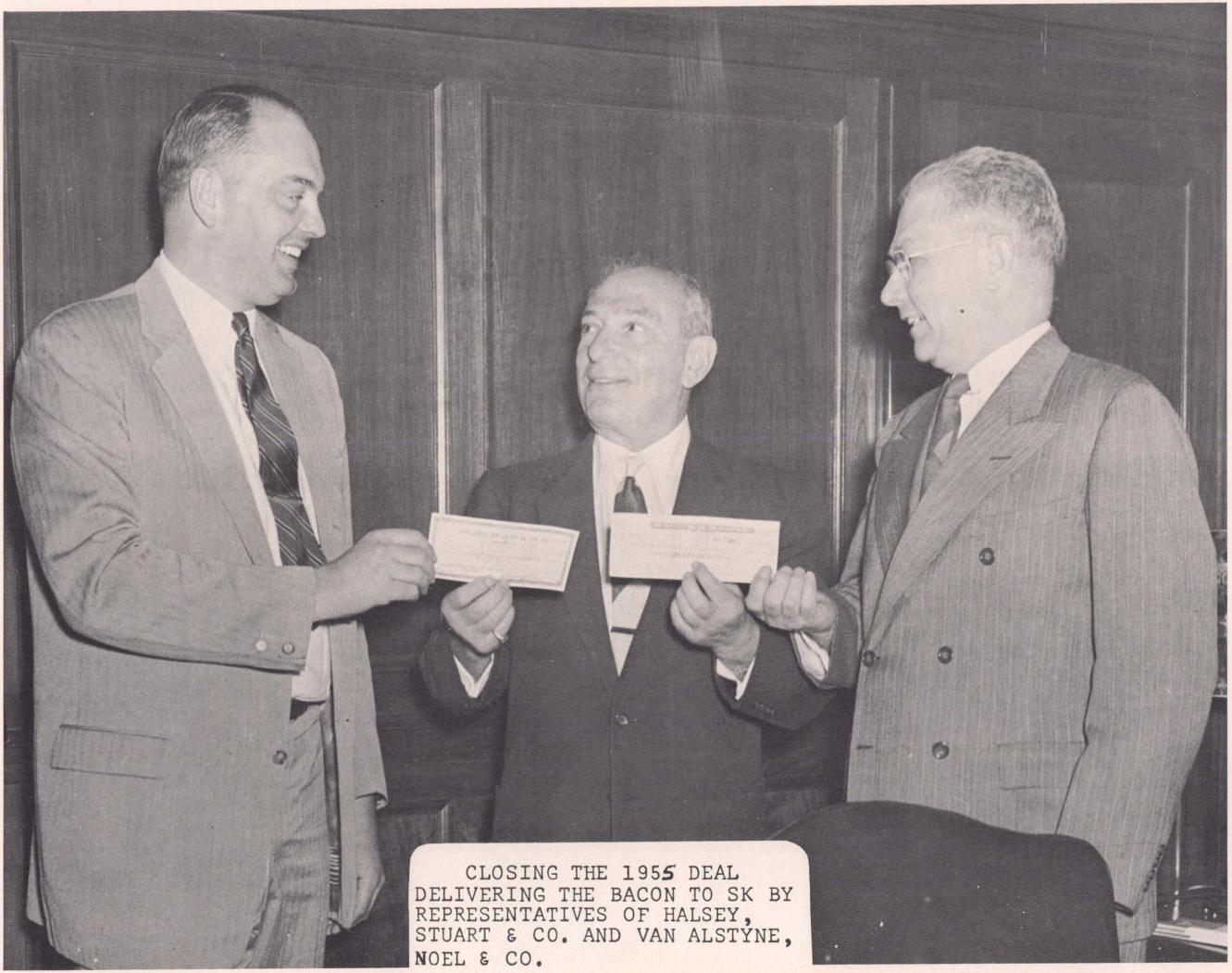


SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY GIVEN FOR SAMUEL KIPNIS BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION
SAVOY-PLAZA - OCT.25,1954

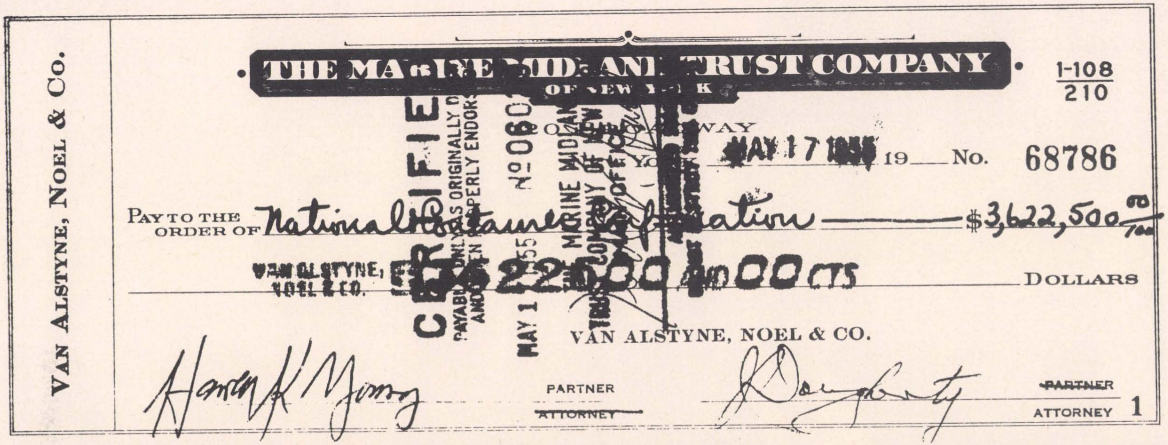


PRESIDENT BLAINE OF MARINE MIDLAND PINNING A FLOWER ON S.K. PLEASE NOTE - IN THOSE DAYS NO-ONE REMARKED "SAM YOUR PANTS ARE TOO LONG" EVERYBODYS PANTS WERE LONG.
1954

CLOSING THE 1955 DEAL



CLOSING THE 1955 DEAL DELIVERING THE BACON TO SK BY REPRESENTATIVES OF HALSEY, STUART & CO. AND VAN ALSTYNE, NOEL & CO.



VAN ALSTYNE, NOEL & CO.

THE MARINE MIDLAND TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

1-108
210

MAY 17 1955 19__ No. 68786

PAY TO THE ORDER OF National Container Corporation $3,622,500.00

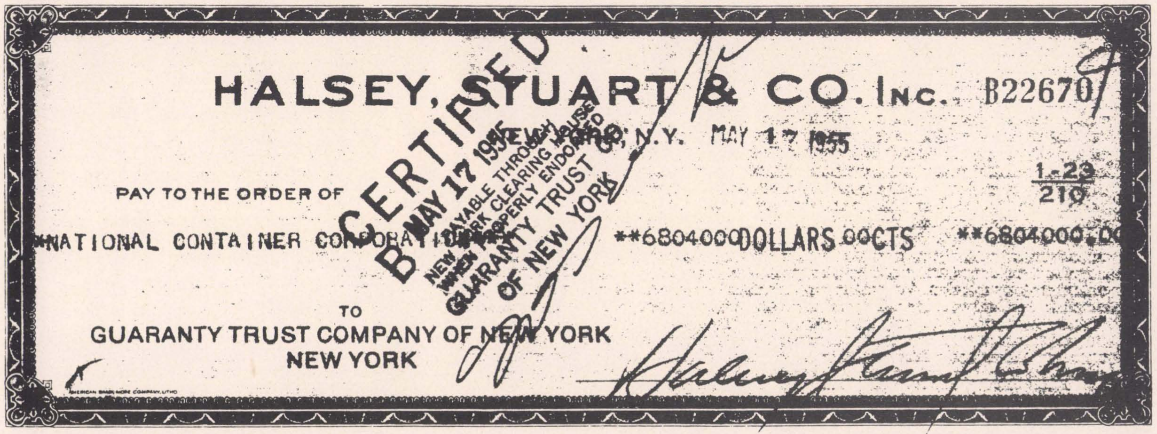
$3,622,500.00 CTS DOLLARS

VAN ALSTYNE, NOEL & CO.

PARTNER / ATTORNEY

PARTNER / ATTORNEY 1

CERTIFIED MAY 17 1955 PAYABLE ONLY AS ORIGINALLY DRAWN AND PROPERLY ENDORSED MARINE MIDLAND TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK



HALSEY, STUART & CO. INC. B22670

CHICAGO, ILL. N.Y. MAY 17 1955

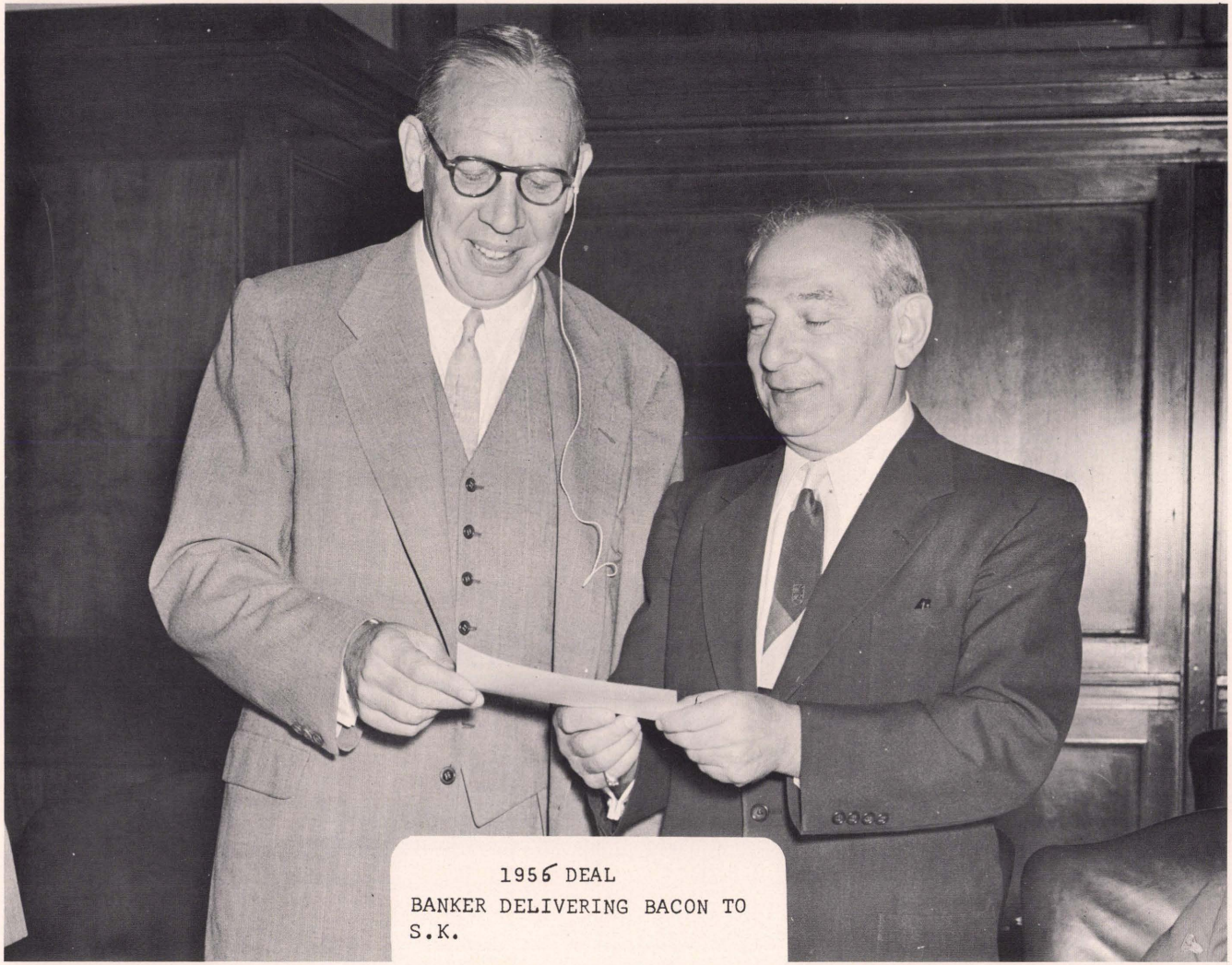
1-23
210

PAY TO THE ORDER OF

NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION **6804000 DOLLARS 00 CTS **6804000.00

CERTIFIED MAY 17 1955 PAYABLE THROUGH NEW YORK CLEARING HOUSE WHEN PROPERLY ENDORSED GUARANTY TRUST CO. OF NEW YORK

TO
GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK
NEW YORK



1956 DEAL
BANKER DELIVERING BACON TO
S.K.



Visiting guests
April 17, 1955



1955
OPEN HOUSE AT VALDOSTA MILL



1955
OPEN HOUSE AT VALDOSTA MILL



SK PRESENTING CHECK TO PRESIDENT OF CHAMBER OF COMMERCE FOR LAND THAT CHAMBER WAS TO HAVE MADE A GIFT TO N.C.C. 1955



S.K. & J.L.K. ACCEPTING A PLAQUE FROM THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

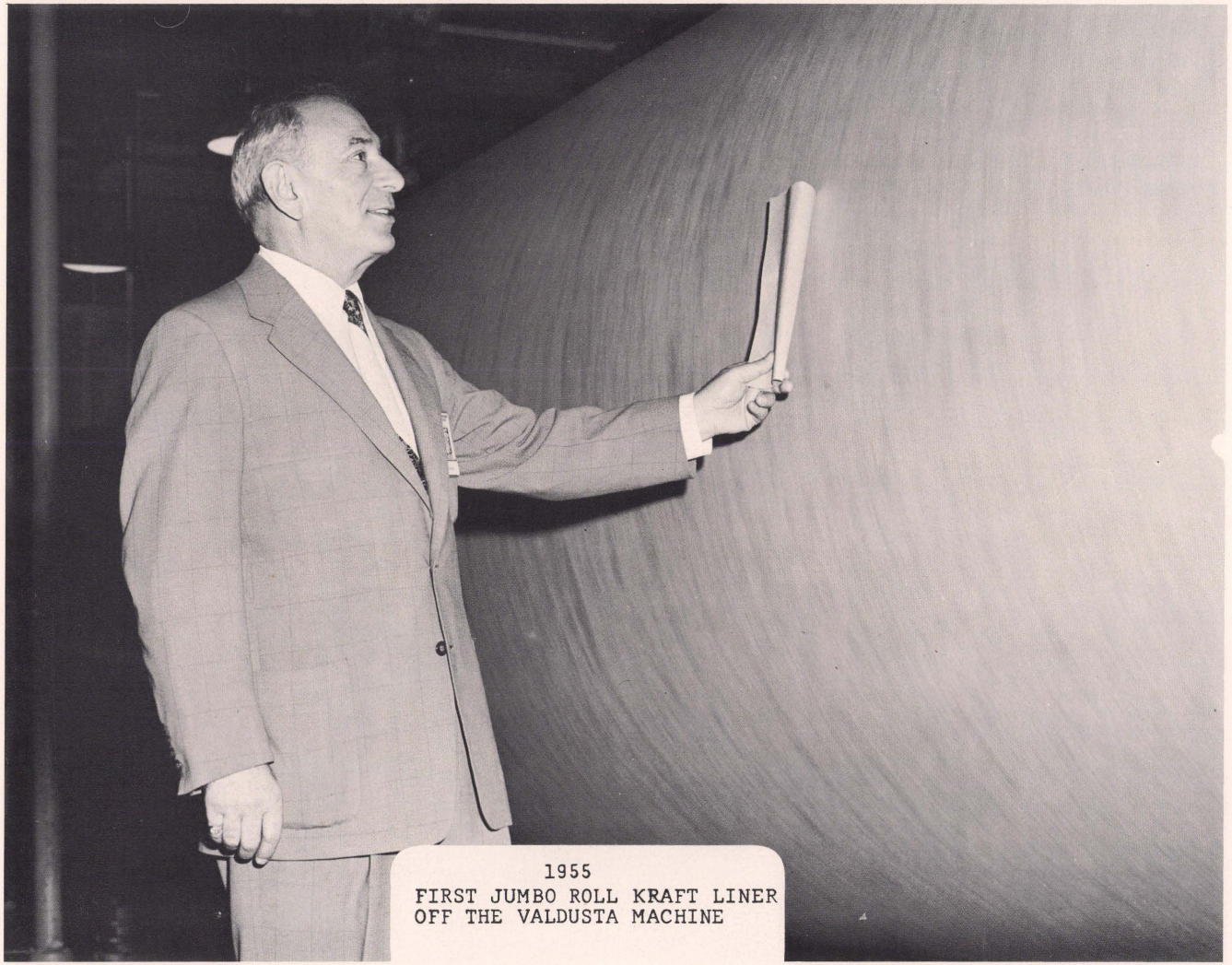
APRIL 1956


DEDICATED TO
THE PUBLIC SPIRITED CITIZENS OF
VALDOSTA AND LOWNDES COUNTY WHO
BY THEIR FORESIGHT, COMMUNITY
SPIRIT AND GENEROSITY HELPED
BUILD THIS ENTERPRISE
NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION
APRIL 18, 1955
NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION, U.S.A.
SAMUEL KIPNIS PRESIDENT
DIRECTORS
HARRY GINSBERG, CHAIRMAN
MARSHALL M. BERNSTEIN
ALBERT H. EDWARDS
LESTER R. EDWARDS
LIONEL GOLDBERG
ALEXANDER C. HERMAN
JEROME L. KIPNIS
FREDRICK R. MANN
SAMUEL KIPNIS
C. G. McLAREN
JOSEPH W. QUARTE
GEORGE J. SCHNEIDER
H. EVERETT SMITH
WILLIAM T. WEBSTER
WILLIAM F. YOUNG



APRIL 1955

FEMALE CITIZENS OF VALDOSTA ENTERTAINING OPEN HOUSE CROWD.



1955
FIRST JUMBO ROLL KRAFT LINER
OFF THE VALDUSTA MACHINE



APRIL 1955
OPEN HOUSE
VALDOSTA CITIZENS MAKING A
TOUR THROUGH THE PLANT


UJA
NY 1953
To Sam Kipnis
in friendship
M. Shavitt


EUROPE
1956
296
North Sea
Baltic Sea
Atlantic Ocean
Mediterranean Sea
Adriatic Sea
Black Sea
Aegean Sea
Bergen
Oslo
Stavanger
Kristiansand
Gothenburg
Arhus
Copenhagen
Helsingborg
Helsingor
Kalmar
Karlskrona
Uppsala
Stockholm
Turku
Helsingfors
Vassa
Leningrad
Tallinn
Riga
Moscow
Kaunas
Vilnyus
Danzig
Smolensk
Minsk
Poznan
Warsaw
Lodz
Kharkov
Lvov
Kiev
Chernovsty
Stalingrad
Rostov
Odessa
Sevastopol
Yalta
Sochi
Ploesti
Bucharest
Constanta
Sofia
Istanbul
Ankara
Izmir
Smyrna
Adana
Aleppo
Damascus
Beirut
Cyprus
Nicosia
Rhodes
Crete
Candia
Athens
Patras
Salonika
Tirane
Belgrade
Zagreb
Split
Dubrovnik
Budapest
Vienna
Bratislava
Linz
Salzburg
Innsbruck
Prague
Ostrava
Krakow
Nurnberg
Leipzig
Dresden
Karlovy Vary
Hamburg
Bremen
Hannover
Berlin
Amsterdam
The Hague
Rotterdam
Brussels
Antwerp
Ghent
Dusseldorf
Koln
Frankfurt
Mainz
Luxembourg
Reims
Paris
Versailles
Deauville
La Baule
Nantes
Cherbourg
Calais
Le Havre
Dover
Brighton
Southampton
Torquay
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Dublin
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Heidelberg
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Geneva
Vichy
Lyon
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Milan
Genoa
Venice
Padova
Trieste
Bologna
Florence
Pisa
Perugia
Rome
Naples
Sorrento
Capri
Taranto
Bari
Brindisi
Palermo
Taormina
Agrigento
Syracuse
Messina
Catania
Cagliari
Calvi
Bastia
Ajaccio
Corsica
Sardinia
Marseille
Nice
Cannes
Monte Carlo
Avignon
Nimes
Carcassonne
Toulouse
Lourdes
Biarritz
Bordeaux
Clermont-Ferrand
Limoges
Tours
Orleans
Le Havre
Madrid
Barcelona
Zaragoza
Valencia
Palma
Majorca
Seville
Cordoba
Granada
Malaga
Cadiz
Gibraltar
Tangiers
Rabat
Casablanca
Fez
Meknes
Marrakech
Oran
Algiers
Philippeville
Bone
Batna
Biskra
El Oued
Ouargla
Tebessa
Tunis
Sfax
Djerba
Fort Flatters
El Golea
In Salah
Adrar
Ghardaia
Touggourt
Laghouat
Setif
Constantine
Tiaret
Colomb Bechar
Lisbon
Oporto
Santander
San Sebastian
Vigo
Burgos
Fatima
Tripoli
Tobruch
Bengasi
Sidi Barrani
El Alamein
Alexandria
Cairo
Port Said
Tel Aviv-Yafo
Jerusalem
Amman
Lydda
Haifa
Nazareth
Tiberias
Damascus
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ASTA

1952-1956

The most important and successful business ventures happened to me and NCC between 1952 and October 6, 1956.

N.C.C. expanded to become one of the large intergrated Kraft Mills and box plants in the U.S.A. It built one of the largest and finest Kraft Mills in 1954 in Valdosta, Georgia. It was large and successful enough to borrow 32 million dollars from Wall Street. This was easier to get than to borrow the 750 dollars in 1912 from the State Bank. It bought and built more box plants throughout the U.S.A. Its volume in dollar sales reached 115 million dollars annually in 1956.

Jealousy and intrigue by some newcomers in top management made me uncomfortable in the position as president, principal leader and largest individual stockholder of N.C.C. I worked hard (seven days a week) for the success of N.C.C. I traveled over 1,500,000 miles by plane visiting all our plants in the U.S. almost monthly. I knew almost every one of the 5,000 people that were employed by N.C.C.

1956 was a year of mergers and in April 1956, O.I.G., through Sam Gottesman, phoned me that they are interested in buying N.C.C. We met at the Barclay and they made me an offer then and there. The offer was attractive and at the opportune time. I reported it to our management and urged them to accept it. It took the lawyers months to agree on the final documents and eventually the deal was closed and on October 4th all documents were signed, sealed and delivered. The coincident in this deal was that Sam G. died the day I met the O.I.G. people.

The 1956 trip to U.S.S.R. resulted after my hard work to complete this deal. This trip to the U.S.S.R. was an eye opener to me in every respect and I decided to visit the U.S.S.R. each year if possible to convince myself the truth about the so called cold war and all about the kinds of curtains.

THIS TRIP SHOULD PROVE MOST INTERESTING

TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1956

After two days of constant meetings with our own people and with the Owens Illinois crowd this week which has been a continuation of three months now, I said to all "auf weiderzehen" and to the International Airport I went to board a BOAC Flight No. 510, 5:00 P.M., non-stop to London. Everyone at the BOAC counter was pleasant to me. This is the beginning and I shall keep my fingers crossed. We started out thirty minutes late. I was tired and exhausted and fell asleep for one hour - a real sleep! The crew started to serve cocktails as soon as we left. I must have missed half a dozen, for one can drink here all he wants. Then started the procession of serving dinner just as it is done in a restaurant, each course separately. It took two hours to complete serving. It is now 9:16 New York D.S.T. - it is getting chilly - time to retire and cover up. I did! I changed my watch to 3 A.M. London time and fell asleep. I got window seat No. 49, but there was no window.

IN FLIGHT TO LONDON
WEDNESDAY, August 1, 1956

I woke up at 8:00 A.M. The hostess was near me with a smile and a tray of orange juice. "GOOD MORNING, ORANGE JUICE"? And before I had my eyes opened, I was refreshed with the drink. Freshly cooked breakfast was served. Somehow it is the first time I slept through the night (only five hours sleep actual time) without waking up for one thing or another. I looked out of the window - nothing to see except a layer of white clouds covering the world underneath us. We landed on time. We were driven by bus to the Custom Building, where we went through the usual immigration inspection. There were a few questions and the baggage was checked O.K. G. ISAAC'S car was waiting for me. The weather was the usual London type; rain, chilly and dreary. I sure enjoyed my heavy raincoat. Miss G., my secretary, was right about London weather.

The SAVOY HOTEL people, where I stopped, were polite and friendly - didn't put their hand out at every move. Godfrey Isaacs lunched with me, and we then went to his office; then drove to Hugh Stevenson's office to discover that he placed order for 250 tons liner with Goettsch for November shipment. ISAAC didn't like it.

Returned to hotel - rested half an hour - dined with Mr. and Mrs. GODFREY ISAAC at the TROCADERO, which is a swanky joint for AMERICAN SUCKERS, who can't read menus in French. The music was horrible! We then went to the PALLADIUM to see a variety show where ALL AMERICAN STARS make their london DEBUTS - an old dirty looking place filled to capacity, including standing room. I didn't care for the show - neither did Godfrey Isaacs. London looks better than on my last trip, four years ago. Many destroyed landmarks (war scars) have been rebuilt. The city is much better lit up at night especially PICADILLY and STRAND. My heart was still in mouth driving through the narrow streets.

Most of them are short and crooked, and I mean exactly that. I returned to the SAVOY at 11:30 P.M. (New York time, 5:30 A.M.) I cabled this morning to New York.

LONDON, THURSDAY, August 2, 1956

I have a nice single room 687 with telephone in the bathroom. Woke up at 2 A.M. and couldn't fall asleep again until 5:00. I was thinking of the meetings with Owens Illinois at Barclay and the conclusion of it and my departure for this trip as if it was just around the corner (everything I have done, so far, was just a walk around the corner) unlike that of other people, who make a big hulabaloo about it. I was thinking especially about my friend, Fred, who tried so hard to keep certain people away from the dinner Thursday evening, July 26th which was a very important one for the benefit of NATIONAL not SAMUEL KIPNIS and his "BON VOYAGE" party Tuesday evening, July 31st. He invited everybody of our gang to come up to his apartment and get drunk so that they shouldn't come to my party. I call it "CHUTZPOO" (PLAIN STUPID). I wrote a few letters and fell asleep at 5:00. Woke up at 9:00 by a call from Pat's ex-husband who will met me for breakfast at 9:45 - had a pleasant visit with him. It's a story about two lovely divorced people that couldn't understand each other how to bet back together.

Was met by Godfrey Isaacs - drove to Higrade Corrugated in his car - an offspring of a Canadian company same name. We were received by Mr. Pendleton with open arms. We lunched together - went through the plant, which was surprisingly well laid out and fitted out with good equipment. Some of domestic manufacture - most of it from U.S.A. The drive from and to the hotel was annoying to me. The turns around the many circles and driving on the left side of the street was enough to wreck my nerves. Mostly no traffic lights at the worst congested intersections, 100 years behind the time, much worse than NEW YORK, in this the biggest city in the world (so they say). I believe that it still has the dirtiest dives, eating and drinking places, filthy, dirty theaters, (very few are air-conditioned), including the swanky dining rooms. Even the displays of clothes and other wear can't be compared with what we see in the better stores in the States, but one must not criticize anything British for the answer is "LONDON IS THE CENTER OF THE WORLD - EVEN DULLES COMES HERE WHENEVER EDEN WANTS HIM, AND HERE HE IS TODAY."

The three of us (Mr. and Mrs. Isaacs) dined in a dive, "WHEELERS FISH PLACE," which they called a swell eating place. I hated the food and the place, but had to smile and praise everything including PRINCESS MARGARET. The show or display of the special uniformed guards near the Buckingham Palace of the King's guard men (now the Queen's) takes place every day about 12:00 noon, and we had to drive by it today. Crowds are gathering to take a peek at the traditional "BURLASK." Mostly tourists from all over the world with cameras. We saw a movie, "THE

DUCHIN STORY." They enjoyed it very much. I returned at 11:00 P.M. - no souvenir hunting; no resting; the days fly by. Had cocktails at 4:45 with the people from Anglo American P & P Company. Messrs. White-Marcus and Mr. Weller. No, this is not a vacation!

LONDON, FRIDAY, August 3, 1956

Slept well from 12:00 to 3:00 A.M. Was up until 5:00. It's cool in my room, blanket and quilt feels very good. Tried yesterday to fall asleep to good music over the radio, but German singing was all I could get in the wee hours of the morning. Have a breakfast date at 9 A.M. with Mr. Holmes of Price and Pierce home office in London, who got for me hotel reservation; then lunch at 1 P.M. with Godfrey Isaacs and Reed people (Reed Corrugated Cases, Tomlinson and Lane) to talk business. Then, may have dinner and to RUSSIA ARMY DANCE AND MUSIC SHOW with the Isaacs and get ready for my departure for Berlin, Saturday morning. It is cold and dreary today. I am chilled through and through. After lunch, today, with the Reed people, I went window shopping and comparing, and I observed the following: WILD DRIVING, everybody takes for granted that it cannot be different; no horn blowing; not many trucks on the main streets, therefore, not much noise; not many traffic signals; all streets are short and narrow and crooked; some just enough for one narrow gauge auto but are two way streets. Most of the autos are little ones, some three wheelers. There are no hydrants or parking meters anywhere, (I guess it is because the government takes everything they want in direct taxes), it is difficult to find street signs. There are few one-way streets. There should be all one-way streets. To a New Yorker, like me, that likes to observe and criticize, the whole thing is in a constant confusion. Long lines at the Cinemas no matter what is being shown. The indifference is terribly pronounced. Maybe it is the same thing in the States, but I do think our people are more critical and better behaved and dressed. Our stores, even the second rate, are much nicer. Of course, our buildings, commercial and apartments, are incomparable, including private homes. TRADITION is the important thing here. They thrive on it. The QUEEN'S HORSE GUARDS are the important things to watch daily. I have not seen one thing here that would remind me of the best we have in the States, and this is CIVILIZED COUNTRY. I shall compare this with the other countries I expect to visit. It will be interesting to me. Just finished talking to H. Laughlin, who called me from New York. Some day I shall travel through every part of every country, for the habits and manners vary in every section; North, South, East, and West, no matter how large or small any country is, including wild tribes, except that there they boil a European in a pot for being civilized.

Rested half an hour - took a hot bath for I was frozen stiff and wanted to thaw out. Met Mrs. Godfrey Isaacs and Godfrey Jr. for dinner at the Hotel Savoy - then drove to the

EMPRESS to see the RUSSIAN ARMY performance: music, dancing and singing. This place is like Madison Square Garden. Godfrey Isaacs didn't want to come, but he did and confessed after that he enjoyed it very much. The applause was terrific - never heard anything like it from an audience. Of course, I froze in the place. Returned to the Hotel, kissed the Isaacs "AUF WEIDERZEHN." Finished packing to be ready for 7 A.M. to leave for airport to fly to Hamburg and Berlin.

LONDON, SATURDAY, August 4, 1956

Thought last night I was getting a cold, but it was a false alarm. Maybe the two bufferins chased it away. Slept well from 12:30 to 6:10 A.M. Got up and wrote letters - all business. One was to H. Laughlin. I didn't like the arrangements he made with certain personnel. IF THE START WILL NOT BE PLEASANT, THERE MAY NOT BE A START, for after all, money is not everything, or is it?

Got rid of the English coins in tips and food - drove over by cab to Waterloo air depot, a terrible looking contraption. Yet the service is more polite and orderly than in U.S.A. It took us one hour by bus to get to the new airport, a brand new building, where we must go through the same procedure; passport and immigration. Everything was checked without opening. We were led into a tractor bus and driven to the plane. (Unlike the States where you walk your feet off to get to the plane.) A new type plane I never saw before; two motors, 4 bladed propeller, 47 passengers, much more comfortable than a 40 passenger CONVAIR. The inside arrangement of the plane is entirely different. It is an ELIZABETHIAN type, and of course, the Queen's portrait is prominently displayed in it. Had a chance to observe the streets, houses, and people while driving to airport. I still say that the people here and everything else runs in circles for there is a lot of modernization to be done here in everything and this will have to be done some day, including their money system, coins, and paper. They will never be able to rebuild London for they would have to completely destroy it to rebuild it, but this they will never do, BECAUSE THERE IS TOO MUCH TRADITION IN IT AND THIS IS WHY IT IS LONDON.....THE NERVE CENTER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, AND MAYBE OF ALL EUROPE.

The flight was pleasant. We arrived in Hamburg on time. Again the same procedure of checking passports and other things, but quick and pleasant. The airport here is a pre-war product and is better and cleaner than the new London airport. Clean and light and orderly. We left for Berlin in forty-five minutes. Jacobson of Lange and Schultz paged me and came along to Berlin. A forty-five minute flight.

Germany from the air looks much better and cleaner than England. I recognized it by the red roof tops made from red tile. It took no time and we landed at the Berlin Templehof Airport. I recognized it from the movies I saw when we were

operating the **AIR LIFT** at the time of the Russian Blockade, since they still land over a cemetery on the incoming runway. We took a cab and away we drove. We saw lots of war scars, and it did my heart good - a great satisfaction, because of the burned out buildings; but this was nothing compared to what I saw later when we took a ride in Langers' VOLKSWAGON to what was once the center of Berlin.

BRANDENBERG GATE, UNDER DE LINDEN, FRIEDRICHSTRASSEE, TIERGARDEN, the REICHSTAG, all the government buildings. The whole heart of Berlin is a shamble eleven years after World War II. There isn't a street in the whole of Berlin that hasn't a scar, a reminder of "DUTCHLAND UBBER ALLES." We drove to the Russian zone. It was dead - hardly any people in the streets. I took a few pictures - (still and moving) especially of the BUNKER where Hitler was supposed to have hidden before he was destroyed or destroyed himself. I was tired and hungry. We decided to return to hotel, (Kampinski), to dine and retire. (This hotel, like many others, was built with U.S.A. cash). On the way back I asked two Russian soldiers who were watching their VICTORY MONUMENT erected right outside the Brandenberg Gate in the British Zone (facing or surrounded by destroyed buildings of the greatest importance to Hitler's Germany) to pose for me but they said, "Net." I did take stills and movies of them at the monument.

There is just no comparison between London and Berlin, for the latter looks more civilized. Its buses are more modern, the main streets are wide, the sidewalks exceptionally clean and wide. Their stores are nicer and more modern, and the people look cleaner. I met very few men with the Kaiser moustache. The BAHN (elevated train) runs from East to West without interruption. The POLITZEI are friendly in all four sections (there are four zones here). The East zone (Russia) is more pronounced because the East German government's headquarters is in East Berlin. No passport is required to travel in the four zones in Berlin, but the Russians hold 100 miles west of Berlin, and visas are required to travel through the Russian lines to East and West Germany. It is a crazy world - what is going on here in this divided Germany - and it is crazier to see how the vanquished Germany is enjoying the spoils of the victors as in the last World War I. She surely has the victor England worried to death, with her strong economy. The Volkswagon is putting the British cars to shame (as competition goes) all over the world, and so is every German product. The old Templehuf airfield is more modern than the London's new Croydon.

BERLIN, In the British Zone
Sunday, August 5, 1956

I was up at 7:30 A.M. - met Jacobson for breakfast at 8:45 and Edward Langer with his Volkswagon car at 9:30. He is sure a great help to both of us. We drove to the Russian

Zone and saw everything we missed seeing yesterday. This is one city I wish to see everything possible for I remember it in 1903 with its beautiful boulevards, streets, houses, and buildings, railroad stations, canals, Tiergarden, and Unter de Linden, the Reichstag, the Kaiser's home, and many others. All of these are now shambles. Many are ghost walls burned out, shadows of the devil! Many places were cleaned up and green grass and flowers replace the buildings. Tiergarden Strasse is a beautiful street; so is Unter de Linden even with destroyed buildings all around us as far as the eye can see. The Reichstag and other government buildings - tremendous in size - were burned out by incendiary bombs and then destroyed by explosive bombs, and what was left over was destroyed by the Russians when they surrounded it and fought the German Army within the city - marks of that battle is on every house that is still intact. The Reichstag is a MONUMENT TO HITLER'S DESTRUCTIVE MANIA. We drove by the new Russian Embassy building in the East Zone - a most impressive building on the Unter de Linden Street surrounded by rubbles of what is left of the famous buildings of the Hitler Regime. Not far from there is the Bunk of Adolph Hitler that was in the basement of the Riech Kantzler house. Also President Hindenburg's home and many, many others. The Gestapo building, which was immense in size, still stands - four walls, no windows, no roof. The most impressive is the destroyed Reichstag Building in contrast with the new Russian Embassy. Is history repeating itself? For after World War I the vanquished Germany was built up by the victors and then the victors created a Hitler who tried to conquer the whole world. I am afraid that the same thing is happening again, NOT ONLY IN GERMANY, BUT IN JAPAN TOO, FOR BOTH VANQUISHED COUNTRIES ARE SHOWING THE VICTORIOUS COUNTRIES THE NEW WAY OF LIFE AND OF COMPETITION.

We drove around the East Zone. Here, the people live under a communistic rule. The government runs everything by cooperatives. The Stalin Alley is a most beautiful gigantic accomplishment. I didn't anything like it anywhere, a beautiful wide street, wide sidewalks lined with lawns and flowerbeds, and houses six to ten stories high, all well built. I visited a 4 room apartment, unfurnished - $15 a month for the 4 rooms. Bath, kitchen, dining room, bedroom, and foyer - well laid out, connections for radios and television - gas cooking. Everything is controlled by the government and the holders of cards buy things cheap, especially LIBENSMITEL (food). This is the nicest place in that zone.

There is plenty of destruction in all the four zones, but there is more rebuilding done in the West zone thanks to "UNCLE SAM", who is pouring billions of dollars into Germany. Hilton is now building a large hotel, which will be surrounded by shambles. The street where I stay is the livliest in Berlin.

There are Theatres, Shopping Centers, Subways, wide drives and sidewalks. There is parking in the middle of the street (no meters), where cars of all sizes and prices, bicycles, tricycles, scooters, motorcycles with one wheel in front or rear with body for 4-3-2 people are parked on both sizes. There are no cops to regulate traffic - very few traffic lights anywhere - driving 40 miles per hour in the city is common here. I must admit that the contrast is great between the East and West zones, even if the Stalin Alley is something that completely surprised me. I didn't see any people there, even though it was early Sunday. Only tourists who come to see and take pictures of this zone.

I tried to eat lunch in the East zone, but didn't since they don't take dollars in the restaurant, so I returned to the West Sector. I was a bit tired - lunched at Kampinski - retired for a rest. Later we went out again - dined at the HUNGARIAN KUCHE with gypsy music. The place, in a basement, was filled with smoke and beer drinkers, so we left to see a RUSSIAN night club, where a BALALAIKA orchestra played. We met a business man from Israel, who was glad to meet me, I had to promise him a date in TEL AVIV when I get there. He will show me the most interesting parts of Israel. "IT'S A MUST," said he! Nature played a trick on us today. When we returned to the hotel it rained and hailed so hard that we could not get out from the Volkswagon - had to wait a while. The weather was not good here since I arrived, but better and not as cold as in England, where I actually froze with my light coat and suit. I drank Vodka, tonight, for the first time. The music was good, the Russian dancer was excellent. Most of those present were Germans and they applauded.

The ceremony of going through East and West Berlin, near the Brandenberg Gate, is easy. Many Germans from West Berlin come on bicycle, cars, on foot to take pictures. I met a few Americans doing the same. Everybody is pleasant, and why not - for looking around at what has happened to the most beautiful city in Europe on account of Hitler and his gang - what else can be done except to smile from irony. It should remain like this forever, and have everybody, who has no idea what it looks like, come here, take a good look everywhere, take pictures of the ruins and hang them on the walls of their homes, offices, and display them in the windows of the stores on their streets, especially the Americans, who have not seen or felt the taste of a war of destruction. BRING ALL OUR GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS, CITY FATHERS, LEADERS OF OUR INDUSTRIES and let them see what happened here to everything, and bring the HIGH PRIESTS to see what happened to the FINEST HOUSES OF WORSHIP, that even God could not stop it. It is frightful; yet people walk around taking pictures so indifferently - NOT EVEN A SPOKEN WORD OF CONDEMNATION FOR THOSE WHO CAUSED SUCH DESTRUCTION and who are planning for more of it with more DEADLY INSTRUMENTS OF WAR.

MONDAY, August 6, 1956

I am planning to leave today for Hamburg with Conrad Jacobson to spend a day there visiting two customers of ours to adjust a complaint. It is not easy to get reservations for Hamburg, but we got it. Conrad and Langer were a great help to me. My Dutch sounded more like Greek to some. We breakfasted together at 8:45 and then drove to visit the WELLPAPPEN-FABRIK BERLIN REINIRKENDORF GMBH: then to Intourist in the East zone, then to the Russian Embassy, same zone, to discover that I had to come back for more information on my passport. I was told that I cannot go to Leningrad; that I must fly from Riga to Moscow. I went back to Intourist for an explanation, but they were nice enough to explain to me that Union Tours made a bum job of the arrangements. They did not examine my passport carefully. I wanted to fly from Berlin to Moscow via Warsaw, but this would not do - my passport called for Riga to Moscow. I ran back and forth and took in another visit to a box plant "DER MIDLE DEUTCHEN PAPIER WERKE." Neither of the two places wanted to show me through their plant - maybe they were ashamed. I decided to leave Berlin for Hamburg today at 8 P.M. so that I can visit two box plants around Hamburg - one who made a complaint that the board he got from Rayward (our board) was no good. I was tired of running around. We checked out from Hotel Kampinsky, drove through the American zone. The nicest and least destroyed of all. The American armed forces with their families live in beautiful apartments with all conveniences - entertainment, shopping centers, and American cars - good ones. The soldiers behave now much better than before, because there has been too much complaining about their behavior, especially in the drinking places where they meet their German FRAULEINS. It is said by many that the best behaved soldier is the Russian. Their discipline is strict, and is an example for the civilians. While we drove through the East zone today between the Intourist, Stalin Alley and Russian Council, I accomplished two things; one) I saw a different life of people - true, not many autos and cycles, but crowded tramcars and elevated trains that run between East and West Berlin, and two) I brushed up on my Russian. It surprised me how I got along in the Russian Embassy office, and my German is much better too.

We dined at Templehof - a real nice airport.

I get a kick out of my little radio. I play it wherever I go, and keep it playing mostly in my coat pocket when I walk in the streets. Everybody searching from where the music comes and they look at me but can't make it out. I am the musical man of the day, an "AMERICAN TRICKSTER."

We arrived in Hamburg at 9:10 P.M. - Mrs. Jacobson and son waited for us. They are very nice people. Origin - Swedes, now Germans. They drove me to the Atlantic Hotel, where reservations were made for me - a room without bath. Then Conrad

and I went to meet my Israel man. I had made a date in Berlin to meet him here at a Russian Inn. I was too tired to stay long, so I said to the owner, "DOSVIDANI Y EDOO V LENINGRADA" (Goodby, I am going to Leningrad), and he replied, "VI DOOMAETTE PETTER-BURG." (You mean Petersburg). I found out later that he hates the Russians. (He is a BLACK Russian.)

HAMBURG, TUESDAY, August 7, 1956

Was up at 8 A.M. I couldn't take a bath for I didn't have one in my room, so for the first time in many years, I took one with no shower or bathtub - just a dripping wet towel and sink full of water. I then had breakfast with Conrad and went to his office.

I was introduced to Herr Lange, director of Lange and Schultz. He speaks as much English as I speak German. We understood each other. He is sixty-eight and is a veteran of World War I. He lost one leg and lost a son in World War II. He told me how he lost everything in World War II, through the air bombs and had to start from scratch. He is doing a large business now. He also imports some bleached and un-bleached pulp from Russia. He was not in Berlin since World War II, but he saw enough destruction here in Hamburg.

We then drove to Lubeck - fifty miles from here, to visit a straw board mill and box shop, who got some 26# from us through Rayward. They claim that our board doesn't work good - it tears. I could not see why, for after I tore off samples from Unions and Containers 26#, I was certain that ours is as good or better. I mailed the sample to Hecht in N. Y. to be remailed to Jax for comparison and test. After the many greetings and their re-fusal to show me the plant and mill, I said "AUF WIEDERZEHEN" and we returned to Hamburg.

It began to rain hard. We drove slowly. The road we drove to Lubeck and returned was the "AUTOBAHN." That is a four lane highway for automobiles - built by Hitler in his prepara-tion for World War II. If anyone saw the picture, "THE SEARCH," he would know what I mean. He did this before we in the U.S.A. started to build highways, Now, of course, we build much better HIGHWAYS, or FREEWAYS, or TURNPIKES, as we call them, our modern highways bypass all cities, but not in Germany. Here, they run from one big town to another, North, South, East, West, and stop before big towns and one must drive through towns to get to them. Hamburg was bombed out as much as Berlin, but since it is situated within West Germany and is under the West German government, it has been much rebuilt - rows and rows of new apartment houses are up and a lot of the center of the city has likewise been repaired. It is like the other European cities - a lot of bicycle riders - all kinds, and many, many cars of diffe-rent types and makes but all small except the Americans - some very wide boulevards and wide sidewalks.

There are many streets I saw which had parking meters, women truck drivers and loaders, street cleaners, grass cutters,

and also like in the other cities, if you do not know how to get around it, you get lost, for it is full of "PLAZAS AND CIRCLES." No traffic light or very few, and as many as three cops on some corners directing traffic, because there are many streets merging into one circle. People drive too fast or too slow - there is no whistle blowing, white sleeves of white clubs are the indication of the traffic police.

In Lubeck, I was taken to see the destruction and the rebuilding that is going on. I was led into the **MARIENKIRCHE**, the largest church in this part of Germany, a most impressive and beautiful structure, which has been partially destroyed or burned out. A new organ just replaced the old one. There are temporary benches for seating. Two large bells that melted from the heat on top of one of the towers, fell down and remained disfigured. A SIGHT ONLY GOD COULD ARRANGE FOR HIS PEOPLE BELOW. Flower wreaths hung on the walls where the bells lie.

When I returned to Hamburg, I was hungry and cold. We dined at the Atlantic. I rested a while and arranged to meet the Jacobson family for dinner.

They met me with their car to drive to the only vegetarian restaurant. It was being closed as we arrived, so we walked to the "RATSWEINKELLER," a very nice place. It took two hours to get served. Ordered chopped steak - well done, and got lamb steak - rare! Had lots of fun with my little radio. I kept it on the table covered up, and no one knew where the music was coming from.

Was quite worried about my flight to Moscow, which is the only way I can get into Russia, as my passport visa called for that port of entry; but when I returned to hotel, I found a memorandum saying everything is arranged for me. I was happy. So far so good! Everything is "GANZ GOOT - ALLES IN ORDENUNG." I cancelled the Copenhagen Hotel reservations.

Will be flying in a DC-4, SAS Flight 428 to Copenhagen, where I will stop for one hour to change to Russian Airfloat 104 at 5:45 for Riga and Moscow - arriving 12:30 midnight Moscow time.

Was up early - 7:00 A.M., after a restless night. Don't know why, maybe it was the veal chop that was given to me in place of the chopped steak, or the green apple. I made "ALLES IN ORDENUNG," and was ready to leave Germany, the beautiful country that I felt sorry for, and at the same time was glad for what happened to it. I can't make up my mind which of my feelings were greater.

Conrad arrived after breakfast; I checked out. We drove fast to the local box plant, which also builds corrugating machines. Met all the big shots. Then rushed to the airport to meet one of the directors of the LUBECK BOX SHOP. He intimated that they sell all or control of this plant. We spent one hour together. I will get the information from the local plant about the MACHINERY BUILDER and the purchase of an interest in the "LUBECK BOX SHOP" when I return to New York.

We parted like friends of long standing, and left for Copenhagen. The flight takes fifty minutes.

Everybody was pleasant. We arrived on time. My baggage was checked through to Moscow. I wanted to see what Copenhagen looks like, so I had to go through the ceremony of checking my passport in. When I returned, I had to do the same thing checking out.

Met an ex-M.P. (also a professor) from London who talked too much. He is also flying to the Soviet Union - Leningrad. I took him along with me to see the city. He said he speaks every language, but not Danish.

The cab was the usual kind - old and filthy - smelled like the ones in England. We drove through the center of the town, and saw many ancient landmarks, including the King's Palace with a BRITISH-STYLE GUARD at the entrance gate. This is bicycle country! There are autos too, but the bicycles predominate - unlike Germany with its motorcycles of every style and description. The auto business here has been British dominated up to now, but Germany is gradually pushing it out. I saw only one traffic light. The traffic police wear white gloves and sleeves. I took only picture of an interesting place.

Tradition rules here as in the rest of European Europe. There is no destruction here, because the Danes submitted to "HERR HITLER" WITHOUT RESISTANCE. We returned on time to make our plane.

We are now flying over the Baltic Sea in a Russian built DC-3 type, two motors, IL 14, but it is more like a Convair. The third wheel is in front; the seats are two and two. There are sixteen roomy seats in the compartment where I set. There is a compartment seating four, opposite the built-in kitchen, from which tea, black coffee, and cookies are served; then there is another private compartment for two facing each other. There is nothing like it on any plane I was ever on. There are no belts or signs. The hostess is one of those hefty dames in plain clothes - smiling at you when you want something, and was not sitting in a chair and smoking. She was not bad to look at and not starved. The few overhead racks, Russian-style, are for putting away anything you care to. There are no reading lights. There are double movable shutters to shut out the view when flying over certain territory. So far, so good!

We saw land at 8:10. It was cloudy and cold. In fact, it has been cold, rainy, and wet ever since I landed in England, with intervals of colder weather, hail, and storms, and very few moments of sunshine. The ground under us, at this time, looked no different than if we were flying over Pennsylvania, with its patches of green planted spaces, wooded areas, and farm homes.

We reached the Gulf of Riga, and landed at 8:15 P.M. Riga Airport. My first surprise was that we landed on an immense grass field without runways. It felt kind of bumpy. There was

no announcement made of our landing. We all got out and were led into a Russian-type building, AIRPORT STANZIA. Was again surprised by the clean linen, the pleasantness of the clerks, supervisors, and examiners - English, German, Danis "WIRD GISHPROCHEN" (is spoken). We turned in our passports and declared out dollars. You can take along all the dollars you want but it is best to take American Travelers checks. They are good everywhere. You must report the amount you have when entering and departing. There are no questions asked but the amount you report at your departure will be counted. You do not have to lie about the amount. Do not take rubles in or out. They are worthless in other countries.

We were then led upstairs for a free dinner in a very nice sized dining room with beautiful lighting fixtures, clean tables, cut glass service and flowers, mineral water in bottles. The menu consisted of soup with noodles, steak, fried potatoes, peas, bread (two kinds), tea or coffee - and lo and behold - a concert and dance orchestra, consisting of three pieces; a piano, violin and cello. They played pretty good. There were about fifty people dining. The waitresses were cleanly dressed and polite. There was no tipping. I tried my little radio, but did not get good reception, for there was no broadcasting station around. What I was able to get was coming over from foreign lands. The rest of this flight will take two and three-quarters hours. My English friend, who ate like an ape, flew the other way, to Leningrad.

My second surprise was the old fashioned washroom, which was clean, and had small and large linen towels, but there was no soap or toilet paper. We left on time - 9:45 P.M. on the same field without runways, but lit up for wind and takeoff direction. We landed in Moscow on the minute of 12:20 A.M.

An Intourist agent met me there and asked me to give him my passport and baggage tickets, so that he could get my baggage. Not only was it not opened, it wasn't even check-marked, and away I drove in a large zum car.

I was sitting with the driver. It was cold. We conversed all of the time. He was explaining the wonderful things the Soviets have accomplished, just as the officer passenger on the plane did, who flew with me from Riga, who asked me WHY WE DIDN'T DO BUSINESS WITH THEM, as they have lots of things we need and we have things they need. He wanted to know WHAT KIND OF MAN DULLES IS - WHY HE DOES NOT LIKE THEM, and he praised the Soviets for what they have accomplished in thirty-nine years - almost what the United States of America did in two hundred years! I was in a fix with my Russian to explain to him these difficult questions, for I didn't know the answers. We drove by a tremendous amount of new apartment houses that are being built - ten to twelve stories high - blocks and blocks. I shall visit these later.

I arrived at Hotel National at 1 A.M. and went to room,

number 417. There was a sitting room of immense size, a small bedroom with no light in it, and a very old style bathroom. Was tired and hungry. I could have gotten food, but was too lazy to ask. When I went to wash my shirt and underclothes, I discovered that there was no soap or hot water - not even cold water! My bed was a narrow one. The two large pillows under my head were hard and heavy. The mattress was hard too. The bedding was cheap but clean; the blankets not heavy enough to keep me warm. Fell asleep at once.

MOSCOW, THURSDAY, August 9, 1956

Up at 10:45. There was not hot water to take a bath, and the cold water ran slowly - but I HAD to take a bath! I let the water run while I got shaved. Stuck my feet into the tub, one-fourth filled with ice cold water. Used the soap I brought with me. This is one bath performance I shall remember.

Had breakfast in the restaurant on the first floor, which was filled with tourists from all over the world. The waiter spoke English - I suppose the waiters here are linguists, as are many people in public service - from ministers to cab drivers. The food was good. Apples are the only kind of fresh fruit they have here now.

Went to Intourist's office on the same floor. It was a beehive. There was no order. They had the same kind of adding machines on each desk that I used when I was a kid. My passport was turned in yesterday - so were my air tickets. The president of Intourist was on vacation, and the vice-president took over. He sent me to the Service Bureau, where English and Russian were spoken - (they speak English, and I Russian). The head of the Service Bureau was a man named Rugoff. The first thing he wanted to know was if I knew a man by the name of Rugoff in New York working for the "FORWARD." "YES," I replied, and told him that Hillel Rugoff was one of the big shots in that organization. We got friendly. Now I am certain that I will get what I want in regard to my revised itinerary. "WSE BUDET CHOROSHO," (everything will be O.K.) he said, and I replied "OCHEN CHOROSHO, SPASIBO," (very well, thanks). Then went for lunch - plain omelet - coffee - hot milk and "YABLOTCHKA" (apples). The girls, all of them in this Service Bureau, were friendly and all smiled, "Mr. Kipnis, CHTO MOSHNO DELAT, CHTO WI CHOCHITE POZHALOOSTA," (what can we do for you, what do you want). I ordered a ticket for tonight to see a new kind of invention "STEROKINO." I was told to see this by Valentin Spiridonov of Intourist in New York who gave me a letter of recommendation to the head of Intourist here.

I got a Zum auto, license #1995 to take me anywhere I care to go. Russian was the medium of exchange. I told the driver to show me the most interesting places and streets, and to drive slowly, or I would take the wheel from him. He drove me all around Moscow through the most important streets; the

RED SQUARE, where I took pictures - (still and moving), all the important government buildings, the widest boulevards and streets I ever saw anywhere, which was marked up for traffic. There were more traffic lights here than I saw in London, Berlin, and Copenhagen, including Hamburg. There were police on important intersections - no confusion. The streets are clean - the old women clean them during the night with a broom made of twigs and then they are washed and swept by street cleaning machines. I saw only one horsedriven truck - the rest were all motor trucks, and many of them. There were also many auto cars - almost as many as in West Berlin. I saw a terrific amount of new buildings for housing being built. The present five-year plan in Moscow calls for cleaning up the slums, and there surely are plenty of those here. Many of the old apartments and private houses are half or three-quarters caved in. There are many nice look apartments, on the outside only, the inside is terrible. The old houses are not being destroyed until the new living quarters are finished to replace the old ones.

Went for tea and to the "STEROKINO" to see a THREE - DIMENSION moving picture that Spiridonov told me to see as a SURPRISE. It was a small place - wooden floors and chairs - 55 minute show, with a five minute intermission at the end to change customers. It was on a first floor. A large reading room was provided for the waiting customers. The seats in the theatre were in one row, from wall to wall, and the space between the rows of chairs was narrow, so that everyone had to stand up for one to get to their seat. Almost broke my neck getting to my seat. There were no ushers and no supervisors. I almost got blind looking at the picture, for when such pictures were shown in New York, they were well made, and the theatre furnished free special colored eyeglasses; such was not the case here! Was surely glad to get out after the fifty-five minutes. I could not get out before as I happened to sit at the far end.

Walked back to the hotel via the CENTRAL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH BUILDING on Gorki Street, which is immense in size. The ground floor is divided into two sections - half of one side contains dial telephone booths and the other half is for operators who get the number for callers and connect them in the booths. The other side of the building is the telegram and cable department. It was a bee hive! I never saw so many telephone booths in one place with so many people calling or sending telegrams. This was a multi-story building and is one of the largest and newest.

There are tremendously large buildings in this section - perhaps the largest, for it is near the KREMLIN and RED SQUARE. Near this square is the NATIONAL and MOSCOW HOTELS facing each other. This location is larger than the Red Square, but not as picturesque. Women drive buses, which are run by electricity or diesel gas, and also do a lot of work that ordinarily men do

in the U.S.A., except that they do it better. Women are plasterers, bricklayers, carpenters, and at many other trades of the same type. All subway employees are women except the first and second motormen, who run the trains (there are two motormen in each train for safety, one does the announcing of stations.)

When I stopped into the restaurant at 11:30 for supper I met a group of English-speaking people, all New Yorkers with their wives (?). Mr. J. Raymond of New York Times promised to dine with me Saturday. Retired at 1 A.M.

I looked out of my window at 5:30 this afternoon on the tremendously large square in front of the hotel, and there were huge crowds of people coming and going. Where were they going? All stores are open until 8 or 9 and have big waiting lines in front of them. One can get their hearts desire but not of U.S. quality, no other country has the standard of living that we have in the U.S.A.

All the autos and trucks on the streets are made in the U.S.S.R. Most of them are owned by the State - some are privately owned. The biggest cars are Zum and Zis ("m" for Molotov and "s" for Stalin). There are also two small models. There are plenty of TV aerials on every roof. Some of the shabbiest, broken down houses have TV aerials, maybe TV sets in the house too.

There are no outdoor pictures of Lenin or Stalin, as was the case in 1934. Only on holidays or for parades are they hung up or carried. Yet in every office I visited, on the floors and in hotel lobbies, Stalin's picture hangs parallel with Lenin's. I did not hear any talk regarding removing Stalin's pictures or see any replacement of them. I did see a few pictures of Malenkov.

There is a shortage of living quarters here, the government is building everywhere, in new sections and in old Moscow alike. At the end of the present five-year plan there will be HUNDREDS OF NEW APARTMENT BUILDINGS OF TREMENDOUS SIZE. All the streets are paved. There are many electric and gas buses. Everything in this respect is well directed and maintained except the crowds of people. The run wild in every direction at the crossings - although the streets are marked for traffic with a wide space between driveways for people to walk. There are special places for cars to make left turns - not at the ' corners. The main streets are well lighted.

I rested awhile, and asked for a guide to show me the BEST looking stations of the METRO, and a nice looking young man went with me (The Metro ride cost 1 ruble or 10¢ for both of us). LaGuardia, Mayor of New York, had nothing to do with maintaining the 5 cent subway ride here. We started at the MOSCOW HOTEL STATION, across the Square from National Hotel. This station is part of the OLD METRO. There are separate entrances for "IN" and "OUT", "BXOD - BIXOD." You can't collide

head on running for a train. The stairs are wide and clean. NO PAPER OR RUBBISH IS LEFT ANYWHERE, not in the streets, buses, waiting rooms, trains, or subways. There were literally mobs going up and down. I asked my guide where they were all coming from or going to, and he explained that this is a METROPOLITAN city with close to six million people, and that it is the CENTER OF CULTURES, CENTER OF ALL THE SOVIETS THEATRES, MOVIES, SHOPPING, THE LARGEST STORE (GUM), RESTAURANTS, COFFEE SHOPS, MUSIC, DANCING AND SIGHT-SEEING. The subway runs around Moscow. I never saw such large decorated stations with the different kinds of marble and lighting fixtures - it is spic and span! One cannot describe it. It must be seen to be judged. It is the SHOWPLACE OF MOSCOW, especially the main station of the new subway opened in 1953.

Returned to the hôtel for tea and cookies, and my private car took me to the theatre at the Hermitage Park to see "THE MERRY WIDOW." It was in a terrible theatre with hard seats and it was cold - a complete contrast from the ZIEGFIELD in New York. I froze with my coat on. I wanted to go out but was ashamed. No one else did. The singing was good - so was the band of forty musicians. The house was packed. I studied the crowd, their facial expressions, the constructions of this FIRE TRAP, and the lighting arrangement. The show was over, a car waited for me - always the same make and size - a Zum.

Returned to the hotel for supper, and met the same crowd as yesterday; the AMERICANS, who work here as CORRESPONDENTS or BROADCASTERS, for U.S. newspapers and Radio companies. They are very conspicuous, especially the women with their SMOKING, BLEACHED HAIR, AND DRUGSTORE FACES. Very few West Germans travel here (for political reasons). Most AMERICAN TOURISTS are likewise conspicuous because of their CLOTHES, JEWELRY, MAKE-UP AND SMOKING. The hotels are full of FOREIGN TOURISTS from all over the world.

The INTOURIST is doing the best with what it has to do it with. One must remember that the MACHINE AGE is not quite in use here as we know it in the States. It is still primitive in many ways. Seven days a week, TEN HOURS A DAY IS NOT AN OVERESTIMATE OF THE HOURS THE CLERKS AND EXECUTIVES PUT IN. I was tired and went to sleep at 1 A.M. after one hour writing my memos.

SATURDAY, August 11, 1956

Had a date with Mr. RUGOFF, head of the SERVICE BUREAU, to get my passport, papers and tickets for my trip to LENINGRAD. They were not ready yet. In each city, INTOURIST makes arrangements for the next trip to the next city. I was late, and had to have a quick breakfast; then went to the Office of the SOVIET WRITER'S UNION to check about my nephew in Kiev. They gave me his address. Then went to see Jack Raymond in the New York Times office there; then back to the hotel for my papers.

MOSKOW, FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1956

Was up at 7:00 A.M. Had breakfast and spent a short time at the Intourist Service Bureau rearranging my tour. Then got into a ZUM car and sat near the driver. First drove to the new UNIVERSITY on LENIN HILL and surrounding territory. It is something they can be proud of. A PLANNED PROJECT FOR EDUCATION OF THE HIGHEST DEGREE AND QUALITY. Visitors from all over the world come here to see this CITADEL FOR EDUCATION.

Next, I saw the AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION. IT WAS ON A BIG SCALE, AND IT IS VERY PRETTY TOO. This is also a PLANNED PROJECT WITH AN OBJECTIVE. It comprises of 15 buildings, 15 different styles, one for each nation that make up the U.S.S.R. Each nation exhibited its product in its own style building. A visit to GORKY PARK, the STADIUM, and other large buildings. Passed all the famous GALLERIES and MUSEUMS, but I didn't go inside, because I admit that I am not a connoisseur of art, and didn't want to walk anymore, even with my funny looking shoes that attracted as much attention as my little radio.

Walked into a METRO (SUBWAY) STATION and asked the ticket taker, "YA TOLKO CHOTCHOO POSMOTRIT" (I only want to see the station). She answered "POZSHALOOSTA," (Please), and let me in free. The escalator must have been 150 feet down. There are three escalators, one up, and one down, and one for emergency. When the crowd is too large coming up, they use the emergency, and so on. You can't walk up or down for there are no stairs. Never saw so many people riding up or down. Got dizzy from the long steep ride. My real visit to the METRO will be tonight. Only females in uniform are working here. I go everywhere alone, no guide, no interpreter, and so far, so good! The only place I will use someone will be tomorrow, Saturday, when I visit the KREMLIN, and the LENIN-STALIN MAUSOLEUM, and GUM DEPARTMENT STORE.

Next went with a guide to the KREMLIN. Took many pictures and saw everything I could see in two hours. There were thousands of visitors there, who took their time in order to see everything, VISITORS FROM WITHIN THE SOVIET UNION AND THE SATELLITE COUNTRIES, who listened to every word the guide said in explanation. The articles on display are priceless, and go back to the 13th century. They surely made beautiful things in the times of the CZARS. There was a saddle trimmed with diamonds and gold worth five million dollars. I can't describe what I saw in the two hours I was there. I wanted to buy a watch, but it was not for sale at any price. The BIGGEST CHURCH BELL and CANNON in the world is here, and it has a lot of history to it; people in groups or individuals had their pictures taken with both as a background. Returned to Hotel for tea. I didn't yet have a good meal and am hungry all the time.

At 8:45 this morning had a date with a guide to visit the LENIN-STALIN MAUSOLEUM. I looked out of the window and saw a line at least a mile long, or as far as my eye can see. It

consisted of people who came from all over Russia to have one minute's look at their SAINTS. We went to the front of the line to walk right in. It took fifteen minutes for the whole ceremony. ABOUT THIRTY STEPS DOWN LAY TWO BODIES IN FULL DRESS, and looked as if they were asleep. There was an air of HOLINESS as we passed - a very impressive scene - especially for the Russians and visitors from communist countries.

From there I drove back for my visit with Jack Raymond. I was treated to a SCOTCH ON THE ROCKS, conversed with him for a while, and made a date to meet him in New York where he lives and to where he is soon returning.

Oh yes, I also visited our AMBASSADOR BOHLEN, yesterday. Spent ten minutes with him, and he explained what "DA" and "NET" meant in Russian. I didn't want to speak politics or business. I am not sufficiently informed on that. He asked me to leave with them my itinerary in the U.S.S.R. IN CASE I WILL NEED HELP OR GET LOST. I thanked him and we parted.

Apologized to the management of National Hotel for not giving me hot water. I got it this morning! It was there all the time, but I did not know how to get it. I took a real hot bath this morning.

I eat fruit every day consisting of small "YABLOTSKY" (apples).

Visited the only SYNAGOGUE in Moscow this morning. I squeezed it in between the visit to the Writer's Union and Mr. Raymond. The place was filled with OLD PEOPLE, DERELICTS OF THE JEWISH COMMUNITY. They recognized me as a tourist and wanted me to step to the pulpit to say something, and offered to pray for me. I refused. The chief Rabbi was not in today. They suggested I come tomorrow and meet him. I couldn't so I took pictures of the place, and said "ZEIT MIR ALLE GIZIND," (be healthy) and left them disappointed, but I promised to mail them fifty TALAISIM AND SEDIREM, (praying shawls and praying books).

A landsman, SHATKES, insisted I go to see the Puppet Show tonight with him. I had atticket for the BALLET, but since they are not showing it at the "BOLSHI theatre, and since SOL HUROK WILL BRING IT TO NEW YORK THIS WINTER, I am certain I would rather see it in New York so I bought another ticket for the Puppet Show (18 rubles or $1.80 - the other one cost 15 rubles or $1.50) and gave the ticket for the BALLET to my guide.

I dined with Shatkes. He can represent the "JEWISH MORNING JOURNAL" only. He speaks loudly, makes believe he knows everything and everybody and can get to see anybody here. The fact is that he DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO GET AROUND. I gook him and two old women, (who were kind and understanding, both from California) in my car to the Hermitage Park. We all enjoyed the Puppet Show immensely. It should be brought to New York, where it would be a tremendous success, for I never saw anything like it. We lost our friend while waiting for my car to return to the hotel and had to wait for him for one-half hour, until we

finally found him trying to make a bargain with a taxi cab man. Retired at 1:00 A.M. after having packed my belongings. I wrote until 2:00 A.M.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 12, 1956

Was up at 9 A.M., made everything ready and went to breakfast. My room was 417 which is actually the sixth floor overlooking the Square facing the side gate of the Kremlin. I looked out of the window once more for a last look, for I don't know if I will ever see it again even though I would like to come here again each year or in ten or twenty years to see what their five-year plans are accomplishing for the people to improve their standard of living as compared with the half-decent classes in the U.S.A. I do not mean those who are as bad as theirs or worse for THERE ARE SOME PLACES IN OUR LAND OF PLENTY THAT ISN'T UP TO OUR STANDARD.

I forgot to mention that yesterday between my busy hours visiting the KREMLIN, having lunch, and visiting the RUSSIAN SAINTS" TOMB that I squeezed in one hour to visit the GUM (pronounced Goom), the largest department store in the whole world except Macy's in New York. Every visitor and native Russian goes there to shop. I was amazed at the crowds that packed this beautiful and ornate store. Here they use modern methods of handling sales, everybody is buying something. I stopped at the radio and T.V. department and by the way, you can't get lost here for there are signs everywhere, directing you to the department you want, and also a loud speaker system which announces special sale goods or goods that are on sale cheaper than regular prices.

T.V. and radio sets were being sold like hot cakes. They are packed right there for shipping and the buyer must take it home and set it up himself. The prices are fantastic in American dollars, and in rubles too. So is everything else. AN AMERICAN COULD GO BROKE HERE IF HE HAD TO LIVE ON AMERICAN DOLLARS. Most of the stores are open seven days until 9 P.M. on weekdays and 6 P.M. on Sunday (except for groceries (Bakaleini.) The crowds are large every day.

I went down to Service Bureau at 10:30. Intourist had everything ready for me. They sure went out of their way to treat me right. I really don't know if they me an exception. I think so. We drove to the "AIRDROME" for my "SAMOLET" (airplane). There was no baggage examination or anything else. The Intourist man put me on the plane - flight 510, non-stop to Leningrad, two hours and thirty-five minutes on an IL 14, two motored, four-bladed propellers, eighteen seater, 250 miles an hour, comfortable seats. Again, no belts or signs on what to do on take off and landing. There were about forty planes on the ground. This Moscow airport has runways of PRE-FABRICATED DIAMOND SHAPE SLABS and it's well lit up. It is the CENTER FOR FLIGHTS TO ALL PARTS OF THE U.S.S.R. AND TO EUROPE.

Arrived at Leningrad on the minute. The scars of World

War II can be seen on the outskirts of Leningrad. It is not like the airport in Moscow - just no comparison to size and quality, but it was clean. Intourist met me. "GOSPODIN KIPNIS"? I answered "DA, DA," and we were soon the way to Leningrad. I sat with the driver, speaking Russian and asking all kinds of questions about the city but not about politics.

How did the people look, live and behave in Moscow. I would say offhand, that they mind their own business and go about it indifferently, for they all work here; men and women, in every trade and profession. "NO TICKEE, NO WASHEE!" - NO WORK, NO EAT!" The older people who belong to Unions are taken care of at a certain age. Medical care is free. Everything costs too much and everybody is dressed shabbily - very shabby by our standards. Yet, ALL THEATRES, KINOS and EVERY TYPE OF ENTERTAINMENT OR AMUSEMENT PLACES ARE JAMMED including the STADIUM, "DYNAMO," which seats over 103,000 people.

People ride trains, buses, planes and cabs and there are plenty of cabs and buses here in Leningrad and in Moscow. The only well-dressed people in Moscow are the tourists, especially the Americans. People don't spit on the streets. There are trees and large parks everywhere and the parks are full of people. I saw only two drunks and no beggars. I was told there are beggars in some parts of the city. There are not many uniformed men (soldiers) to be seen around except the TRAFFIC police and they are dressed neat and clean.

I haven't seen a single woman that had "UMPH" that attracted me. Yet, THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THEM THAT IS REFRESHINGLY DIFFERENT FROM THE AMERICAN WOMEN we see all over the States WITH THE DRUG STORE FACES, SHOWING TOO MUCH OF THEIR BODY, BACK AND FRONT, AND GOING CRAZY ABOUT THEIR HAIRDO. THERE IS A LOT OF RESPECTABILITY AND NAIVENESS EXPRESSED in their faces. AND OFTEN SADNESS. Yet, THEY DANCE, LAUGH, GET MARRIED, HAVE CHILDREN AND STAY MARRIED. VERY FEW SMOKE. I didn't hear any giggles or loud laughs in any place I went. THEY ARE A WELL CONTROLLED AND SELF DISCIPLINED PEOPLE.

Checked in at the Astoria Hotel at 3P.M., had dinner and out I went with an interpreter who spoke English better than I do. I answered or asked everything in Russian. We drove for three hours. It's as cold and cloudy here as it was on my whole trip. Was taken to a movie and returned to the hotel at 9:30. It was still light. Met two young men, who approached me in English and asked me to tell them something about the U.S.A., and could I sell them something to remember me? I gave one a pencil and one a ball point pen. One was a Jewish boy; his parents go to Synagogue and he has a cousin in New York, COULD I FIND HIM? Went for dinner and here I am, writing this memo.

This Astoria Hotel is much nicer and more comfortable than the NATIONAL in Moscow. I have two nice rooms and bath, soap, towels, hot water, and better furniture. It is located on a

beautiful square.

Drove through all the main streets and squares (ploschad). Saw all the important BUILDINGS and INSTITUTES on the NEVA and NEWSKY PROSPECT - the great churches that are now museums or being repaired. Had a chance to observe the crowds on the streets, parks, the theatres, and kino, all were crowded.

Went to a movie and there was no ventilation so it got quite stuffy. I was going to walk out but the picture got interesting at the end. It was about the ODESSA WAR DAYS OF WORLD WAR II and since I expect to be in Odessa, I decided to stay and see if I recognized some of the streets or scenes.

TRAFFIC is well regulated here. The MILITIA, who direct the traffic, use the same uniforms as in Moscow. The CUTEST THINGS are the FEMALE MILITIA on traffic duty but the pedestrians cross the street any way and anywhere they care. My heart was in my mouth all the time we were driving. Not all the streets are paved like in Moscow. There are street cars and buses here - two tramways in one.

LENINGRAD, MONDAY, AUGUST 13, 1956

Was up at 8:30 A.M., loaded my cameras, went for breakfast and met a Mr. Daniel Sherich of British American Fur Corporation, 259 West 30th Street, New York City, BR 9-0979, who has been here since June. He buys furs in auction here as a commission man for New York furriers. He told me that there are many things we can sell to them and they can sell to us. They are doing big business with other countries including our allies. I also met a Mrs. Bartle Bull with her sun, 35 East 76th Street, RE 7-3863, who was married to a member of parliament in England. She has quite a lot of money there, but can't get it out. She was most interesting, well read and traveleed person - can speak on any subject, has met all the IMPORTANT AMERICANS and SOME FOREIGNERS here and in ALMOST EVERY OTHER PART OF THE WORLD.

I left after 10 to visit the SYNAGOGUE. Met some people there - lots of tickets being sold for the JEWISH HIGH HOLIDAYS. There are lots of Jews here, all work except the ELDERS, who are on pensions. A nice old "SHOOL." I was told that many people would like to come for the Holidays, but there is no room. They have a CHAZIN, CHOIR and RABBI with all the trimmings. All they need is TALAISIM and PRAYER BOOKS (Sedirim). I promised to send these to them when I return to the States.

From there, to the HERMITAGE - it exhibits the world's greatest collection of famous painting, silver, gold and diamonds accumulated for centuries, including other treasures too numerous to mention; also some enearthed treasures going back to 400 years B.C. I walked for two and a half hours from room to room until they let us into an UNDER-LOCK-AND-KEY GUARDED VAULT to see the jewels accumulated from many centuries of the CZARS. There was one watch I liked best, but nothing is for sale and I don't blame them.

Returned for lunch and at 3:30 started out for PETERHUFF,

twenty miles away on the GULF OF FINLAND. I was there in 1934 when it was in full regalia. Now the FOUNTAINS and the FLOWER BEDS are the only things on display. The buildings have been damaged by the Germans and are now being repaired and put in original shape. It will take years but IT WILL BE DONE, WHEN A GOVERNMENT IS INTERESTED TO PRESERVE THINGS FOR POSTERITY. In our country we have to wait for the ROCKEFELLERS to restore WILLIAMSBURG and other historical places.

Was exhausted from walking around so much today. It was 6:50 when we returned to the hotel. I rested a few minutes, put things in shape and at 8, went dining with the Bulls and Mr. Sherich. It took us two and a half hours to get served. We talked U.S. and FOREIGN politics. Returned to my room at 10:30 to get ready for tomorrow.

Leningrad is a beautiful city. It has an air of ARISTOCRACY with history worth studying on what happened here since Peter the Great. I really enjoyed being here even if only for two days. I didn't go to see children's homes or factories or other attractions for I didn't want to say "THEY PREPARED FOR THE VISIT." I SAW WHAT I WANTED TO SEE AND ENJOYED FULL FREEDOM IN EVERY WAY AND THE FINEST COURTESY FROM EVERYBODY. My air ticket was ready, my passport too. Shall pack up tonight for my flight to Kiev tomorrow at 3:35 P.M., Flight No. 410.

Received two cablegrams; one from Harry Ginsberg, dated the 8th, advising "Nothing new," and the other from J.L. Kipnis, dated the 9th, that the INTEREST RATE AND RATIO OF STOCK CONVERSION WAS AGREED, this was about the O.I. deal. I didn't sleep good. The two narrow beds stand lop-sided and I sleep on one side of the narrow bed not to fall off.

LENINGRAD, TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1956

Was up at 8:30. At breakfast I met my furrier friend and Mrs. Bull and son. Went out driving again. First to KIROW PARK - large, clean and picturesque. Visited a playground for children where they teach them how to behave in traffic, dance and do other things children should. Took a picture of one group. Walked around quite a while, admiring the flower beds. There were quite a few palaces here where nobility once lived, but are now PIONEER CLUBS, RESTAURANTS, OR LIBRARIES.

From there we drove to the ALEXANDER NEVSKY CEMETERY and MUSEUM where many noble men and women are buried inside and outside; such as FAMOUS ACTORS (male and female), INVENTORS, WRITERS, MUSICIANS AND COMPOSERS. among them RIMSKY KORSAKOV, MUSORGSKI, BORODIN, TCHAIKOVSKY, RUBENSTEIN, GLINKA AND WIFE, LIADOV AND MANY OTHERS. Here they lay near each other with a life size bust of each on the tombstone. This place is kept spic and span with beautiful beds of roses all over the lot. There are plenty of women caretakers and the TOMBS are kept clean - the walks are broom swept.

The famous ALEXANDER NEWSKI CHURCH is at this end where the Newsky Prospect Boulevard begins. From here I went to see one

of the eight subway stations (Metro). There are only eight stations now to this subway which was opened in 1955 - it is the same as in Moscow except that it is much deeper - maybe 180 feet down or up - three escalators, one up and one down and one for emergency. Women are in service here. Every passenger is watched as they step on or off the escalator. It is a beautiful station - wide and clean. So are the subway cars. The station is well lit up, ORNAMENTAL, HIGH - ALL MARBLE - "IN" ONE WAY - "OUT" **ANOTHER** WAY. People don't push. If anything happens you hear "ISVENITE POZSHALOOSTA." (excuse please).

From there we drove to a "FREE" market, where the "MEMBERS OF KOLCHOS" sell their own; that is, after they turned over to the government its share. The rest is consumed by them and part sold in the open market at any price they wish which is anywhere between forty and eighty percent higher than in government stores, where prices are set or controlled by the administrator. The place is under a **roof**, a good structure, but neglected. It was like a bee hive chucked full of people buying everything. THEY SELL HERE EVERYTHING GROWN ON A FARM, INCLUDING MEAT.

There are a few markets like this in every large city so I was told. Bought one kilo apples for 12 rubles - about .60¢ a pound; bought a paper bag for 20 kopecks. The other shoppers use the regular knitted bag of strong cotton thread.

Returned to lunch and departed with a special guide for the Airport at 2:15 P.M. He carried my one bag, checked everything for me and introduced me to the airport manager, who spoke English. Played my radio for him and invited him to visit our U.S. airports to see how they are run providing THEY let him out or WE let him in. He smiled. We walked through his office and out to the flower bed in front of the airport. I took a picture of him and then he and the INTOURIST guide took me to the plane and that was the finish to my Leningrad trip.

LENINGRAD, one of the jewel cities of old time Russia, with so many legends and wonderful history, is a beautifully laid out and planned city at the mouth of the BAY of FINLAND, with the famous KRONSTAD FORTRESS in the distance. This fortress was made famous in the 1917 REVOLUTION. All one has to do is go through the HERMITAGE and see the history of LENINGRAD in showcases, PORTRAITS, OR TOMBS in the ALEXANDER NEWSKY CEMETERY and MUSEUM and read the names on the flat stones or on statues.

LENINGRAD has BEAUTIFUL streets, impressive BUILDINGS, CHURCHES, NOBLEMEN'S HOUSES (now museums), GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, and the PETROPAVLOVSK FORTRESS, where so many great people were imprisoned. All this is still very beautiful, but most of it looks very shabby, neglected and poor, except where the government takes care to preserve it. The people here look calmer and don't walk as fast. There sure is a lot of walking done in Russia.

There were lots of new buildings for living (apartment houses) built here in 1934, which look old now. The older

buildings from before 1934 (some maybe 100 years old or twice that much) are terribly neglected - in and out. I believe that these buildings will eventually give way to new buildings as soon as the government will complete the present program of constructing new buildings - (apartments and factories). The new apartment buildings here are up to fourteen stories high. They are modern in the method of construction and modern as apartments compared to the old apartment houses here. Electric stoves, radio, T.V., outlets, lifts (elevators), wide spacious stairs and foyers. There are lots and lots of these here and in Moscow which are away from the heart of the present city. They have flower gardens in front and in rear.

I walked quite a bit all over town and rubbed shoulders with many. They smile in their shabby clothes. They do not read trash. There are flowers on every window sill and balcony. I did not visit the inside of any apartment for I am sure that they must be terrible in comparison to what we have in America. There are many T.V. aerials on every roof.

Every place of amusement is crowded. The government provides music for the parks for dancing in the open air. I went into a book store to buy a map. It was a four-story building and it was full of people buying books of every kind (no trash), The local library, which has thirteen million books, is always crowded with readers and borrowers. There are plenty of magazines (monthly or weekly) published on every subject. Magazines on sports and politics are in first demand.

There are more women trolley conductors and bus drivers here than in Moscow, including women militia. They are cute in their boots and white sticks directing traffic. I met only one beggar in a store that I went into to buy postcards. Prices are measured by the dollar to four rubles. I didn't buy anything here or in Moscow because it would break me flat if I would have bought some of the things I liked with American dollars. Departed from Leningrad with a feeling that I would like to come back again in a few years.

The flight to Kiev was over flat land. "KOLCHOSES" - very large ones all over the land, immense large BARNS OR STORE HOUSES, new and clean as they looked from the plane. There were individual houses for each family, and trees - lots of them, they all looked like pine trees to me. WHAT A NICE PLACE TO BUILD A KRAFT PAPER MILL!

It is now twenty minutes to eight. We are nearing Kiev, we are supposed to arrive at 8:10. I can plainly see some of the houses roofed with straw, including some of the storage, or barns, which reminds me of LETIVKE CELO near RADOMISLE where I used to walk every Saturday afternoon to buy little round pears (sickle) to bring home, and also to drink the crystal-clear water from the well of the "POORITZ" (Nobleman) home. Many people came here to take a walk up the hill to look at the magnificent home of the POORITZ, the nicest home in RADOMISLE.

Most of the houses in LETIVKE were roofed with straw. We are nearing Kiev for I could see the winding Dnieper River - more houses, boats and barges on the river- then some factories, and soon the city appeared.

We landed on the hilly airfield overlooking the DNIEPER RIVER at 8:10 P.M. on the minute. We were met by two INTOURIST ladies, one spoke English pretty well, the other spoke French and English. I was loaded into a car, with my baggage and one lady, and within twenty minutes I was at the INTOURIST Hotel on LENIN STREET. I sent a telegram to KIEV from LENINGRAD to my nephew ISAAC KIPNIS but the telegram was returned - incorrect address. When I arrived at the airport, I wanted to look in the telephone book; maybe some of my relatives are listed, I would phone them, but had to wait until I reached the hotel. I found four Kipnis' and four Mednikov's. I called one Kipnis - and one Mednikov - no answer; then called another Mednikov. There was an answer that "MOTHER ISN'T HOME. SHE KNOWS MORE ABOUT THE FAMILY. She will call you when she returns."

Went for supper - the first meal in this Hotel. Bouillon soup, chicken cutlets. It was very good. Ordered a glass of hot milk and a glass of hot coffee, so I could mix half and half, and it was terribly sweet. I thought the cows gave sweet milk, but that wasn't the case; they just sweeten it here.

Went to my room, No. 31, and called the first Mednikov. A woman answered. I could not understand - the phone did not work good. I told her that I was coming right over. Had quite a job to find the apartment (quartira), in an old dilapidated building - no lights in the hallway, broken down railings. The government does not want to repair such buildings because in its present five-year plan it will replace all such buildings with new ones. WHY SPEND TIME, ENERGY AND MONEY FOR REMODELING?

I found the apartment and the result was that while the old lady's name was RIVKA,they were not related to us. I left disappointed, went back to the hotel, and called the MEDNIKOV who did not answer, and it was MOTEL MEDNIKOV, my nephew, on the telephone. He was dumbfounded; couldn't talk for a while. Then he said, "I THOUGHT YOU WERE NOT COMING, SHMILIK." His wife grabbed the phone and cried, "DIADA, DIADA, (uncle, uncle) and started to talk fast in Russian, I couldn't understand a single word. They wanted to come over at once (they had just returned from a SCIENCE KINO.) I was too tired to get more excited, so I made a date to meet them tomorrow at 11:00.

KIEV, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1956

Had a terrible bed to sleep on. It was wider than the one in Leningrad, but the mattress and spring caved in to the floor when I lied down, and beside that, it was low in the centre so that I was practically wrapped around with it. I spread four pillows in the center, and that made it better, but had to lay in the center without moving for fear of falling out of bed. Had one room and bath, hot water, soap, toilet

paper, and towels, two single beds, a desk, two night tables, a dresser, four chairs, a round table to serve food, a pitcher of cold water, and two glasses and a few trinkets on the dresser; envelopes, and plain white writing paper, cut by hand. It was more than I got in other hotels, even if the LENINGRAD ASTORIA was a nicer place.

Was up at 9:00. There was no hot water for a bath, so I got along with a cold sponge. Went for breakfast, and met Motel Mednikov in my room when I returned. We hugged and kissed. He looked me over carefully and said, "YOU ARE YOUNGER THAN I AM." He is a big fellow with white hair. He smokes cigarettes and coughs. I got out of him that he is fifty-six years old, that he collects a pension because he is a war veteran - (450 rubles per month and works four hours a day for 450 rubles per month extra). The wife works here and there and earns a few hundred rubles per month, that he is reasonable happy when he doesn't cough, eats the best. But can't take me to his home because of his MOTHER-IN-LAW, who lives with them.

We drove around in my INTOURIST car, seeing the town and every important point of interest; over-looking the DNIEPER RIVER; all the new buildings on the KRESTSHIATIC, which is really a beautiful new street with all new buildings; flowers and flower beds cover every front of these houses or parks. LENIN'S picture painted in live flowers. Never saw anything like it.

Traffic here is strict, and the drivers observe it. The men drive here the electric or gas buses, and women do plenty of hard work. Many new houses are being built here, but not like in MOSCOW or LENINGRAD. It looks to me that all the electric trolleys and buses are BRAND new and much more modern than in London. The tourists have the best transportation facilities of all. People are polite and exceptionally friendly.

Walking for miles is a normal thing here. There is a lift in the hotel for four people going up only. To go down, one must walk six floors. Lunch, dinner or breakfast can be had in the room. The waitress walks up and down with the trays. It takes two hours for any meal. Can you imagine me waiting that long for a meal - but there was nothing I could do about it.

We got back at 2:00 and made arrangements to meet MOTEL'S wife ANNA at 3:30 to see other places. She recognized me on the sidewalk where I met her - same kissing and hugging. "DIADA, DIADA" over and over again. We got into my car, and went sightseeing. I wanted to look at one of the new apartments in the new building, the largest on KRESTSHIATIC, which is the center of attraction. Had to walk up about one hundred steps to get to the first floor, and then walk around to get to the rear, which is the main entrance, because the downstairs street level is a large MAGAZINE (store) and the first floor is a KINO (movie theatre).

We got permission to see a three-room apartment in which

two couples lived.. They were very proud of their palace, and showed us everything about it including the REFRIGERATOR, SINK AND GAS STOVE. They treated me to a large green apple, and told me that they LOVE THE AMERICANS: why don't we love them. They like EISENHOWER, but DULLES DOES NOT LIKE THE RUSSIANS, and they do not like him. We shook hands and "DOSVIDANIE."

We drove down to see the Synagogue on "PODOL," the Jewish section of Kiev under the TZARS. I was never there, but I remember the name. In 1903 when I passed KIEV by train on the way to the U.S.A. I remember the first electric car coming down the hill from KIEV to PODOL. It was the first time in my life that I saw something like it, a "SOMOCHODKA" (electric car). I recognized the place. I found much **DILAPIDATION** - POORNESS AND NEGLECT, and SHABBY DRESSED PEOPLE.

It took me by surprise, but I was told that the rebuilding of PODOL was in the present five year plan. Went into the SYNAGOGUE and greeted everyone with "SHALOM." I almost broke my neck getting into it. I promised to mail them some "TALAISIM" and prayer books. I left the place because a crowd gathered. I'm certain that other tourists do not come here or are not brought here.

Went shopping at the "Free Market." It is the same as fifty years ago. I bought some SOUR PICKLES, APPLES and PEARS, and drove home for supper. Met my nephew and his wife at 9:00. We went to find the home of ISAAC KIPNIS, who was on a "DATCHE." His home was supposed to be around the corner; it took us two hours walking there and back. I was tired; went to my room. A real hot bath was welcome. Wanted to take it tonight for tomorrow there might not be any hot water. Slept good. It was a nice day today. It rained yesterday until I arrived.

KIEV, THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1956

Up at 9:30. It rained very hard. I waited in my room jotting down my notes. It stopped raining after lunch. Wanted to go to RADOMISLE, but could not go without a permit. My niece went with me to the MINISTER of FOREIGN AFFAIRS. She took my passport. He said I could not go without permission. We then went looking for more relatives, and drove around Kiev sight-seeing, not on KRESTSHIATIC, cut this time on BOLSHOI VASKIKOVSKA, the second main street and to some more side streets until dinner time. This alone was a day's work.

Met two DOCTORS at lunch. They were both from New York. One of them was with his wife. I think she wears the pants in the family - she talks a mile a minute.

Am trying to get out to Vienna on the 18th, and want to go to RADOMISLE tomorrow (Friday). Again went with my niece to MILITIA. She went inside alone, and he promised to call the head of INTOURIST between 4 and 5. She and I drove to BOYARKA - 18 kilometers from Kiev and still a suburb of it, but is one hundred behind the time. ISAAC KIPNIS is there on "DATCHE." He is not permitted to live in KIEV. We had to get off the main

highway onto a road which was knee-deep in mud. My heart was in my mouth, because I was afraid we will get stuck, and I would have to get out and push. It took us quite a while to find the house.

She went into the house first to announce me. My niece Dina almost fainted when she saw me walk in the house. Isaac Kipnis came in in pajamas from a walk. I did not recognize them. We kissed and hugged as usual. He couldn't tell me all. He lives with his sister, who is married to a second husband, who speaks of the TALMUD all the time. I couldn't stay longer than 2 hours for I was anxious to get away from this atmosphere.

Returned at 4 P.M. - had tea, rested and at 4:55 went to room No. 5. No news about my reservation to VIENNA for the 18th, and about permission to go to RADOMISLE. Waited until 6 P.M. when the call came in. The answer was "yes," but I needed a "PROSHENIA," (permission), so I had it typed out, gave my passport to one of the girls who went at once to deliver it to the CHIEF to note it on my passport. I will receive it in the morning. Everybody was helpful.

Rested for half an hour and then went to supper early. MOTEL and ANNA came to take me to visit ANUTA, NATHAN Olivensky's wife, (he died five years ago). She lives not far from Podol, in one room with her daughter and grandson. I cannot describe the derelict, the house, and her apartment, the furniture and fixtures, the lighting effects. The radio speaker was plugged into city station, no radio. I did not recognize her. In fact, I did not recognize any of my relatives, even though I recognized everything old in KIEV. There is very little new, except KRESTSHIATIC Street and the new government buildings.

I could not stay there long, so we took her along with us in the car to talk things over for tomorrow night's party. Left the MEDNIKOVS at their home and ANUTA at her older daughter's home. Returned to the hotel at 11:30. A hot bath put me to sleep in the bed with four pillows in the center of it to keep me in balance. Slept good. Arranged with MOTEL to meet me at 10 A.M. promptly to leave for RADOMISLE if I get permission in the morning.

KIEV, FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1956

Was up at 7:30 and down at 8. Was informed that I could go to RADOMISLE, but need an order from the head of INTOURIST; it was written out in a hurry and stamped to make it official. (No news about my reservation for VIENNA). After waiting for MOTEL until 10:30, I drove off without him. Took the interpreter along in case of trouble.

We drove to KORISTCHEV, where we turned off right to Radomisle. The "SOSCHEI" is paved all the way and is straight to ZHITOMIR and BIYLOSTOK as the crow flies. We could have made it in an hour and a quarter, except that this was harvest time and the "KOLCHOS" takes up a certain length of the highway to dry and clean the crops and they put up road blockades. The

traffic had to detour every so often. It is a good thing it was dry today or we never would have arrived there.

We arrived at the bridge crossing of the river "TETEROW" from the "RIDNEY" to RADOMISLE exactly at 12:30. The BRIDGE was completely destroyed by the Germans and recently partly patched up. I remember the old bridge and the bath houses where we used to go bathing - here and at the flour mill. This is no more. The river shrunk, and the bath houses, where we used to bathe naked, and where sometimes we would steal in under the water to the ladies' bath house, are no longer there.

We drove down "BOLSHOE TSCHERNOBOLSKOI" to see what was left of the once wide street where I was born, raised and educated, where I found my first love, and for which love I ran away from RADOMISLE to ODESSA and then to AMERICA. I found a ghost of a street - only one of the old houses remained.

We then drove to the local authorities to register and tell them what I wanted to see. The woman in charge was lovely to me and sent for a militia man to get one of the older native Jews to show me and tell me all about the present RADOMISLE. We visited the local HOSPITAL WITH 100 BEDS AND 20 ATTENDING DOCTORS. an AMBULANCE, X-RAY ROOM, LABORATORY, and everything that makes for a hospital, including THE LARGE BULB IN THE OPERATING ROOM. It was not as good however, as on my last visit with Dr. Busch in 1934. The three houses occupied by the SOYUS (local government), HOSPITAL and CLINIC belonged to HORNSTEINS and are maintained in good order. Some of the Hornstein family are in New York now. They were the richest people in Radomisle.

Took a few shots - kino and still, then drove around a bit in this GHOST TOWN that has shrunk to zero. Was invited to dine at the "TSHINA" restaurant (tea house). Asked for a men's room and was shown the "outhouse" that smelled terrible. I observed, not far away, a woman was "flicken chicken" and on my left was a PIG HOUSE, from which pig noises came, it also smelled terrible. I lost my appetite for lunch, but paid 20 rubles for the five of us, a 5 ruble tip, which in American money is $5.00, tourist exchange. This meal would have cost 100 rubles in Moscow.

We went to the cemetery to find the grave stones of my FATHER, MOTHER and RELATIVES and after a half hour search, the "GOEH," (gentile woman) who watches over this JEWISH CEMETERY showed me my MOTHER'S stone, but no sign of the others. The HITLER BEASTS made a good job of destruction here, too. Even the DEAD JEWS were poison to him and his hordes.

Left RADOMISLE down-hearted, for I had expected something quite different. We returned from this trip broken in body and spirit. The detours were very bumpy. When I returned to the hotel, I was advised that I had a seat on the plane tomorrow at 9:15 A.M. for VIENNA. I wanted to get away from here.

We were supposed to get together at 6 P.M. - all relatives- to take a picture (kino and still), but they are not in a hurry here, so it was 7:30 before MOTEL came along to take me to

Anuta's. Her daughter was home with her son. He was so busy reading a book in the dark that he didn't notice us. I went over to greet him and told him to stop reading in the dark, but he would not listen to me. He had to finish it, and it was not a FUNNY OR SMUDGY BOOK he was reading. I TRIED TO BRIBE HIM WITH A PENCIL, BUT HE WOULD NOT TAKE IT FROM A CAPITALIST.

It is impossible for us AMERICANS to understand why people here do not put the electric light on in the room they work in. It is the same on the STREETS, in the RESTAURANTS, in BUSINESS PLACES, for that matter, ANYWHERE unless it is impossible to do anymore without it. Streets lights are put on when it is SEMI-DARK. Even autos and trucks do not use bright lights, except on the HIGHWAYS, and then are polite to fellow drivers by dimming their lights. The others started to come in one at a time and by 9 P.M., they were all here - eight altogether. We talked and refreshed ourselves with an apple, tea and cake and left at 11. It was a sorry "AUF WIEDERZEHEN," with a kiss and a hug and a tear. Who knows if we will ever see each other a-gain, for we are all of age and we know that times flies, es-pecially for the older ones.

I was anxious to get away. I am glad I came here and glad to get away from here and I do not want to see any more of it at the present time. Finished packing - gave MOTEL everything I could spare - I was left with ONE JACKET, TWO PAIRS OF PANTS, ONE PAIR OF SHOES, TWO PAIRS OF SOCKS, THREE SHIRTS, ONE HAND-KERCHIEF, ONE TIE and my films and camera and took the package down into the street for him.

KIEV, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1956

Was up at 6:45 A.M. - made myself ready and went for break--fast. I was the only one in the dining room. Played the little radio for the doorman and into the auto we went. The two doctors, with their wives, both from New York, were with me. I am sure that one of the wives wasn't impressed with the visit in the Soviet Union, because she had her furs and jewelry along with her and made certain that she displayed them to everybody, every-where. The airport is not far. We were ushered in by INTOURIST to check our tickets and our baggage. No luggage receipt was given. We had another snack and got into the IL 14 (twenty-one passengers) we went. I must have gotten the last seat beeause the plane was full. We started ten minutes ahead. Why wait when everything is ready to go.

We were flying at 5,000 feet - got out of the clouds and our first stop was LVOV, old name - LEMBURG, GALICIA, now Russia. It is much warmer here. The airport was nice and the service was friendly. We were checked out from the U.S.S.R. This was a forty-minute stop. There was no checking of belongings except pass-port and money. The OFFICER CONTROLLER counts only the money you show him. Baggage is not even touched.

The next stop was BUDAPEST on the BLUE DANUBE RIVER. The airport is 18 kilometers from the city. The other American

passengers had their passports stamped, "NO GOOD FOR HUNGARIA," but not mine. I don't know why. We could not have gone to see the city. Not enough time. It was really nice and warm here. The airport is very nice - not big. The other planes at the airport were from CZECHOSLOVAKIA, POLAND, U.S.S.R. and HUNGARIA. We are now on the way to VIENNA.

I hope that I get a place to stop for two days and a reservation for TEL AVIV or a flight direct to New York. We flew over picturesque farm land. I did not see any difference between RUSSIA and this farm land except that the closer we got to EUROPEAN EUROPE, the nicer the farm houses looked - all red roofs - maybe set up more orderly; at least that is what it looked like from five thousand feet. And as we got closer to VIENNA, the land became more rolling.

I think that we flew over some of the CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS. The congregation of houses got bigger; and there was the Danube under us on my side, curving around a mountain; and then VIENNA! We landed on time and checked our passports. Our baggage came in for a few questions and was then okayed. Was ready to go - but where?

Went over to BEA and tried to find out if there was a plane for TEL AVIV or NEW YORK. Had to wait until MONDAY for both SAS and EL-ALL. One leaves MONDAY and the other leaves TUESDAY. There was nothing else I could do but stay here. I got a hotel room from the information desk in a small hotel, "STEPHANY." I missed the airfloat bus, so I waited for the SABENA (Belgian) bus. The fare was 15 Schillings. A cab would cost 150 Schillings. At the hotel I found I had a small room - no bath. The mattress was filled with straw. I was tired, so I laid down for a rest. Couldn't get up after the rest. My bones ached.

Washed and felt refreshed. Then went down to ask the manager to do something about the mattress. He promised. I thought I would drive over to see the young DOCTOR AND HIS WIFE, who weren't feeling well when we landed in VIENNA. Maybe the DOCTOR needs a DOCTOR. They were not at home. The difference between the old doctor and his wife and the younger couple is that the older one is being dragged by his wife and the younger couple walk together.

Went window shopping for four blocks. All stores were closed, but from the prices in the window, I know that things are cheaper here than in other cities I have visited up to now. My meal of four courses cost me $1.25 with the tip (10%) included. Returned again to the AMBASSADOR HOTEL to find that the KATZ'S had just returned and are all played out from shopping for bargains. (The time here is two hours earlier than in KIEV). They had plenty of time to shop since we arrived at two, local time. I thanked them for inviting me to dinner, but I was **very hungry** and didn't want to wait.

Drove back to my hotel and enjoyed my meal. Inquired if

there were any JEWS here and a SYNAGOGUE. Yes, there was one not far away. The waiter showed me how to get there. I started walking and now found out that my made-to-order, funny looking shoes are much better for me to walk in, for I changed shoes this morning to "GERARD" shoes that I took along and I walked in them like a cripple. It was too late for me to turn back - so I limped along. Crossed the Danube Canal Bridge and asked a cabman where the SYNAGOGUE was, and he answered in Jewish, "NISHT VITE, DORT," (not far, there). I walked over there but could not find it, because there wasn't anything on the street that looked like a SYNAGOGUE.

I asked another man, who was walking around there. "DO YOU SPEAK JEWISH"? and he answered, "GEVIS RED ICH YIDDISH," (Sure I speak Jewish). He was an Italian Jew. He was two and a half years in AUSHWITZ Concentration Camp and came here for two weeks with his wife and daughter. He is waiting for the SYNAGOGUE to open to "DAVIN" and it is now 7:00; it opens at 7:30. Let's drink coffee and talk, I said. We walked around the corner coffee shop, sat down at a table, and he pointed out a burned-out large building across the street. "THAT IS WHERE I LIVE." "WHERE"? I asked. He explained that that building was a large hotel at one time, and that there were a few livable rooms in the back, and he stops in one of the rooms. He then said, "DO YOU WANT TO SEE WHERE ONE THOUSAND JEWS WERE KILLED AT ONE TIME IN ONE OF THE LARGEST HOTELS HERE? COME WITH ME AROUND THE CORNER.

We went - and there was a tablet on the corner of an immense empty fenced-in lot describing what had happened here. The House of Rothschild in England paid twenty-two million dollars to HITLER for one ROTHSCHILD TO BE SENT OUT FROM HERE TO ENGLAND. I didn't feel too good - not because of my sore feet, but because it was England that made the THIRD REICH, WITH HITLER AT THE HEAD OF IT, ASSISTED BY OUR GOVERNMENT. WHAT A PRICE WE AND ALL THE WORLD PAID FOR THAT MISTAKE! Yet, I am afraid that history is repeating itself, and WE ARE BUILDING UP ANOTHER REICH - A FOURTH ONE - NOT QUITE AS BIG AS THE THIRD REICH. I fully believe that there will not be a united Germany UNTIL THE RUSSIANS WILL BE SURE THAT THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER BEAST LIKE HERR HITLER WITH HIS GANG OF MURDERERS TO COME BACK AGAIN IN ONE FORM OR ANOTHER.

We walked back to the SYNAGOGUE. The doors finally opened, and we walked in. I was given a "YARMOLKE," (skull cap). Asked to look at the big SYNAGOGUE. "NO, SATURDAY AND HOLIDAY MORNINGS ONLY." Tonight, we DAVIN in the small one. The young lady switched on the lights in the big SYNAGOGUE and said, "GIBEN ZOE EIN KUCK," (take one look). I did and while it does not compare to the SYNAGOGUE of Moscow and LENINGRAD, (surely not to the Rome Synagogue) yet, it is a nice one.

I was invited to "MINCHO AND MARIV"(Evening Prayers)and was asked if I wanted an "ALEAH." I thanked them for the honor,

shook hands with the fifteen that were there including the RABBI and CHAZAN (cantor), stayed until the end of the service, and said, "A GITTE VOCH, A GITTE VOCH," shook hands again, thanked them, and walked home slowly.

I tried to analyze what these people went through in life including "AUSHWITZ" and the other concentration camps, cremating ovens, torture degration, medical tests, suffocation in RR cars and the Warsaw ghettos and slave labor AND THEY ARE STILL PRAYING AND WISHING A "GITTE VOCH AND GITT YORR." EIGHT THOUSAND OF TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND Jews are left here now. The others are dead or elsewhere. I was really tired, played out, from what I had seen yesterday in KIEV and today in VIENNA. THESE ARE ALL SCARS OF SHAME ON OUR CIVILIZATION. WHEN WILL HUMANITY LEARN A LESSON AND BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS?

I had to wash my clothes and get more quilts to build up my mattress, while doing this I was wondering if the AUSTRIANS had anything to do with the CRIMES committed by HITLER, and if I should feel sorry for what I saw here, or let my heart glow with the satisfaftion of revenge for there surely is enough destruction here too.

It was a hot, sunny day here - ninety-three degrees. This was the first real sun I saw and felt since I left the STATES. It made me feel as if I was in MIAMI, except that everything here lives with the "YESTERDAYS". The CASTLES, PALACES, GARDENS and other things are hundreds of years old. The airport was a make-shift affair. It was very small compared to BUDAPEST. I don't know why, this was the old RUSSIAN zone. I suppose I will know more about everything tomorrow, for I have already bought a ticket for the morning tour (forty schillings or $1.40) on a KOSMOS sight seeing tour (don't know if it is the same as in New York).

As I drove into town, I did not notice any difference here than in any other of the big towns in EUROPE. There were the same type of buildings, squares, circles, wide streets, narrow ones, long and short ones; they all run in circles and get to the same plaee. Except for the sightseeing buses, there are no other types of transportation except electric streetcars in two and three sections. The railroad runs in certain places underground. I have not seen any women doing work here, not even on the tramways, but I am certain that the women do hard work here too.

Yes, the PICTURE OF DESTRUCTION, THE SYNAGOGUES, THE EMPTY LOT WHERE ONE THOUSAND JEWS WERE KILLED, MY TERRIBLY HARD BED AND MATTRESS AND MY ACHING FEET, will probably keep me awake thinking!

VIENNA, SUNDAY, AUGUST 19, 1956

Was up early to be the first to catch the bathroom and toilet (two separate rooms). Had breakfast, the bus came along. There were quite a few Americans in it. One AMERICAN couple (of German origin) who are touring in their own car, (which they bought here), three months and will be doing the same for two

more months. He told me that he DOES NOT WANT TO GO TO BERLIN OR EAST GERMANY. HE DOESN'T WANT TO SEE WHAT WAS DONE TO IT. Everybody had cameras. Of the twenty-nine people in the bus, twenty-three were AMERICANS, mostly from NEW YORK. We are on the morning tour with a woman guide, to see historical places only, driving by them, then stop and have their history explained. We stopped at BELEVEDERE. The palace of FRANZ JOSEPH called "SCHLOSS SCHONBRUNN." Fifty rooms three hundred years old. The bedroom of FRANZ JOSEPH had a double bed with all the night necessities, including the NIGHTPOT. When we got to the main ballroom, I asked where the washroom or toilet was. Suppose one of the guests wanted to do WHAT IS NATURALLY. But there was no answer, the guide did not know and didn't expect such a question and wasn't prepared with an answer. I still wonder what is the answer for I have visited many such buildings in GERMANY, ENGLAND, FRANCE, RUSSIA, and here. We saw a lot of history of AUSTRIA and the HAPSBURGS. The Jews had a real friend in Franz Joseph, he liked gefilte fish on Friday night and playing with Jewish females every night as the story goes. Poor guy. If he didn't start the first WORLD WAR because of the assassination of his prince, he or his heir may have still ruled the DOUBLE MONARCHY of AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND STILL BE EATING GEFILTE FISH, AND THE OTHER THINGS TOO.

It rained until 2:30 P.M. We couldn't take any pictures and those with cameras were disappointed. I didn't take mine. When I returned I bought a ticket for the TOUR TONIGHT (135 schillings or $5.00) which included WINE at different stops, MUSIC and DANCING with a HUNGARIAN SOUP. Had lunch, went to rest a bit. Used my special shoes even if they needed repairs. They are so much better for walking. When I walked into the dining room for lunch I had my little radio in my pocket and it played exceptionally well. A broadcast from the DRESDEN OPERA HOUSE broadcasted by RADIO FREE EUROPE to the whole EUROPEAN WORLD. Everybody was searching from where this magic was coming.

Austria is a CATHOLIC STATE, at least most of the people including the government leaders are now Catholics as before World War II. The church bells are busy ringing. So are bells ringing time in the city buildings each 1/4, 1/2, 3/4, and the hour.

It cleared and got chilly, just nice to walk so I walked with my companion, the little radio. Somebody I know in the U.S.A. would call me a SHOW-OFF, so what! Walked to the Post Office where the cable or telegram office is. Sent the following cable: GINSBERG NATCONTAIN NEW YORK. LEAVING FOR ISRAEL MONDAY IF I GET SEAT. MAY RETURN NEW YORK NOW. WILL WIRE AGAIN. ADVISE ALL. SAM.

Walked a while, took a few shots with my Minox. I did not want to waste color film since the post cards I bought are nice and I don't have to prove that I was in VIENNA. Saw some more SCARS of WAR, good and big, watched some boats (excursion) on the

DANUBE CANAL while the sun was setting majestically on the west horizon. Walked back to the hotel for supper. Hope to enjoy the evening tour. I was told its worthwhile. I'll wait until tomorrow to go to S.A.S. if they have a seat for me to Israel. I have been pretty lucky up to now. I really shouldn't have eaten supper because my room is on the first floor over the kitchen and near the open garden restaurant, I smell all kinds of food enough to make me not want to eat for a while. Price of meals are reasonable. Since I don't drink CHARGED WATER, LIQUER, WINE OR BEER, my dinner consisted of:

Chopped Steak	12	Schilling
Soup Lockshen	6	"
Pear and Orange	5	"
Salad, Lettuce, Bread	2	" /45
	25s/45	
	2s/50	
10% tip on bill	27s/95	Exactly $1.10

No charge for coffee and hot milk.

The sight-seeing bus for "A NIGHT IN VIENNA" Tour arrived 8:20. The first visit was a ride on the FERRIS WHEEL. It was interesting, but I was more interested in the construction of it. A wonderful job! The place is a MINIATURE CONEY ISLAND, HOT DOGS AND ALL, but not as good in taste. Then a place to drink last year's wine. It tasted like apple cider to me. We wasted one hour and forty minutes there. Then to a place on top of a mountain of the TYROLIAN group. Then to a night club, the "KASANOVA." It was getting late. I was getting tired but there was no way of returning so one hour and fifty minutes was wasted again. Returned to hotel at 1:30 A.M.

VIENNA, MONDAY, AUGUST 20, 1956

Was terrible anxious to get away from here. I was tired of TIMEBELLS ringing and CHURCH BELLS calling to service and the FOOD AROMA coming through my window. Up at 7:00 and packed, ready to go.

Breakfasted at 7:30 and to the S.A.S. office by cab. The sign on the S.A.S. door read 8:30 to 1700, so I walked about window shopping to pass thirty minutes. Was in the S.A.S. office the minute it was opened by a good looking dame. Told her what I wanted and she said O.K. YOU ARE ON. I wanted to kiss her but she had too much lipstick on. I sure was happy. Asked her to send a cable to HOTEL DAN in TEL AVIV for room reservation and she did it at a cost of $3.00 to me. Then walked to P.A.A. and KLM to make reservations for Saturday from TEL AVIV to NEW YORK. They couldn't do it here so I walked over to EL AL AIRLINES. They have a flight to NEW YORK next FRIDAY, MONDAY OR TUESDAY. Told him to order a seat for me for FRIDAY. As soon as I mentioned my name they assured me that everything will be taken care of (they knew my name from Israel Bond purchases I make). It was this man who told me where to get "UHU" and what to do with it to fix my shoes.

Returned to the hotel to finish packing and rest a while. Forgot that I must fix my special shoes that are falling apart. The soles and heels are coming off. So I bought a tube of "UHU" pronounced OU-OU. It is the same as LEPAGE glue, did a good job and now I can wear them again. Laid down, closed my eyes, smelled every aroma that came through my window, including onions. Got up, dressed and checked out from the hotel and went to the S.A.S. office by cab. Left my belongings there, showed her how many SCHILLINGS AND GROSHEN I had; asked where I could have "MIDTAG" (lunch) for it. She replied, "IT DEPENDS ON WHERE YOU WANT TO EAT." She told me where to go, I did. Had a good lunch for 40 schilling, ($1.50), including tip. It was the first time since I left New York that I saw here in this restaurant a dame in a STRAPLESS DRESS and BEDROOM SHOES. She was an ATTRACTION, FOR EVERYBODY LOOKED AT HER AND SHE KNEW IT.

Walked the streets, took shots of the opera house and figures on it. Every building here, state or municipal, has statues. VIENNA is full of statues and monuments going back hundreds of years. Especially statues of VICTORS, KINGS and QUEENS, etc., great COMPOSERS and MUSICIANS.

Sat down on a bench opposite the S.A.S. office watching people go by. Everybody walks with a briefcase under arm; the people are not as shabby as the people further East. Things are much cheaper here. Of course, wages are lower too. Many stores are better window dressed than in the East. People walk a lot here too, and ride bicycles, motorcycles, with one or two persons on it.

Small autos whiz by and scare the pedestrians. No order. No respect for them. There are traffic lights here that operate five days a week by a cop that sits up in a booth on a corner. The main streets are wide but there are a lot of narrow streets and they run in a circle. VIENNA was divided into four zones after the war, but no more. The Russians have here a VICTORY MONUMENT on an important square. We were told that under the PEACE TREATY between AUSTRIA and RUSSIA this monument must remain forever and be taken care of by the local government. Our female guide used the expression, "WHEN THE RUSSIANS LIBERATED US FROM THE GERMANS." Women don't dress as crazy as they do in the States and surely don't do up and don't smoke as much. Lots of wine and beer drinkers. I wouldn't have missed anything if I didn't come here for if you go through all the museums in one large city in Europe, you have seen them all except the newly built modern STADIUMS, EXHIBITIONS and present day high-class THEATRES, OPERAS and BALLETS.

Left VIENNA 4:25 P.M., 6:25 P.M. TEL AVIV time. There were plenty of vacant seats on the plane, a DC-6. Good flying. It was a beautiful day. We were flying over Yugoslavia. At Istanbul we stopped forty minutes, a nice airport the Turks built with our money. The plane had only twelve passengers for TEL AVIV. We will fly over CYPRUS and over the MEDITERRANEAN. Couldn't see if

it was blue. All sea waters look alike to me. Arrived TEL AVIV at 2:10 A.M. of the 21st. The ceremony was brief, passport exams, how much money, and anything else except personals, and on a bus to a bus station and a cab from there to DAN HOTEL. I did not have any ISRAEL money so I told the clerk to pay for me and to room 201 I went. This hotel is a typical MIAMI BEACH third rate hotel but here it's the best, right on the BLUE MEDITERRANEAN with a beach and all, but no pool. I know I'll feel at home here for they serve strictly KOSHER food, COTTAGE CHEESE, SOUR CREAM, PICKELED HERRING, BOILED BEEF WITH HORSERADISH, GEFILTE FISH AND LUKSHEN **SOUP**, but no coffee with hot milk with meat food. Even the dining room decorations and drapes is a MIAMI type. The elevator is the best since I left the U.S.A., a real automatic operated by push button.

TEL AVIV, TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1956

Was up at 9:30. Called MOSHE SHARRETT (ex.) and GOLDA MEYERSON (present) FOREIGN MINISTER OF ISRAEL. Located SHARRETT in TEL AVIV, MEYERSON in JERUSALEM. Will visit with both.

Will dine with the first at 1:30 P.M. tomorrow at his home in JERUSALEM. Golda will see me here Friday at 8:30 **A**.M. While I was waiting for my calls I tried through the local El All office in the hotel to get to New York either the 24th, 25th, 26th on any air line. The cute female here tells me "NOT A CHANCE." I can go to Rome and take a chance. SHARRETT made arrangements with the BOND office here to give me a car and chauffer for the time I am here and to drive me anywhere I want. The young lady in charge of BONDS advised me that a car will call at 2:30 for the TEL AVIV TOUR. Wonderful, it's more than I expected. I didn't want to let them know that I was coming, for two reasons; 1) I didn't know when I'd arrive here for I knew I'll change my original itinerary, and 2) I didn't want them to make a "TSIMISS" (big deal) about me for I really wanted to see things by myself as usual. Took lunch, went window shopping. Walked into a barber shop for hair cut. There was a tourist agency in the same building. I walked in and told him what I wanted. They replied, "LEAVE ME YOUR AIR TICKET. I'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO." Returned to the hotel and there was a car waiting for me. We drove in all sections of TEL AVIV proper. Saw and photographed all important buildings including the F.R.M. AUDITORIUM which will house the local symphony orchestra. Quite an impressive building. I don't know what he did to deserve the honor but I am proud of him for this. We drove into JAFFA (not HAIFA), old ARAB, EGYPT, ORIENTALS AND JEWS live here together. Wouldn't want to come here again for it is a sight of filth, rat holes and poverty. The CHURCH of the FRANCISCAN MONKS stands on the cliffs of this old port. It was built from the water edge to the top of the cliff about 150 feet high in TIERS WITH LOTS OF HOLES **and** here live a conglomeration of melting pot consisting of IRANIANS, IRAQUIANS, RUSSIANS, and other NEAR-EAST JEWISH refugees that don't want to live elsewhere.

Looked into the shops, food stores and existing quarters. Asked the driver to get me out of there and in a few minutes we were in the AHUSAT BAIT, a new section that is being built up with modern homes, a complete contrast from what I saw a little while ago. Then back to the new modern TEL AVIV, a new city of 400,000 people - JEWS FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD, speaking a language that is so different from what I learned when I went to CHADER to become a RABBI. Saw very few animals, especially dogs.

Most of the taxies are used CHRYSLERS, DE SOTOS, DODGES, bought in New York. They need new TAXIS, TRUCKS, BUSES, AND LOTS OF OTHER THINGS. The BOND money isn't enough to buy all the things they need. WE AMERICANS SHOULD KNOW WHAT A SMALL GROUP OF JEWISH PIONEERS HAVE ALREADY ACCOMPLISHED IN THIS SMALL LAND SURROUNDED BY ANCIENT BARBARIANS, LAZY, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING, FILTHY, DIRTY PEOPLE. ISRAEL IS THE FULL MEANING OF "COURAGE," MUCH MORE THAN THE RUSSIANS.

On my return I stopped into the STAR GUIDE TOURIST AGENCY and there was a ticket for me leaving Sunday on LAI (ITALIAN LINE) by way of Rome and New York. Now I can enjoy the next few days and walk around to my feet's ability and my hearts delight. Returned to the hotel with a bag full of three kinds of fruit for I was hungry, ordered a ticket to see HUMPHREY BOGART in "DESPERATE HOURS," or something like that. Rested a half hour. Went to a modern air-conditioned theatre, HARD SEATS, SMOKING PERMITTED. Got there fifteen minutes earlier to observe the different types of people I will meet here. The place wasn't crowded like the RUSSIAN places. The screen advertising wasn't hot. The sound of the English speaking by the actors was cut down to a whisper. Walked out and went for dinner in the air-conditioned dining room. Felt I was back in MIAMI for I ate SOUP, BOILED BEEF WITH HORSERADISH, BLACK BREAD AND TEA WITH LEMON. It was good. It's now 10:45 P.M. Discovered accidentally that Mr. & Mrs. F.R.M. are coming to this hotel Saturday the 25th and I am leaving the 26th, a coincidence.

There are beautiful and happy looking Jewish females here, clean and dressed attractively. Not much smoking except the visiting tribe of females. It's the first place that I did see good-looking females dressed neat and clean with real smiling faces that spelled satisfaction and hope. I don't know how many of them would say "YES" IF THEY WERE ASKED, "WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO TO THE STATES"? and this goes for the males too except for the YEMINITES who do a real job here mostly in oriental arts, handicrafts and reclaiming and cultivating the soil. I saw them in the field carrying rocks on their naked shoulders, clearing the soil for cultivation.

TEL AVIV, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1956

Was up early. Started out at 9 for JERUSALEM and the HILLS OF JUDAH which not so long ago was occupied by the Arabs, supervised by the BRITISH. Most of the good things were owned

and controlled by them. It did my heart good to see the building of brand new homes by the KIBUTZES or the small towns surrounded by ORCHARDS and other PLANTATIONS, GREEN FIELDS, COTTON, CORN, WHEAT, PEANUTS, etc. It was explained to me that no so long ago these fields were either sand dunes or rock waste. I took many pictures, kino and still. Arrived in new JERUSALEM. Was driven through many historical places. Visited the various organizations that wanted to see me.

Met with the SHARRETTS at 1:30 at their home to lunch, cheese blintzes with baked apple and coffee, talked politics and left at 3:00, drove to a place overlooking OLD JERUSALEM which the ARABS control including the beautiful HADASA UNIVERSITY and HOSPITAL on top of SCOPUS MOUNTAIN which is not in use. Visited the HERTZEL MONUMENT which will take years to finish. DR. HERTZEL, to the people here, is like LENIN TO THE RUSSIANS. Lots of pictures of him in the offices of the various local and federal government and in homes too. I also visited the district of the extreme religious sect, "FANATICS." The Jews that don't recognize the government of ISRAEL, these are waiting for the "MESSIAH" to take them over. This was a sight. I never saw Jews like them. The "PAYIS" (side beards) are like long curled braids. I stepped into SHOOL where three long bearded people with "YARMOLKES" (skull caps) were interpreting the "GMOREH." I stopped near them. One noticed me and said "SHOLOM ALAYCHEM. **WHY DON'T YOU SIT AND PARTICIPATE.**" I borrowed a YARMOLKE from my chauffer before I walked in. (I don't know why he carried it with him). I told them that at one time I knew how to do the thing they were doing and that I went to "YASHIVA" to study to be a RABBI. Shook hands with the THREE WISE MEN who live in the past. They told me to go back to the STATES and begin with a "KAPITEL TEHILIM" (chapter) every day until I will become one of them. I promised them to take it up with MY FAMILY, FRIENDS AND MY BOARD OF DIRECTORS. Again shook hands with them and said "A GITTEN TOG BITT GOTT FOR INZ FOR A GITT YORR. ZEIT GEZUNT." (Goodbye, Pray to God for us for a good year. Be well.) As I stepped away, one said "NOO EPES A POOR GROSHEM FOR UNZER SHOOL." (A few dollars for our SYNAGOGUE). I gave him a 10 POUND bill and walked out from darkness into the light. This was a treat I'll never forget. "SHALOM" could not be permitted to be said here. I asked them before I left to let me take a picture of them, but that was already asking too much for they don't let anybody photograph them. I think I snapped a few shots. Walked the streets for about half an hour and as the saying goes - "ENOUGH IS ENOUGH." Went back to the car which was parked on a main street, no car could be parked within this district. Streets are too narrow. Drove back from JERUSALEM to TEL AVIV. The whole trip was over the nicest changing views and scenery, the nicest things the modern Jewish Homeland are trying to build up. The great contrast between them and the local ARABS which I could easily see between the highly cultivated lands reclaimed

from the sand dunes and rock-strewn mountain sides; the contrast between the Jews (religious) I met in that so-called "BEIS MEDROSH" to the YEMENITES that were carrying rocks in the fields reclaiming the soil to cultivate and irrigate and make it fertile to grow everything that I saw when driving from JERUSALEM.

I didn't see any flies on all my trip for it was cold until I arrived here, but in the ghetto I visited today, the flies had everything to themselves. A choice of every type of food including human faces. The people here don't seem to mind them. I saw sights here I didn't see in the days when I used to go to the GREAT MAKAROWER RABI FOR THE FULL TEN HOLY DAYS.

Returned to TEL AVIV at 7:30 P.M. Went to the telegraph office, sent a night letter to "GINSBERG NATCONTAIN NEW YORK, LEAVING SUNDAY. ARRIVING MONDAY. FRED ARRIVING HERE SATURDAY. SAM". Then back to the hotel, cleaned up for I was full of dust from walking a lot. Was tired and hungry. Enjoyed the meal. I wanted coffee with hot milk; couldn't get it. They don't serve it with meat dinner. One can have either meat or dairy meals.

Went to my room to examine the gifts I bought today in JERUSALEM. Very old and religious art. Why did I buy these things? I don't know. Somehow I didn't want to buy anything else because other things I can buy in New York for less but not things I bought. When I saw what the YEMENITES were doing in the fields today, I wanted to get something made by them many years ago just to remember them. Read a bit of the Jews in YEMEN history published by ISRAEL BOND DRIVE. They must have gone through terrible humiliation and torture, but not a word from anybody in the CIVILIZED WORLD ABOUT THAT.

Had a chance to observe the MIAMI hotel where I live here and noted that everything here must have come from the STATES including furniture and plumbing fixtures, bath tub, etc., including the cook who makes good PICKLED HERRING, CHEESE BLINTZES AND SOUR CREAM, CHICKEN AND BOILED BEEF IN POT and all other JEWISH DISHES. Slept very good.

TEL AVIV, THURSDAY, AUGUST 23,1956

Was up at 7:00 to meet SAM DUBINER, head of CARGAL COMPANY, manufacturer of corrugated boxes here to drive me to his plant at BNEBRAQ. They bought 500 tons liner from us a year ago through DAUMAN. He is a live wire. Drives a 1955 Cadillac. Lives good and has EXPANDING ideas, is now interested in four different ventures. Intends to build two mills to make liner and corrugating. He is training men to sell in all countries in the East; is opening another large plant here, has hopes that the citrus growers will eventually ship all their products in corrugated boxes and then open plants in TURKEY and GREECE. Maybe he has got something there. If I was younger I would take a chance with him.

Went through his plant. All GERMAN made machines are used

because it is credited against GERMAN REPARATION TO ISRAEL. He also had to buy FINISH liner and HOLLAND corrugating on a barter basis for fruit and other ISRAEL products (government subsidy).

He drove me to the MAZUR MILL here and told me lots of stories about it. Its a nice little mill but very inefficient. I can't see how MAZUR can compete with U.S. PRICES when it costs him more for the raw material than the local market can buy the finished product from the STATES or EUROPE. Since he too has to get PULP, GROUND WOOD AND BLEACHED KRAFT from FINLAND and SWEDEN because the government uses this on a barter basis, local users of this MILL'S product are complaining of the high prices they had to pay to the MAZUR MILL.

On the way back, we passed the HERTZBERG BREWERY. We did not stop because SAM DUBINER was going on vacation. Took lunch, rested awhile; the MINISTER OF COMMERCE, SAFIR, was supposed to meet me at 4:00 but received word to wait for him tomorrow at 6:00 at the hotel.

Was called by MOISH PEARLMAN who is a public relations man for the PRIME MINISTER that he will see me at 7:45 this evening. Took a walk to the main street, ALEBNEY, named after the famous BRITISH GENERAL who defeated the TURKS here. Observed every store and what is in it. Walked into an antique shop, bought two precious articles. They asked 775 pounds - I bought for 450 pounds or $250.00. It will be a nice gift for I. ETRAS SHOOL.

Returned to hotel and got ready for dinner, met some people from CHICAGO. Enjoyed the meal for I was hungry. Confirmed the date to meet GOLDI MEYER 8:30 tomorrow. Met Mr. PEARLMAN, discussed my plan how to raise MORE BOND MONEY in the U.S.A. without speech making. I WANTED HIM TO MAKE A TWENTY-MINUTE REEL FOR ME THAT WOULD BE MUCH MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN SPEECHES. SHARETT thought it a good idea. PEARLMAN THOUGHT SO TOO, but that would cost about $10,000 and JET PLANES ARE MORE IMPORTANT. I agreed on that. We will see what I can work out with FEINBERG and BORNSTINE IN NEW YORK. I was through at 11:00 P.M. (received a reply from Harry Ginsberg dated 23-1034. "SAW JERRY YESTERDAY JAX EVERYTHING MOVING ACCORDING TO PLAN. FRED WILL REPORT TO YOU. EVERYBODY WILL SEE YOU MONDAY." HARRY.

JAMES G. McDONALD, EX-FIRST AMBASSADOR TO ISRAEL, is stopping at this hotel. Met him at dinner, walked over to his table where he was dining with his wife. I recognized him as I walked into the dining room. HE WAS APPOINTED BY FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT AS RELIEF COMMISSIONER DURING WORLD WAR II AND APPOINTED AS FIRST AMBASSADOR TO ISRAEL BY TRUMAN AFTER ISRAEL WAS RECOGNIZED BY THE U.S. AS AN INDEPENDENT NATION.

He raved about ISRAEL and its accomplishments. "SHALOM" is his password. He comes here every year for his vacation, has a good word for everybody and dislikes DULLES very much because of his INTERNATIONAL POLICIES. He walked over to my table after he was through with dinner to tell me again what a wonderful job

they are doing here.

ABE STARK is here too (New York's Mayor Wagner's First Secretary). This is quite a hotel for AMERICANS. It cost almost as much here as in a good hotel in Miami. I was tired - retired at 11 P.M.

I finally got my old and new airline tickets back after waiting two days. The Hotel porter told that I should not have bought a new ticket but should have transferred the one I had. Was told later it couldn't be done because the AIRLINE insisted I buy first class only. I didn't care as long as I got a seat for SUNDAY to be in NEW YORK MONDAY.

TEL AVIV, FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1956

Was up at 6:45 A.M. Left the Hotel after breakfast to meet with the MINISTER OF FOREGIN AFFAIRS, GOLDIE MEYER (Meyerson) at 8:30 at her private office here (a private home). Was ushered in at 8:25 and had a heart to heart talk for 35 minutes. Am sure that she understood me and would have continued for another hour, if she did not have an appointment with the SOVIET UNION AMBASSADOR AT 9. He came in as I left.

Was driven in a NEW DESOTO STATION WAGON belonging to the BOND ORGANIZATION who were kind enough to look after me on all my sight-seeing tours with car and chauffeur. We left for HAIFA. The road was not crowded because of the bus strike now in the third day.- all over this land except in JERUSALEM. It took us two hours, their roads are not quite as good as the NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE. The only roads that are half as good as ours are the WEST GERMAN "AUTOBAHN" which is their name for TURNPIKE. Saw every important building, old and new. Most of them of great historical value dating to B.C. This city has been built on four elevations, the sea level, then a second, third, and fourth level. THEN MOUNT CARMEL where the famous CARMEL WINE is made and exported to all corners of the world. We took lunch in the business section of MOUNT CARMEL and then drove around and saw many new nice homes on the slopes, private houses, settlements and apartments. I was dizzy from so many street turns. The scene from the mountains over-looking the whole CITY, HARBOR, BEACHES, INDUSTRIAL SECTION, the MEDITERRANEAN and from the distance we saw the DEMARCATION BUILDING of the border between ISRAEL and LEBANON. We started back through another road zig-zagging until we reached the road we came to HAIFA. The scenes were most beautiful. Below on flat lands we saw the barracks for the new immigrant arrivals who are still coming in large numbers. These barracks sure make a horrible impression.

We drove by many destroyed ARAB houses and very large caves out out in the mountains by the ARABS. We also saw many stone crushing and cement plants. I THINK A CEMENT PLANT NEAR THESE STONEY MOUNTAINS WOULD BE A VERY GOOD INVESTMENT, for the lime stone is best for cement and crushes faster and is cleaner; some stones looked like white sugar.

Because of the bus strike, we again had a pretty clear road

returning to TEL AVIV. It's Friday and many uniformed boys and girls go home for SABATH which is the day of rest here. Each person after 18 must serve two years in the army or in other military service, and I mean service. A real training, UNIFORM, GUN AND ALL THAT GOES WITH IT TO MAKE A REAL SOLDIER. Some of these soldier girls are really beautiful, cute and well behaved. Some speak a few languages. We picked up a few, took them to TEL AVIV. I was in the hotel at 3:30. Was advised that the MINISTER OF COMMERCE, SAFIR, will be in the hotel at 4:00 to visit with me. LEONIA, married, good to look at and is a linguist, made all arrangements for me since I talked to SHARETT. She is the executive secretary for the BOND DRIVE COMMITTEE here. I am happy to say that I got more attention than I wanted or expected, even if I am S.K.

Washed up - it was hot today. Met for a half hour with the MINISTER OF COMMERCE. Will meet his special representative in New York when I return. Had dinner at 7:30, was really hungry, and retired at 9:00. It's now 10:10.

TEL AVIV, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1956

Was up at 7:30 A.M. Left for the NEGEV at 8:30. It's a long drive and it is warmer there, so I prepared by wearing light weight clothes.

The most important point of this ride was BAR SHEVA, the historical city. Drove by many KIBUTZIM and newly built villages in the midst of the desert which is now GREEN AND BLOOMING WITH ALL KINDS OF VEGETABLES, CITRUS, GRAPES, PEANUTS, FLAX, POTATOES AND CORN. Some of these plantations or KIBUTZIM are really nice to look at. It reminded me a great deal of the RUSSIAN "KOLCHOS," ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL except that here each family own their own home, mostly new ones. As we drove going south, on our left side was an ARAB TRIBE with their flocks of camels, sheep, horses and cattle. To our right were numerous KIBUTZIM and the contrast between the two factions was like between day and night. THESE ARABS ARE NOW ISRAELI CITIZENS and refuse to stay in one place and keep on wandering from place to place. The government who tries to keep them in one place has provided water holes for them in many places, where they drive their flocks to water. It was a sight to see them in so many places, living in tents. There are about 35,000 of them in this section of the NEGEV. I tried to photograph some of them but they quickly covered up. They still dress in their ancient ARAB DRESS, in such heat. I didn't ask about their sanitary conditions, I imagined that.

THE GREATEST WONDER OF THE CENTURY IS THE WATER FED BY PIPE THROUGHOUT THIS DESERT FROM WELLS IN THE LOWLANDS PUMPED TO RESERVOIRS OR WATER TANKS ON TOP OF HILLS THEN FED TO PIPES FOR IRRIGATION TO EVERY FARMLAND. THIS WORK IS CONTINUING NOW. I ALSO SAW DRILLING FOR OIL IN SAME PLACE.

We stopped in the new BAR SHEVA. There is now two BAR SHEVAS, the old dilapidated and partially destroyed historical BAR SHEVA and the new one being built now - some very excellent

buildings. The HIAS has a most beautiful hotel for technicians, engineers and scientists (male and female) who are brought here to help develop the NEGEV. Rooms are modern (two in a room), kitchenette, balcony, small refrigerator, electricity and large pool WITHOUT water. When I asked why no water, the answer was, "WHEN THE PEOPLE OF BAR SHEVA WILL HAVE WATER IN THE POOL THEN WE WILL HAVE IT TOO." (I understood it to mean that there is not enough water there). I visited all the important rooms and small SHOOL for "YOORZEIT" only. If they would have the grounds finished, like grading and planting, it would be a real nice place for a vacation. I enjoyed the meal here because I was hungry. The superintendent of this institution was a middle-aged lady - SPOKE SOFT, SMART AND TO THE POINT. When I asked for a booklet describing this institution, she replied, "MR. KIPNIS, THIS IS JUST WHAT WE NEED. PLEASE TAKE IT UP WITH HIAS IN NEW YORK AND SEE THAT WE GET IT."

From there, we drove through BAR SHEVA again and on the way to ASHKOLAN, a new village on the MEDITERRANEAN, a modern market or shopping center, a very nice new KINO. I was told that this is being built by some AFRICAN JEWS and it will be a real YEAR-ROUND RESORT. All they need is a few MIAMI HOTELS AND MORE AMERICAN PEOPLE VISITING ISRAEL.

We drove on the ocean road to TEL AVIV, parallel to the now famous GAZA STRIP. We couldn't see the ocean because of the sand dunes. The road was empty because of the Sabbath. There were many KITBUTZIM and VILLAGES that don't permit to drive through them because of SABBATH.

We were out of the GAZA STRIP ROAD before we got to ASHKOLAN. I saw from a distance the town of GAZA. Thanks to our friends in the U.S.A., ENGLAND AND FRANCE for having ISRAEL cut up as it is. JUST TAKE A FEW MINUTES AND STUDY THE ISRAEL MAP AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF. ISRAEL WOULD HAVE STRAIGHTENED OUT HER BORDERS IF ENGLAND DIDN'T ALLY WITH THE ARABS AND EGYPT BACKED BY THE U.S.A. WHO STOPPED HER DOING JUST THAT IN 1948. This job will be much harder and costlier to do now, but will have to be done some day for the good of all ARABS TO HELP CIVILIZE THEM. ENGLAND is getting a real dose of her own medicine in CYPRUS and EGYPT. IF ISRAEL HAD FINISHED HER DIFFERENCES WITH THE ARABS IN 1948 AND IF ENGLAND HAD STRUCK BACK IMMEDIATELY AT NASSER WHEN HE KICKED ENGLAND OUT OF THE SUEZ CANAL, SHE WOULD HAVE NONE OF HER PRESENT TROUBLES,but now the whole thing will die a natural death in the hands of committees arranged by our MR. DULLES. (It did.)

Returned to the hotel at 5:00, rested awhile, packed my things, ready to leave tomorrow, went for supper, consisting of herring with fresh tomatoes, rice soup, (hot milk), cream and cheese, coffee-half hot milk. Paid my bill, retired at 9:00. Reminded myself that the man I met in Berlin and Hamburg had promised to get together here with me. Called his home and he came right over. We chewed the rag until 12:00. Fred Mann will

not arrive until 2:00 A.M. - five hours late - so I left word for him to call my room on arrival no matter what time that may be. Retired at 12:30, fell asleep until the telephone rang at 2:20 A.M. "YOU CAN SEE ME NOW OR TOMORROW EARLY, I WILL SLIP ON A PAIR OF PANTS AND HAVE BREAKFAST WITH YOU," said he. I told him that 7:15 A.M. will do - I'll call him. But, I called him right back to tell him that I had better see him now rather than wake him up early. Went to his room and there was his wife and two daughters who ordered sandwiches and coffee. He told me that ABE KRASSNE AND HIS WIFE came in with him. He called their room, they were having a snack downstairs. I asked FRED to come down and we will meet together. We did. I got all the information from him about things in NEW YORK. He told me what a large reception he received at the airport and that the U.S. AMBASSADOR CAME TO MEET HIM. (U.S. Ambassador lives in Jerusalem, not in Tel Aviv) also photographs and flowers - he will mail me a paper with the write-up. I parted with them and back to bed at 3:30 A.M.

TEL AVIV, SUNDAY, AUGUST 26, 1956

Was up at 6:00, had breakfast and was picked up by private car for airport at 7:45, was there at 8:30. Killed an hour and a half between ticket counter, inspection and money checking. We left at 10:00 ITIALIAN AIR FLIGHT No. 429 for Rome, first class, first stop Athens. I will be flying thirty hours because of the many stops we will make and ISRAEL is much further from New York than LONDON, PARIS or other large EUROPEAN cities. People here don't fly in such large numbers and not as often as the AMERICANS do in the U.S.A.

The flight from ISRAEL over the BLUE MEDITERRANEAN was nice. The time was moved back one hour for it will be one hour earlier in ATHENS, also another hour ahead in ROME and keep on moving ahead until we get to NEW YORK time. We were flying over the GREEK ISLANDS. Many big and small islands, bare, no sign of cultivation or human or other life on them. They must be absolutely useless to Greece or to anybody, but I assume that if anybody should want to grab any of these islands from GREECE there would be a WAR, especially if ITALY or TURKEY would do that. We landed in ATHENS on time - 12:20 P.M. We were taken to the airport restaurant. NOT DIRTY, AND NO FLIES. The meal was ready for us on the tables, including WINE (dry). We had one hour to satisfy our thirst and hunger. The airport, built by the U.S.A., had a U.S. Air Squadron here. Planes of all types and sizes, lots of box planes. I wondered how much of a share I have in this installation. We started for ROME on time - said goodbye to GREECE and ATHENS. We are still flying over islands and bare mountains. ALBANIA must be somewhere ahead and below these mountains on the ADRIATIC which we are now crossing. The closer we got to ROME, the more the scenery became interesting because up to now since we started at the HEEL OF ITALY, which is BRENDISI; there was nothing to see except the east coast of ITALY dotted with small towns. From then on we started

to cross from the East coast to West coast up NORTH to ROME. There was nothing but bare mountains. Then again, a little town. I recognized "CASINO," the monastery on top of a high mountain. We had to destroy it during the end of World War II because the NAZIS fortified themselves there hoping that religion will help them. Then I recognized the river that was flowing with the blood of both sides of the fighting armies. I was never there but from the map I had with me, I recognized all this. We flew over some towns which I recognized. I was there in 1952. We landed ahead of time, the usual cermony started - "FOLLOW ME, HAVE YOUR PASSPORTS READY, ETC."

I asked one of the pretty girls who led me to find out if there is another plane leaving soon so I shouldn't have to wait 3-1/2 hours - it took a little while - no answer so I grabbed one girl, told her to take me over to the airlines ticket offices. TWA has no flight soon. PAA had one leaving 6:40. It's the same time as L.A.I. but will arrive in NEW YORK 8:20 A.M. instead of 12:20 P.M. Monday morning and they have one seat. So what could be better, who wants to go to ZURICH, PARIS, SHANNON, GANDER, BOSTON, AND NEW YORK. The next thing to do was to transfer ticket - this was a job but I did it and now I will have a non-stop PARIS TO NEW YORK flight and go and put a day's work in the office tomorrow before I go on vacation.

The airport here in ROME is very nice. It's a new one since 1952 thanks to UNCLE SAM, we have plenty of war planes here too, like on every airport in all EUROPE, AFRICA AND ELSEWHERE.

We left ROME on time. In every airport we stop, the watch must be changed to the time in that airport. I have already changed my time twice. Now I'll have to change it again.

There was something wrong with the one motor charger on our plane and it took one extra hour for repair. The flight from PARIS TO NEW YORK as from ROME TO PARIS was as pleasant as anyone can wish.

The flight from Paris to NEW YORK NON-STOP TOOK 14 HOURS. We had a tail wind and made up the lost hour. Because of the mix-up in time, got up at 3:30 A.M. New York time or 9:30 London time or 11:30 Moscow time. Rested well in my first-class seat that gave me more leg room than I really needed. Can't understand why so much space is wasted on this expensive plane. The fare first class from Tel Aviv to New York is $750.00. Four seats could have easily been added or $3,000 more income to the airline since seats and space is hard to get. I watched the flight over NEWFOUNDLAND, and then MAINE, MASSACHUSETTS, finally NEW YORK, the ROCKAWAYS and IDLEWILD. I was glad to be back in the STATES. It took me one hour to get cleared through immigration. It cost me $7.00 duty, all the inspectors and the big BOSS examined the few BIBLICAL articles I brought from JERUSALEM. I could have saved the $7.00 but I wasn't smart. I'll learn as time goes by.

I was in the office at ten and worked through the day and advised those people who were waiting for my return that I am back raring to go.

AND so ended a forty-day trip that took twenty-eight days. I don't regret it. I have learned a lot.

SAMUEL KIPNIS
AUGUST 27, 1956, IN NEW YORK OFFICE

MY IMPRESSIONS & OPINIONS OF THE U.S.S.R.
Observed During my Trip in August 1956

This was my third trip there. The first was in 1922 in the midst of the great hunger and starvation - right after the Revolution and Civil War with the **HYDA-MAKES** and GUERILLAS, who were instigated and helped by the then RUSSIAN ALLIES, including the U.S.A. I was sent by and in cooperation with the HOOVER RELIEF COMMITTEE and RADOMISLE-LANDSMANSHAFT, a benevolent organization. What went on in Russia at that time was beyond description; yet I managed to visit every place I wanted to, and was happy, because I found most of my people, alive and getting along.

My second trip there was in 1934 with B.K., J.L.K. and Dr. B., under different circumstances. It was just after our great misfortune, I wanted to take us away from the scene. We were all tense; our nerves were badly shaken, but even then we enjoyed the trip, because we still found most of our beloved people, except my sister ESTER.

This third trip to the Soviet Union in 1956 was not planned in particular even if I wanted to get away. For I would have cracked up if I didn't. The O.I.G. deal got on my nerves; so did the wavering YES'S and NO'S of some of my people, I did not want the deal to go "FLOP", so as soon as I initialed the O.I.G. papers and got the SOVIET VISA, which I applied for without serious intent, I wanted to see the SOVIET UNION with open eyes, clear mind and as an impartial liberal who wished to find the truth - not through the eyes of others, who paint it to suit their individual tastes, or to please the ones who pay them for the job they do. I picked myself up July 31, 1956 and to the plane I went.

I didn't go with the intent of changing their method of government or standard of living or to criticize them in any shape or form or argue with them or tell them how wonderful it is in the U.S.A. and wouldn't they want to come to us, nor have them change my way of thinking or convert me to their method of everything they do or live for. I left this to others who go there for longer periods to study everything that goes on there, POLITICALLY and ECONOMICALLY.

I don't agree with what they are doing in world politics anymore than I agree with what we are doing in the same endeavor. One thing I am certain of, is that if the money and energy spent by both governments on arming against each other (for there is no one else in the whole world that either of them is afraid of, except each other) and if both would stop acting like two kids shaking their fists in each other's face and if that money was spent by each country for the good of all the people in their own borders and give some of this money to other lands for POINT FOUR supervised properly, then this world would be a better place to live in.

Yes, I wanted to see GERMANY and the price she paid for

trying under HITLER to be "DUTCHLAND UBEER ALLES." I was satisfied to look at everything on the surface. I hope that my fourth trip whenever that may be, will be arranged in such a manner that will give me the opportunity to study the U.S.S.R. from within and without as others do, also in other countries I may visit.

The crowds were well behaved. It did not take long to get in or out of any place, though some of the places were shabby and poorly ventilated as is everywhere except in most public places of the U.S.A. The weather was unfavorable - cold, cloudy and raining at times. I expected to see the nicer and more up-to-date theatres, but the better ones were closed now for the season. I was surprised by cleanliness even in the old uncomfortable places of amusement and other public places. No papers were strewn all over the places - there were no loud noises.

I was amazed by the amount of book shops and the reading that is done by everyone. No trash is sold like the POCKET SIZE junk and other SMUTTY reading matter we sell in the U.S.A., and we are pushing them also into the European markets.

The traffic regulations impressed me much, and the willingness of the drivers to observe them and the pedestrians not to observe them.

The STALIN story as we are told by our U.S.A. newspapers, has no foundation. I couldn't see any of it; I have visited many places, stores, offices, railroad and subway stations, parks and other places of amusement, and I have seen LENIN and STALIN'S pictures, side by side, not only in MOSCOW, but in every other city I visited, including RADOMISLE. There were not only pictures, but statues on the main streets, parks, and in other public places.

The radio announcers play up STALIN on every program I listened to. "STALIN SAID THIS, STALIN SAID THAT," etc.

One thing I heard everywhere is, "WHY DOESN"T DULLES LIKE US"?

I have seen tremendous progress in Moscow since 1934 in every way that progress can be observed or measured by one who spent three days there, but I also saw lots of misery, and shabbiness in living quarters, dilapidated homes, and elderly people, even if they were getting pensions. Many houses are ear-marked for demolition to make room for new ones in this seventh five-year plan.

Things are very high, except for rent, and an effort is being made to reduce the high prices. Everyone is talking about it freely.

I visited the AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION, which is the same as a STATE FAIR in the U.S.A., and every one of our tourists who were there praised it and the way it was done. The same goes for the exhibit of the latest machinery and equipment to construct new buildings. It was done on a very grand scale. The entire ground was bedecked with flower beds of all shapes, styles, colors, and fountains - it really cannot be described

on paper.

The buses, electric or gas, in Moscow are the latest style. They are new and clean, and there are thousands of them in operation (most are operated by women). There is no pushing. I was told that there were 9,000 cabs in Moscow, and that the population in Metropolitan Moscow is close to 6,000,000. The entire traffic system is much nicer than London's and it is better controlled, the streets are better, wider and cleaner.

I went all alone. My time in England was spent mostly with the ISAACS, visiting customers and prospects. The same holds true for BERLIN, HAMBURG, LUBECK and elsewhere.

I left COPENHAGEN on a RUSSIAN IL 12 plane. From then on everything was "PORUSSKI" - no formalities. Everyone on the plane was quiet except the husky looking hostess, who did not wear a uniform and came out from the GALLEY ever so often to ask if we wanted "TCHAI" (tea) with lemon and some "ZAKUSKI" (cookies).

When we arrived at Riga Airport I knew at once we were in RUSSIA. They received us with hospitality, with a smile, food, music. The city was a distance away. People told me that it is a beautiful city. There was nothing exceptional in the airport except pictures of LENIN and STALIN, side by side, and a beautiful flowers in front of the building. The place was clean. The Russian food was good, the tea hot. I took a wrapped lump of sugar as a souvenir.

The flight from Riga to Moscow was started on time, and arrived on time in the same plane. I was surrounded on the plane by some officers of the RED ARMY who wanted to know why DULLES DOESN'T want to do business with them. They like the AMERICANS. They were raving about their accomplishments in the thirty-nine years since the revolution in 1917; it is as much as the U.S.A. has accomplished in 200 years, said they. In 1917 when the present government took over, the whole country lay in waste - then the starvation, the "HYDAMAKES" that were "SICKED" on them by the allies, the direct fighting with the Allied Forces, and then HITLER IN 1941, WHO CERTAINLY WAS NO HELP IN IMPROVING THEIR LOT AND STANDARD OF LIVING. I didn't argue with them for they were right. There are many other governments that are worse than U.S.S.R. yet we, the U.S.A., SEND AND SPEND BILLIONS ON THEM, WHICH WE WILL NEVER GET BACK AND WHO DISLIKE US WORSE THAN THE RUSSIANS WHO DO LIKE US.

My drive through Moscow from the airport, late in the evening, gave me a chance to observe the new Moscow that is being built along the paved highway from the airport to the city. It was dark and I couldn't actually see good. The driver told me, "SEE WHAT WE ARE BUILDING FOR OURSELVES, BY OURSELVES, AND WITH OUR OWN HANDS AND MATERIALS." He said it with a pride you do not find elsewhere. The Intourist agent, who greeted me at the plane, took care of everything; baggage, passport, private car, etc. (I had a car, driver and interpreter

for myself). A room was ready for me at the NATIONAL HOTEL. I was told to have a snack on my Intourist coupons and that a car would be ready at 10:00 A.M. next day.

I went everywhere I wanted to go and saw everything I wanted to see. No one followed me, or asked me any questions. Took all the pictures I wanted to take. No one stopped me. Was constantly asked by Intourist, "WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU TO MAKE YOUR TRIP HERE MORE PLEASANT." Went to KINOS, THEATRES, PARKS, MUSEUMS, STORES, SUBWAYS, WALKED THE STREETS, every place was jammed. Flower beds are in every place where they can be put, and they are of the most colorful varieties.

Women are absolutely equal to men for they do the same type of work as the men do in every line of endeavor. I did not see any drunks except the two being led away from a public park by a policeman.

Words can't describe the subways. They are absolutely beautiful, even for the nicest city in the world - surely for the U.S.S.R. This must be their jewel, for they are very proud of it. I was asked by many people, "HAVE YOU SEEN OUR METRO"? The section opened in 1953 is something to be proud of. This goes also for the METRO STATIONS ABOVE THE GROUND. They are wonderfully operated by women, except for the motormen and assistants, who are men. (There is a motorman and assistant on each train in case something happens to the motorman, a safety precaution).

There are many government buildings in the heart of the city, which are tremendous in size, although their size and looks are not the same as our Empire State, or any new government building in Washington, but it is very advanced for the Russians, and impressive.

It will take the RULERS OF THE SOVIET a long time to change the faces, style, and standard of the Russians, especially the "MMOZSHICKS", the ones I met in the free markets of MOSCOW, LENINGRAD, KIEV and on the way to RADOMISLE - these are the citizens who are the majority in RUSSIA.

As I have been told that of those I saw digging ditches (women and men) and working on the "KOLCHOS", are going to night school and there have been many DOCTORS, ENGINEERS, and SCIENTISTS graduated from them. THIS IS THE AMBITION OF EVERY GIRL AND BOY IN THE U.S.S.R. Education is compulsory in Russia, and I was told that schooling starts at the age of eight.

LENINGRAD is different from MOSCOW - it is much prettier! more aristocratic. It is on the NEVA RIVER with the famous "NEVSKI PROJECT ST." There is much history to it - but I believe this city is neglected. While there is a great deal of new building going on, but not as much as in MOSCOW. It is amazing how much of it is being done in MOSCOW.

I found the same crowds here at every point of interest; the PARKS, THEATRES, MUSEUMS, KINOS and especially the "ARMITAZSH." I do not know where these people came from. They were in groups

led by guides. I watched a large group and noticed how they listened with attention to what the guide had to say about each article or painting. I was amazed to see the interested expression on their faces. I saw in the KIROW PARK a special place to teach children how to take care of themselves in traffic.

The greatest kick I got in Moscow was watching the line form to pass inside the LENIN-STALIN MAUSOLEUM, thousands and thousands each day, five days a week. LENIN is still their GOD. I do not know about STALIN. It is worthwhile watching their faces as they pass the glass enclosed coffins. Some people wait for five hours in line just for a few minutes, and they are still coming from all over RUSSIA and other lands, too.

KIEV took me by surprise. I arrived late in the evening and had to drive to the hotel via "KRESCHATICK." My eyes bulged by its beauty. There was a wide boulevard with trees on both sides; the wide sidewalks, and flower beds galore, which were beautifully kept. There were brand new buildings, some fourteen stories high. Here too, there was much building going on, but my pleasure was spoiled by the neglected shabbiness of some of the streets and buildings in KIEV proper, and in PODOL in particular. I was told that this was earmarked for rebuilding in this seventh five-year plan. I have also been told that many new and large cities have been built in the interior of this land of mystery, cities that are now populated with a million people each. These cities are modern in every way with modern conveniences even Moscow does not have.

WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT RUSSIA? I have talked with some important people in MOSCOW, representatives of the U.S.A. and also some correspondents from our largest and most influential newspapers. It is my opinion that most of the things we read in our newspapers from these correspondents are pure imagination, or wishful thinking on their part, because the RULING or EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE in the KREMLIN does not hold meetings, either weekly or monthly, for the purpose of informing our correspondents what they intend to do or not to do. Therefore, all that you read in our newspapers concerning the U.S.S.R. from our correspondents is pure guesswork. The Russian leaders may fight amongst themselves before they come to a decision, but what is published or said by them is with authority.

NO, I WOULD NOT WANT TO LIVE IN THE SOVIET UNION, AND FOR THAT MATTER, I WOULD NOT WANT TO LIVE ANYWHERE ELSE EXCEPT IN THE U.S.A., BUT THIS DOES NOT MEAN THAT I APPROVE OR AGREE WITH EVERYTHING THAT IS OR IS NOT DONE BY OUR POLITICIANS, FOR THERE IS A LOT TO BE DONE IN OUR OWN LAND TO IMPROVE THE STANDARD OF LIVING OF MANY MILLIONS OF OUR CITIZENS, WHO DO NOT LIVE ANY BETTER THAN SOME OF THE RUSSIANS I SAW. I SAW WORSE CONDITIONS IN COUNTRIES VERY CLOSE TO THE U.S.A., WHERE WE ARE SPENDING BILLIONS ON POINT FOUR. As the saying goes, "PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES SHOULD NOT CRITICIZE OTHERS."

Religion: I visited the SYNAGOGUES in every city I went to. I spoke with those who were present. I visited one in MOSCOW during a SATURDAY morning service. The place was crowded and the people told me that the government is supporting them to a certain extent. Most of them were elderly people who were probably on pension. They expected large attendance on the JEWISH HOLY DAYS.

The CHRISTIAN CHURCHES are well attended too but this does not mean that RUSSIA is going back to religion. The younger generation is taught to be ANTI-RELIGIOUS, and it is working well.

The U.S.A. will not change or break the U.S.S.R. FOR THEY HAVE PAID A TERRIBLE PRICE FOR WHAT THEY HAVE ACCOMPLISHED UP TO NOW, AND THEY SURELY DID ACCOMPLISH A LOT MORE THAN SOME OF US THINK THEY DID. THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY TO GREATER ACCOMPLISHMENTS, BECAUSE THEY KNOW WHAT THEY WANT AND ARE PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE, while we and our allies are running in circles. Neither will the U.S.S.R. change or break us.

IT IS MY SINCERE CONVICTION THAT PEACE WILL REIGN IN THIS WORLD ONLY WHEN THE TWO GREATEST, RICHEST AND LARGEST COUNTRIES IN THE WORLD, U.S.A. AND U.S.S.R., WILL DECIDE TO LIVE TOGETHER AT PEACE, AND SEE TO IT THAT THE REST OF THE WORLD SHARES THIS PEACE, FOR THERE IS ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY IN OUR WORLD.

I am certain that we in the U.S.A. waste more of everything that could make a lot of other people in our U.S.A. and in other countries very happy.

MY IMPRESSION OF ISRAEL - THE LAND OF MILK & HONEY
After My Six Day Visit in
August 1956

Israel, a land of democracy, surrounded on three sides by bitter enemies and on the fourth side by the Mediterranean Sea the full length of its north side.

Why the people in power of the large countries of the world who were responsible and helped recreate ISRAEL as a country in the Near East, cut it up as they did is beyond my reasoning, after the many years of sacrifice and trial by people like HERZL, NORDAU and WEIZMANN, who tried to get it RECLAIMED and RE-ESTABLISHED as a HOMELAND for the JEWS. I can remember this as long as I live. These ZIONIST LEADERS called conventions and knocked on doors of government leaders of all countries of the world. Small groups of the Jews moved into different parts of Palestine - reclaimed and cultivated some lands with the assistance of people like the Rothschilds; established colonies with blood and sweat. One day, Mr. Balfour made his famous declaration about a Jewish homeland, that, remained on paper until Herr Hitler, who was created by the same allies who defeated Germany in World War I, came along and started butchering and destroying the Jews in every country he overran. Some Jews ran away to wherever they could. Their goal was Palestine. In 1947 the Big Powers declared Palestine a Jewish Homeland and Chaim Weizmann named it Israel. IN 1948, all the ARAB NATIONS were AT WAR WITH ISRAEL except LEBANON. None of the powers intervened until Israel beat hell out of the ARABS and was overrunning their territory. Then, ENGLAND WITH THE CONNIVING OF OUR STATE DEPARTMENT CALLED A HALT and laid down boundaries which the ARAB STATES, SURROUNDING ISRAEL, ACCEPTED RELUCTANTLY. BUT NO PEACE OR RECOGNITION WAS ACCEPTED BY THESE ARAB STATES. Up-to-date there is a state of war existing and spasmodic fighting breaks out ever so often and nothing is being done to this day by the BIG POWERS to make peace for ISRAEL. The country they created recognizing that it is the only place in GOD'S WORLD where the WANDERING JEW is welcomed and accepted with open arms as equals. ENGLAND and the U.S.A. surely butchered up the job and there is no sign of ever correcting it. England has her hands full and the U.S.A .is busy feeding all the GANGSTER LEADERS all over the world with billions of dollars to save the free (?) world FROM democracy.

Under such circumstances, Israel is building a state of MILK AND HONEY, "ROSENKES MIT MANDLEN." BUILDING UP AND MAINTAINING A WELL TRAINED AND DISCIPLINED ARMY, NAVY AND AIR FORCE OF BOYS AND GIRLS WHO HAVE PROVEN THEIR WORTH, RELIABILITY AND DEPENDABILITY TO FIGHT AND WIN FOR A GOOD CAUSE, also build the economy of the land; reclaim, cultivate and irrigate the soil. BUILD NEW HOMES BY THE THOUSANDS, ROADS, RAILROADS, BUS LINES and new FACTORIES. Surely the money,

millions of people of the Jewish faith in America have given in one form or another helped in the efforts. And if they didn't have to spend a great deal of it on arming for defense of all kinds, Israel could now be self-supporting, but the preparedness for defense is draining her resources no matter where it comes from and she will be needing help from us Jews, and Gentiles too, in the U.S.A. and other countries too for many more years to come.

IN THIS NEW LAND, ONE CAN FIND JEWS FROM EVERY LAND OF OUR WORLD. The most industrious are the YEMENITES. The Arabs that remained in Israel are no credit to her and surely no help. So are the ghettos in the big cities that contain the fanatic Jews with the long "BEARD AND PAYIS" who do not recognize the present regime and are waiting for "MESHIACH" to lead them over the Jordan River. These Jews live in the worst dirt I have ever seen, and are absolutely useless and ONLY A DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT LIKE ISRAEL CAN TOLERATE THEM.

What Israel needs is more export and less import. Her import is three times her export, AND IF THOSE NICE AMERICANS WHO GATHER A LOT OF MONEY TO BUILD EXPENSIVE UNIVERSITIES, HOSPITALS AND OTHER LARGE AND EXPENSIVE CIVIC STRUCTURES, WOULD INVEST IN PLANTS THAT WOULD PRODUCE GOODS FOR EXPORT FROM MATERIALS OBTAINABLE IN ISRAEL, SPEND MORE MONEY ON RESEARCH FOR NATURAL RESOURCES, DRILL EXTENSIVELY FOR OIL, HELP GET WATER ACROSS THE LENGTH AND WIDTH OF ITS LANDS (Not on a temporary basis), ELIMINATE ALL THE SMALL PEDDLERS IN THE SMALL STORES (for this doesn't help the economy of the country), THEN AND ONLY THEN WILL ISRAEL BECOME A SELF-SUPPORTING AND EFFICIENT STATE AND ONLY THEN WILL HER NEIGHBORS THAT HATE HER BECOME FRIENDLIER, RECOGNIZE AND RESPECT HER, OPEN THEIR BORDERS AND DO BUSINESS WITH HER WHICH NOW IS NON-EXISTENT. We American and other Jews can do a lot in this constructing work, patronize her in whatever we can use, interest your friends in Israel. Maybe another large cement plant, maybe another large up-to-date brick ceramic plant, for she has the raw materials for that - 2,000,000 tons of cement for export would be a great help. Don't build plants that have to import raw materials like PAPER MILLS of any kind because by the time the finished product is manufactured, the cost in their local market is almost twice as much as it can be bought for in our markets.

MY ADVICE TO AMERICANS PLANNING A TRIP
TO THE U.S.S.R.
AFTER MY TRIP OF AUGUST 1956
and other Satellite Countries, aslo England, France, and all other places on earth, except to those places where the people kneel for nobility, religious images, or go to the various gambling places in Europe.

1. Don't go to the countries behind the Iron Curtain if you are prejudiced against them, or dislike them - their ideas or way of life. You will be wasting your time and money. While they do not give a "HOOTIN DAMN" what you think of them, they do ask you in a nice way, before you leave, what impressions their cities, country and people made on you. It does not cost anything to be nice and say a good word to them, even if you do not mean it.
2. Do not leave the States with the idea that you can compare the standard of living of the rich, middle class, or even the white collar and well paid workers in the U.S.A. with the standard of living in the countries I visited, especially those countries that were invaded by the Germans, unless you are prepared to make comparisons with the lower standards of living in the U.S.A.
3. Do not go to the U.S.S.R. with all of your best clothes, furs, jewels, and shoes. Leave all of that home, for you will not need it there. You will only create adverse and antagonistic feeling toward yourself and other Americans as "show-offs" and "teasers." Take along simpler clothes, two pair of good sensible walking shoes. You will need them badly, for you will have to do a lot of walking if you will want to see the MUSEUMS, LIBRARIES, EXHIBITIONS, PARKS, THE KREMLIN, GUM STORE, FACTORIES, ETC. There is much to see.
4. The following is a partial list of what you should take: for women, simple skirts and blouses, underwear, a short and long lightweight coat, six pair of stockings, a small hat, (depending upon the season of the year you go), also a raincoat. For men, the suit you wear, one extra and two extra pair of pants to match, three shirts, four pair stretch socks and a few ties, one extra pair of walking shoes and a lightweight overcoat or raincoat; mostly washable things, nylon and dacron - the washing and dry cleaning is not so good anywhere.
5. Do not go to the U.S.S.R. with the idea of getting the best accommodations in the hotels with regard to rooms, food, etc. (except for high class entertainment), and do not compare it with what you get in the best hotels in New York or Miami Beach, for you will be terribly disappointed. Even in Moscow, the Intourist people are

very friendly and accommodating, but they are doing the best with what they have.

6. If you go to Russia, or to anyplace behind the iron curtain, or in the near East or anywhere in Europe, Asia, or Africa, take soap, make-up for the women (do not take a whole drugstore with you), shaving tools, dental articles, toilet paper and facial tissues (Russian women use very little make-up).
7. Do not leave the U.S.A. to visit the U.S.S.R. for the purpose of visiting MUSEUMS, ART GALLERIES, EXHIBITIONS, SPORTING EVENTS, or to see ancient articles or places of historical value unless you know something of these things and unless you are anxious to see the thousands upon thousands of Russians and others who visit such places in groups with guides, or alone, or unless you have been there before and wish to see the changes since your last visit, for we too have museums in the U.S.A., perhaps not the same kind of art or by the same artists, even if ours are not visited by such large masses of people.
8. Do not go abroad with the idea that your American dollars will buy bargains for you - surely not behind the iron curtain. Arrange to pay for your entire trip, including food, hotels, auto trips, and guides through the recognized INTOURIST agency in your city for travel behind the iron curtain. Do not take dollars for tipping - in fact, do not tip - that is included in your bill in most of Europe - especially do not tip in communist countries with dollars or rubles, or you may embarrass yourself or the recipient. The chauffer of your car may take a tip if no one is around. The best tip is an article to be remembered, such as a good fountain pen or pencil, watch, or dictionary, or a pair of nylon stockings.
9. If you come for business, do not go to the U.S.S.R. with the idea that you can put anything over on them, for they know what is going on all over the world, in the field of business and otherwise, and until our government will relax our business relations with the U.S.S.R. and adopt a friendlier attitude toward them, there is no use in trying to go to them. If we are serious about doing business with them, let us work on our own GOVERNMENT. There are many things that we can sell to them, and that they can sell to us. Their money, gold or dollars is good - their business promises are good, for they are doing big business with other countries, including our allies and pay prompt as agreed.
10. Arrange your trip in advance, specifying all the places you want to go; cities and factories, and whatever you want to see, and you will not be disappointed when you get there. Pay for everything through your INTOURIST agent and read your passport, your visas and your Intourist coupons. They are better than U.S. dollars there.
11. It is better to see less in more days than to try to see

more in less days, for if you really want to see the things that are worthwhile seeing in the U.S.S.R., and there are many of them, don't try to make it in a few days, it will tire you and you will get fed up before your tour is over.

12. If you make the trip - be patient. Don't get fed up with anything or anybody - especially with your guide. He or she speaks your language but you don't speak theirs. Your guides will try their best to understand you, and to make you understand them and make you as comfortable as possible with what they have.

13. The people you meet there do not want anything from you except FRIENDSHIP. Smile and be tolerant - don't be loud and make yourself CONSPICUOUS with your MANNER, DRESSING AND TALK. Attend to your own business. Take in all that you can. DO NOT TELL THEM HOW WELL YOU AND EVERYONE LIVES IN THE U.S.A. AND HOW POOR AND SHABBY THEY ARE IN CONTRAST. They will laugh at you for they think they know more about you than you know - don't argue with them.

14. You can take along all the dollars you want, but it is best to take American Express Travelers Checks, these are good everywhere. You must report the amount you have in cash or A. E. checks when entering and departing. There are no questions asked. The amount you report at your departing will be counted. You do not have to lie about the amount. Do not take rubles in or out, as they are worthless in other countries.

SPEECH MADE BY SAMUEL KIPNIS AT THE F.B.A. MEETING
IN THE WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL, NEW YORK, OCTOBER 7, 1958

Before I make the report of my last trip to the U.S.S.R. and Brussels, I wish to make the following statement: I love our country more and more every time I return from any trip to other countries, large or small. I wouldn't want to live anywhere else, including Acapulco, Isle of Capri, The French and Italian Rivieras, Monaco or any other such place on our globe.

The more I like our U.S.A, the more I would like to help correct the bad things to good and help make the good things better by criticizing the things I think are wrong. I refuse to be lulled into believing that we are the smartest, and that we have the mostest of the bestest because we already have longer, lower and wider high-priced automobiles that clog our streets where driving is no longer a pleasure, but a danger. That the present politicians slogan "a chicken in every pot, an extra car, an extra T.V. set, an extra radio", and so many other extra things and gimmicks for each person in the family has reached a point where most of our citizens are in hock every day of their lives, and I mean the lives of most of the people that are the backbone or the very foundation of the economy of our great country.

I am not apologizing for the Soviet leaders or their system or making comparisons between their standard of living and the standard of living of most of our U.S.A. citizens because no other country compares with ours. Neither am I apologizing for our politicians and diplomats who misguide and mislead us or for the standard of living of the many millions of our citizens whose standard of living is as bad or worse than some of the worst I saw in the U.S.S.R.

I did not go there for the purpose of comparison

I didn't want to go this time to England, because I don't like to drive in the narrow, crooked streets and on the wrong side of the street. I get dizzy doing that. Neither did I want to go to France, because I already have all the French post cards I am permitted to have at my age.. I did want to go to Monaco, but I was afraid I would meet our Philadelphia girl and would have to address her as "Her Serene Highness" and that would be beyond my dignity as an American citizen, for if every American girl that goes to bed with a Prince would have to be called "Her Serene Highness", we would then have lots of them "Highnesses" here. I didn't want to go to Italy because I believe that all the big busted Italian girls have already been brought here by our film directors and producers and if there are any still there I am certain that they will be brought here. A dame with big busts is quite a talent with them and our prostituted press will blow them up bigger than they actually are.

I wanted to make the June, 1958 trip to the U.S.S.R

not because I wanted to look for another country to settle as a new homeland for me and my family (I am quite happy in our U.S.A.), or to solve the differences between the two great countries on our globe, or to change their method of government or vice versa, or to call on Khruschev and tell him to start loving our Mr. Secretary of State Dulles, or to bring Mr. K to Washington incognito to meet face to face with Ike and Foster to make some kind of a deal to fix up things. Neither was I sent there by anybody on a cultural exchange basis, for I don't know anything besides box making and this too I don't know anymore since October 4, 1956. I surely can't play any musical instruments except radio, T.V. and phonograph records, or crack jokes like some of our comedians that went, or were sent there. Nor am I a newspaperman or a news broadcaster or farmer or engineer or college professor or scientist or medical genius or jurist or any other specialist in one thing or another that have visited the U.S.S.R. in recent months or years and have published their reports, findings and recommendations pro and con (mostly for money consideration.) Neither did I go there as a self-appointed representative of a city so that my name can be mentioned in one of their magazines published in English. Nor did I want to interview high government officials for I don't intend to run for any public or government office in the coming elections. It was the people in the street I wanted to mingle with.

I wanted to make this visit in 1958 because I was there in 1956 and in 1957 and noticed the great progress they made each year in every field of endeavor. When I returned from the '57 trip and reported to my friends what I saw, they called me a brainwashed, indoctrinated fellow-traveler. So I decided to make this 1958 trip with my son, J.L., who was in the U.S.S.R. with me in 1934, so that he could help me look, listen and decide if I knew what I am talking about, and then tell our Americans that not everything that they read in our good and bad newspapers is the correct information of what is actually going on behind the curtains..... all kinds of curtains, including our own curtains.

We arrived in Leningrad at 9 P.M., June 28, by way of Copenhagen and Helsinki. It was still daylight and could see the tremendous increase in the construction of apartments as we were riding from the airport to the city. We walked the streets the same evening without a guide and weren't molested in any way. The streets were crowded with parading people. The stands and stores were still open and full of customers, the streets and the air was fresh and clean. We spoke to many people in the streets and everyone was pleasant and friendly and no one was afraid to talk to us.

A tap on my shoulder, near the Hotel Astoria (where we stopped) by a local person who asked me if I am going to

Israel from here and would I do him a great favor and take money to his brother in Israel, almost floored us.

Dining at The Astoria at 11:30 P.M. was pleasant. The food was delicious, the place was crowded with well-behaved people, even if the men wore no ties and the women weren't made up to kill and didn't smoke or giggle.

Our sight-seeing trip to Peterhof the next day, where we spent five hours, was of great interest. A lot of Tzarist history is there plus a lot of beautiful priceless art and the famous display of fountains. This park was crowded mostly with native tourists.

Our evening at the Rosner Vaudeville Show, the walk on Nevski Prospect and a visit to a beautiful delicacy store was a treat.

Our two day stay in Minsk was interesting. We saw a city that was 85% destroyed by the Germans in 1945 and is now completely rebuilt into a beautiful city. New wide streets, new multi-story apartment houses, wide sidewalks, well trimmed trees on both sides of the streets, flower beds all over town, nice post office and a large bank. A large park with all kinds of amusements for young and old, movies, legitimate theatres, restaurants, open air concert bandstands, a new railroad station, a children's park where a children's train of five cars and a steam engine is operated by children exclusively, we walked alone, spoke to many people, everyone there was pleasant and friendly and no one was afraid to talk to us.

Our three hour visit with the director and two professors at the Minsk University was most enlightening. We now know all about their education system, but seeing is believing. The Director (Dean) was most willing to answer all questions and volunteered information. We visited the destroyed part of the University and the dormitories where five males or females live in one room. Each has a separate bed. The place looked much cleaner and more orderly than the persons that lived there. The students were busy preparing for exams. The answer to our question why all schools are now coed was that competition between the opposite six for higher marks is greater in coed schools, hence better graduates. The government buildings were huge and impressive.

Our visit in Kiev was longer because more of our time was spent with our relatives...44 in all. We used no interpreters. We were free to go anywhere and do anything our heart desired. We took pictures of anything we wanted. The chauffeur and car drove us to relatives, to theatre, circus, and to inspect a new housing development.

Beautiful Odessa is still a beautiful old city, where we spent two days, mostly without a guide. We visited the three bathing beaches. The approaches to these places is different from the approaches to our beaches because of very long

and wide flower beds beautifully kept and the cleanliness all over the place. We spoke to many people in the streets and beaches and took many pictures here,too. Everyone was pleasant and friendly and no one was afraid to talk to us. This is the city of the famous 178 steps from the Black Sea up to the city where a part of the movie "Potemkin" was made portraying the 1905 revolution.

City of Zhdanow is a large steel center on the Black Sea. We didn't stop there long.

Rostov on Don is an agricultural center with canneries, tobacco, cigarettes and many other small industries.

STALINGRAD, the city we were anxious to visit which is known all over the world for its heroic stand against the Nazi hordes and which eventually was the beginning of the route of the German armies and led eventually to the surrender of Germany and her allies. This city's old name was Tzaritzen. It was 95% destroyed and is now 100% rebuilt into a magnificent new city with wide streets and boulevards, theatres, opera house, libraries, schools, more new building of factories and apartments still going on; a tremendous square with a monument to the civilian heroes of Stalingrad, not only to soldiers. It is now a city of 600,000 population. The many steps down to the wharf reminds one of Odessa. Many first class luxury boats ply between Rostov on Don, Stalingrad and Moskov.

The canals between Rostov and Stalingrad and Moskov, which means between the Don River and the Volga River and between the Volga River and Moskov is also known and recognized as a first class achievement. New steamers have now been put in this service with luxury accommodations.

We visited one of the great ceramic factories manufacturing wall and floor tile...Modern in every respect, a real belt line conveyor operation. Shipments are made to all parts of this country.

The circus in the evening was magnificent even if it was not performed in a Madison Square Garden-type of building. We tried to do a little shopping, but the department store near the hotel was too crowded with buyers. We went alone without a guide, spoke to people, took many pictures, as in other cities.

The big surprise came the next day when a man guide invited us to see the new hydro-electric station now under construction which will be ready in 1960. 8,000 women and 12,000 men are employed here. Females do the same work as males and I mean crane operators, R.R. engineers, cement mixers, concrete pouring, steel reinforcing, setting turbines, water wheels. This undertaking was planned for the good of the people, not by a private company for profit purposes. No bond issue was floated nor were bank loans made nor a prospectus prepared to show how much profit will be made each year. Every-

one we walked to asked us. "How do you like OUR STALINGRAD or OUR hydro plant, IT'S ALL OURS."

This is a land of planning in advance. For instance, in this undertaking, the survey for the dam and water gates were made, then the size of the generators and water wheels was decided upon. Then the cost of the whole project, including housing with all the trimmings that goes with such a project like schools, theatres, libraries, etc. The apartment houses were built first, then the people were brought in and the project got under way. It will cost 12 billion Rubles or 3 billion dollars at 4 Rubles to the dollar and will have a capacity of 2,300,00 K.W. Spent the biggest part of the day here, admiring the will of the people to do a day's work, for it was THEIRS that they were building.

Spent two days in Kharkov, the fourth largest city in the U.S.S.R., a lively, busy city with very large government office buildings and factories. This city has the second largest tractor factory, next to Stalingrad....a complete tractor each 15 minutes. This is one of the many large factories in this city. We visited this factory with a group of farmers from Iowa. The management was courteous and friendly, answered all questions, took us through the plant, and when we left all the workers sang, Mir, Mir (Peace, Peace) Druzhba, (Friendship, Friendship).

Walked alone in the evening through the park, conversed with many people who asked us to try and tell Mr. Dulles to like them and make peace.

Moskov, of course, is now the center of the world,(so they say.) One can see here people from all over the world, and e did see exactly that when we went to see Lenin and Stalin's tomb where a line of people 20 blocks long were waiting for hours just to take a few minutes look at the two figures.

We stopped at one of the newer hotels, The Leningrad, and while I wouldn't compare it to any first class modern hotel in the States, yet there are hundreds of hotels in the States that don't measure up to this hotel. The cost of staying here is included in the cost of $33 per day. For this four meals a day, a suite of rooms, a good car, chauffeur and interpreter.

The few performances we saw here, like JOAN OF ARC BALLET, THE PUPPET SHOW, THE PRAGUE NIGHT CLUB, the 10,000 PEOPLE DANCING ON RED SQUARE TO A BAND OF 50 MUSICIANS, the RIDE IN THE SUBWAYS, VISIT TO SPORT STADIUM, SWIMMING POOL STADIUM, UNIVERSITY and LENIN LIBRARY and KREMLIN MUSEUM... All these things are something one can't describe and surely not forget. We just didn't have the time to visit all the things and places of interest, art and history, for we wanted to spend one day at the Moskov AGRICULTURAL FAIR, built on a 400 acre tract by the 15 Republics comprising the Soviet Union. Each pavilion exhibited everything grown or manufactured or natural resources of that state. The layout and the beauty of

the buildings and the outdoor decorations, the pools, the fountain, the flower beds, all those things are beyond description and all those things were built by and for the citizens of the U.S.S.R.

We were constantly asked, "How do you like OUR exhibit" and "How do you like all the things WE make." Again, WE and OURS.

We mingled with the people wherever and whenever we went. Also less people wear eye glasses here than in the US. Most of the men didn't care if their ties are on straight because they don't wear ties, including at the opera or ballet. We enjoyed complete freedom throughout our eighteen days in the U.S.S.R.

I was asked by some people, "What have you done with your freedom. Yes, you have freedom of all kinds. Juvenile delinquency, unemployment, worry, frustration for making payments on an instalment, your hospital beds filled with mental patients, while we, Russians live for a purpose, we chased the Hitlerites from our land, giving employment to every able-to-work person, medical care, old age pensions, the best educated country. Our hospitals have only 10% of their beds taken by mental patients. We plan the greatest reserves of coal, oil, gold, diamonds, lumber, metals and every kind of natural resources. We already have and plan the greatest and largest institutes for learning. Our learning system is the best. We will not now spend our treasure on silly luxuries. We know that your standard of living is much higher than ours for many of your citizens, and that many of your workers have one or more expensive automobiles, T.V.'s and radios, homes, electric refrigerators and many more home gimmicks. But we also know that most of these things are hocked and your workers worry about making payments. But with us, our country comes first. After our country has everything she needs to protect herself against your capitalistic war mongers, we will have better gimmicks than you."

I didn't refute it because there is a lot of truth in it. There people were too well indoctrinated to be influenced by an extra tail light or an extra piece of chrome or other gimmicks or other things on the instalment plan.

They said that the U.S.A. is ruled by a bunch of crooked money-mad millionaires, politicians, government office holders, crooked union leaders, gangsters and gang wars, and underworld characters. They talk much about our race discrimination and the defiance of the law and about our school situation. They don't understand us, but neither do we understand them One of my relatives told me, "Your press and your Mr. Dulles portray us as blood thirsty monsters, sucking the blood of the unhappy victims," and they asked me, "Do you think it is so, after you have been here three times in three years" and they continued that, "Despite the bloody second World War

that scorched our earth, devastated our cities by the hundreds and factories by the thousands, our mines and power plants destroyed at least 60% and about 25 million people killed, Russia rose faster and stronger than ever before or any other country that was in the war, including Germany where the U.S. spent billions of dollars to build it up. We want peace, but will fight fiercely if called to protect our land against anybody. We have the courage unknown before".

"During the past forty years, our party has taken on the job of educating the people from the cradle to the grave, according to the needs of our country. If more engineers, doctors, farmers, soldiers, writers, dancers, actors, musicians, scientists are needed, they are produced. Divorce is now difficult and almost impossible to get,- if there are any children". I was told that this is done because higher production could be better maintained if the home life was serene.

Moskov University, or as some of our visitors call it, "A wedding cake monstrosity" is the largest university in the world. It houses 22,000 students from all over the world. Fifty per cent are women, sixty per cent study science, forty per cent in humanities.

I OBSERVED THE FOLLOWING:-

1. Women dress with extreme prudishness...lipstick, hairdoes, frills, cigarettes, are frowned upon.
2. It is considered a bad habit to accept tips.
3. Sanatoriums on the Black Sea are beautiful and are mostly for the workers that are sent by the state or factory free for 24 days.
4. Parks, planted with flowers and free from litter. The streets and every other place are clean. Reason - pride and sense of ownership.
5. Rent is about five per cent of salary.
6. Income taxes range from five to thirteen per cent. The government is financed mostly by sales tax or sales price over cost.
7. Churches are attended by old people only.
8. Housing is the great problem all over the country, but large cities like Moskov are building large apartment houses by the mile.
9. The Ruble is 10 to the dollar for tourist, while the official rate is 4 to the dollar, but has nothing to do with their economy.

How shall we appraise them:-

1. Don't underestimate them.
2. We need a lot of Paul Reveres to tell us to wake up from our slumber for we are in a fight and if we don't wake up we may get licked.
3. We have been living like Nero, who was fiddling while Rome was burning. We are living in clouds of quiz

shows, midnight movies, big-busted girls and gangster movies, higher tail fins on longer, wider and lower but higher-priced cars, pointed shoes, tighter skirts, all kinds of hairdoes and make-up that make our females look like Africans, and other foolish things.

4. We have become the captives of some smart Madison Avenue boys who for a price will dream up slogans for anything you have for sale, through radio, T.V. or newspapers. Slogans have become our media for indoctrination, not only in consumer goods but in politics, too.
5. We surrender to politicians who care more for getting elected than to serve those that elect him. The voter, who has the power in his vote to correct things, doesn't use it. Many say, "The whole system is crooked, what can I do about it - I can't change it with my vote." So on Election Day, they are busy playing golf or going fishing. In 1956, only 60-1/2% of those eligible to vote went to the polls.
6. Labor and management follow the same pattern of indifference to the public, and in many instances they pull the wool over the eyes of the public together by arrangement. Industry cares only for the cash register, and disregards inflation or public good.
7. Labor through their mis-leaders scream for a shorter hour week, more pay, feather bedding, time and a half or double time. Leaders of neither side give damn for the other and the public and the country suffers.
8. Education - our schools are crowded, old and many are fire-traps. Shortage of good teachers, indifference of city officials, makes for lack of discipline, hence juvenille delinquency and youth gangs and everything that goes with it. The fight for segregation and/or desegregation made us the laughing stock everywhere.
9. Johnny in college often spends his four years marking time, going to parties, drinking, smoking and doing other things that make these parties complete, dragging down the classroom at the expense of the hard working Joe.
10. In Russia, only 30% of all applicants are accepted in the universities, the others go on to trade or vocational schools. The 30% work with pride and concentration seldom seen in our schools and universities and in the hands of their 30%, Russia's future lies. Have we the 30% men and women to whom we can entrust

our future?

11. I believe that we could have the 30%, but they are out making a fast buck whenever they can. For there is little glory in public service because of small pay and no future for advancement. Thousands of talented young men and women are selling their gift of learning to design a new fender or radiator grill or other gimmicks for next year's more expensive car, or are working in other industries designing other type of gimmicks.

I wouldn't want to live under a system where exists control over mind from birth to death, but the sputniks and ballistic missiles awakened me to the realization that Russia is on the march. We have lived too long in the false belief that they are a backward people asleep, who could never wake up to match us. We were the firstest with the mostest and the bestest. The tide is beginning to turn, tomorrow or after tomorrow we may find ourselves sitting ducklegged on the sand. How will we combat the Russians? I don't know how, but as a good U.S.A. citizen, I have the undeniable right to have my opinion. This right is so important that we can't afford to lose it.

What can we do about it:-

1. Develop a stronger country by cutting out the rotten politics where hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent to be elected to a small salary political office, thereby building a better and more honest government administration to serve the people, not those that advance the money to the political candidates. We have plenty of honest people.
2. Lift our own curtain, iron or gold, for Russian visitors. Let them see anything they want that we have and we have plenty to show. Then Russia will have to do the same, or give us a propaganda advantage.
3. Push all possible our exchange program of tourists - students, artists, scientists, farmers, engineers, educators, etc.
4. We must not be blinded by our politicians and diplomats who tell us that we are the smartest, because we give away billions to other governments where most of the money remains with the plunderers who eventually HAVE TO LEAVE or get CHASED OUT from their countries by their citizens who hate us for that. And we must not believe that everything that's Russian is bad because it's not Russian. We must realize that we now live in a world of competition, not only in gimmicks, but also in ideals. In science, in education, in world affairs and that we too have to get wise to ourselves that we must compete in many different fields than we had to compete heretofore. We must realize that

we live in a world of great discoveries not only by us but in many other countries too, and that we can learn from each other and must live together with others who don't think the way we do, or remain wise-guys and perish together with them. Where would we be now if Hitler would have had the atomic or hydrogen bomb - and he wan't far away from having it.

5. Face the fact that the Soviet Union, the Republic of China and the other Satellites, are here to stay and that for the sake of our country and the whole world, it is to our advantage to co-exist with them on this planet called earth, that still has enough room for all of us.

Don't let us underestimate the ability of the Russian people and sit here on lazy behinds in our comfortable chairs and comfortable homes with three T.V. sets and six radios and four bathrooms with all kinds of gimmicks and one or more large and expensive cars in our garages, and feel cock sure that we are the smartest. Don't bother about juvenile delinquency, the lousy movies and T.V. and radio shows that are being fed to us by greedy people and politicians who care litte or nothing about our people and our country.

One look at some of the newspaper and scandal sheet trash we read, or the books that fill the book shelves in all newsstands, drug stores, or five and ten cent stores, and one look at the many book stores or libraries in the U.S.S.R or see what their people read at home, in subways, trains, parks, at any time they have an opportunity to read, or look at their magazines, periodicals, which are printed in many languages, and observe how they extol with great pride their heroes in all fields as examples. Watch and observe the self-discipline of all their people, how they behave anywhere and everywhere, how clean the poorest house is kept, the streets, the subways and all other means of transportation, and then you will understand why they are so proud of their accomplishments and why they are getting ahead of us, and if we don't wake up soon to the true facts, it may be later than we think it will be. Let's wake up and do constructive thinking and planning for our present and future generations to correct and preserve our system of government.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, in the report on her 1957 trip to the U.S.S.R. wrote, among other things....."Determined to try to observe and to feel, as if I was a Soviet citizen.... my clear vision was never blurred. I saw the cleanest cities in the world. The pure milk and water supplies. I saw mammoth factories, gushing forth consumer goods. FOR THE RUSSIAN, THE COMPARISON IS NOT THE SOVIET UNION VERSUS THE UNITED STATES, but the literate, productive, increasingly prosperous citizenry today, contrasted with the poverty-stricken, illiterate

peasantry of forty years ago. What earthly incentive would they have to revolt?"

As for the Red Chinese, Mrs. Roosevelt makes short of those who cherish dreams of Chian Kai-Shek's aging forces leaping forth from Formosa for the "liberation" of Red China mainland. FREEDOM IN ASIA BASICALLY MEANS SOMETHING TO EAT. To the masses of people in Asia, Africa and South America, living much as the Russian peasants did, the Soviets have only to say:- "LOOK AT WHAT WE HAVE DONE IN FORTY YEARS." For those in China, in Africa, in the Near East, THE RUSSIAN WAY IS, AT LEAST WITHIN THE REALM OF POSSIBILITY, THE AMERICAN STANDARD OF LIVING IS ONLY A FAIRY TALE.

I add to this that the standard of living to most Americans is the Highest BUT that some Americans still live a lower standard of living unbecoming the U.S.A.

BRUSSELS WORLD FAIR - This was a great revelation and disappointment to us after visiting the U.S. Pavilion first and then the U.S.S.R. Pavilion with its exhibits. The image the U.S. projected, compared to what the Russians projected in their exhibits, IS EXACTLY AS ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING CRITICS DESCRIBES IN THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY SEPT. 7, 1958. I QUOTE: "LET US BEGIN WITH TWO GREAT POWERS WHICH CONFRONT EACH OTHER HERE IN FRIENDLY THOUGH INTENSE RIVALRY....THE U.S.A. AND THE U.S.S.R. BOTH ARE MAKING EFFORTS IN PERFORMING ARTS, BOTH ARE GIVING THE WORLD AN OPPORTUNITY TO ESTIMATE THEIR DREAMS, HOPES AND VISIONS OF TRUTH, BEAUTY AND HAPPINESS."

"THERE IS NO SECRET THAT THE U.S.A. HAD NO PLAN AT ALL FOR THIS EXHIBIT. NO ONE IN AUTHORITY FORMULATED THE OUTLINE OF THE IMAGE WE WANTED TO SHOW, IT, THEREFORE TELLS SOME UNCOMFORTABLE TRUTHS WE SHOULD NOT HAVE PARADED IN PUBLIC. IT, THEREFORE SHOWS UNPREDICTABILITY AND IRRESPONSIBILITY, IT SHOWS THAT THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST OFTEN COME BEFORE NATIONAL PRIDE, EUROPEAN OBSERVERS ARE AWARE THAT BROADWAY PRODUCERS DECLINED TO INTERRUPT PROFITABLE RUNS TEMPORARILY, EVEN TO SERVE THE NATION."

"THE U.S.S.R. IMAGE, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS NOT A PRODUCT OF ACCIDENT. IT WAS CAREFULLY ORDERED TO COMMUNICATE A SENSE OF GREAT ABUNDANCE AND IT DOES. IT SEEKS TO SPREAD A FEELING OF JOY, PRIDE AND CONFIDENCE, AND IT SUCCEEDS. EVERYTHING THE SOVIET UNION SENT TO BRUSSELS WAS OF THE BEST - THE BOLSHOI BALLET, RED ARMY CHORUS, MOSKOV CIRCUS, UKRAINIAN DANCE ENSEMBLE, MORSEYEV GROUP, THE LEADING ARTISTS - ALL HAVE PERFORMED WITH PRECISION AND COMMUNICATIVE VITALITY; LIKE THEIR PAVILION WITH ITS SIZE AND SHOW MACHINES, IT CREATES AN IMAGE OF STRONG, RELAXED,COMFORTABLE AND SMILING PEOPLE."

Because one was made by them to show the whole world that their type advertising (we call it propaganda) pays and the other (U.S.A.) was made without any purpose in mind, like many of the Madison Avenue senseless jingles we hear and see over T.V. or radio.

The Soviet Union, in a short period of forty years, from 1918, tells its story with paintings on the walls. The emphasis is on the joy in work.... not on leisure time.... and on the importance of health. Their exhibit is a stupendous show of machinery, of science, education and of a growing ability to do in forty years what we have been doing for over a hundred years.... an image of pride, confidence, power and strength. I was told that the crowds attending the U.S.S.R. SHOWS of all kinds in Brussels and in other cities in Belgium were at least 20 to 1 to our shows.

If the appropriation for our exhibit had been larger, it may have been possible to hire someone with imagination and coordinating ability to organize all the exhibits so that as the visitor passed each exhibit, he would see and understand the life of the people in the United States. That is what should have been achieved, but we did not put it over. On the contrary, I left this Pavilion with no image to impress me to remember what I saw.

Our exhibit lacked immagination.... that was exactly our opinion and the opinion of all the Americans we met here and everywhere who were in Brussels.

When we were through visiting and inspecting these two Pavilions, we were in no mood to see anything else. We were almost sorry that we came here.

October 16, 1956

From
JOURNAL-AMERICAN
New York,N.Y.

DINNER TO HAIL KIPNIS AT 70

Samuel Kipnis, industrialist and philanthropist, will be honored on his 70th birthday at a dinner Thursday, October 25th, at Ambassador Hotel. Kipnis is the founder of National Container Corp. and served as its only president for its 28 years.

The dinner is sponsored by Kipnis' friends and associates of the Paper, Kraft Board and Corrugated Box Industry in behalf of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, America's first medical school established under Jewish auspices.

George Alpert, president, New York, New Haven & Hartford RR, will be guest speaker. Alpert is associated with the College of Medicine, as a member of its board of overseers and as an associate chairman of its national development fund.

The college serves as the core of a $100,000,000 medical center now being erected in the city.

October 16, 1956

From
WORLD-TELEGRAM & SUN
New York,N.Y.

DINNER TO HONOR SAMUEL KIPNIS

Samuel Kipnis will be honored on his 70th birthday at a dinner Thursday, Oct. 25, at the Ambassador Hotel. Mr. Kipnis is the founder of the National Container Corp., recently merged with Owens-Illinois Glass Co., and served as its only president for the 28 years of its existence.

The dinner is sponsored by Mr. Kipnis' friends and associates of the paper, kraft board and corrugated box industry in behalf of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, America's first medical school established under Jewish auspices. George Alpert, president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, will be guest speaker.

You are cordially invited to attend a

Dinner

in honor of

SAMUEL KIPNIS

on the occasion of his 70th birthday

tendered by friends and associates of the

Paper Board and Fibre Box Industry

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ALBERT EINSTEIN COLLEGE OF MEDICINE

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America's first medical school under Jewish auspices

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1956, 6:30 p.m.

Ambassador Hotel

Park Avenue and 53rd Street, New York City

Guest Speaker

GEORGE ALPERT

President, New York, New Haven
& Hartford Railroad

Couvert $15.00 Dress Informal/Cocktails at 6:00 p.m. R.S.V.P./Card Enclosed

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SK's 70TH BIRTHDAY
1956



SK'S 70TH BIRTHDAY
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CORRUGATED BOX INDUSTRY
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for the benefit of all — all can help



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$25,000,000

NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT FUND

Albert Einstein College of Medicine

of Yeshiva University

270 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y., MURRAY HILL 8-4600

October 31, 1956

Mr. Samuel Kipnis
c/o National Container Corporation
7 Central Park West
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Kipnis,

I was happy to have been present at the dinner of the Corrugated Box Industry in your honor held last Thursday, October 25th.

I was deeply appreciative to have had the opportunity of presenting to you the story of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine.

We here, at the college, were highly encouraged at the response as indicated by your contribution of $5,000 to the Development Fund of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine. A bill is enclosed for your records.

We look forward to your continued interest in this non-sectarian college which will serve as an enduring contribution by the people to the health and welfare of our country.

With renewed thanks, I am

Cordially,

George Alpert

George Alpert
Associate Chairman

GA:rp

Development Fund for Colleges of Medicine and Dentistry; Library, Auditorium, Student Residence Hall and Special Research Units

MR. SAMUEL KIPNIS' SPEECH ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY
OCTOBER 25, 1956 - HOTEL AMBASSADOR
SPONSORED BY HIS FRIENDS IN THE CORRUGATED AND FIBRE BOX INDUSTRY
J. W. Quarte, Chairman

Before I am going to tell you what I am supposed to tell you, and I am supposed to tell you a lot of things - which I am not going to tell you - I want to make this announcement, which speaks more than words: I will donate $5,000 to the Albert Einstein College of Medicine; but I can only give you the check on the 1st of January, 1957.

I was going to match Harry Ginsberg's donation to this college, but that wouldn't be the right thing to do; I have to double it so that when he returns to the States from Europe, he will say "OH NO, SAM, YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO ME" - and he will give you another $2,500.

Mr. George Alpert, I wish I could say that I am a lawyer like you, but I can say that I was a railroad president of two railroads, not quite as big as your railroad (the New York-New Haven). No, not as long, but --JUST AS WIDE.

Mr. Chairman, Mr. George Alpert, all other honorable guests, ladies and gentlemen, and all of my friends. I wasn't going to say anything about Sam Kipnis, as you will hear from me later on why, but I am going to say just a few words now to brief all of you about Sam Kipnis, so that when you leave here tonight, you will know something about his background in the early days of his life.

He was quite young when he was born. He cried then, but didn't know why. His mother brought him up on her own fresh milk, under her personal attention and supervision. She thought that he would be the youngest in the family, the Mezinick, but two more incidents happened after. Yet he still remained the darling of the Kipnis Klan.

At four and a half years, he went to a private cheder (Jewish school).

At six and a half years, he was sent to a public cheder. The Russian language was taught to him by a private teacher.

At eight he was sent to a Yeshiva many miles away from home. Of course, this wasn't quite the same Yeshiva as the Yeshiva University as we know it to be.

At ten, he could read the Bible, the Talmud-Rashe, with all interpretations. His father wanted him to be a Rabi, but he didn't take to it. Maybe if he would have known then about the box business as much as he knows now, he would have rather followed his father's choice and be a Rabbi now.

At twelve, he became assistant sales manager to his father who was general sales manager. They were in the leather tanning business; and once a month they packed the finished leather on horse-driven wagons, drove to the market in different cities each month. Each merchant rented a tent for the

duration, which sometimes lasted a week, to display his merchandise. Even then Sam Kipnis sneaked into the other tents to find out the prevailing prices on the various grades and qualities of leather.

There was no telephone communications then and he didn't want to undersell or as it is now called, INDULGE IN PRICE CUTTING. He would have published a price list, but he didn't know the feeling of competitors about FOLLOWING a price list. There were no industry meetings held in those days; no industry associations; no exchange of information or industry statistics.

Sam Kipnis was pretty good at selling, and if you, my dear friend - Clarence Smith (Inland), would have known Sam Kipnis then, I am certain that he would now be your assistant sales manager, or maybe general sales manager of your Macon and Rome plants. This goes for George Dyke or any one of my competitors present here tonight.

It was harder to sell then than now. All a salesman has to do now to make a sale is walk up to the buyer, present his card, tell him "Whatever your prices are my price is 5% lower. Or, whatever you are paying now, my price will be 5% lower" Some dumb buyers fall for it, but the smart buyer comes right back with a counter-proposition of 10% lower price, or a package deal of some kind; and a compromise is made for 7-1/2% lower price - a deal is made, an order is placed and everybody is happy except the competitor who lost the order.

In 1903 Sam Kipnis read in the once-a-week newspaper about the "LAND OF RICHES" - New York, where everybody is rich. So, at thirteen, he wanted to go to the United States and get rich too. Of course, in those days his town people didn't know what the United States meant. All they knew was that there was a great big city on the other side of the ocean, called NEV YORK, not New York. So he too, wanted to go, but didn't have the money. A successful merchant of thirteen years should find a way to get the money - so he found a way. Every Saturday afternoon his mother went to rest - he knew where she kept her money, so he pilfered a little every Saturday until he had 70 Rubles. And with the 70 Rubles he left one Saturday afternoon, the only day he could leave unnoticed was Saturday in the afternoon - everybody was resting that afternoon because of the big meal Jewish people eat Saturdays. It so happened that one non-Jew was driving to the railroad station 30 miles away, so he went with him to the railroad station; got on a train, and there he was - in Warsaw, about 36 hours later riding under seats. Can you imagine him laying there 36 hours, covered by a woman's skirt, so nobody could see him. In those days women wore long skirts. He couldn't see anything and nobody could see him.

To make the story short, it took him three months to

get to Nev York. There were about 600 people in one steerage room on a boat named, "DRESDEN." The reason he remembered it is because he fell in love with a girl on that boat, only to find out on the day they landed that she had a husband who met her on arrival. The steerage passangers had a lot of fun during this FIRST-CLASS voyage. They were discussing what they were going to do when they got to Nev York. And of course, there were Greeks, Italians, Russians, Polaks, Germans, and many other nationalities on board - and the only way of conversing with each other was with their hands, and that is how he learned to talk like this, with his hands.

Well, somehow he discovered on the boat that it is easy to get rich in Nev York; there was lots of gold in the New York street. All one had to do was have a nice size shovel and bag, shovel up the gold in the bag, and take it home and get rich. Sam Kipnis did shovel a lot of things in Nev York, but it wasn't gold.

He was engrossed in the work he learned through a cousin of his by the name of Dix, who taught him the box business on Spring Street. The first two weeks he worked as an apprentice - without pay. And when he graduated, he was getting $5 a week. Out of the $5 he had to pay rent and clothes.

He couldn't afford to take a bath every day, the way he does now; but only once a week, every Saturday night was good enough. Of course, he tried to combine it into a PACKAGE DEAL, as Harry Ginsberg would call it. And what was the package deal - for 10¢ he would get a room and a bath in a bath house for one hour with a piece of soap and a towel. He would buy a piece of salami, a cucumber, a pickle, an apple and a pear, a good sized piece of black bread, go into the room and bath, undress, step into the bathtub filled with hot water, and THE WHOLE WORLD WAS HIS. He ate to his heart's content. He enjoyed it. Is there any better way he could have done it! He had to take a bath sometime, so he might as well do it while having his dinner. This was a PACKAGE DEAL A LA GINSBERG.

I don't want to go into any more detail because it really is a big story. One of these days I am going to get someone to write S.K.'s autobiobraphy and I am going to tell everything in absolute detail. You probably will say the guy is crazy - but isn't every smart man crazy to a certain degree?

Until October 4, 1956, I was president of NATIONAL CONTAINER CORPORATION. All of a sudden - no work. No, no, I can't way no work, nor can anybody else say that. I am working harder than before - do you know what I am trying to do? I am trying to find out what I shall do to keep myself busy.

So, I fly from New York, to Jacksonville, to Miami,

to Toledo, back to Jacksonville, back to New York, back to Toledo, and I keep on flying around in a circle. When I get over to Toledo, my new boss tells me "Wait - Wait - Wait, we will talk about it soon." So I am waiting.

Now I am going to read for you the speech I prepared today on the plane returning from Toledo. I wish you would pay attention to me. It may be funny - it may not be funny.

You heard Harry Ginsberg's letter - he didn't mention 70TH BIRTHDAY. You know why? Because the poor guy is creeping up to me and doesn't want to realize that he is going to be 70 years soon, so he didn't mention it.

Now I am going to start to read this slowly so you can hear me. If I make any mistakes, please correct me.

As the honored guest this evening, I have special privileges. I can talk as long as I want, say anything I care to - and specially talk about Sam Kipnis, who is being honored this evening on his 70th birthday. But since we had a guest speaker here tonight, who has already told you what a wonderful guy Sam Kipnis is, I will therefore leave this out of my speech. Forget completely what I told you before about him - you heard nothing.

My friends, I never met Mr. George Alpert, the guest speaker, the gentleman on my left. I believe that he knows as much about me as I know about him for we never met or heard of each other. But I am certain that he was briefed by somebody who knows less about me than he does. That is why he said so many nice things about me. Therefore, Mr. Alpert, as one ex-railroad president to a railroad president - I thank you.

I returned today from Toledo at 5:30 P.M. where I attended my first meeting as a director of Owens-Illinois Glass Company. That meeting reminded me a great deal of National's directors meetings we used to hold at our N.Y. office. We used to hold a directors meeting every month in my office at the advice of our good lawyers even if we had nothing to talk about. Harry Ginsberg, as Chairman of the Board usually turned over the chair to one guy named Fred Mann, who was Assistant Chairman. He took over the chairman's duties with great pride because his contract with N.C.C. called for him to act as Assistant Chairman of the Board, and he wanted to show that he can run the board - not the chair.

He banged on the table with his gavel, calling everybody to order, or out of order; talked with a big cigar in his mouth. And when it came to vote on anything that came up, he asked the secretary, Mr. Marshall Bernstein, to record him as not voting, or voting against; it didn't make any difference what the subject was.

When he was asked why he does this, his reply was, "I have to show that I am doing something for the salary I am getting." So that was the work he was doing for his

salary - making a lot of noise.

He's a nice fellow - by the way, for your information in the two and a half years that we married each other - since February 1954, the poor guy went broke with about three and a half million dollar profit on his investment in National. He didn't even come here tonight, I am not burned up about it. The only thing I will do - when he makes a party, and if he invites me as I invited him, I wouldn't come.

It was just the opposite at the Owens-Illinois directors meeting I attended this morning in Toledo, at 9:30. I left their office at 11:30; on the plane at 12:20 and arrived in Newark 15 minutes late - at 4:45. It took me three-quarters of an hour to get to the office. I wanted to read the telegrams that awaited me. Maybe I would find a couple of checks as donations, but there wasn't any.

The Owens-Illinois directors are a bunch of nice people that meet once every three months. The chairman of the meeting submitted to each of the directors a list of all matters to be taken up at that meeting. Each subject that was embodied in the agenda was read by the person who proposed it. A motion was made to approve it. It was promptly seconded, and all were asked to say "Aye," and the ayes had it. A wonderful thing - nobody said no.

There was no cigar or cigarette smoking, no kibitzing - and this is a most important thing. I remember when we in National met in a directors' meeting, it lasted four hours with nothing done but kibitzing, and somebody remarked that National was railroading their directors' meetings. Can you imagine such a thing.

Before I left my office yesterday for Toledo - the young lady that works for me as a temporary secretary for the past fifty weeks, asked me if I am returning in time to attend the surprise party the industry will give me tomorrow. I asked why she is asking me and she replied - you will have to make some kind of a speech, and since you will have to say something about yourself, I would like to write it for you. I KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT YOU TO SUGGEST TO YOU WHAT YOU SHOULD SAY. Can you imagine such a smart girl and only fifty weeks with me? I was flabbergasted for a while and then I asked her: "What do you know about me in such a short time?" She replied, "YOU WOULD BE SURPRISED." "I WORKED HERE QUITE A WHILE FOR SAM BASS BEFORE I CAME TO WORK FOR YOU, AND WHEN THE OFFICE BOYS AND GIRLS GET TOGETHER FOR LUNCH, OR SMOKE, OR THE GIRLS GO TO THE POWDER ROOM TO POWDER THEIR NOSES, THEY SURE TALK ABOUT YOU. THEY EVEN CALLED YOU A SLAVE DRIVER; and THAT YOU EXPECTED EVERYBODY IN THE ORGANIZATION TO WORK AS HARD AND AS LONG HOURS AS YOU DO. OH BOY, WHAT I KNOW ABOUT YOU." "BUT, THIS WAS WHEN YOU WERE PRESIDENT AND THEY WERE AFRAID OF YOU. BUT NOW THEY ALL LOVE YOU, BECAUSE YOU CAN BE FIRED TOO. OH, PLEASE LET ME WRITE A SPEECH FOR YOU," she said.

I thanked her and promised her that some day when I will want to have my biography written up in some form or other, I will have her do it, and that was the end of that conversation.

So you see, I had to write my own speech --but wait, I didn't make it yet.

I had almost three hours flying time from Toledo to Newark today. I wanted to devote this time to write up in my mind two speeches. One about Sam Kipnis from his birth, to this evening - all of the incidents and coincidents and another speech about this party that was supposed to be arranged as a surprise birthday party for me.

I dismissed the first speech. Let others who know nothing about Sam Kipnis say all the nice things about him, and you heard our good friend, George Alpert, do it. I am going to find out later where he got the facts.

And now, my friends, I am going to tell you all about this party. This birthday party was supposed to be a surprise to me. About four months ago, Harry Ginsberg, the ex-chairman of our board, and who still thinks he is a great economist, said to me: "SAM, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A BIRTHDAY PARTY GIVEN TO YOU BY OUR INDUSTRY ON BEHALF OF SOME GOOD CAUSE?" I asked him for more details, and he replied "TOMORROW....MONYANA...." You fellows don't know Harry Ginsberg. He is a guy who is worthwhile knowing. He will talk to you for three hours and wouldn't tell you what he wanted to say. I heard the same story from Hugh Laughlin of Owens-Illinois Glass. Every day for weeks I asked him when are we going to get through and sign the papers, and the answer was tomorrow...tomorrow. They almost killed me with the tomorrows.

The next day Harry Ginsberg came into my office with Mr. I. Etra and they proposed a plan. This was the plan:-

"WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE OUR INDUSTRY HONOR YOU WITH A BIRTHDAY PARTY ON BEHALF OF THE ALBERT EINSTEIN COLLEGE OF MEDICINE OF YESHIVA UNIVERSITY. YOU WOULD HAVE TO DO NOTHING.. ABSOLUTELY NOTHING. ALL WE NEED FROM YOU IS A LIST OF NAMES FOR SPONSORS: A LIST OF THE PEOPLE TO INVITE: A FEW MEETINGS WITH THE ARRANGEMENT COMMTTTEE: SOME PERSONAL VISITS AND TELEPHONE CALLS TO CERTAIN PEOPLE. RECOMMEND THE PRINCIPAL SPEAKER FOR THE EVENING, ONE WHO DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT YOU SO THAT HE CAN PRAISE YOU AND YOUR ACCOMPLISHMENTS TO THE HIGH HEAVEN. APPROVE ALL LETTERS, COMMUNICATIONS AND INVITATIONS, and that is all. The rest of the work will be done by others, and IT WILL BE A SURPRISE PARTY --when you come to the party ACT SURPRISED.

So here I am, completely surprised at this wonderful gathering of so many of my friends in our industry with whom I have competed many years, and whom I have learned to like and respect. I say this in all sincerity in spite of the fact

that I have disagreed many times with some of the methods used by some of them. Nevertheless, I like them and respect them; I talked to them many times; I tried to convince them they should do what I think. Of course, you can't teach a bear how to dance in one day, it takes years. Some day they will know what to do.

The presence here of so large a number of my friends and competitors from all over our great country is a great honor to me, especially when this my 70th birthday party is given to me on behalf of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine of the Yeshiva University.

I had the pleasure this Tuesday to visit the Albert Einstein College of Medicine and the two hospitals of 1400 beds under the supervision of Dr. Kugel, ex-commissioner of hospitals of New York City - now Dean of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine and Dr. Belkin, President of Yeshiva University.

I met there many students of different races, creeds and religions. I met there Jewish students with Yarmalkas. A Yarmalka is a little cap that they wear on their head.

I met Catholics with crosses on their chests; I met Jewish girls wearing the Star of Davis; I met colored people - all students - all young fellows.

This was a revelation to me because I didn't even know that this college was already built; they didn't tell me anything about the place. When they came to my office one day and said, S.K. come along with us, I thought I was going to see a big lot; a drawing of a beautiful building that was going to be built.

I went from room to room, floor to floor; and we walked up and down some floors - no we didn't walk up, only down. The gentlemen that walked with me were too weak to walk up. I was amazed to see the order, the cleanliness, the interest displayed on the faces of these people in their work in every department.

They mentioned names to me which I couldn't even repeat or pronounce if I tried. I would have to get a dictionary to find out what the names mean and how to spell them.

I was dissatisfied with only one thing while I was there, and that was when a group of people looking down on some subject - I didn't know what it was and I wanted to look down too. Somebody grabbed me by the arm and said, go away, go away. I said - why go away? I want to know what they are looking at down there. He said they are playing with a rabbit. I said what do you mean, they are playing with a rabbit? He said they are trying to make a rabbit die an unnatural death. I wanted to see what interest there was to see such a little thing as a rabbit die an unnatural death. They said it is science, science - you wouldn't know anything about it. So I went away.

They promised me that when I come there again they will give me a special rabbit and I can play with the rabbit all I want.

I must admit that I am no expert on medicine or hospitals, but I certainly was impressed by the college, the management, and everything I saw there - all was for the benefit of humanity, the nicest I have ever seen anywhere.

I was pleased to see there so many religions and races. It is truly an institution for everybody that wants to come there. It is the only place where no questions are asked - who you are or where you came from.

I was also told about the new mental hospital that the State of New York is going to build across the street. Mr. Alpert's railroad tracks run right through the middle, separating the new to be built hospital from the College of Medicine. But, don't worry about it - we will find a way how to remove the railroad tracks.

Of course, when they mentioned the word "mental" in connection with the new State Hospital, it immediately came to my mind that maybe our industry should buy a couple of rooms. I know that a lot of our competitors belong there, or they need the cure.

When we lost the great scientist and humanitarian, Albert Einstein, I collected most of the editorials written about him in the prominent papers in the United States, and a particular editorial which attracted me most was in the Chicago Tribune of Wednesday, April 20, 1955, and this is what it said: "THE GIANT OF OUR TIME, THE GREATEST THINKER OF THE AGES - THE WORLD OWES SO MUCH TO SO FEW." ALBERT EINSTEIN, THE GREAT THINKER, THE GREAT SCIENTIST, THE GREAT HUMANITARIAN: THE MAN WHO NEVER FLINCHED AN EYELASH TO SAY WHAT HE WANTED TO SAY FOR THE GOOD OF HUMANITY.

The Albert Einstein College of Medicine is a great monument to a great man, who was a great scientist and who wanted his genius to do good for humanity.

I am certain that this college will accomplish exactly what he wanted.

Now ladies and gentlemen, I don't want to stop talking, because I enjoy seeing you keep so quiet. It is very seldom that a meeting of boxmakers is so quiet, you know. You went to many boxmakers' meetings and functions where you could hardly hear the speaker talk - it is pleasant here.

I wish that I would have a little more education. I wish I would have gone to college or to school. Maybe I would learn how to speak English a little better. I would like to be able to speak English, let us say like Bill Levis, the big boy in Owens-Illinois. That isn't much to want, is it? I would like to be able to express myself in certain matters just like my friend, George Alpert, who delivered a beautiful speech here. He brought out the facts clear, precise; said

just what he wanted to say, not too much, not too little. In fact, I think he said everything that I wanted to say here this evening. He said it so good, that I am not going to repeat his speech because I may spoil it.

Don't for one minute think that I am a great philanthropist; that I have sacrificed my life for the good of everybody. I did believe all the time that when one indulges in an industry he should try to help along that everybody should make a profit, then he too will get his share of profit. And when one helps make the industry lousy and miserable, then he too will go down with the industry.

This was my Bible, my belief all the time as long as I can remember and I am in the industry since 1918.

The first industry meeting I attended was in the Broadway Central Hotel, New York City in 1918. I joined the organization immediately, and I have been a member ever since. That was a long time ago. If I was to collect interest on the dues that I paid since then, I would have more money than I have now ...maybe.

I thought that somebody here was going to ask me --- Sam, you are a smart guy - who is going to get elected president? And who is going to be the vice-president? I wasn't going to mention one word about politics because at this particular moment I am not interested in politics because I already voted, and I assure you that I didn't vot for Mr. Dulles as president. I voted for the man I thought was going to be a good president.

I thought somebody was going to say to me: Hey Sam, you Russian, you just came back from Europe, why don't you tell us something about it? Did you change the method of living in Russia; did you change the Arabs; did you change the English; did you change Israel, or any other nation or government? And while I can answer on these subjects - I am not going to do it for the following reasons: I didn't go to change anybody's method of living. I didn't go to change anybody's government or religion - I went to see, and nothing else. I saw everything I wanted, I enjoyed my trip and that is all to it.

I have written my travel diary; I have mailed out 500 sets. I know a lot of people lied to me when they told me how they enjoyed reading it because they didn't read it, and that is one of the reasons why I don't want to write my biography. Because everybody will want to get a free copy from me and I know they would put it away on a shelf in their library and never even look at it, but write me how much they enjoy reading it. So, I am not going to write any biographies and don't you request a copy.

I believe that some of you know that I have travelled all over the country for over thirty years to meeting, talked to boxmakers everywhere on only one subject - keep our industry

prosperous and our own business will be prosperous too. That is the only thing I knew. I think that what the Fibre Box Association and the National Paperboard Association told you about me in the telegram that was read before is the truth because they knew me as a sincere, honest member.

I have always given the facts to my competitors when they wanted the facts, and I expected them to do the same. And this is one of the reasons why National Container has always made a profit during its entire existence. Even in 1932-1933 in the worst time in the United States, National made a profit on its operations.

At the Owens-Illinois directors meeting today one of my good friends there told me what a wonderful deal they made and they got figures to show what a big bargain they bought in National. I told him - ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE ME JEALOUS NOW BECAUSE THEY BOUGHT THE COMPANY SO CHEAP? It's too late now, the deal is already made - I can't complain anymore.

When I was to the Fibre Box Annual Meeting I told them I was sorry that I couldn't introduce Mr. Hugh Laughlin as the new president of National Container. It would have been my pleasure because I really like him. He is a nice fellow. And when I ask him for something that I am certain he promised me and didn't do yet, he answers, wait, wait, wait, don't rush me, in a nice and quiet smiling voice. One can die waiting, but I will get there someday.

I told the industry then and I am going to tell the same thing to the National Paperboard Association meeting in November that I love the industry, I love the people in it and I never want to forget them. I am going to attend all their annual and semi-annual meetings, and anytime I can open my mouth and say something that is going to benefit the industry, I am going to say it regardless whether I am a member of the Owens-Illinois board or only a consultant, and while my consultant services are sold exclusively to I don't know to whom -- I don't know whether it is to National Container or Owens-Illinois, but if anybody in the industry wants to consult with me, I will be glad to do it if they call on me.

My sincere thanks to the sponsors of this surprise birthday party that I have arranged, and thanks to all my friends, those that are here and those that are not here - I know they would have liked to be here but couldn't.

I couldn't have received a greater award for my efforts for the past 40 years in the paper and corrugated box industry than by being honored here tonight on my 70th birthday on behalf of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine of the Yeshiva University by the presence of so many of you, my friends and competitors.

This institution, as I saw it the other day, and what you have heard from our good friend, George Alpert, is the only one of its kind and it deserves everybody's support - non-sec-

tarian support, because it is a non-sectarian college of medicine in the full sense of the word.

Ladies and Gentlemen, this speech was finished exactly two minutes before I got off the plane, I couldn't make any corrections.

I enjoyed being with you tonight, and I know you, too, enjoyed being here. I invite you all to bring your friends, your wives, your girl friends and somebody else's wives to my 74th birthday party, which will be exactly five years from now. Thank you, all of you.

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Last meeting & dinner
N.C.C. 10 year club 1956
at Grand Street Boys Club
N.Y.



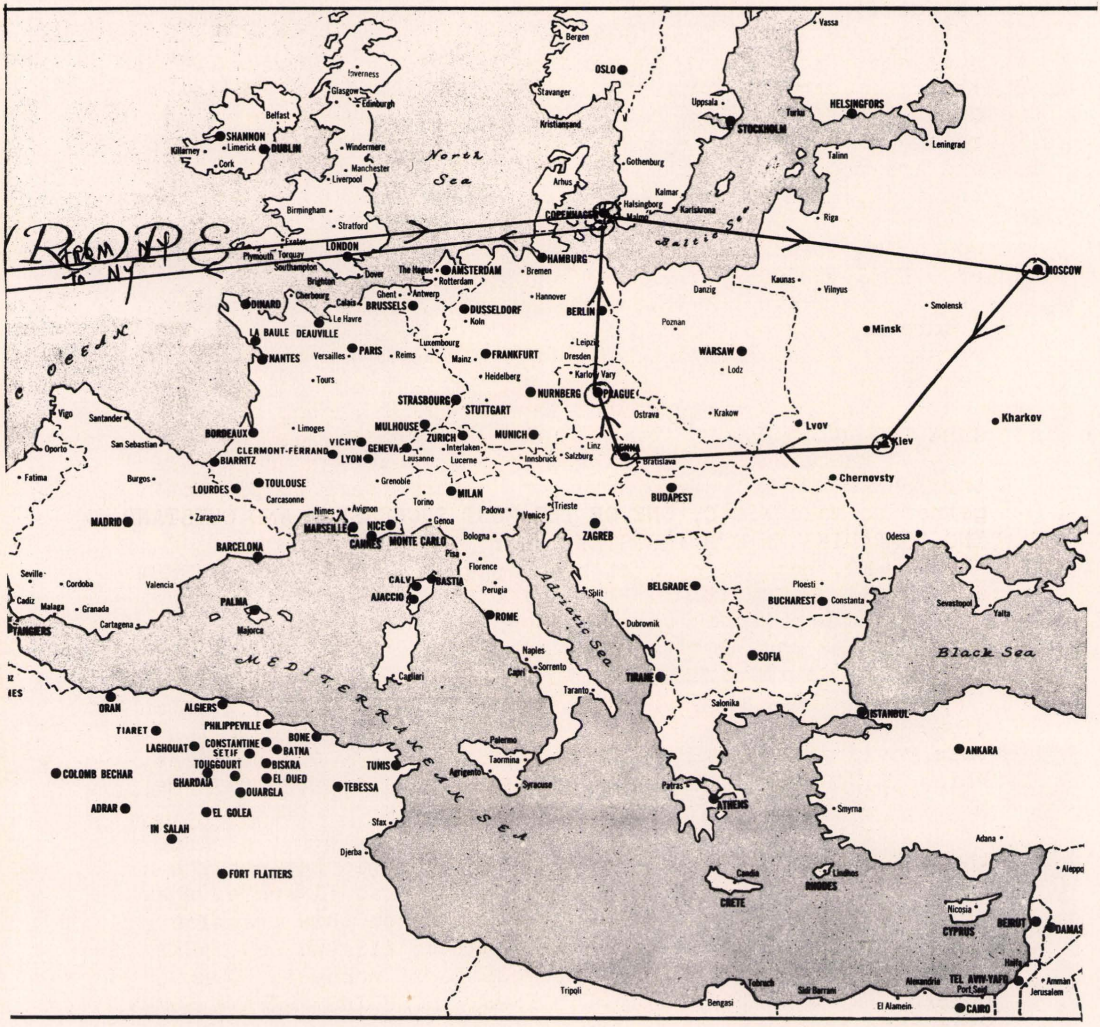
Last meeting & dinner
N.C.C. 10 year club 1956
at Grand Street Boys Club
N.Y.



1956
ISRAEL BOND DRIVE
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA



1956
FINAL MEETING
U.J.A. DRIVE
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA


EUROPE
FROM NY
TO NY
North Sea
Baltic Sea
Black Sea
Adriatic Sea
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Bergen
OSLO
Stavanger
Kristiansand
Vassa
Uppsala
Turku
HELSINGFORS
STOCKHOLM
Leningrad
Talinn
Riga
Gothenburg
Kalmar
Karlskrona
Halsingborg
Malmö
Arhus
COPENHAGEN
Inverness
Glasgow
Edinburgh
Belfast
SHANNON
Killarney
Limerick
DUBLIN
Cork
Windermere
Manchester
Liverpool
Birmingham
Stratford
Exeter
Torquay
Plymouth
Southampton
LONDON
Brighton
Dover
The Hague
AMSTERDAM
Rotterdam
HAMBURG
Bremen
Hannover
Danzig
Kaunas
Vilnyus
MOSCOW
Smolensk
Minsk
Poznan
WARSAW
Lodz
Cherbourg
Calais
Ghent
Antwerp
BRUSSELS
Le Havre
DUNKIRK
LA BAULE
DEAUVILLE
DUSSELDORF
Koln
BERLIN
Leipzig
Dresden
Luxembourg
Reims
Versailles
PARIS
Mainz
FRANKFURT
Karlovy Vary
NANTES
Tours
Heidelberg
NURNBERG
PRAGUE
Ostrava
Krakow
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STRASBOURG
STUTTGART
Vigo
Santander
Oporto
San Sebastian
Fatima
Burgos
Limoges
MULHOUSE
ZURICH
MUNICH
Linz
Salzburg
Innsbruck
Lausanne
Lucerne
Interlaken
VICHY
GENEVA
CLERMONT-FERRAND
LYON
BIARRITZ
BORDEAUX
Grenoble
Torino
MILAN
Padova
Venice
Trieste
BUDAPEST
Bratislava
LOURDES
TOULOUSE
Carcassone
Nimes
Avignon
MARSEILLE
NICE
CANNES
MONTE CARLO
Genoa
Bologna
Pisa
Florence
ZAGREB
Odessa
MADRID
Zaragoza
BARCELONA
Seville
Cordoba
Valencia
Cadiz
Malaga
Granada
Cartagena
PALMA
Majorca
CALVI
BASTIA
AJACCIO
Perugia
Split
BELGRADE
Ploesti
BUCHAREST
Constanta
Sevastopol
Yalta
ROME
Dubrovnik
Naples
Sorrento
Capri
Cagliari
TIRANE
SOFIA
Taranto
Salonika
ISTANBUL
ORAN
ALGIERS
TIARET
PHILIPPEVILLE
BONE
LAGHOUAT
CONSTANTINE
SETIF
BATNA
TOUGGOURT
BISKRA
COLOMB BECHAR
GHARDAIA
EL OUED
TUNIS
Palermo
Taormina
Agrigento
Syracuse
TEBESSA
OUARGLA
ADRAR
EL GOLEA
IN SALAH
Sfax
Djerba
FORT FLATTERS
Patras
ATHENS
Smyrna
ANKARA
Adana
Aleppo
Candia
CRETE
Lindos
RHODES
Nicosia
CYPRUS
BEIROT
DAMAS
Haifa
Alexandria
TEL AVIV-YAFO
Port Said
Ammán
Jerusalem
Tripoli
Tobruch
Bengasi
Sidi Barrani
El Alamein
CAIRO

FOURTH TRIP TO EUROPE
1957

NEW YORK, Monday, April 29, 1957

This was supposed to have been a 60 day trip to finish the unfinished job of August, 1956, when I left suddenly on July 30 for London, Hamburg, Berlin, Copenhagen, Rigo, Moscow, and Israel via Vienna. I didn't plan that trip - just went places to get away from the strain and pressure of trying to make the deal with Owens Illinois Glass, for I knew that if the merger was not made then, there would never be another such opportunity. Didn't want to have breakdown and break-up the deal with it; so I left New York hoping for the best. Did not enjoy that trip, primarily because I was constantly on edge, worried that maybe others of my group would do something to spoil the deal, and THERE WERE PLENTY of OTHERS, ON BOTH SIDES WHO COULD DO JUST THAT.

This was the real reason why I cut that trip short. I sure made no mistake coming back on time, for I sweated plenty until the final documents were signed, sealed and delivered.

Am I now disappointed in what has happened since? WERE THE "I TOLD YOU SO'S" RIGHT? I'll admit: Yes and No.

YES, because of what has happened to MANAGEMENT and the BUSINESS I worked so hard for so many years to put together to make N.C.C. ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND OUTSTANDING COMPANIES IN OUR INDUSTRY, and:

NO, because of what has happened to the STOCK MARKET and CHANGE OF CONDITIONS IN OUR INDUSTRY. This would have put terrible pressure of all kinds on N.C.C. and especially on me! Plus the fact that the ATMOSPHERE AROUND ME WAS GETTING TOO THICK due to the attitude of some of my TOP ASSOCIATES.

In the early spring of 1957, I applied for a Russian visa. Thinking that it would take four months to get it, this would give me time to get settled with my new business, which is FLORIDA REAL ESTATE - A NEW BUSINESS ADVENTURE FOR ME.

It's different in FLORIDA than in any other part of the U.S.A., for there is more real estate sold between the dealers themselves than to regular customers. I wonder what will happen to the real estate business when this practice stops some day. What will happen then to all the new BANKS that have invested most of the depositors' money in HOTELS, MOTELS, AND OTHER TYPES OF BUILDINGS, INCLUDING PRIVATE HOMES. Will this bubble burst as it did in 1926?

I planned that during the four months of waiting for my visa, I would have a chance to take over the office space from O.I.G. at 7 Central Park West - rent out the N.C.C. space to one or more tenants, and also rent the other rooms in small units. I hoped to take it all into my hands and BECOME A LANDLORD ON A LARGE SCALE.

Received my U.S.S.R. visa in four weeks, for only thirty days use. Didn't want to lose this opportunity, so I arranged my trip immediately.

Hadn't seen all my relatives in KIEV on the last trip, and had only a few minutes with those I did see. Had no chance to see my beloved seventy-three young sister, SIMA, who is the only one that writes me letters I can read and understand, and who is the only one that pleads not to send her anything, except TO BRING MYSELF TO HER FOR JUST ONE LOOK - ONE HUG - ONE KISS - ONE TEAR!

I promised this to myself and to her. So decided to do it while I was still able to do it and while we are both still alive. Tomorrow may be too late. I, too, am getting older. Am starting to feel it, and I don't want to depend on "MANANA".

I was exceptionally lucky to have signed the lease for all the space N.C.C. occupied, to a very good tenant. This happened 30 minutes before I left for the airport. Now I will be able to enjoy my trip and take it easy. Hope that when I get to Moscow I can arrange my trip in such a way that will give me plenty of time to see my people, to satisfy them and myself.

Our plane No. 912 S.A.S. a DC7C left IDLEWILD 20 minutes late. The weather in N.Y. was grand. There was no one to see me off. I didn't want it, for I saw most of my relatives in the U.S.A. at HARRY KIPNIS daughter's wedding last evening at the Atlantic Beach Club.

The plane is divided into four compartments; two front compartments are tourists and two rear compartments are first class. The appointments are the same in all compartments. I am unable to find out the difference between them, EXCEPT THE PRICE. (Why they permit loading of packages and handbags on the shelves is beyond me, for it is not permitted on air travel in the U.S.A.).

It's now 12:30 A.M. in HAMBURG. The Captain announced that this non-stop flight to Copenhagen will stop at HAMBURG and it is five hours later there than in New York, so I changed my self-winding watch to Hamburg time.

We are flying over NOVA SCOTIA. It's cloudy but through a few holes in the clouds I can see the snow-covered ground. Wonder if I did right in not bringing a heavy overcoat with me.

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday, April 30, 1959.

8:45 A.M., at the airport. Because of bad weather conditions in Hamburg we flew non-stop to here. We were advised by the CAPTAIN that one of the left propellers was not functioning properly, yet we arrived here three quarters of an hour ahead of schedule! Didn't sleep much during the night because of the change of time; 4:20 P.M. standard N.Y. time is 9:20 COPENHAGEN time, and by the time we were served dinner, after watching some of the passengers drink liquor from the

bottle and starting the writing of my diary of this trip, the hours flew by.

It was 4:30 A.M. when I glanced out of the window at which I was sitting, and I almost jumped out through it. I saw a performance by nature as only nature can perform, an "AURORA BOREALIS". The whole north horizon was afire reaching up to heaven, which was dotted with countless stars of all sizes and brilliance; a comet with a trail (tail) as long as my eyes could see. The rays were as colorful as a rainbow. My face and eyes were glued to the window watching this heavenly spectacle. I was wondering who does this or what makes it perform this way. IS IT PUSH BUTTON ELECTRONICS? WHO PUSHES THE BUTTONS? I remember seeing such a phenomenon back in 1942 flying East from the West Coast in a DC 3. This time we were up 21,000 feet in a DC7. It was over in an hour and a half - as if it had never happened.

Dozed off for about half an hour. Daylight broke showing a perfectly blue sky. The comet was still there with its long trail, but it had begun to disappear with all the stars as we flew over SCOTLAND.

Crossed the uninhabited part of its swamps and mountains, and over the NORTH SEA to GERMANY when we were told about the weather in HAMBURG. Had intended calling Conrad Jacobson, but now I will not be able to do it. Reached the shores of Denmark and Copenhagen, a good looking city from the air. Of course, what I saw was the suburbs of Copenhagen which has a lot of housing developments; very large and good looking. My last visit here in August, 1956 was through the heart of the old city, which is like any other old city in Europe. We landed at 8:15 A.M. after a smooth, pleasant flight - even in tourist class.

I am checked through to MOSCOW, so there was no ceremony here with baggage and passport. We will leave 10:05 A.M. for RIGA and MOSCOW in a DC6B. Mailed two letters to NEW YORK. It's chilly here. On visiting the men's room, I was amazed at the cleanliness of everything - TOWELS, FLOORS, FIXTURES, even if the fixtures and plumbing are old-fashioned as was the entire airport building, everything was absolutely odorless and no 10 cent slot boxes for admission - it's free for all.

Lots of planes come and go at this airport, for S.A.S. flies to almost every part of the world. Here everything is in order - quite a contrast to IDLEWILD, LaGUARDIA, MIDWAY, LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL and many others. THE ATTENTION ONE GETS FROM THE CLERKS HERE, MAKES FLYING A PLEASURE.

We stayed one and one half hours and off we went in a SWEDISH "SCANDIA" (a Convair type, not a DC6B as I was told in New York). There were only eight passengers on board for MOSCOW. Met Mr. Sig Michelson, Vice President of C.B.S., New York (V.P. in charge of news and public affairs), who is flying

to Moscow for three days. DAN SHORE, C.B.S. reporter in Moscow will meet him at the airport. He will go to the May First parade and will also meet JORDON and LEVINE of the New York Times and N.B.C. I had letters of introduction to all three from TEDDY BERNSTEIN of the New York Times, but forgot to bring them. Won't need them now and will get better acquainted.

It's now 5:00 P.M. Moscow time. We expect to arrive there at 6:15 P.M. The stop at RIGA, 2:30 P.M. was uneventful. The place was repainted and redecorated in every nook and corner for tomorrow's May First celebration. Red flags (CCCR in Latvia) were strung all over the outside of the building. The reception we received was simple, quick and courteous. The declaration document was short and sweet; "ALL ARTICLES I CARRY ARE FOR MY OWN USE: NO NARCOTICS, AMMUNITION OR CONTRABAND; $1500.00 IN AMERICAN EXPRESS CHECKS, $800.00 in DOLLARS".

My passport was checked for the U.S.S.R. visa. Then to lunch which I did not care for - CAVIAR, BUTTER AND HAM IN ONE PLATE, NOODLE SOUP, BROILED CHICKEN, POTATOES AND some kind of DESSERT, MINERAL WATER and APPLE KWASS that tasted like something I've never before tasted. The BLACK BREAD was the only thing I ate. We had no time for tea, and away we flew in the two motored "SCANDIA" for MOSCOW. The flying was smooth except for about ten minutes. CANDY, TEA, COOKIES were served on board.

We arrived in MOSCOW three quarters of an hour ahead of time. An INTOURIST lady waited for me at the ramp; "ARE YOU MR. KIPNIS? OH YES, I RECOGNIZE YOU FROM LAST YEAR. IT'S SO NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN." We walked into a private room in the airport building and reported my passport. Within a few seconds it was returned to me and my baggage was put into a private car with chauffeur. We drove to the city and to the Savoy Hotel. (I couldn't get a room at the NATIONAL HOTEL; too many delegations there from all over the world for the MAY FIRST celebration.)

Everyone here was courteous to me. I was given a ticket for a standing seat for the parade near the GUM store, facing the KREMLIN and MAIN STAND on top of Lenin-Stalin MAUSOLEUM. Went for dinner. The dining room was clean and ornately decorated. It is the same as was originally built, nothing has changed, except that it was electrified at a later date.

Am not satisfied with the room because it faces a place where a new building is being constructed while the old one is being demolished. This is going on all over the U.S.S.R. Was terifically impressed with the amount of large and tall apartment buildings being constructed - countless blocks and wide streets. The contrast between the old and the new dwellings is unbelievable. Will come here tomorrow after the parade and shoot a few feet of pictures, still and Kino. Remained in my room

after dinner to rest because there is no work for two days, (Wednesday and Thursday, May 1st and 2nd), and since I'll be here a few days, why bother now?

Brushed up a bit on my Russian. Was told not to use coupons for my food from the coupon book furnished by INTOURIST, but to sign my name and room number on the meal checks - a new system installed today. (Getting to be like U.S.A). The head waiter has my room number (so do lots of other people have my number, I think!)

As I sat down at the dining table and ordered food, the head waiter walked over with an elderly gentlemen and asked me politely, "MOZHNO ETO GOSPODIN SADIT ZDESS?" (can this gentleman sit down here?). I replied, "KONETCHNO POPCHEMO NET" (Sure, why not?). The gentlemen walked over to my side of the table and asked "DO YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?" I replied, "KONETCHNO". "WITH PLEASURE". He introduced himself as Prof. Boris M. Stanfield, Columbia University, New York City. A very pleasant man with a liberal outlook on the world situation, he is a man of my liking; a professor of economics who speaks the Russian language fluently.

Spent a most pleasant evening with him. We picked up a conversation with a group of seven youngsters at the next table. The dining room was crowded with young people dining and dancing to a five piece band. While the music did not sound like CUGAT or other good AMERICAN DANCE BANDS, AND THE DANCING WASN'T EXACTLY LIKE THEY DO IN GROSSINGERS, THE EDEN ROC and the FONTAINEBLEU, or any other high class MOMBO or CHA CHA CHA CRAZE DIVES; the youngsters here enjoyed themselves. They drank MINERAL WATER, CHAMPAGNE AND VODKA. Tables were served fairly nice; NO WOMEN SMOKERS (- not one -) NO GIGGLING and LOUD SPEAKING. It is a well behaved crowd, poorly dressed but clean, unlike our AMERICAN WOMEN, DRESSED UP, HALF NAKED, SHOWING OFF ALL THEY HAVE IN AND OUT. One of the young men was a THEATRE critic and his girl partner was an IDEOLOGY STUDENT. She was the wife of his BEST FRIEND, who also was there.

By the time we were finished with our meal, they had learned a few words of ENGLISH. It was really pleasant. The PROFESSOR AND I DECIDED to take a walk, for we were a step from the main streets, RED SQUARE and BOLSHOI THEATRE. It rained on and off and is drizzling now. We decided to stop on a corner and watch things go by. PEOPLE, CARS AND BUSES - everything was jammed. Both of us were critically observant of everything, and in particular, the bsence of STALIN'S picture among those hanging on buildings decorated for the parade tomorrow. We observed the many couples walking and the way they walked together, their dress, make up; the many TAXIES, GOVERNMENT AND PRIVATE CARS.

WE NOTICED ONLY ONE DRUNK BEING LED BY HIS SOBER WIFE. THERE WAS NO SCREAMING OR LOUD SPEAKING OR CURSING: SHE WAS EMBARRASSED. The streets were wet and a loaded cab ran into a pedestrian and knocked him off. A cop appeared promptly from

nowhere; a crowd gathered, an ambulance came, without screaming or any other noise. The body was removed and the crowd soon disappeared. A woman taxi driver was telling a small group that it was the pedestrian's fault, and so goes life.

YESTERDAY, 12:00 P.M. MOSCOW TIME, I WAS IN NEW YORK, AND TONIGHT, SAME TIME, IN MOSCOW streets watching everything from a corner on the Moscow main street and a taxi bumping off a guy.

Retired at 12:00 midnight. Oh yes, must mention that I have face and bath towels, soap, toilet paper and hot water. The furniture and fixtures in every room, including bath,toilet and plumbing hardware, is the original.

MOSCOW, Wednesday, May 1, 1957.

The big days are here, May FIRST AND SECOND. 5:00 A.M. I heard the police on horseback getting together and readying for the parade. Also, the people are already singing in the streets and so are soldiers parading to their TAKE-OFF place, all pointing to RED SQUARE. The sun is out in full glory. Was told yesterday that they expected clouds and rain, but **IS IT** POSSIBLE THAT B. AND K. CONTROL THAT TOO?

Up at 6:30 A.M., washed and dressed. The local restaurant is not open yet, so I started walking to the NATIONAL HOTEL. All the streets on the way were filled with waiting and parading uniformed men from every branch of the military service. Had to show my passport and pass for the parade on every corner I crossed walking from the SAVOY to the NATIONAL.

The crossings to the main street were blocked by soldiers and special police in different uniforms. There was no wheel traffic of any kind. Only the pedestrians who streamed in one direction - to THE RED SQUARE, with passport and pass in hand showing their DESIGNATED STANDING SEATS. It was a nice brisk walk for me and it gave me a chance to stop, read and observe the posters and pictures written or painted in red, hanging at certain places. I stopped in front of the BOLSHOI THEATRE where the **big** get-together party will take place tonight. Lo and behold! ONLY MARX AND LENIN portraits are up, and on the building on the right side portraits of the RULING COMMITTEE are up with Bulganin and Khrushchev side by side, and the others next in line according to protocol. Not a single portrait of Stalin anywhere and even the portraits of the others were not plastered all over the buildings and walls as it used to be in the years gone by.

Asked if it is permitted to take photos. One uniformed person said "MOZHNO (yes), another said, "NYET" (no), so I took a few shots. The same thing happened while I was standing near the GUM store facing the KREMLIN.watching the spectacle.

Finally reached the NATIONAL HOTEL, (by the way, this 'National' has nothing to do with National Container Corporation. It was not included in the merger with Owens-Illinois). Walked up to the second floor where the service office of INTOURIST is

located; no one is supposed to work today, but the place was jammed and so was the restaurant, mostly with delegates from countries all over the world. MY FRIEND RUGOFF GREETED ME WITH A VERY WARM "ZDRAVSTVOITE GASPODIN, KIPNIS," AND EMBRACED ME AS IF I WERE HIS LONG LOST BROTHER. He thanked me for the WEBSTER DICTIONARY he received seven months ago. It was the best "PODAROK" (gift) I could have picked for the INTOURIST family here. (I had sent the same gift to LENINGRAD and KIEV INTOURIST OFFICES.) This thanks was repeated to me by others from INTOURIST that I later met. They remarked that I am the only one to remember and fulfill the promises made to them on my last departure.

Later Rugoff took me into the restaurant and ordered breakfast for me which I ate with good appetite. He ran over to my table about half an hour later, saying "MR. KIPNIS, I HAVE A SPECIAL GUIDE AND INTERPRETER WHO WILL TAKE YOU OVER TO YOUR PLACE NEAR THE GUM STORE. WE SHOULD BE THERE EARLY TO GET OUR STANDING PLACE."

Explained to Rugoff the itinerary I would like to have, and after hesitating a while he suggested another gentleman in my hotel who would see what could be done but this would happen on Friday, because tomorrow is also a holiday.

My good-looking interpreter-guide came into the restaurant for me. She interrupted a conversation I was having with two gentlemen, one English, the other Italian. BOTH WERE DOING BUSINESS WITH THE SOVIETS AND BOTH WERE AGAINST THE DULLES' POLICY. THE NAMES THEY CALLED HIM CANNOT BE PUT INTO PRINT.

It was chilly but beautiful out. My guide and I conversed in good English. I do not think I will learn much of the Russian language from her, because SHE SPEAKS BETTER ENGLISH THAN I DO AND INSISTS THAT OUR CONVERSATIONS BE IN ENGLISH.

Asked her, "IF OUR GOVERNMENTS WERE EVER TO COME TO A MEETING OF MINDS AND IMMIGRATION WAS OPENED IN FULL SWING BOTH WAYS, HOW MANY YOUNG AND OLD RUSSIANS WOULD WANT TO VISIT THE U.S.A.?" She replied, "MILLIONS, BUT ONLY FOR A FEW MONTHS TO SEE AND STUDY YOUR COUNTRY AND ITS PEOPLE. WHY DOES IT TAKE SO LONG TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH DULLES?" The same story.

The spectacle began at 10:00 A.M., and we reached there at 8:45, after walking for half an hour. We showed pass and passport about a dozen times, the same as everybody had to do - hundreds of thousands of them.

Waited patiently at my post watching the hands of the clock on the main entrance tower to the Kremlin moving minute by minute toward ten o'clock. Wondered at the patience I have here, when I don't otherwise wait for anything wherever I go. BUT, I WANTED TO SEE THIS SPECTACLE!

Didn't take my movie camera along because the batteries

were dead and did not want to operate it manually. Was sorry after I got there, for it was worthwhile making a few shots. Why worry though, for I will be able to see it much better in the newsreels and on television in New York. Channels 4 and 2 for both were here taking moving pictures. Understand that it is the first time in Soviet history that this kind of spectacle was filmed for exhibit in the U.S.A.

Was terrifically impressed with the military part of the show. It must have taken a long time to arrange and rehearse, for it started on the minute with absolute promptness. The only thing I did not care about was the goose-stepping and precision. The goose-step reminded me a bit of HITLER'S ARMY. I hope that THIS ARMY has a DIFFERENT PURPOSE AND REASON FOR ITS EXISTENCE AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Left with my guide after the first thirty minutes of the MASS DEMONSTRATION WHICH CAME RIGHT AFTER THE MILITARY SPECTACLE. This is the workers and sports clubs exhibition. IT IS MUCH MORE CONVENIENT TO WATCH THIS WHOLE THING ON THE SCREEN.

It took us thirty minutes to push through the thousands who were lined up in the side streets leading to the Red Square waiting their turn to start marching. Of course this was less orderly. This was the masses of people - families with children, workers and delegations from the countryside and factories with their bands. This will be over at 3:00 P.M. The celebration will last two days.

I don't know enough about military matters but was impressed with the airplanes and the ground show of moving machines of destruction. I tremble to think of what the few planes I saw whiz by overhead could destroy. We will probably know more about WHAT'S NEW IN THIS from the New York Times reporter, before I return to the U.S.A.

Went back to the Savoy completely exhausted, tired and hungry. Grabbed a bit of bouillion soup and "SODIK POPOLSKY" (karp), coffee and hot milk, and "YABLOTCHKA" (apple). Then into my room and stretched out on the bed with my clothes and shoes still on! Fell asleep instantly.

This room is actually a two-room suite. Everything in it is probably sixty years old including the drapes and rugs, but it is spic and span. Did not dare look at the spring and mattress. The covering was clean and it was fairly comfortable to sleep in.

My steady interpreter-guide called. She will meet me at three at the Savoy, and we will drive anywhere I wish, even if we can't see much today because of the holiday. She is the same one that met me at the airport and is very pleasant. She speaks perfect English, dresses neat and clean, does not smoke or drink. She could use a little make-up and also some of the clothes that ARE ROTTING IN THE CLOSETS OF PEOPLE I KNOW IN THE STATES WHO NEVER HAVE ENOUGH!, and who always complain that

whatever they have is not EXPENSIVE enough.

We spent about forty minutes waiting for my private large Zim car and chauffeur. The local Hotel INTOURIST manager walked in and we discussed my new itinerary. Wrote out a list of things I would like to include in my tour and gave them copies. Wanted to go somewhere tonight. I asked Lena (my interpreter) to get seats, one or two, for the Ballet or the circus or puppet show, and we went out driving.

The center of Moscow is closed to traffic, hordes of people are celebrating all over. Saw many smiling faces last night and today. The restaurants were jammed. The music and dancing is surely not that of the leading hotels and night clubs in New York, or in any large city in the U.S.A., but they do not know any better. It's like the GEORGE WASHINGTON HOTEL in Jacksonville with Clyde Gardner's Orchestra, except that the places here are more ornate and older.

The people here are far from being well dressed and "WHAT THE WELL DRESSED MAN OR WOMAN WILL WEAR" is of no interest here; nor could REVLON continue advertising the $64,000 question and challenge on T.V. or the SHMINKI they sell here. The same goes for all the cigarette and other advertising in the U.S.A. It would not work here.

People look a little better in everyway now than on my last trip in August, 1956, and this is my first day's impression.

We drove all around the Moscow University. I didn't know that it was so large and takes up so much space and has so many departments. We drove by the new STADIUM and to where they are building a new Moscow suburb, a tremendous housing development. We saw the new bridge over the Moscow River, near GORKI PARK OF CULTURE. This is the most prominent and most visited park in Moscow. We also drove by the old Moscow Hotel where we stopped in 1934. It had a nice restaurant on the roof and a good thirty-four piece orchestra. It faces the Kremlin across the river.

Returned to the Savoy at 6:00 P.M. Tickets for the circus will be here at 7:30, so I can rest a while and have dinner which I did. I needed it, for I did not get over this morning's ordeal.

Was in the restaurant at 7:30. The place was jammed. Sat down at a small round table and there was my Columbia Professor friend. As we ordered dinner Lena came in dressed all in white. "Hurry up, we must leave for the circus. It starts at 8:00 P.M. Maybe the Professor would like to go, for I have already seen the show," she said. He jumped at the suggestion.

We cancelled the food we ordered and to the circus we went, the professor and I. I do not know if Lena was telling the truth about having seen the circus. She impresses me as a very nice Jewish girl who thinks much of her parents and home, for when I invited her to dine with me, she replied, "I would love to but my mother is expecting me home to dinner. She cooked

a special meal for this holiday."

It was chilly and looked like rain, so the Professor and I drove in my car to the circus, about ten minutes ride from the Savoy. I remember having seen this circus in a movie in New York. Had no idea that the building would look and smell like the one we walked into, or do all circuses smell of animals? Movies are deceiving, aren't they? They even deceive about the looks of a person, like some of our so-called beautiful Stars, who are actually homely in NATURAL NAKED life.

The important thing about this circus is that it was one of the best performances we had ever seen anywhere, even though the building was dilapidated.

The Ceylon Delegation attended this performance and were given a rousing welcome. PEACE, PEACE, PEACE, was the concluding Anthem. No National Anthem is played at the start or finish of this or any other performance.

The show took exactly two and a half hours and we enjoyed it immensely. Our car waited for us so we returned for our meal. The dining room was still crowded and the waiter who had taken our order before was gone, so we had to give our order to a new man.

A drink of Vodka, soup,"CUTLET KIEV", coffee, hot milk, two apples, bread and butter which I didn't eat, cost $3.20 on the exchange basis of 10 Rubles to one dollar which we now get. Enjoyed it and retired at 12:00 P.M. Fell asleep at once. I couldn't write in my diary; will write tomorrow.

MOSCOW, Thursday, May 2, 1957.

Wrote this morning from 5:30 A.M. to 8:00 A.M. about what happened yesterday, now I'll start fresh. Am getting ready for breakfast and will go sight-seeing at 10:00 A.M. Met the Professor on my way walking down from my floor to the restaurant which is on the ground floor of the hotel.

I use the elevator for going up but walk down. The elevator holds four people including the operator. The elevator operates by push button for starting only. To stop it at any floor the operator opens the elevator doors on the inside and then pushed open the outside door, thereby disconnecting the electricity contact. That is why the elevator never stops level with the floor.

The Professor greeted me with "Good morning, I am going with you wherever you go." We had our breakfast consisting of two oranges, an omelet, coffee, hot milk. My interpreter Lena arrived half frozen, for it was chilly this morning and she wore light clothes.

The Intourist Bureau was open and I took my four days' allowance of 25 Rubles each day, a hundred Rubles. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 1st and 2nd, all Intourist offices and Banks were closed so there could be no money exchange from dollars to rubles. Today the banks were still closed. I was reminded of the man who in a desert found gold but starved to death from hunger because

he couldn't buy anything for it. I had $2300 but nobody would change it. It was my good luck that my interpreter talked the Intourist service office lady into advancing me 100 rubles against my daily allowance.

First stop was the cable and telegram building on Gorki Street, an immense building with one wing for telephones with countless telephone booths and twenty operators. The other wing was for telegrams with many clerks that give you telegram forms and accept them back for transmission, also taking payment. Was surprised at the low cost for the two telegrams I sent, one to New York and one to Miami - 25 Rubles, 54 Kopecks, or $2.36 in our money.

We took my Zim car and drove through wide streets, maybe 200 feet wide. There are tall buildings old and new, the very old and dilapidated ones providing a terrific contrast; then drove into a new settlement or as we would call it, development with parks, libraries, freshly planted tulips, trees and grass. The apartments contain, one, two and three rooms to each apartment, elevators and hot and cold water. It was really nice to see this.

"This is how Moscow will look some day," she remarked.

"Can we look at an apartment?"

"No, we must get permission; we will try tomorrow."

"Can we go up to your apartment, meet your folks and see what we want?"

"No, my Mother is not home when I am away."

She got a bit red in the face, but I could not wiggle an answer out of her. She was embarrassed.

Then drove to the new stadium subway station. She discharged the car and chauffeur, and we started walking to the stadium. It accommodates 104,000 people and faces the new University on Lenin Hill. The Moscow River separates them, but an overhead bridge connects them. A SOCCER game will not be on until 2:00 P.M., but people, including children are streaming from all directions, some are waiting at the ticket windows, but most of them will get seats. Many didn't have warm clothing on and I was chilled watching them.

We walked back AND DOWN (and I MEAN DOWN) into the subway we went. This is one of two new stations opened today. It is called STATIUM and it is beautiful as are all other stations. I noticed everything including the clock on the wall facing the motorman of the train; showing the hour and the seconds, so that he can see how long he is at a station. There are two people in the compartment for operating the train, the motorman and the conductor who opens and closes the doors by push button and announces the stations by loud speaker. Trains run every two minutes; some are of four cars and some of eight.

There are three escalators in both stations; one up and one down operate all the time, while the third is for emergency. Sometimes it operates up or down, depending on the time of day.

The COMSOMOL station has four escalators operating all the time. It's the largest and the busiest. We spent some time here watching the crowds go up and down. This is the deepest station of all, and there are a few levels of subway here running in CRISS-CROSS direction. There is no confusion or running into each other, for the exits and entrances are in different places, and there are watchers all over, up and down. There is no pushing or shoving as we have in New York. The station and trains are spic and span and all the trains run at a terrific speed and are much quieter than ours in New York.

Children have first call on seats. I saw many men and women of all ages give their seats to children; next, elderly women, next elderly men, then ladies. The trains were jammed but there was an air of restraint and all were well behaved. The Professor mingled with the crowd. He speaks Russian well and enjoyed the ride.

We were through with this experience of going in and out from one station to another, from one train to another, at 1:30 P.M. At the Moscow Hotel station, which is in the center of the city near RED SQUARE, I was very tired. Could hardly walk over to Hotel Savoy which was ten minutes away, but was ashamed to tell this to my Professor partner.

When we reached the hotel the streets were jammed. The place in front of the building that was used during the days of the Czars as a stable, had a huge platform erected in front of it for a band that played dance music Wednesday, after the parade. Thousands danced in the street until 2:00A.M. It was crowded today, too, and dancers and singers were performing there. Loud speakers were blasting away, speeches and music from morning to night in all the important "PLOCHADZ" (squares) in the city. They were loud enough to get one deaf, but nobody seemed to mind this.

Reached the hotel at 2:00 P.M., hungry, tired and cold. Discharged my interpreter for the day. The Professor and I enjoyed our lunch and I laid down for a rest at 3:30 P.M. It takes a long time for a meal to be served here and there is nothing that can be done about it.

Had to get up to attend a cocktail party given by Daniel Shore of C.B.S in honor of his boss Sig Michelson, Vice President of C.B.S. The whole colony of FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS, TELEVISION and BROADCASTING MOGULS will be there. If not for this party I would have slept maybe the whole night through, but I did get up, picked up my ticket for the BOLSHOY Theatre to see the ballet "The Fountain of Bachrisaranski". (I saw excerpts of this in the Russian movies in New York a few times, together with the "SWAN BALLET", danced by ULIANOVA. But tonight I looked forward to seeing it in full though danced by another star ballerina.

Reached the party at 5:25 P.M. and was reprimanded by Dan Shore for being late. "IN MOSCOW ONE MUST BE PROMPT", he

said. There were most of the local group of the U.S. Embassy, the representatives of U.P., C.B.S., N.B.C., (I.R. Levine is out of town), Canadian B.C., B.B.C., Representatives from Siam (not the King), India, Baltimore Sun, CATLEDGE the Managing Editor of New York Times, and Bill Jordan its correspondent here, also representatives from the N.Y. Herald-Tribune, and others. The Professor was there, too. I stayed until 7:10 when I left for the theatre, a ten minute walk.

The BOLSHOY Theatre, must be one hundred years old. I don't know what holds it together, for I don't know the material it's built of. It looked much better in the movie SAUL HUROCK brought to New York, the Ballet of "ROMEO AND JULIET" with ULIANOVA in it, that was made in this theatre. The individual chairs are tied together with a bar and then to the floor. The lighting arrangement was all unbecoming to the beautiful performance. (A place like the Music Hall in New York would surely be a most appropriate place for such art.) Sat in the second row, seat 17. The Professor next to me was so engrossed that he did not know I was there, and kept on applauding and shouting, "BRAVO, BRAVO, SUCH BEAUTY!"

The ticket cost me 35 Rubles, - $3.50. During intermission I noticed in the first tier on my right (there are six tiers at balconies) a group of well-dressed women wearing extravagant furs and jewels, blondes made up to kill. Knew immediately that they were from the United States. They did not attract much attention from the crowd in this first class theatre which is known all over the world. The contrast between the people that jammed packed this house and that of our Metropolitan is beyond description, FOR NOBODY COMES HERE TO SHOW, BUT ONLY TO SEE. The few American women who came here -- they wanted to show and to be the attraction.

There were hurrahs and applause and curtain calls galore. I lost the Professor who remained for this to the last clap when I went for my hat and coat at the check room in the so-called lower floor of the lobby. (Everybody must check their belongings no matter where one goes, its free.) While waiting, I asked an attractive young American lady how she enjoyed the performance. Within seconds, I had all the twenty American women in the group, who were travelling together on a tour arranged by K.L.M. in New York. I learned that it took them thirty hours to fly to Moscow against my eighteen and a quarter hours. They all raved about the wonderful performance. They are from different parts of the Middle West; Cleveland, Detroit, Akron, and other cities nearby. One represents the Detroit Free Press. We all walked out into the square which was well-lit. We soon had a crowd watching us.

The reporter for the Detroit Free Press wanted to know how she can see more of the people, where they live and spend their leisure time. I told her that I DO, BUT THEY CAN'T, SINCE THEY ARE ON A GROUP TOUR. "COULDN'T I STEAL ONE HOUR FOR HER

ON ONE OF MY RIDES AND SHOW HER WHAT I SEE AROUND HERE. WE MUST BRING THE TRUE PICTURE BACK HOME, FOR THE DEVIL IS NOT WHAT WE PAINT HIM TO BE...THEY ARE LOVELY PEOPLE HERE...ETC..." SHE'D READ JOHN GUNTHER'S ARTICLE IN 'LOOK'"

Was cold and hungry, tired and sleepy. Promised that if I could spare one hour tomorrow I would let her know. Then she asked, "BY THE WAY, DO YOU KNOW WHAT KIND OF A WOMAN MRS. BULGANIN IS, SINCE WE ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE AN AUDIENCE WITH MR. BULGANIN? WILL MRS. BULGANIN BE THERE TOO, JUST LIKE MAMIE WOULD DO?" I didn't believe that K.L.M. could arrange such a meeting, but let them think it could. Never met Mr. and Mrs. Bulganin, so I couldn't answer.

Started walking to my hotel when a nice clean-cut fellow approached me: "PUZHALOSTA CHTO ETA DAMMA, ONA BALLERINA E KTO WI ACTOR?" (Who was that lady? Is she the Ballerina, and are you one of the actors?). I replied that we were "AMERIKANSKY TOURISTI". "IZVENITE, YA KOLCHOZNIC" (excuse me, I am a collective farmer), and he disappeared.

Enjoyed my dinner at midnight. The Professor was busy with a group of youngsters at another table. The place was crowded to capacity with youngsters, couples who seemed to be enjoying the food, Vodka, and dancing - lots of smiling faces. Most of the men smoked, none of the ladies did. The music played some American jazz and waltzes. It was a sight for me - a complete contrast from the places in the U.S.A. where I go dancing once in a while. The absence of make-up is complete. Would rather spend an evening in the places I go to, if the women weren't so crazily done up, and didn't smoke like chimneys and drink like fish and giggle like hyenas.

MOSCOW, Friday, May 3, 1957, 7:45 A.M.

My itinerary is to be changed, for I want to see certain things. If I go to Leningrad, for instance, there is a paper mill I'd like to visit and certain large factories. However, I learn this must go through red tape, so decided not to go there. Have already seen all the art treasures, libraries, subways and housing developments my small brain can absorb! Want to go to Minsk for one day, Kiev five days and cut out Yalta, Sotchi, Tbilisi, since it takes twenty-four hours from place to place by train or boat and it took only eighteen to come from America here! Will go to Kiev, Odessa, Stalingrad, Karkov, back to Moscow or Kiev, to Prague, Warsaw, Copenhagen or Paris or London, then non-stop to New York on the 23rd.

After spending much time, decided to cancel everything except Moscow to Kiev for five days. Will leave Sunday May 5th, 12:00, arrive Kiev 4:40; leave Kiev for Prague May 10th, 8:30 A.M. Friday; change there to another place for Copenhagen and arrive New York, 7:30 A.M., Saturday, May 11th; thereby cutting my trip from start to finish to twelve days instead of thirty. Will know how to make my own arrangements if ever I want to come here again. If I can get a Czech visa tomorrow, may stay in Prague

one day, or even go to Warsaw for one day.

Instead of starting out at 10:00 A.M. as I was supposed to do, we started at 11:00 A.M., and drove directly to the new University. Visited the main assembly hall which was enormous and was interested in the chandeliers and general arrangements; then the library, and students' study room, the various classrooms, dormitories for males and females on separate floors, the book shops, restaurant, swimming pools and gymnasium. For a while I watched the young people learning to swim, dive, and girls practicing acrobatics. We went up to the twenty-seventh floor to visit the museum with its thousands of rock and mineral samples. I should imagine that there must be such things on exhibition somewhere in the States. And I was truly swept away with admiration when I visited the reading and study room, where hundreds were deep in study. The room wasn't filled with smoke and beauty parlor girls. It was so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

The location of the University is in line with the Stadium and the Kremlin and I could see the city from the tower where I stood. The grounds are beautifully laid out, with flower beds and walks of immense size and proportion. The building is the tallest and largest here in Moscow. Tried to get descriptions and statistics in book form to take back to America, but couldn't.

Examined the workmanship and some of the materials of the buildings and found them poor - some places of the building will fall apart. Already the doors in most places are warped, the marble cracking, and so is the plastering. The steps in front of the building and supporting walls are coming apart at the seams. The many elevators, while operated by PUSH BUTTONS by women are of poor construction and have wooden doors. Strangely, the women operators looked half asleep - no life or smiles.

I am certain that his undertaking would have been much more exact and of much better quality in every respect if done by us Americans, but maybe not the same quality as far as learning and knowledge go. I do know that a lot more people study here than in any other single university anywhere, for I did see faces I couldn't find elsewhere in one place in one room - both males and females.

It was 1:15 P.M. when we got through. As I was walking out, met Mr. Catledge, Managing Editor of the New York Times getting into one of the elevators. Shall see him in New York to get his opinion of what he saw in general. He is leaving for the States on Sunday and promised to give me the opportunity.

Had my lunch and a rest. I was to start out again at 3:00 P.M. But Lena didn't come for me until 4:00. It was too late to see what I wanted, so we drove to National Hotel to change money and try to rearrange my itinerary; then back to the Savoy. She told me that Intourist refuses to change it, except

to take out Leningrad and replace Minsk for it. Was annoyed for that was not what I wanted, or what had been promised by Union Tours. But this is a lesson for me not to let them make the arrangements for me again. Planned to leave Sunday for Kiev, stay there five days, and leave for New York next Friday, May 10th. Ordered my tickets Airfloat and S.A.S. - Moscow, Kiev, Prague, Copenhagen, New York - leaving Kiev 8:35, arriving next morning in New York.

Was given one ticket for the puppet show which starts at 7:30 P.M. Not all shows start at the same time; they are staggered. Bolshoy starts at 8:00 P.M., Kinos starts at various times; so do sports. It was nearing time to go to the show - no time for dinner. A car called for me at the Savoy, which took me back to the National to check with S.A.S. airlines representative; it is the only airline permitted to fly over Soviet territory direct to Moscow. They were very nice to me, and told me that next time I make a trip I ought to do it through THEM in New York. Drove off to the theatre KOOKLLA.

Did not recognize the place from the outside because the last time in August, 1956 when I was visiting here it was dark. At that time the show started at 8:30 P.M., and I had no chance to look around outside. Now it was still daylight and since I was half an hour early, walked around for fifteen minutes, looking at the neighborhood and surroundings. Didn't believe what I saw, and was certain that I took a daring chance walking there alone, but nothing happened to me, even though I wore my best clothes.

Saw ratholes fit for rats, not human beings - worse than any Negro shanties I had seen in Jacksonville, Florida or any slums anywhere in America. Nowhere could there be so many old dilapidated, falling-apart buildings called apartment houses, as were here. It is true that a tremendous amount of building is going on, but it is not ten per cent of what should be in order to catch up with the needs of the people here. It is my opinion, and I heard the same from others I spoke to at the cocktail party yesterday, that this is the GREATEST DANGER-POINT IN THE SOVIET SYSTEM, for there is ENOUGH TO EAT AND DRINK, ENOUGH CLOTHES, AMUSEMENTS AND SURELY PLACES OF LEARNING, TRANSPORTATION, ET CETERA, BUT NOT ENOUGH LIVING QUARTERS, and this may cause internal trouble some day.

I don't think that they have the know-how on this subject and they could use help from us. If there was not a cold war going on full speed between U.S.A. and U.S.S.R, our technicians could come here and do wonders in this great need of housing for human beings, who are enduring so much suffering to achieve a goal.

Was thinking about this as I walked up to the Theatre, where people were busy at the buffet, (every place of assembly

of any kind has one or more buffets where one can buy refreshments from soup to nuts; fish and caviar are spread on sandwiches served with drinks that are mostly cold.)

The bell rang five minutes before curtain time, and the place was filled to capacity. Heard a voice in English, "Where is seat nine?" which seat was next to mine. Here I had an opportunity to help a lady in distress, and lo and behold, it was one from the group of twenty I met last night at the Bolshoy. She did not want to go with them to the Opera, so she came to the Puppet show. She raved about the meeting they had with General Zukov this morning, as K.L.M. had arranged for them. "HE IS SUCH A FINE MAN AND ANSWERED ALL THE QUESTIONS TO OUR COMPLETE SATISFACTION," she told me. She also described the complete ignorance of most of the women in the group, about the history and what is going on in Russia today. She said that most of the questions they put to Zukov were stupid in the full sense of the word, but that he took it with a smile.

I asked some Americans, including the Professor whom I met later at dinner, "WHY WOULD A BUSY MAN LIKE ZUKOV WASTE HIS TIME?" The answer was, "GOOD WILL". When these twenty women come back satisfied that Zukov and Bulganin (with whom they have a date tomorrow) MET WITH THEM AND SMILED AND ANSWERED ALL THEIR QUESTIONS WITH GREAT CHARM - THEY WILL BABBLE AWAY OVER THE RADIO AND TELEVISION AND AT MEETINGS OF ALL KINDS, - HOW MUCH GOOD FREE PUBLICITY WILL THIS BRING TOWARDS GOOD WILL AND PEACE? For this is the National song after every performance of any kind, hand clapping, PEACE, PEACE, PEACE, by the performers and audience alike. The Puppet show was a satire on Hollywood and Mr. William Fox and his friends putting together rehearsals of the play CARMEN.

MOSCOW, Saturday, May 4, 1957.

Tried to jot down the day's activities at midnight but my hands wouldn't move so I fell asleep until dawn.

Was out of bed early; we are starting out at 9:30 today. First drove to the National to check on my reservations for tomorrow. Then to a large Fur Magazine. I wanted to buy a few sable skins to bring with me as gifts. THOUGHT THAT THIS WAS THE PLACE, the prices ran from 1800 to 8000 Rubles per skin, which is 180 to 800 dollars per skin; but, since I know nothing about sables and prices here, so went shopping at other stores. Discovered that they have an association and practice "price fixing" with the approval of the authorities, for the prices were the same. Stepped into an antique store but there was nothing for me. The stores opened at 11:00 A.M., and there were lines in front of each store, some large and beautiful stores, furnished with nice fixtures and good taste in window displays.

As we were driving, saw countless T.V. aerials on rooftops all over town. This I did not notice on my trip last year. Was told that there was a tremendous increase in the sale of T.V. sets and that the reception was pretty good. There must also be

lots of radio sets, for each office I went into had one and also with good reception.

From the shopping tour we went to the Lenin Museum. The whole building is devoted to the life of Lenin from beginning to end - every move, every piece of paper concerning him is there - quite a sight. People are streaming into this building. It is free. Met there a group of Young Pioneers being taken trough. Couldn't spend much time there for I had to go back to the Savoy for my passport and air tickets and other documents concerning my trip to Kiev.

Had lunch and met my two friends, the Italian, and the English. We got onto politics and it is the same story: DULLES and EISENHOWER - and how the EUROPEAN countries are getting wise to DULLES' GAME. The SUEZ CANAL came up and this sure is a sore spot in England. It was quite a discussion right in the dining room. I didn't settle it for them then and there. But at least we tried to settle it, and we were in full agreement; U.S.A. and Dulles' policies are not "WINNING FRIENDS AND INFLUENCING PEOPLE" in the world.

Then Lena called for me with my car and went to Lenin library. Again we started walking, with a special guide arranged for me. We visited the new section and the old eighteen story building that houses all the books (over nineteen million of them), we walked from room to room. I was amazed to see the number of people looking at the index cards to find the book on the subject they needed, and the number of readers in the many reading rooms on this Saturday afternoon. An average of 8000 people read books there every day. He explained the system of indexing and how a book is delivered to the person requesting it, and how the book is returned to the storing room as we were told by the special guide.

Two thousand people are employed to serve this purported largest library in the world, having books on every subject and in every language including some that go back hundreds of years. I don't know anything about libraries and books, for I have learned my English from reading New York newspapers, especially the New York Times, and whatever else I know has come from hard knocks in life.

In all the book stores and stands which they have by the hundreds here (surely numbering more than the saloons and cafes in New York or any other large city in the U.S.A.) not one had a single book, magazine, or pamphlet of the trashy sort that one finds on all the stands, candy and drug store counters in the States. There surely must be more reading done here than anywhere in the world, for the bookstores are always filled with buyers.

Enjoyed this visit immensely. Wish I could have stayed longer, for it was interesting to watch the faces of the people streaming in and out. Met one of the architects of this library building and pointed out to him the defects in the construction

of it, from a layman's standpoint. For instance, there were round tables in each wide corridor, with people sitting or standing around reading newspapers in the dark; there were no outlets in the walls to connect a lamp on the tables if they wanted to. He replied by agreeing with me that there had not been enough planning, but that it was designed in 1922, and because of the war and hardships the construction of it was interrupted many times. But he claimed that the new library building now being planned would have everything.

We left for the Ice Revue by an Austrian group, which had been invited by the Russian Government for one month. The place is in the "Dvorets Sports" which is something like our Madison Square Garden - Twenty-five Rubles (or $2.50) and no tax. We arrived thirty minutes ahead of time, purposely to look things over.

This is one of a group of buildings near the 104,000 capacity new Lenin Stadium. But while this building is new and seems good in every respect and it has many washrooms, there was no soap or paper towels in the TOILETS. There were four Buffets and two Automats (like Horn and Hardart's) for refreshments, sandwiches of all kinds, beer and soda.

Special indoor sports of all kinds, operas, ballets, symphonies and other concerts are held here. It holds fourteen thousand people, and has an air-conditioning system and a special room for the artists, with running hot and cold water. The seats, however, are the most uncomfortable ones I have ever sat on in any place here - about ten inches wide, with the back about twelve inches high. The space to pass to the seats is very narrow. I was numb when the beautiful skating show was over. Remarked to Lena about my complaint, and she said "I KNEW YOU WOULD COMPLAIN, AND I AM IN AGREEMENT WITH YOU." The doors in and out of this place were clumsy, too big and hanging on spring hinges. They came back with a bang so that someone caught between them could get seriously hurt.

When we came out was surprised to find about a hundred buses waiting for the crowds to go home and also countless taxis and private cars. There were many cars parked on streets belonging to private people - all little cars are made here. "Moskvitch" and "Pobedas" are the two smallest cars manufactured in Russia. The largest cars are used by INTOURIST and by the GOVERNMENT. There was really a NEW YORK TRAFFIC JAM coming back.

As I was parading around window shopping this morning, looked into a large "PARIKMACHER" (Barber Shop and Hairdresser combination). There were at least twenty chairs in each department for Ladies and Men. All the barbers and hairdressers were WOMEN. There were lots of people waiting in line and many men were getting shaved. Wondered where all the money came from, for stores of every kind were crowded with customers all walking out with packages. It was practically impossible to get to any counter in the "GUM" store, the largest in the Soviet Union.

Returned to my room and at 7:30 P.M. went to dinner. Sat opposite a Dusseldorf merchant who is doing big business here on heavy press machines. Asked him about credit and payments, and he replied in German, "I WISH ALL MY CUSTOMERS WERE AS PROMPT." We ate and talked. I didn't realize that I could speak German so well. He told me that there are only TWO COUNTRIES THAT CAN RUN THE WHOLE WORLD - all the others are just puppets to one or the other side. I must be getting to be a regular drunk, for I ordered Vodka again - a double shot.

Retired to my room at 10:00 P.M., a bit shaky from the Vodka, and started packing, but couldn't complete it. Undressed and went to bed. I wanted to jot down today's goings on, but my eyelids wouldn't stay open, so fell asleep until 2:30 A.M. Sunday, when I got up and wrote up Saturday's events. After two and a half hours, I fell asleep again until 7:30.A.M.

MOSCOW, Sunday May 5, 1957, 7:30 A.M.

The weather has not been good since my arrival here. Except for May 1st, it has rained on and off and chilly most of the time. I couldn't have used my Bell and Howell movie camera even if it did work. Something is wrong with it.

Finished packing and was ready to go. Went to breakfast and took one more good look at the ornate dining rooms - three in a row. Each is decorated differently, including the chandeliers and lighting fixtures on the walls. Also looked at the porcelain framed mirror that I would have bought if it wasn't cracked in a few places (assuming that they would sell it).

Walked to the Intourist office and ordered my bags brought down. The Professor came in to wish me a good trip. He wants to see me in New York - I want to see him, too - I've enjoyed knowing him. The car came to drive me to the airport. I was alone with a female chauffeur but she was only a good driver.

Didn't see a single horse-drawn vehicle since I came here. It was early and the streets were empty but clean. Here and there old women with long twig brooms were sweeping the streets. This trade is monopolized by females. Some streets were being swept and washed by machines.

We have to drive by the New University on the way to the airport, where a NEW MOSCOW is being built. Had an opportunity to take a good look at the magnitude of this new home development. It really was beyond imagination. Maybe more than a hundred apartment houses, tremendous in size, twelve to fourteen stories high, perhaps fifty New York blocks, were being built at one time. This is a drop in the bucket compared to what is needed here. These new developments are called COMMUNITIES, and will have everything that is needed - **STORES**, LIBRARIES, ELECTRIC STATION, THEATRES, SCHOOLS, PLAYGROUNDS, CHILDREN'S HOMES and YOUNG PIONEER CLUBS, etc., etc.

We reached the airport in thirty-five minutes. My

baggage was taken by a porter who checked me in without any ceremonies or red tape. Looked around for a few minutes. There was a map on the wall above a statue, showing air travel routes in the U.S.S.R. I saw where an addition was being built to the station. Women were putting up the steel and laying the bricks.

My flight was called fifteen minutes before twelve. An Intourist female helped me into the plane. It poured and I would have been soaking wet if not for the raincoat I had on. The plane motors were turned over and away we went after a new TY 104 JET transport plane landed.

The weather cleared and it was sunny when we arrived in Kiev, but was quite cool. I was worried right along - maybe my sister Sima will not come - she was the main reason for my trip, to pay her the debt I owe her. Didn't get to see her last year when I stopped in Minsk for forty minutes on the flight from Leningrad, even though I was only three minutes walk from her home, I just didn't know she lived in Minsk.

My letter didn't reach her for she would have replied to me; maybe my telegram didn't reach her either. I may have to argue with Intourist to let me fly back to Minsk and from there to Vienna in order to see her.

Got off the plane and looked at the waiting crowd - (there is no observation deck at ten cents a person here - it's free). Noticed the three Mednikovs. Recognized them from a distance. They were looking at the plane for me. Near them was a little woman I did not recognize. Waved my hand to them and the two older Mednikovs cried out "ETO ON ETO ON" (It is him, it is him). Intourist had a young lady meet me and take care of my baggage.

Passed through the gate and the performance started. Anna and Motel kissed me first, then their son, whom I had never met before. The little old lady stood there staring at me (she hadn't seen me for thirty-seven years), and said "NEZNAES MNE" (You don't recognize me). "SIMA, SIMA ETTO ZHE THI SIMA SESTRA?" (This is you, Sima my Sister?) I threw my arms around her, lifted her up, hugged her close to me and kissed her. This lasted a few minutes. The crowds watched the performance. I don't know if they enjoyed it, but I surely did.

She told me that she got my telegram yesterday and came by plane from Minsk this morning, one and a half hours ago - her first flight. Maybe I can go back with her to Minsk for a few days. SHE IS EVEN READY TO FLY BACK WITH ME TO THE UNITED STATES, IF I CAN TAKE HER SMALL FAMILY ALONG.

We six, including my guide, piled into the Zim car and went to the INTOURIST HOTEL. We talked Yiddish and Russian. I now recognized her. She looks like our mother, but not quite as old, and much smaller than the last time I saw her in 1922.

Thirty-seven years is a long time in a person's life. She kept on blessing me for all that I am doing for the whole family. It's not only the things and money I spend, but the TIME I give to prepare and ship and the letter writing to so many there.

Got off at INTOURIST HOTEL and kissed them all. It is now 4:00 P.M. Am hungry and satisfied that my unfinished business will be completed when I get through here.

Sister told me that she is sixty-eight years old and that she is younger than I am, but according to my figures she is about seventy-three, for she is between Harry Cash and me. She looks more like my mother than my sister. She has lots of pleasure from her children and grand-children. Her son-in-law is a famous airplane architect and factory supervisor. He lives well and she and her husband live with them because they can't get a room to live separately - surely very nice of her son-in-law.

We arranged to meet again later at the home of Anuta Olivensky to talk things over and arrange a GET-TOGETHER PARTY for Wednesday evening, where all the relatives here will be present. Then to make a typewritten list of everyone according to age size, weight,male or female. And to take pictures and give each one of them a number so that I can identify them. This way, when I send packages I will not send baby doll pajamas to the men, and long heavy woolen men's underwear to the women.

M. Mednikov met me later in my room. I arranged my things, picked out what I will need while here for I had told the young lady who brought me here what I wanted to see and where I wanted to go (especially to "BOYARKA" to see ISAAC KIPNIS AND DUNNA FRIEDMAN on their estate)(?) and what I needed for the return trip. Turned over to him everything I had brought with me, including the soap, washing powder, shoes, suits, ties, handkerchief, pens and pencils, socks jackets, and the suitcase - (I wouldn't need it any more, for I have hardly anything left over). Will not worry anymore about excess weight on the return trip. Somehow, S.A.S. and Airfloat didn't charge me for the twelve pounds excess weight I had when coming over.

We took everything with us and went in my car over to the palatial apartment of M. Mednikov, where we will pick up the women and drive to Olivensky. This Olivensky place I remember well, for how can one forget the street, the building that is caving in, the broken down three steps leading up to a dark smelly hallway (hole), bypassing two gas ranges serving all the one room tenants in the building, and the one room apartment she lives in, with one electric bulb lighting the whole room. The furniture, the whole thing is impossible to describe.

In similar rooms and environment live millions of

people here. Four or five live in one room, parents and children, or often two married couples with children. They go to work, to school, college, theatre, opera, kino, parade the streets, or night clubbing, dance, laugh and make the best of life with the hope that there will never be another war. Peace, Peace, is their dream and they are sure that with peace their future is bright, and that one day they will have things better than anywhere else in the world. And they ask over and over WHY DOESN'T AMERICA WANT PEACE?

Sister and Annah came over to our car. A good looking grey haired lady walked over to me, looked straight into my eyes and asked "Don't you know me?" I got out of the car, sized her up and looked into those eyes that expressed so much sorrow. "No," I said, "YA NEZNAU" (I don't know). It was Paula Mednikov, a beautiful girl in 1934, (sister Rivka's daughter), dark complexioned, good features. We embraced, kissed in front of the crowd that gathered. She will come to Anuta's to join us.

One can sit for months listening to the horrible stories these people tell of what they went through, especially during Hitler's beastly murding of Russians and Jews. Annihilation of the Jewish race and destruction of their property was his goal. Brother Ehashia, Noochin, and their families were shot in line with thousands of others. Sister Rivka was torn limb from limb because she hid herself for three months. Cousins and relatives disappeared without a trace.

Those that escaped alive were evacuated from town to town ahead of the Hitler hoardes of beasts, back as far as the Alma Ata - millions of them. Can anyone imagine the conditions they lived in? Yet these people still, live in hope and pray, sing and clap, Peace, Peace in the whole world. Always hoping that they can one day get out of the holes they live in and enjoy the things WE IN THE UNITED STATES TAKE FOR GRANTED AS OUR HERITAGE.

I would love to get off into a corner all by myself and cry for a few hours to make me feel better, for my heart feels very tight and heavy with disgust against many of our RULERS on both sides for letting so many millions of people suffer, because THESE RULERS CAN'T DIVIDE THE WORLD BETWEEN THEMSELVES.

We felt our way through the dark hall (hole) to Anuta's room, where she lives with her daughter (a widow) and grandson. Anuta was not there yet. She didn't know we were coming. The telephone communications are not as good as we are used to. We, in the U.S.A., chew the rag on the telephone for hours, not appreciating how precious time is and the privilege of having a telephone that functions well, even if we do get a wrong number once in a while.

When Anuta walked in and saw Sima (whom she had not seen in ages) and the rest of us, she burst out crying, grabbed hold

of Sima and both cried; then the same to me. I had perfect control of myself; but I didn't want my feelings to run away with me, for I cannot take as much as I used to.

We sat down at a round table under a makeshift chandelier with one bulb. I started thinking that I was lucky to BE ABLE AND WILLING to be of help to them, and that they were lucky too, to have me as their brother, uncle, cousin, or PLAIN HUMAN BEING WITH A HEART, who enjoys much better spending some of his money on them rather than buying expensive 'shmates' for himself and having a closet full of such junk, not knowing what to do with it - like many people I know who have relatives in such circumstances, who don't even try to find out where they are - all they know is "LET THEM ALL DROP DEAD", "ALL COMMUNISTS".

We sat around the table talking, each expressing an opinion on how to arrange the dinner. They all wanted to chip in to make this party for me. I smiled and said "LOOK, WHO IS MAKING THE PARTY FOR WHOM?" I settled it right there and then - I WAS TO BE THE HOST AND IT WAS ALL ON ME. I can afford it, especially now at TEN RUBLES TO THE DOLLAR.

The Mednikovs and I left at ten. The others remained. We walked a while looking for a cab. There are two kinds of cabs and plenty of both - Government cabs and private cabs. The first is metered, the second is not (the "GET AS MUCH AS YOU CAN" type, like the open market). We got the second but bargained for a price. Had dinner at Intourist Hotel, met Mr. Yampolsky of Philadelphia. He speaks Russian very well; he arrived in the States in 1937; is a C.P.A. in partnership with his son, and is looking for relatives. Retired at twelve and fell asleep immediately.

KIEV, Monday, May 6, 1957, 6:00 A.M.

Can't sleep longer than five hours. It is not the mattress this time and it is extremely quiet after 2:00 A.M. until 6:00. I don't eat much. Why don't I sleep longer? Maybe five or six hours of sound sleep should be enough for me. Wrote for an hour and at breakfast I met Mr. Yampolsky and a college student from Princeton, who was a native of Cincinnati. They are disgusted with this trip. The first one is angry because the local INTOURIST will not extend his tour five days to fly to see his sister in FRUNZI nor will they bring her here. The young student who is supposed to be here fifteen more days, wants to leave at once, because he has had TWO PEOPLE FOLLOWING HIM SINCE LENINGRAD. He is sure of this and he does not know why. I asked Yampolski if he knows the reason, but he did not. The INTERPRETER to whom he was talking, trying to get plane reservations to leave Kiev at once, thinks he is crazy. When I told her about somebody following him, she said it was not so - just fabrication or imagination. Yampolsky thinks it's true, because he got into trouble with a girl in LENINGRAD. A RAPE STORY. The American fellow newspapers would surely spread

it all over on their front pages.

Mr. TURNER CATLEDGE of the New York Times walked into the dining room as I was finishing my breakfast. I was rather surprised, for he was supposed to go back to the United States; but now he is here and then he goes to Leningrad and Stockholm. He will return to the U.S. in July. It is nice to work for a prominent newspaper like the New York Times. I envy him, for he CAN get into places I CANNOT. Will visit him in New York and exchange impressions and opinions.

Was informed that I will leave for Radomisle tomorrow at 8:00. The local Intourist Manager told me not to worry about anything. "VSIO BOODET CHOROSHO" (Everything will be O.K.). Then I was called back again and told that I can go to Boyarka today at 10:00 A.M., and tomorrow to Radomisle at 8:00. So, arranged to go to Boyarka today but to Radomisle on Wednesday because tomorrow I am to visit places I picked myself. Was told that Mr. Catledge will visit some places with me at noon.

A knock on the door and sister Sima and Liza Kipnis walked in to talk things over. WHO IS WHO, WHERE AND TO WHOM I SHOULD SEND PACKAGES, WHO NEEDS WHAT AND PLEASE NOT TO BE PARTIAL. It will be easy after I get the information at the party on Wednesday evening.

We started out for Boyarka about 11:30 A.M. after a short mix-up in cars. It was a big Ziss car and Sima, Anna, Liza will come with me also (the interpreter, whom I didn't need but felt it safer to have around) and the chauffeur. The roads on the way of Kiev were crowded until we passed the new Agricultural Exhibition Building which is being completed, and until we reached the side road leading to Boyarka. There was no mud today so we got there in forty minutes, wholly unexpected by them. We walked into the house and there was Dunna, ready to collapse. She grabbed hold of Sima, whom she hadn't seen in a long, long time. They stood embraced, both crying; then I came in next for my turn. Then her husband came in (I had brought him a Talis (praying shawl). The women talked together and he and I talked separately. Isaac was out but returned soon and the party was complete.

I knew everything about this big "CELLO" (village) in a few minutes. Invited them to come to the party Wednesday evening, and they will, one and all.

Drove back in forty minutes. It is the first time I saw horse-drawn trucks and the old time carts - same as eighty or a thousand years ago. I don't know. There are lots of cars here, private and Government. There are also two new small cars being manufactured here for the masses.

The trucking business must be flourishing here. Lots of them belong to Kulchoses or Farmer Co-ops. The streets are full of them.

The streets are all clean. Krestchatic is a beautiful

street. The store I visited, which was the only one open today, was a department store crowded with people. At the department of "GELOSHEN" (ribbons) there was a sign reading "fifty per cent off regular price". But there was no one at the counter for they were "seconds" and the people here do not like seconds.

I returned to the Hotel for lunch and Sima and Anna went home. Have not seen a single dog here in Moscow, maybe because there is no room in the small apartments for dogs. Maybe that is why the streets are clean, unlike Central Park West or other New York streets, where the husband or the wife or someone in the family gets up at twelve midnight or six in the morning TO WALK ONE OR MORE DOGS, who relieve themselves on the lamp posts or the fire hydrants or on the sidewalks.

I'm lucky in my timing to be here, for all the thirteen packages I sent out at the end of March arrived today. I'll go up to Mednikov's home and open the seven I sent to him and make the proper division of these. They came for me with two cabs, went to Post Office, picked up the packages and drove us to 14 Tarasovska Street, where there was a crowd in the yard watching us with envy. It is the first time I visited this one-room apartment, where the Mednikov's father, mother and son, who just graduated from Military College, have lived since 1934. Nothing has been changed in it. My sister, who was torn limb from limb, used to live across the street in number 12.

Could not see how anybody could live there on any floor, not only because of the looks of the place, but also because of the memory of the house across the street. I crept up to the third floor. Anna kept telling me that they were doing a lot of (Remond) repairing. I let it go at that, for this is still a palace compared to Anuta's apartment.

I took off my coat and started to work with the son and Anna, unpacking and checking. Sima and Liza were sitting and watching. Everything was there. Am certain that some of the packages were opened at the Post Office, but nothing was touched.

Their eyes popped out when the articles were examined by all of them, especially the BABY DOLL PAJAMAS and the nylon stockings. I walked back to the Hotel. Was so tired that I was afraid I would collapse before I reach the Hotel; my feet just didn't function properly. But I got there. Didn't finish my supper but went right up to my room. Would have laid down on the bed with my clothes on, but haven't any other clothes - so undressed and was asleep in a second. Didn't even wash my shirt and socks. The people I saw in the restaurant here in Kiev look much better in everyway than those in Moscow - better dressed, and better looking. Some look very beautiful as they smile and dance to the five piece orchestra that plays seven nights a week. These are the people that live in rat holes; many of them in one room, but I did not smell any objectionable

odors from them. Am still wondering how this could be, for everybody is working here for a living. The bathrooms they have are mostly non-existant and the home surroundings do not lend themselves to cleanliness.

KIEV, Tuesday, May 7, 1957, 6:30 A.M.

Wrote up all of yesterday's happenings while lying in bed too tired to get up. Up at 8:30 A.M. and to breakfast. Anna came over at 9:00 A.M. to make arrangements for tomorrow's dinner - kind of a get-together to them as much as for me, for they don't mingle or meet. Some of them didn't see each other since my visit in 1934 or even 1922. We reserved room #4 on the second floor of the Intourist Hotel - a very nice room but not as nice as the one at the Continental Hotel, where we held a party fit for a Czar in 1922, for about eighty people. It was the Czar's Hotel and his room for official functions! All my folks were present then, mother, brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces, mostly youngsters.

None of the older folks are left now except sister Sima. The other older folks were murdered, buried alive, or cremated by our, now friends, the Germans. HITLER COULD HAVE NEVER DONE THE JOB ALONE, WITHOUT THE HELP OF ALL THE GERMANS. My blood chills every time they start telling me what they went through during the Hitler regime. How many Russians and especially Jews were exterminated in cold blood, buried alive, torn limb from limb. I cannot listen to them anymore. They have the same story of "FEAR OF REPETITION" FOR THEY FEEL THAT THE GERMANS ARE COMING BACK STRONGER THEN ANY POST WAR NATION, through our help, and that we are arming them with atomic weapons. GERMANS WILL ALWAYS BE GERMAN, (Dutchland), "UBER ALLES" and history will repeat itself. The Government of the U.S.A. know this better than anybody, for they all saw it on the spot. Why, why then, do we HELP them instead of CONTROLLING them, for they WILL STRIKE BACK AT US TOO, when the time will be ripe to do it - the same goes for the Japanese.

The mistrust in American leadership with Dulles at the head of it, is terribly pronounced everywhere here, and when I said there will never be another war between the present leading nations of the world, that it is unthinkable because it would mean THE DESTRUCTION OF CIVILIZATION, and the fact that DULLES has surrounded the Russians with armed airports (Truman's containment) does not mean that ONLY THEY WILL BE DESTROYED. They are not sitting idle because the U.S.S.R. have also plenty of atomic equipped armed forces outside of Russia. But this does not satisfy them, and they say, "CHTO ZNAET, (Who knows) - YOU DID NOT HAVE A WAR ON YOUR SOIL, YOUR MASSES OF PEOPLE DON'T KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE WHAT WAR IS, ESPECIALLY A GERMAN WAR."

We finished the arrangements for our party which should cost about 1400 Rubles ($140) for thirty-three people, in a nice room all by ourselves.

Turner Catledge and I went to inspect the largest shoe

plant in the Ukraine - just the two of us with a male interpreter. We were led into the Director's office. He was smoking a cigarette through a cigarette holder. He did not understand a word of English. He was polite and read to us through an interpreter, the statistics of this plant. Average two thousand workers, fifty-six hours a week, two shifts, eighty per cent women. Twenty thousand pairs of shoes a day of different grades, quality and prices. The leather is supplied by the Leather Trust, piece work with an incentive system. The minimum earnings are 800 Rubles per month. The rent for apartments owned by the plant is very cheap and they pay for their needs in food and clothes only thirty per cent of the market price. They have their own park, recreation hall, stage their own plays - eighty amateurs from the plant do the entertaining, acting, singing, dancing, acrobatics, etc. They fulfilled 110 per cent of their quota. Then he told us to ask him questions and he would answer. We both asked quite a few questions and he answered without hesitation.

We started out to inspect the plant - walked up four floors. First operation - where the blanks are stamped out by machine; next, where the pieces are sewn together, then blocked, the bottom stitched together, soled, heeled, trimmed and polished - about one hundred operations, until the shoe is packed into a paper box and shipped to all parts of the Soviet Union and to the satellite countries and even to Italy. When the store receives the shoes packed in very cheap paper box, they are examined and wrapped in paper and put up in a better paper box.

I asked, "Why not ship in corrugated boxes," and the answer was, "An abundance of wood." They use steam for the process and gas for heating. We were taken into the sample room, where all the styles are kept for the buyers from the Government-owned stores, who come to pick what they want. Asked if they have a restaurant on the premises, and if we could have lunch with them. The Director replied, "PAZHALUSTA" (Please), "WE WILL BE GLAD TO HAVE LUNCH WITH YOU HERE."

We then went to the machine shop, maintenance shop. The head of each department was introduced and answered questions for his department. Most of the machines used here are of domestic origin but a few were Czechoslovak, Italian machines and about six Singer sewing machines. We visited the club and assembly building where the performances are staged, meetings help, also the library and the Executive or Director's room. Turner Catledge was in a hurry to get away, so we decided not to lunch there. We had time to visit one home in an apartment house where the workers from the plant live - they all live in nearby apartments owned by the plant. I think that both of us were impressed with the frankness and sincerity of the people, surely with their friendliness.

The plant was clean and orderly; everything worked or

moved by belt line from department to department, floor to floor. The shoes came out pretty good; the price twenty-five to two hundred Rubles a pair or $2.50 to $20.00 per pair. It was an efficiently operated plant. We departed with the usual farewell, Peace and friendship.

Catledge and I lunched together at the Hotel. I bought five tickets to the circus for this evening and he bought one. We will drive together to see it.

Wanted to rest a while, but it was impossible. Sister Sima was supposed to come at six but arrived at three. She brought Ginda, brother Isaac's daughter. We talked again about packages and the family and what happened and how it happened. We left for the circus at 7:30. The two Mednikovs were supposed to be here but didn't make it. They came later with a few others. Turner Catledge was with us. Am certain that he enjoyed the show, for we all did. It was the same story as in Moscow. A beautiful show in a poor building.

We strolled up Red Army Street. Old BOLSHOIY VASLI-KOWSKY ULITSA - wide, clean and well lit up. I was starved and suggested that the seven of us step in for a bite. So we walked around the corner (about a mile) to the restaurant SPORT. One of the outstanding eating places here, it was nice, and we had a booth to ourselves. We were supposed to be there a few minutes, but it was nearer to two hours before we left to take another walk to KRESTCHATIC, which is more beautiful at night, for it is a wide street - the sidewalks, park-like walks, apartment houses, and stores, all new and clean.

It was now 1:00 A.M. Have to get up early to leave for Radomisle with Sima and Ginda. Am making this trip more for Sima, for she has not been there for 37 years, and she wants to find the graves of our mother and father - Ginda wants to find the grave of her father. I fell asleep with my shirt on.

KIEV, Wednesday, May 8, 1957.

Up at six and wrote up yesterday's events. Was disturbed by the telegram received from Joe Reynolds yesterday:

> "RUMOR CIRCULATED NEW YORK THAT I WAS WORKING FOR YOU AND JOE RESULTED TERMINATION OF GIBBS AND MYSELF MAY FIRST CALL ME BY SATURDAY NOON WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO YOU BEFORE MAKING ANOTHER CONNECTION. JOE REYNOLDS"

I don't know who fired whom, of if Joe Gruniesel was fired too. I should have been consulted about this situation. Am wondering if they are challenging me to go into business; indirectly as consultant, money lender or stockholder.

Sister Sima and Ginda, were waiting for me when I went down. We piled into a small auto to go to Radomisle this time without a written "POLZHENIA" (Permission) from any department except Intourist. The "SOSCHEI" (highway) now asphalted, is pretty smooth.

It took us quite a while to get out of Kiev onto the open road, for the roads in the city were crowded with trolley buses, trucks and cars. We drove as far as Kotcherow, turned off right on a "Sotchei", partly paved, partly not, but so much better than in the days I used to drive with my father to the markets in Fastov, Berditchev Bello Tzerkov, on a horse-drawn wagon loaded with leather, on the same road - mud up to the axles.

Before we reached the RIDNA, a suburb of Radomisle, Ginda pointed out to me the place on our left, where hundreds of Jews from the surrounding territory were lined up before a large hole in the ground, (which they had been forced to dig) shot, and thrown into it, many were still alive. There was an inscription on a large board, describing the history of this crime. I wanted to take a picture of it and mail a copy to our PRESIDENT, SECRETARY OF STATE and to EACH SENATOR and CONGRESSMAN and to all our INTERNATIONAL POLITICIANS, who are now TOYING WITH THE LIVES OF MILLIONS AND MILLIONS. I didn't take pictures of this place because most of them saw sights worse than this one, for THEY HAD VISITED the various camps of destruction where millions of human beings from all lands and religions were gassed and cremated.

We drove over the bridge up to the center of the town and to the village LITIVKE, to locate BEILA, sister Ester's daughter. During 1920, when the Ukraine was ravaged by the HAIDOMAKES, the UDENITCHES, when tens of thousands of Jews and Gentiles were murdered during the fight, three daughters of sister Ester hid in this village. One of them, BEILA, fell in love with a Gentile, changed her religion and got married in a church, thereby disgracing the entire Kipnis family. She, my mother, Feigle and her mother Ester and family were almost crazy with shame. We are now going to visit BEILA.

It took us quite a while to find her home. Ginda recognized her as she was standing near a fence where she lived holding a child. The car got stuck in a ditch, so we walked up to her and she froze when she saw us. No one dared say anything. We were like statues. I finally broke the silence and asked her "UZNAETE NAS?" (You recognize us?) She replied, "NET." I said, "AETO ZHE MOYA SESTRA SIMA WASHA TIOTA A YA SAMUEL KIPNIS IZ AMERIKA A TO GINDA KIPNIS" (This is Sima, my sister and your aunt. I am Samuel Kipnis from America and this is Ginda Kipnis). She broke down, fell into the arms of Sima, crying aloud, tears streaming down her dried up cheeks, a pitiful sight. She was a most beautiful girl in every respect when I saw her in 1922. A proud prize child of the Kipnis family.

Now she looks like eighty at fifty-eight, was dirty, filthy, forsaken and lonely. Her husband was taken away from her many years ago as a WHITE Russian. Her adopted son is married to the third wife - both work and he drinks and mistreats BEILA. She stays home to look after the household that

she built with her own hands, and looks after the livestock she owns, which now belongs to this son. She sells the produce in the open market, and is waiting and wishing to die. She is ashamed to come back to her original religion, or meet her relatives, the beautiful BEILA - Sima at seventy-three looks twenty years younger than she.

She kept on sobbing as she was telling us of her miserable life, and why couldn't she pass out of the picture and let it end her misery. It broke our hearts for her - it was best to leave. I gave her four hundred Rubles and promised to send her a package. She can make her own clothes. We kissed and dragged our feet back to the car and went on to Radomisle to visit the home where Hentsi and mother lived when we were there in 1934. We stopped in the yard and asked the tenants for permission to enter.

I recognized the palatial home, except that it is now an eight family house, with the roof collapsing, the steps and the balcony rotting away - a dangerous fire trap. There are thousands of fire traps like this, where people are only too glad to live in. There was an electric light in every apartment, also one loud speaker plugged in to the city main line and a CO-OPERATIVE OUTHOUSE. The garden and orchard and the trees were in full bloom. What a contrast there was between the beauty of nature and these wretched human beings.

We drove to the cemetery. Sister and Ginda must shed a few tears to lighten their feelings. We got lost, but finally got there and in this ninety per cent destroyed cemetery we started to look and read the inscriptions on each tomb stone. We found father's and mother's stones. His stone I couldn't find last year. Ginda couldn't find her father's tomb, but both women did their duty - they cried and tore out a few handfuls of grass and placed it on the stone. It took us one hour. The keeper of this cemetery, who helped us, recognized me. She told me that when I was here last year in August I didn't give her anything, and I should give her something for then and for now, too. She was right, so I gave her forty-one Rubles. Told her to take care of what is left and when I get back again I will pay her for clearing up the reading matter on the stones.

We went into one "CHINA" (tea house), but couldn't get served. Then on to another one, where they gave us apples and cottage cheese, sour cream, bread and eggs. The waitress recognized me and asked me to make sure that on my next visit I shall let her know in advance and she would cook anything my heart desires - "FOOD FIT FOR A KING."

We returned to Kiev. Sima and Ginda went home to get ready for tonight. I took tea and was advised that we can't have room #4 for the party; it will have to be room #2.

Rested a while and again was advised that we can't have room #2 - we will have to move to the main dining room.

Arranged with Anna to come early to get everything ready. But she didn't and when I got to the dining room, had to rearrange the settings in a "U" form, instead of one long table. I had to work fast. Everybody gave me a hand, including Yampolski, who did not understand me and got everything bungled up.

The table was set and ready at eight - Vodka, wine, mineral water, cake, bread, ham, two kinds of caviar, cheese, butter, tongue, apples and tomatoes. Sima and Ginda came first to talk over things and to give me advice on WHO IS WHO and who needs what, and family gossip. I was amazed at the stamina of my seventy-three young sister for she hadn't stopped talking since we started out this morning.

Some of the people hesitated to come. They were afraid, still afraid of their own shadow. Some of the men will not come "NEMOZHNO" (we can't) - but, we were thirty relatives together when the clock struck nine. Sima, Ginda, Liza and I were at the head of the table.

Motel Midnikov drank a toast to health and happiness and to MIR, MIR.PEACE in the whole world and the usual clapping of hands and chanting - PEACE, PEACE, as is the case in any gathering in public places, theatre or opera. The blessings that were heaped on me made the effort worthwhile. I was happy but tired. We kissed and to bed I went.

KIEV, Thursday, May 9, 1957, 6:30 A.M.

Was up early, we will leave for the local Jewish cemetery with Ginda and Anuta. Must see the tomb stones of Nathan Olivensky and Itzik Kipnis. Liza and Sima were supposed to come, but didn't. It took us thirty minutes to get there. This cemetery is half Jewish and half Christian. We drove in a narrow road until we got stuck - so we walked the rest of the way. A SHAMUS OR RABBI ran after us to help us find what we were looking for. The cemetery is terribly neglected. It is full; there is no more space, and it will be closed next year. We found one grave but not the other. The RABBI wanted to say a prayer, "EL MOLEH RACHMIN", but we did not want it.

Drove back to the hotel and they left for home. We will meet again about 4:00 P.M. at Visa's home and talk. Went with a couple from Chicago to visit a "DETDOM #13" (a children's home). The head of this home, a pleasant, fairly young grandmother, explained the different types of children that were brought there. Mostly orphans from the last war (which is being celebrated today the twelfth year of victory of the Allies and the defeat of Hitler), most of the children were brought from the concentration camps, parentless. She showed us the marks on the arms of the four girls that are still in the school from these camps. Some of the others have now graduated from various schools and are ENGINEERS, DOCTORS, LAWYERS AND TECHNICIANS. Some of them married in this school and come here to celebrate their anniversaries. Each girl and boy that got married here was supplied

free with a trousseau. We walked from room to room. The children have to keep things spic and span. There is a dining room that serves meals in shifts, reading rooms and study rooms on different subjects. We thanked her and left for the hotel. The Chicago couple who are here for the first time went sight-seeing the town.

Had no time to rest. My friend Yampolsky succeeded in bringing his sister and her daughter from FRUNZA for one day. He introduced me to them while we were having tea. She was afraid to talk to me in any language, until I assured her that my relatives talk to me, go to the theatres with me, and that I send them packages. She opened up in YIDDISH. Her daughter is a doctor. She (the sister) just lost her husband and is a little sick too, and has "TZORES" (troubles) galore.

Left them and went to the INTOURIST Service Bureau, collected all my papers and 150 Rubles due me for expense money. Ginda and Liza called for me to go to Visa's home. Her husband, who was waiting on the corner, will not ride with us in the car. HE IS AFRAID TO BE SEEN WITH ME.

We drove over, stopped a block away from their house. They have the wrong conception of the duties of my interpreter. They think the Government puts him on my trail to watch me, but this is not the case. Every deluxe tourist is entitled to a first class hotel room, four meals a day, a car, chauffeur, interpreter, plus twenty-five Rubles a day expense money; and, if one starts out in Leningrad or Moscow for any length of time, even two months, the same interpreter travels with him to protect, guide, explain, and make all arrangements, such as theatre tickets, special places of interest, sight-seeing, etc. If one does not want an interpreter or guide, they can go alone.

Of course, Russia is afraid of foreigners, and many Americans just do not know how to mind their own business and understand the situation here. They are loud, not only in their method of dressing and make-up, but also in CRITICIZING EVERYTHING THAT IS NOT TO THEIR LIKING. They forget that this country was completely ravaged and destroyed not so long ago, with a loss of nearly 25 million of its people and destruction of countless billions of dollars' worth of property.

We walked over to Visa's home in a six story apartment house. We started slowly to creep up. I made it well, but Liza and Ginda had to stop and catch their breath.

The table was set - wine, Vodka, jelly, caviar, cake, cookies, apples. I wanted to take a few photos on this so-called BALCONY but I was told "NEMOZHNO" (I mustn't). I don't know why. It was indoors and I surely would not report it. We sat around the table sipping a glass of tea. They wanted to know "CHTO DELAR V AMERIKA" - how many people are idle, how do they live, how much is the average earnings of

a worker, how is education and many, many more questions. Everybody in the two-room apartment listened attentively to my answers, which answers completely surprised them. I concluded with the statement that if there would be no war, (and there could not be another war for it would be the end of civilization), that in that case they may reach our standard of living in about ten to twenty years from now.

The men had to leave. We made a date to meet for dinner in a restaurant across from the opera house on the corner from me - the "THEATRALNO RESTAURANT". Returned to hotel, accompanied by Visa's husband who would not leave me alone until I got into a government taxi with a meter.

Visa's apartment consisted of bedroom, living room, kitchen, bath and separate toilet room, as well as a balcony overlooking the west part of the DNEIPR RIVER. And a servant.

Wanted to rest a while, for had to get up early tomorrow to go to the airport for breakfast and leave on the 8:35 plane for BUDAPEST, VIENNA, PRAGUE, COPENHAGEN and NEW YORK. Thirty hours, of which five hours is waiting between planes - but there was a knock on the door just as I was going to stretch out my tired body, and Liza walked in.

She started to thank for me all the wonderful things she had received from me, in a "POSILKA" but couldn't finish - she was choking with tears, grabbed my hands and started to kiss them. When she came to and said, "UNCLE, YOU CANNOT IMAGINE THE GOOD YOU HAVE DONE FOR ALL OF US. YOU SHOULD LIVE LONG, BE HEALTHY AND HAPPY." I asked her what else she needed, and she replied, "NOT FOR ME, BUT FOR MY CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN." Assured her that I will take care of everything as soon as I get back to New York.

We walked down to the streets, where Motel and Anna waited for me. I instructed him what to do with the thirteen dresses and five pairs of shoes that were on the way to him, IN A POSILKA. He promised faithfully to carry out my wishes. We walked over to the restaurant across the street, and by nine, thirteen of us were around the table and as usual, it took two and a half hours to get served. I told them it is time to go. We all walked out and on that corner I gave Liza's grandson 175 Rubles and a pen, kissed everybody over and over again and a special half dozen more kisses to Sima for coming here, thereby satisfying me for making the trip, and ran away while they were watching me disappear.

KIEV, Friday, May 10, 1957, 5:30 A.M.

Slept right through the night on the same side as I lay down, and if I did turn around, I didn't remember. Got shaved and put my few things together. There was a knock on the door, "TIME TO GET UP." It was not necessary to wake me up as I was practically ready. Haven't much luggage - I gave everything away except the Bell & Howell camera and films that I didn't need, because the camera didn't work, and even if it

did, I would not have used it. Didn't have the strength to drag it around. It's too heavy.

Went down. There was Mr. Yampolsky, his sister and her daughter. He was pale, he didn't have any more money. He borrowed $201 from me. He is going to Paris to catch the Queen Mary to be able to rest for a few days. He is in trouble here but will tell me later. I knew what it was because he told me something about it yesterday.

First, he was too fresh with everybody at INTOURIST, because they did not do everything he wanted. (They just couldn't). Then, he had been going around with a young student from Cincinnati who was warned that he was not behaving himself as he should when he was in Leningrad. Thereafter, the student was trailed by two secret service men in a car wherever he went, day and night, and was finally told to get out in twenty-four hours.

Then Mr. Yampolsky got friendly with a British woman who was here as a tourist. SHE WORE TIGHT PANTS, WAS MADE UP LIKE A MONKEY, SMOKED LIKE A CHIMNEY, AND DRANK LIKE A FISH. She roamed the streets and took photographs of everything that came her way, including a beggar taking money from Yampolsky. They were both locked up and ordered out of the country in twenty-four hours. When he asked why, he was told that he "BEHAVED UNBECOMING AN AMERICAN CITIZEN", and that's all.

He had breakfast with his sister and niece at the airport, meanwhile looking all around to see if anybody was on his trail. I had my breakfast at another table. My interpreter and waitress tried their best to please me - he even made up a package for me to take along so that I would not starve on the way to New York. CUCUMBER, THREE HARD BOILED EGGS, BLACK BREAD, SALT, CHOCOLATE, AND OTHER CANDY, A BOX OF COOKIES AND TWELVE APPLES - gratis.

Yampolsky almost died when he saw the service and attention I was getting, not only here but in Kiev, and the drive to Boyarka and to Radomisle without official permission; How come? I told him the next time he came here to mind his own business and pick his company, for even in the States we have certain rules and regulations, and the one that does not obey them lands in the cooler.

Recited to him the case of V.S. of Intourist in New York who would not drive with me at any time to Brooklyn or Westchester or Jersey, because HE IS NOT ALLOWED. Yampolsky told me that the lady was a LION TAMER in England ten years ago. "IS SHE TRYING TO TAME THE RUSSIANS?" I asked him. "WHY DOESN'T SHE TAME THE ENGLISH LION INSTEAD OF NASSER DOING IT?"

Our plane was forty minutes late leaving Kiev. It was very cold, cloudy and windy and raining, but we made up the lost time to Budapest, where we landed in fairly good weather, except that it was very, very cold. One can notice the differ-

ence in everything here and that of the U.S.S.R. The airport is more modern, although the two new wings to the airport are in the same condition as they were in 1956 when I was here. The women are all dolled up, smoke, wear uniforms, and speak English. The place is fairly clean.

We were flying in an IL 12 - twenty-one passenger, good flying. Did not bother much with Mr. Yampolsky, for I knew he was worried. Maybe there is a telegram here to detain him. We left in one hour for Vienna and arrived in fifty minutes. I was led to a transient section; he will stay in Vienna one night. He asked me, " IS THIS OUT OF RUSSIAN TERRITORY?" I said "YES." But he did not believe me and asked the guide, and she replied in the affirmative. He sure was glad to be away and told me to be sure to call his office in Philadelphia tomorrow and tell them that he almost became A RUSSIAN. The weather is much nicer here and so is the airport. Many airlines fly from and to here - North, West and South.

Saw lots of American and English people here having breakfast. There was a representative from ISRAEL attending to the refugees from Poland that were on their way to ISRAEL. Twenty-five thousand have already immigrated and twenty-five thousand more will do so unless the POLISH Government stops it.

Made friends with the English and Americans. The English group were reading the London Daily Express. The heading was "SUEZ, THE CLIMB DOWN." What they thought about this Dulles - Eisenhower fiasco, and the names they called the two cannot be repeated here. I was in full agreement with them.

The airport here has been remodeled a bit, but as the P.A.A. agent here told me, a new airport building is now in the making and will be ready in one, two or three years. He tried to induce me to fly P.A.A., which will arrive in New York 8:00 A.M. But why change? It is true that I will start from here two and a half hours earlier and will have to spend three hours in Copenhagen, but since I don't want to take a ride to the city sight-seeing, I will arrive in New York at 7:30 A.M. instead of 8:00 A.M., and since I wouldn't have to make as many stops as P.A.A. do, I will stick to S.A.S.

After one hour's wait, we left for Prague in a DC-3 style plane made locally. It was good flying but a little bumpy. The hostess offered us candy and tea. It takes one and three-quarter hours. There were eight Chinese on board - about seventeen passengers on this twenty-one passenger plane. Half an hour wait, we boarded an S.A.S. Convair type plane made in the United States. It was very beautiful - no comparison to any other plane I had been in since leaving Moscow. (The airport, too, is the nicest yet - good runways, a practically new building, a small radar.) A civilized country,

even behind the Iron Curtain, and IF CIVILIZATION CAN BE MEASURED BY THE WAY WOMEN DRESS, SMOKE, MAKE UP THEIR HAIR AND FACES, THEN THIS IS A MOST CIVILIZED PART OF CIVILIZATION.

Our S.A.S. plane seated forty but had only eight passengers. The flight to Copenhagen takes three and a half hours at fifteen thousand feet. We flew over the clouds and over Munich and Nuremburg, but could not see anything. The two hostesses were cute things. Tea and sandwiches were served but I took only tea and ate one of my Soviet apples. Offered them one each, which they took.

Mrs. Johnson, the wife of the U.S. Ambassador to the Czechs was on board heading for the United States for a six weeks' vacation. Her husband did not accompany her. He is in Zurich - busy with the Chinese Ambassador to Switzerland - where for the third year now he is trying to get released the few American prisoners of the Korean War. This is a mystery to me. HOW CAN WE NEGOTIATE WITH A GOVERNMENT WE DO NOT RECOGNIZE AS EXISTING. That is beyond my ability to understand. IS THIS DIPLOMACY? Maybe prostituted diplomacy, like the Suez betrayal of our best friends to a bum like Nasser. Haven't we done the same thing during the Hitler regime, until six months after England and France declared war on Hitler? Didn't the Allies build up Hitler, knowing exactly his aims? Aren't we doing the same thing now to West Germany or the Adenauer clique of Nazis, knowing well that they hate us and are "ONCE A NAZI ALWAYS A NAZI". Aren't we doing the same thing with the Japs? And DON'T THEY HATE US AND ALWAYS WILL, and SOME DAY GET EVEN WITH US FOR "HIROSHIMA" and "NAGASAKI". Time and past experiences did not teach us anything; only future time will tell.

Arrived in Copenhagen, on time at 7:00 P.M. and will leave at 10:15. Was directed to the transient's entrance where my passport, vaccination card and ticket were examined. Was informed that I was not on the passenger list for flight 911 S.A.S., non-stop to New York! They can put me on another flight that makes two stops, to arrive at 12:30 noon tomorrow. But I had a confirmed reservation in Moscow by the S.A.S. representative and I refused to fly any other flight. Was getting mad, I have had many similar experiences with the United States airlines, but never expected it here from S.A.S.

They gave me a card for a free diner and promised to try to put me on 911. Ordered a good meal and during it, the clerk came over and asked me for my passport, ticket and pass card again. My reservation and present seat is tourist. He advised that they are giving me a first-class seat on 911 at no extra cost! And so we departed at 10:15 as scheduled. Found myself seated next to Mrs. Johnson, in the seventh row of the middle compartment of this four compartment plane. I was tired so I turned out the light but couldn't sleep. Kept thinking of my accomplishments on this trip.

I had been talked into a thirty-day trip by Union Tours with the promise that I could change anyway I wanted. Then I found I could only change in Moscow. But May first and second were holidays and it was not until the third that I could talk about it to the Intourist Bureau at the Savoy Hotel. And not until the fourth did I receive my answer. "NIET!" However, as a favor they will let me stay in Kiev five days. I grabbed it, the FIRST BARGAIN IS ALWAYS THE BEST and this would cancel out nineteen days. It worked out for the best as I was getting tired too soon and it is no good travelling all alone, even if NINA would accompany me as interpreter everywhere I went - (a deluxe tourist gets this exclusive service of an interpreter guide to travel with him wherever he goes, if he wants).

The Captain announced: "We shall be in New York ten minutes early. I hope to clear inspection fast, because I have only two small bags with me in the cabin.

IN FLIGHT, Saturday, May 11, 1957, 2:00 A.M.

We were over the snow-covered waste lands of Labrador. It is quite a large piece of waste land. We were flying the northern route. It is one hundred and three miles longer. I suppose the Captain knows best.

I did not think that frozen lakes and snow-covered ground kept so late in the spring season as is now. Read in one of the English papers that a cold wave prevailed throughout Northern Europe. It was cold during my entire trip, except for a few hours in Prague; and was very chilly when we were boarding the plane in Copenhagen.

Copenhagen is quite a center for air travel - planes there arrive and depart to and from all parts of the globe. S.A.S. is quite an up-to-date airline, and I have been told that it is nice to do business with them.

Nothing has changed at this airport since my last visit in 1956. Everything is old but clean; the washrooms are clean, cotton towels, toilets are free - no coin slots here on anywhere in Europe. The departures were often, with quite a crowd waiting for departures and grabbing a snack in between, mostly on a self-service style.

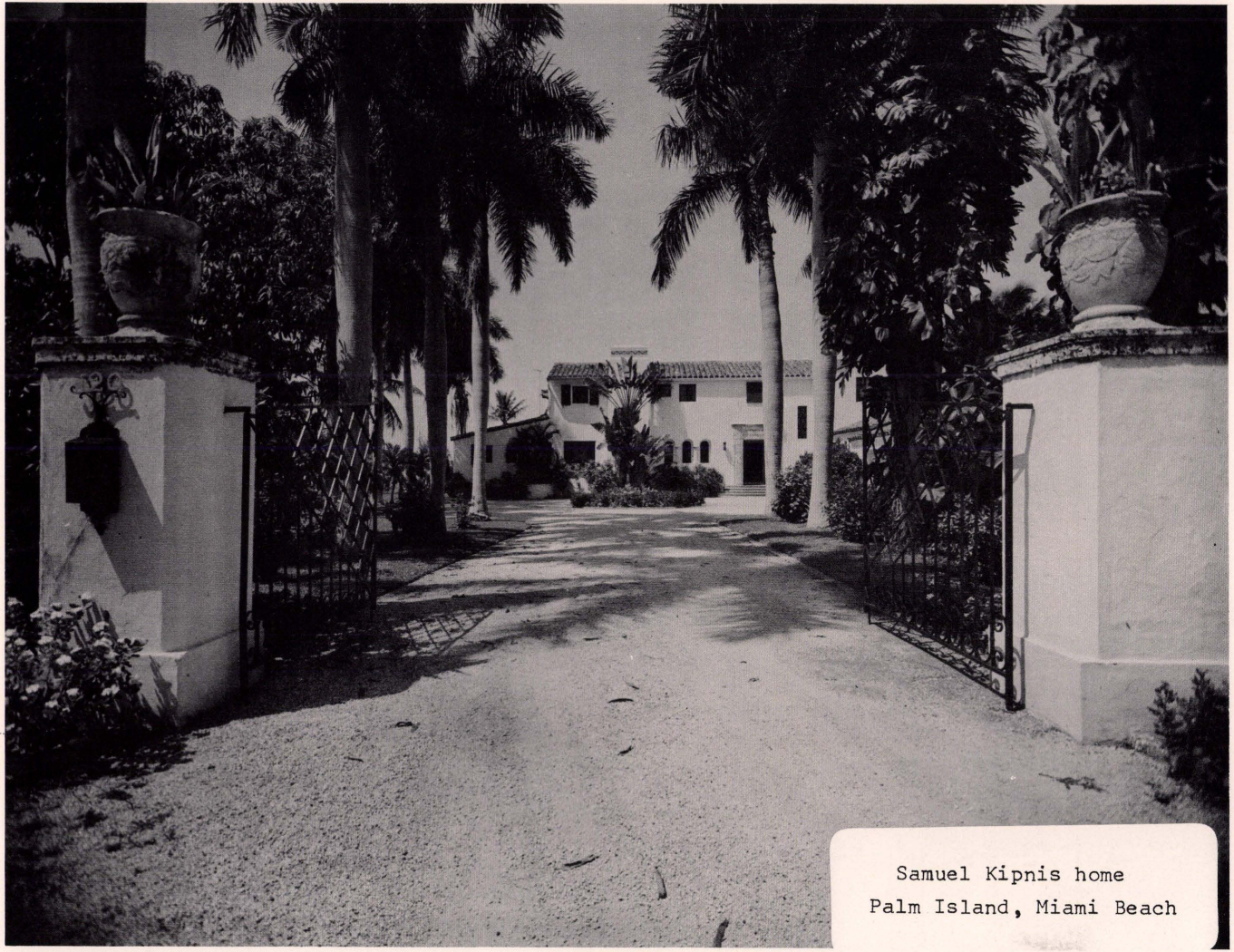
I dare say the Czech and Danish airports are cleaner than Idlewild, LaGuardia, Chicago Midway and Los Angeles, but there can be no comparison made between the numbers of people travelling here and in the States. Still, there is no reason for slots and uncleanliness in our airports.

I did not change my opinion of the Soviet Union as I expressed it in the conclusion of my trip in August, 1956, except that WE have stepped in deeper into the mud of ROTTEN DIPLOMACY since then. It is more difficult now to undo what we have done, for we have strengthened the hand of the RED RULERS everywhere, regardless of how many airports and planes we have surrounded them with. The countries between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. will not permit themselves to be destroyed first, which is the case as it looks to me, IF THE COLD WAR SHOULD TURN HOT.



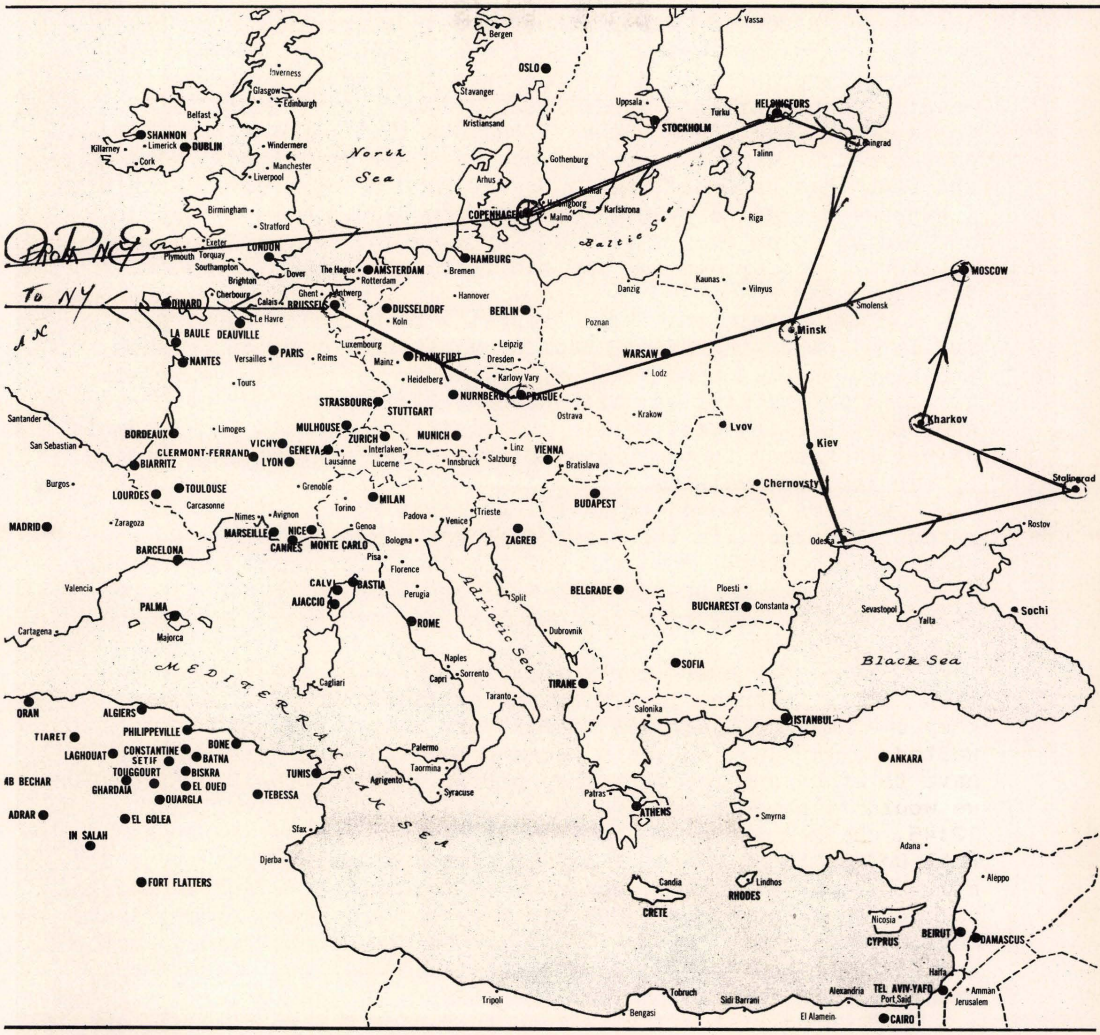
Opening Miami Plant

Feb. 1957



Samuel Kipnis home
Palm Island, Miami Beach

1958



Bergen
OSLO
Vassa
Inverness
Glasgow
Edinburgh
Stavanger
Kristiansand
Uppsala
Turku
HELSINGFORS
STOCKHOLM
Leningrad
Belfast
SHANNON
Limerick
DUBLIN
Killarney
Cork
Windermere
Manchester
Liverpool
North Sea
Gothenburg
Arhus
Talinn
Kalmar
Helsingborg
Malmo
Karlskrona
COPENHAGEN
Riga
Birmingham
Stratford
Baltic Sea
Exeter
Plymouth
Torquay
LONDON
Southampton
Brighton
Dover
The Hague
AMSTERDAM
Rotterdam
HAMBURG
Bremen
Kaunas
Vilnyus
MOSCOW
Cherbourg
Calais
Ghent
Antwerp
BRUSSELS
DINARD
Le Havre
DUSSELDORF
Koln
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Karlovy Vary
WARSAW
Lodz
Tours
Heidelberg
NURNBERG
PRAGUE
STRASBOURG
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Krakow
Lvov
Kharkov
Santander
Limoges
MULHOUSE
ZURICH
MUNICH
BORDEAUX
San Sebastian
VICHY
GENEVA
Interlaken
Linz
VIENNA
Kiev
CLERMONT-FERRAND
LYON
Lausanne
Lucerne
Innsbruck
Salzburg
Bratislava
BIARRITZ
Burgos
Grenoble
Chernovsty
Stalingrad
LOURDES
TOULOUSE
Carcasonne
MILAN
Torino
BUDAPEST
Nimes
Avignon
Padova
Venice
Trieste
MADRID
Zaragoza
MARSEILLE
NICE
Genoa
ZAGREB
Rostov
CANNES
MONTE CARLO
Bologna
Odessa
BARCELONA
Pisa
Florence
Valencia
CALVI
BASTIA
Perugia
Adriatic Sea
Split
BELGRADE
Ploesti
BUCHAREST
Constanta
Sevastopol
Yalta
Sochi
PALMA
AJACCIO
ROME
Dubrovnik
Cartagena
Majorca
Naples
Sorrento
Capri
SOFIA
Black Sea
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Cagliari
TIRANE
Taranto
ORAN
ALGIERS
Salonika
ISTANBUL
PHILIPPEVILLE
TIARET
BONE
LAGHOUAT
CONSTANTINE
SETIF
BATNA
Palermo
ANKARA
TOUGGOURT
BISKRA
Taormina
MB BECHAR
GHARDAIA
EL OUED
TUNIS
Agrigento
Syracuse
OUARGLA
TEBESSA
Patras
ATHENS
ADRAR
EL GOLEA
Smyrna
IN SALAH
Sfax
Adana
Djerba
Aleppo
FORT FLATTERS
Candia
Lindhos
RHODES
CRETE
Nicosia
CYPRUS
BEIRUT
DAMASCUS
Haifa
Tobruch
Alexandria
TEL AVIV-YAFO
Port Said
Amman
Jerusalem
Tripoli
Sidi Barrani
Bengasi
El Alamein
CAIRO

NEW YORK
MONDAY, JUNE 23, 1958

This is my sixth trip to Europe and fifth trip to the U.S.S.R. This time I will take in more cities in the land of the Proletariat than in 1956 and 1957, for I have more time on my hands now. I want to make good use of it and learn more of the truth as Senator Fulbright stated in a speech before the Senate, on Friday June 20, 1958 (page 2, New York Times). I was more interested in plans for this trip after I finished reading John Gunther's INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY. He didn't mince words pro or con, even though I believe that he didn't go far enough either way, I described scenes I saw in 1956-57, good and bad, that he didn't see. He was paid to do a job-I wasn't. I suppose he had to please the ones who paid him to do the job and had to color it. I visited anything and everything I cared to, for I paid my own way and was free to do anything my heart desired.

I am certain that this trip will be more interesting. JLK is accompanying me and besides visiting Leningrad, Moskow, and Kiev, we will also visit Minsk, where my 75 year young sister Sima is awaiting us; also Odessa, Stalingrad, Karkov, Prague, East Berlin, West Berlin and visit the Leipsig and Brussels Fairs; then back to the USA - 28 days traveling, flying, riding by car and much walking.

We were supposed to have left April 27th, but because my recent investment in the Miami deal got mixed up, I had to postpone the trip until now, and while that situation is not exactly cleared up, all my papers that were supposed to be ready were signed, and my lawyers will take care of the rest. I have confidence in them.

Had a good start for this trip. I sold, for certain parties, their interest in A.C.C. and collected the full amount they owed me. JLK arrived in New York Sunday evening. We both waited to the last to get a haircut because we didn't want to have to study and remember the Russian word for "HAIRCUT", now we wouldn't have to get one in Russia. Arrived Idlewild at 12:45, checked in, which took 15 minutes; lunch at the Brass Rail Coffee Shop; wasted a little time and boarded the plane SAS #912 DC-7, at 3:10 P.M., non-stop to Copenhagen. Then to Helsinski, then via Aeroflot (USSR airline) to Leningrad, Minsk, Kiev, Odessa, Stalingrad, Karkov, Moskow; then by Jet to Praha, East Berlin, Leipsig, back to East Berlin, West Berlin, Dusseldorf, Brussels, New York. This was the plan.

My young sister Sima waited four days for my supposed arrival in Moskow on April 28th. She didn't know what happened to me, for she received my notice of change of plans after she left Minsk for Moskow.

The plane left promptly at 3:30 P.M. Our seats were #2A-2B in the front of first compartment of the DC-7C. Plenty of leg room, but the seats didn't tilt back far enough. Two middle-

aged ladies were facing us. This is the Economy Class, the least expensive. The next class on this plane is First Class, the difference between the two classes is four seats abreast, 2 and 2 in first class and five abreast in Economy, two and three, and the price of the meal served in first class ins't worth one hundred dollars more than the meal we were served a while ago.

It's now 11:55 Copenhagen time and we are over the Atlantic, after flying over the waste lands of Newfoundland and the outlet of the St. Lawrence to the Ocean. I don't blame the USA for not annexing this waste land. It's no good for anything except as a TESTING GROUND FOR H-BOMBS, DIRTY OR CLEAN.

JLK and I didn't want to go to sleep so we played three games of Gin across the board, (9), I won five, he won four. It was getting chilly. The Northern Lights don't seem to want to disappear. I kept on gazing to the North horizon hoping that Nature would stage another panorama for me as it did last year on the same flight - an AURORA BOREALIS - WITH A COMET, but it didn't.

At 3:30 A.M. the red sky on the North horizon reflected on the clouds. The lights in the cabin were put out but I couldn't sleep. I didn't know why, for I usually am a good sleeper on planes. We got a few bumps flying through clouds even at 21,000 feet altitude.

It was worth watching the sunrise. I wished my camera was loaded with color film to shoot a few pictures. Watched for awhile, then pulled the window curtain together to shut out the light of the early morning, hoping to fall asleep.

I feel much relaxed lately. I am trying very hard to be this way; even being ignored by all close friends of mine in the NCC, including the people of OIG doesn't bother me. Of course I don't want to retire completely, for this would kill me, and this is the only reason why I dabble with the little business here and there, and why I took over the 7 Central Park lease, so that I might have some people to argue with once in a while. What's life without an argument? - like salad without some kind of dressing to some people, even though I like a vegetable salad or any other salad without dressing.

TUESDAY
JUNE 24, 1958
6:00 A.M. Copenhagen time

We are making good time; still up at 21,000 feet over the clouds. Here and there through a break in the clouds, we saw that we are over the waste lands of Scotland or Wales. There has not been any recent announcement from the bearded plane captain, or any one else, except once, that WE ARE FLYING OVER FOUR HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR, AND THAT WE WILL ARRIVE EARLIER THAN SCHEDULED. A meager breakfast was served, but who wants rolls thick with butter and covered with slices of ham so early in the morning. I drank

the coffee and started to get ready for the landing in Copenhagen, which is now visible. I recognized it. The landing approach is the same as the last time - a tremendous circle approach to the airport at the edge of the Bay.

We're off the plane at 8:15 A.M. instead of 8:45. Nothing has changed here at the airport. The people of SAS were very nice and courteous. We were approached by a clerk -"WOULD **WE ACCEPT** THEIR HOSPITALITY AND BE THEIR GUEST AT A HOTEL TO CLEAN UP AND EAT BREAKFAST, ALL AT THEIR EXPENSE?" It's a long time since I was invited by someone at "THEIR EXPENSE". We gladly accepted the offer after the usual examination of documents, as transient visitors, since we are checked through to Helsinski. We left our baggage at the airport, were given fifteen Danish kronen each, spending money, and to the hotel Europe in a cab we went (**free**), to clean up. Ate a delicious breakfast on the Eighteenth Floor Restaurant overlooking the Canal Bridge which opened a few times as we watched. It reminded us much of the Miami bridges over Biscayne Bay, and Miami River, except the people waiting in lines here are mostly on bicycles and motorcycles, much more than on autos or trucks.

It's a very clean and lively old city; orderly; no cops; very few traffic lights; no parking meters. We hired a cab for an hour and a half to see the lay of the land. Some of the things were familiar to me from my visit last year. JL kept on remarking about the wonderful self discipline of the people on the streets without the guidance of the law (police).

Returned to the hotel at 11:15; left for the airport at 11:45. A cab (free) was waiting for us at the hotel door. We spent the 30 kronen given us by SAS so that we had no trouble with money exchange.

Finnair #812 will be leaving at 1:35 P.M. instead of 1:15. JL got hungry so he picked up a dish at the counter full of little shrimps with something else, and - goodbye Copenhagen. We enjoyed a brief visit to this old and peaceful Danish city that still talks about the Hitler atrocities IN PROPERTY AND IN HUMAN LIVES. Our cab driver who was our guide on the tour, spoke good English, lived in San Francisco before World War II, told us of the terrible atrocities HERR Hitler committed **here**. There was only one U.S. Army plane at the airport.

Our plane was a Convair, clean and comfortable. It took two and a half hours flying time from Copenhagen to Helsinski. JL and I fell asleep for one hour - a welcome nap. I needed it badly. I even refused refreshments. Wanted to save my appetite for the Finnish food we will have soon, since we will stay there overnight. I was wondering why there was a steward and stewardess on board, but the selling of cigarettes, liquor, fruit and some other goods tax free required the service of two people, and they were surely busy the last half-hour before landing.

Got quite a surprise flying over Stockholm. It's a beautiful, large city built on islands connected with bridges. Lots of

new apartments and private houses dotted all over the place. Very interesting from the air. Next time I fly to Europe I'll do it by way of Stockholm.

All announcements were made in Finnish, German and English. There were about twelve American women traveling in a group to Helsinski - Leningrad. They didn't belong to the four hundred class, were very loud. I put in my two-cents of advice, told them that it is "UNBECOMING AMERICAN CITIZENS ANYWHERE", especially in the U.S.S.R. They thanked me and asked me for more guidance. The leader told me that they have a date with "K" and a lady in Moskow. This lady is the head of the Culture Department in Moskow. This was more reason for them to behave, I said, and told them about the three people that were kicked out of Kiev when I was there in 1957 because they "BEHAVED UNBECOMING AMERICAN CITIZENS."

HELSINSKI
JUNE 24, 1958

The airport looks like Russian. This country not so long ago, belonged to Russia and was called "HELSINGFORCE." It was made a republic by the victorious Allies after World War I, but almost became Russian territory again at the Finnish-Russian War in the late thirties. Now it is independent again, minus a small part of its territory which was annexed by U.S.S.R. at the settlement of that war. It looks Russian in many respects. It's tied close to USSR by treaties and because of its borders and of its size and its past relations with Russia. Even if, as some people say, "ITS PEOPLE HATE THE RUSSIANS". Nevertheless, "MIGHT MAKES RIGHT". Lots of people in South America and other places, including some of our Allies, hate us too, but MIGHT AND MONEY MAKES STRANGE BED-FELLOWS.

The usual ceremony of passports, money registration, baggage, etc., was brief; English speaking clerks were all over the place, (except the cab driver from the bus station to Hotel Vaakuna). The bus was a curious looking thing, and the first one I've seen built like this. It is quite a distance from the airport to the hotel and the city is large and as usual, all streets run in a circle. The road from the airport is paved and smoother than our Queens Boulevard roadway, but not as wide or with as many buildings on both sides the full distance.

We left our baggage at the airport to be checked thru to Leningrad. I asked the Finnair clerk if it would be safe to leave it there. He replied, "All Finns are honest; why drag it to the hotel if you don't need it." I kept my fingers crossed, because none of the bags are locked.

We were assigned to room 94, eighth floor, which is the top floor of this large and pretty, modern and fireproof hotel; a nice lobby, well lit up with odd-shaped fixtures, but much more modern than anything I saw in any part of U.S.S.R. that I visited last year. Our room with two single beds, ($9.00 per day) had too many doors for its size; a little foyer for hanging clothes;

HELSINKI HERO CEMETERY
MONUMENT GENERAL MANHEIM
HERO OF FINDLAND

1958



a toilet and tiny sink, attached low on the wall, it's almost useless as a sink but can be used for another purpose; a separate bathroom, bath and double shower connection - one from the ceiling straight down to the middle of the bathtub - no shower curtain - and one portable hand shower on a metal flexible tube, a large sink and open cabinet-like shelf for towels and shminki (used by females for dolling up). The walls of the bathroom were lined with Carrara glass. The walls in the bedroom have hard cement surfaces - not plaster that smells or peels or cracks; modern brass three-light chandelier with three shades.

The floor is either wood veneer or linoleum covered; highly waxed and polished with lots of throw rugs over it that makes walking on it dangerous. The two beds that are close together can be pushed apart to make two singles. I thought that I might have to sleep with JL in one bed. It's now a long time that I slept with someone in one bed, especially with a male!

We brushed and washed up. It was time to eat dinner, it's 6:30 P.M. We asked the head room clerk where there was a good place to eat. He told us to walk out and turn left, three blocks and we would find a good restaurant. Why he didn't tell us to dine in their own restaurant on the roof was a puzzle to us. We followed his suggestion. (Changed $20 into 6320 Finnish Marks) Walked out, turned left, walked three long blocks, got lost, but got there somehow. It was the Royal Restaurant. I was chilled to the bone, ordered a Vodka and had a pretty good meal.

It was too early to retire so we decided to see an English spoken picture and what could be better than Charlie Chaplin in, "A KING IN NEW YORK" made by Charlie Chaplin, written by Charlie Chaplin, music composed by Charlie Chaplin, all for Charlie Chaplin. We met one gentleman at the restaurant who told us to see it and sarcastically remarked about somebody in the U.S. not permitting to show it in the States. I first thought he was a "fellow-traveler". And did we laugh! It was about the TV-RADIO-MOVIE INDUSTRY in the USA and MADISON AVENUE. I heard "MADISON AVENUE" mentioned many times in the States but didn't know what it meant until I saw this picture. Returned to the hotel, ordered coffee, then to our room, washed a few things, took a bath, warmed up, started to write, but my eyes refused to function; fell asleep.

HELSINSKI
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1958

Up at 5:55 A.M., wrote for an hour and a half. I needed fresh air but didn't know how to open the window; JL was now up, too. Breakfast at 8:45. The waitress on the roof restaurant was good looking and pleasant, and took our order in English. We were through in one hour. A tip above the 10% service charge on the check made her smile. I told JL that the tip is 10% and it is on the check. He said, "NO, WE HAVE TO TIP HER", so we did. There will be no arguments on this trip.

Wanted to see the town, so we got on a bus that was leaving in ten minutes on a two and a half hour sight seeing tour.

The three important places to visit were the Parliament Building, the Stadium, and the Cemetery. The first was quite impressive and modern, seats for the eight different political parties were separated, mikes on each desk for speeches to be made at the desk. The voting is done by push-button light, white and red for yes and no, the lights are located on the wall to the rear of the presiding officer. The Stadium is nice, but I have seen nicer ones. The National Cemetery where all WAR DEAD AND DIGNITARIES are buried is kept clean and beflowered. The most impressive grave is General Mannerheim's, a national hero who fought the Civil War and the Russians. I know his history.

Drove by Ambassador Row. The USSR Embassy is the most impressive. Drove in circles to various buildings and monuments, returned to the hotel at 1:15 P.M., cleaned up and to lunch. Ordered fruit plate with cottage cheese, but no cheese. Enjoyed whatever I ate, asked a few questions, - a common laborer gets the equivalent of $30 a month. Things are expensive here; the one day we stayed here cost nearly $40 for both. Checked prices when window shopping for a while yesterday for men's and women's wear and they are at least three times higher than the prices in the U.S.A. for the same things.

The streets are clean. The women look clean, too - not much make-up; not many smoke; most of them are on the plump side. Good size men too. The Squares (Plazas) in the streets are not so square. The buildings are of European style but similar to the Russian. A good many of these are buildings which were constructed when Finland was still part of the Russian empire under the Czars. There are many newer and also lately constructed government subsidized living quarters of quite large proportions. I wanted to get into some place to see the inside, but I'll leave this for my next trip this way, or I'll get a book containing all this information; maybe I can get this in Washington, D.C.

JL called the Aeroflot office asking what time we must get to the airport and how. (My information was not good enough). They told him that they do not pick up passengers with a bus but if we take a cab to the airport, they will pay, (so said JL. I knew it wasn't so, but no arguments). Checked out of the hotel. JL almost left his camera behind in the room. It was a good thing I left last, for I like to look around carefully before I leave any place. The hotel bill with food was 7127 marks even.

When we arrived at the airport, I went to look for the Aeroflot man to pay the cab-fare. The Finnair people looked at me with pity. After a few questions without answers, I paid the cab man 1300 marks, about $4.35 without argument. Had we followed my practical advice it would have cost us exactly 500 marks and I wouldn't have been under such tension from holding on to my seat in the cab, the way the chauffer was chasing, trying to pass everybody on the way and taking the corners on two wheels. There was nothing to do at the airport except wait an hour and fifteen

minutes for departing time. The man we met at the theatre yesterday was there also, waiting for the same plane for Leningrad. We exchanged greetings and discovered that he is a great admirer of the Russians, as much as he knows of them. This is the full reading of his business card -

Lew Serkin, International Representative
San Francisco Ballet Company
Office - Dance Art Company
171 O'Farrell Street
San Francisco, California, U.S.A.
Telephone EX 2-4912-3-4
Cable Address: DACO

We discussed many phases of the relations between the two countries - USA and USSR, and the Dulles attitude and our entire foreign policy; also, the John Gunther book INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY. He recommended that we must go to the Brussels Fair, and that the Czechoslovak, Hungarian, Russian and USA exhibitions are the only ones worth-while spending a month to see thoroughly. He repeated the statements of other people he met there and what they thought of these pavilions.

The Martin style, twenty-four passenger, two-motor plane started on its way to Leningrad on the minute. It was full. There was no fanfare about the departure except the Finnish custom of checking out passports and money declarations. No signs on the plane about "NO SMOKING" or "FASTEN BELTS". We were off and that was all there was to it. The plump hostess handed out sweets, Mineralni (charged) water, and apelsini (oranges) and after an hour and ten minutes we were in the Leningrad airport building.

There were quite a few arriving people and the usual clearing ceremony in a polite way in about half an hour. One Intourist guide for all of us arriving on two flights, spoke more French than English. He showed us to our cars and to the Astoria we went. (JL and I in our private Moskovitch 1950 Model). The driver was careful not to exceed the speed limit of sixty meters (about thirty-five miles per hour), and not to pass anybody, it's against traffic law.

I recognized everything here except the many new buildings which are built in uniformity. It took about 25 minutes to reach the hotel. We were assigned to rooms 405 and 404, JL and SK respectively. Room, bed and bath, facing the magnificent Square and the famous "ST. ISAACS CATHEDRAL", which is still being repaired. It is as large and as beautiful as any I have ever seen.

We arranged to dine with Mr. Serkin; we met in the main dining room, ordered everything. My order called for 100 Litre VODKA, BLACK and WHITE BREAD, CABBAGE SOUP, SALAD, OGURTSI and SEMTANA (cucumber-sour cream), BEEF STEAK, COFFEE, TWO ORANGES, and I don't remember when I ever ate so much or enjoyed a meal more for I was really hungry.

The eight-piece orchestra played mostly American dance

music. It was nice to watch one native couple dance the Rhumba, especially the female who was too much on the heavy side. This couple didn't miss a single dance.

Signed our checks and went for a walk. Although it's nearly 11 P.M. it's still very light. We went towards Nevski Street, the nicest here near the hotel, a voice, "SPRICHEN ZEI DUTCH?" (speak German) made us turn around. It was a Polish Jew who is here two years - a chemical engineer; lives around the corner from the hotel. He wanted me to do him a favor - if I go to Israel I should take some money from him and give it to his relatives there, and I should also send him a talis (shawl) from New York. I should come to the Synagogue Saturday and he will give me all the information and money, too. The Supervisor of the plant lets him off on Saturday so that he can go to the Synagogue. He spoke three languages - Yiddish, German and Russian. This request was quite a surprise to the three of us. He was in a hurry to get away and so were we. There were quite a lot of people in the streets. It was still light at 11:30. We saw a few love-making scenes, human beings are the same all over the world. Returned to the hotel by way of Smolney Institute and Park, the place that made so much history during our lifetime and is still doing so. The Hotel Astoria is freshly painted in and out and is cleanly kept, with the best they have, even if the mattress is hard. Everything around is very clean - the streets are spotless.

Mr. Serkin wanted to look into the GROUND FLOOR WINDOWS of apartments, but I told him not to do it. But the one we did look into was a basement one-room apartment with a bed on each side of the room and at a table in the center sat a man in his undershirt, reading a book, under a very poor light. Yes, that's how they get ahead of us in the U.S.A., in spite of all the electric lights we have. "IS ANYBODY WATCHING OR FOLLOWING US?" asked Mr. Serkin. I am positive that we were free and much safer on the street at this hour than walking on Broadway and 42nd Street in New York, or Market Street in San Francisco. We were going to walk more, but JL was in a great rush to get back to the room. I am grateful for I feel exceptionally good and not tired at all, as I thought I would be. When I retired at 1:00 A.M. it was still light. I wanted to jot down my diary but I was sleepy, I wrote the above at 5:15 A.M. of the 26th.

LENINGRAD
THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1958

It gets dark here too late and light too early, for it's still light on the north horizon at 1:00 A.M. of the 27th, when I am recording the day of the 26th, Thursday, it will be dark for awhile but it will be getting light again soon.

We had a hard day today. Too many tourists arrived here and this means that the Intourist personnel are over-taxed and the service is not as good even though they are really trying hard to satisfy. The Intourist office opens at 10:00 A.M. so we have to kill time until then. We received our English speaking guide interpreter with open arms. He is very able and willing. He is a teacher

of English in a school and is working here during vacation, Mr. Michel is his name.

We are supposed to get out coupons for meals and make reservations for the flight to Minsk. Also we were promised to get information on what happened to the American Express Checks and money that were taken away from the Dragony Group on 5/8/58. Will get this later when we return from sightseeing. I asked for a Zim car and got it. Mr. Serkin is coming along.

First stop PETERHOFF. Everything here is remonted (repaired) except the buildings, which should take another three to five years. There were many people here - tourists from all over the globe and lots of natives too. It's a famous place and park and has a few Coney Island water tricks. After about three hours of walking around and picture taking we left for PUSHKIN CELO formerly Tzarskay Celo (village). This, too was one of the jewel places in the days of the Russian Rulers, which was destroyed by the Huns before their rout in '44 - just like PETERHOFF. We were reminded many times that Leningrad was BESEIGED for over 900 days in World War II, yet there is very little in the city now that reminds one of that, except for some of the dilapidated buildings caving in from age, which will eventually be destroyed to make room for new ones. New buildings going up all over on the outskirts. I imagine that the reason why so much building is going on away from the center of the town is because the older houses must be preserved for the millions of people until enough or near enough new homes will be ready to move some of the residents into, and then commence to destroy and build new ones in their place.

We stopped in a METRO (subway) station between PETERHOFF and PUSHKIN Celo. JL and Mr. Serkin were completely taken by surprise by its beauty, especially LS who is a constant praiser of anything Russian. The cleanliness everywhere was a revelation to him. So far, this is the cleanest city he has been to, said he.

We wanted to take in a few more places today, but we had already walked too much and were hungry. Returned at 5:30 P.M. JL went up to his room. I inquired from the Assistant Manager about all she promised to do for us and she advised that everything was attended to. We had no rubles so she cashed $10.00 for us, since the exchange office was closed. Bought stamps and mailed four letters JL and I wrote, bought two $25 ruble tickets to EDDY ROSNER'S JAZZ Concert in the Park of Rest. Kind of a HARRY JAMES JAZZ BAND in a New York vaudeville show. Had dinner from 6:45 to 8:15 P.M., enjoyed every bit of the herring and salad, soup and beef steak, coffee and yablotchi (apples). A car drove us to the park and will pick us up again at 11:00 P.M.

Walked around for half an hour observing the crowd. Most of them were at tables eating or drinking something. A military band was playing music and it wasn't the Rock and Roll type. The bell rang and within five minutes the theatre was filled to capa-



LENINGRAD
SK AT TCHAIKOVSKY MONUMENT
1958

LENINGRAD

1958



I didn't hear anybody complain about the price for the hard seats. Attended the first half of the show and during the intermission gave our tickets to others. Mr. Serkin picked up a conversation with a group of youngsters. When I got to him he was pinned up with all kinds of souvenirs. I had to drag him away because the conversation got too hot.

It was now 11:00 P.M., people still reading without light. We walked across Mevsky Street to visit a store that attracted our attention because of the magnificent display of lights and the building it was located in. It was really a beautiful grocery store jammed with people buying everything that was sold there. Eight cash registers operated by women in cages and a long line of customers ready to pay the high prices were waiting their turn to get a paid slip to pick up the merchandise they selected before. The same story was repeated next door in a delicacy store - herring, meat, fowl.

The street was crowded with people walking in all directions. Plenty wide and nice streets here with monuments galore, precious works of art besides the Hermitage, which is famous the world over for its treasure of art in every category. It's worthwhile seeing this city which Peter the Great built on a swamp hundreds of years ago. We were picked up at 11 P.M. and returned to the hotel. The three of us enjoyed compote of fruit, tea, and zakuskis (cookies); arranged to meet tomorrow for breakfast and start out sight-seeing at 9:30.

I didn't see any sour faces or beggars or smelly people or drunks, except one young worker who was trying to decorate our Ballet friends with all kinds of pins on his lapels. There wasn't a bar or tavern in sight, or DRUG STORE MADE-UP DAMES standing at bars with a glass of liquor in one hand and a cigarette in the other, puffing and blowing smoke into somebody's face, and throwing the ashes or butts all over the place. There are concrete pots or receptacles every so often on every street and in every place for people to throw their trash away. I haven't seen anybody spit in the street or sidewalk in spite of the fact that most of the people, men and women alike, are dresses shabbily. Their self-discipline is remarkable. The friendship and politeness is amazing.

We didn't take any interpreter or guide on any of our walks. We took pictures anywhere we went, and saw anything we wanted. Our artistic friends wanted to find out why do we in the States read just the opposite of what we saw and did here, and he argues with me about it.

Packed and made verything ready for tomorrow. Took a bath, retired at 1:00 A.M., fell asleep like a log. Didn't even jot down today's experiences.

LENINGRAD
FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1958

Up at 5:55 A.M., because of the light, but pulled the heavy curtains together to shut out the light, and was up again at 8:00.

Met for breakfast at 8:30.

Everything was ready for departure on Flight #610 leaving 4:30 P.M. for Minsk. Our seats assigned were #10-10A. All seats in planes are assigned with numbers on the tickets. We started out touring the city at 9:30 A.M. in a Zim car; then to the famous Leningrad Stadium where a SIDE CAR motorcycle race was in progress. It was something worth watching. The ground space it takes up and the way it is kept is more than some real estate company would care to sell off in any park in the U.S.A. for that purpose, for this huge place is at the end of Kirov Park on the edge of the Bay of Finland.

Visited the ALEXANDER NEVSKI LAVRA, an historical chapel, church and cemetery, where many great people are buried. It goes back to the seventeenth century. Lots of repairs going on here. I can't see why the Soviets are spending so much cash and energy to maintain the past. Maybe as a contrast to the future that they are building. The church is now in use. It even operates a seminary school for priests.

Our friend Mr. Serkin tried to buy Ikons for some of his "WHITE RUSSIAN" friends in San Francisco. (I don't know how he mixes with them, since he is more on the Red color side of the story), but he couldn't. Maybe he will be able to pick up some of those things at a curio shop - there are plenty of them here, (government stores).

We returned to the Astoria at noon, picked up all our papers and passports, thanked the Assistant Manager (a lady) who was very pleasant to us and bid her "Auf Wiederzhen". It was a slow drive to the airport on the main highway which is at least 300 feet wide but because of the new sewer system being installed, the street is a single lane congested with many trucks, and digging equipment.

The weather was pretty good to us although on the chilly side. It was warm in Leningrad during the day but cool in the bright evenings. The only rain we experienced was in Helsinski while we were at the National Cemetery. Maybe the POWERS IN HEAVEN didn't want us to visit the grave of Mannerheim, the great COLLABORATOR with the Germans. He was a German at heart and almost caused the complete destruction of the Finns because of his hatred of the Moscovites. I haven't used a coat or sweater since we left New York, even if I was chilled at times. Maybe it's what "MAKES SAMMY RUN" that keeps me warm.

The plane left on time filled with Hungarian tourists flying to Kiev. Not many tourists stop in Minsk (I was told later by my cousin that they are now building a large hotel and that Minsk will become a point of interest to tourists when they have better accommodations). The flight took two hours and fifteen minutes. I had hoped that my people would be waiting for me at the airport, but wasn't certain since I discovered too late in Leningrad that I left in New York the list of all my people here and couldn't send a telegram.

As we stepped off the plane in front of the New Minsk Air-

port building, there were three people with flowers in hand. I recognized my sister and her daughter, but not sister's husband.

I am certain that I have repaid her now for all the worries I caused her when she waited for us four days in Moskow on April 29th. I didn't arrive then, because I changed my departure from New York the last day, as the DP mixup didn't permit me to leave. No pen can describe the joy of this meeting. We had quite a few watchers at the scene. Arranged to meet the whole family at 7:30 to dine, talk and take pictures.

We were escorted to the Hotel in a car by a very good looking guide (she) and put up in room 202, which consisted of a living room, bedroom, two single beds, bathroom, separate toilet room. It's more modern than the National in Moscow, for it's newer, built after World War II. It is clean but quite different from a second class hotel in Miami or other cities in the States I have been to, even if I confess that I did stay in worse hotels in the U.S.A. than this one.

At 7:30 P.M., took our place in the dining room; there were quite a few couples dancing. I ordered a Vodka and JL a beer; he liked the beer here very much, even when it's warm. My people came in separately, the meal was mixed with conversation, more talk than eat. It was a treat to watch sister's eyes shine with delight. This three hours we spent together is priceless and surely was worth the whole trip. JL took lots of pictures of us in the dining room at the table and upstairs in a special room. I believe that JL got one of me with Joe Stalin hanging on the wall right over me. I don't know if this will get me anywhere now, since we didn't see any of his pictures in Leningrad, not even statues.

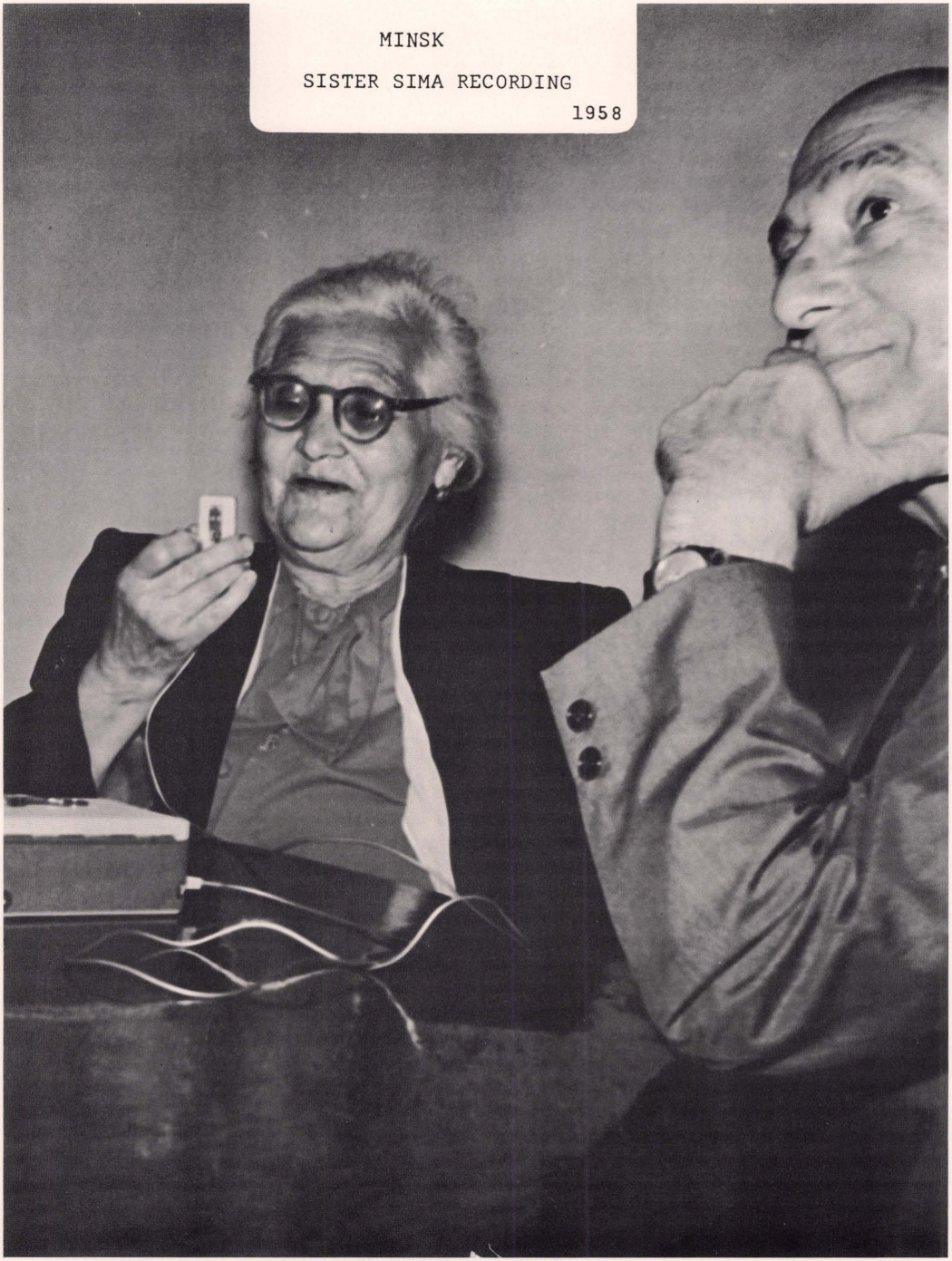
The music in the restaurant (six pieces) and the dancing wasn't like any Miami Beach Hotel even if they played American jazz and rumba music, but it was the kind of music they like. The Hungarians who are here as a delegation were at our part of the room. I didn't want to pick up a conversation with them about the Hungarian situation or relations with U.S.S.R. It was not the place...besides, they looked happy and ate and drank plenty, so why spoil it.

We retired at 12:00 midnight after washing a few things and making plans for tomorrow.

MINSK
SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1958

The Intourist Manager here is a very pleasant person and has a good looking wife, our guide, who met us at the plane yesterday. She's 24 years old, speaks excellent English. She came to take us for a ride around town; we were supposed to visit a tractor plant and children's home and a Kolchoz (farm), but it was raining this morning. Sister, with her husband, went to Synagogue. It is a bit chilly, so we went driving. We stopped in


ARRIVAL IN MINSK
MET BY SISTER AND HUSBAND
1958



MINSK

SISTER SIMA RECORDING

1958

MINSK UNIVERSITY

VISIT WITH GUIDE, DEAN
AND TWO PROFESSORS

1958



front of various buildings where she explained the significance of this or that.

This city was 85% destroyed during the German occupation and the buildings that remained were used for the German COMMAND HEADQUARTERS. The BELO RUSSIA Soviet Building is large, modern, and impressive. Most of the University Buildings were destroyed. Stalin Blvd. is about 200 feet wide, lined with trees on both sides. No tracks for street cars, but they are traversed by gas buses. The largest stores are here, and good looking too. People walk all hours of the night. Our first visit was to the children's railroad train, which is operated by children (one hundred fifty) in every phase of railroad operation. It takes 45 minutes for the complete trip. So we went, and it was a great treat. The behavior of the young passengers (mostly children of all ages) was splendid. Clean looking, fresh, and happy smiling faces. From there we drove to other parts of the city. New streets, new buildings, mostly uniform, wide and planned streets. Of course, it will take them a long time to come up to our standard of construction, room convenience and know-how, but the planning is good. Give them time and assurance of peace and they will show the rest of the world how to build a new order and society.

Lunched in a hurry. Our good looking guide informed us that the Tractor Plant, the kolchoz and the children's home can not be seen today. It's Saturday and tomorrow is Youth Day, so everybody is preparing for the festivities and parade; but we can visit the University, we meet with the director and two professors - and we did, for three hours, from 2:00 to 5:00 P.M. It was a most interesting visit for we had a Mr. Christal with us who is a correspondent for the Jewish Daily Forward in New York. He speaks Russian well. JL and I asked questions in English and he interpreted. I knew most of the answers before I asked the questions because they were primarily about the education system, and the U.S. papers and magazines have been full about these subjects lately, especially the New York Times. Also got a lot of information from John Gunther's new book INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY. Anybody who wants a good glimpse of this land called U.S.S.R. should read this book. I wish I could write as well as he does, even if I am quite happy with my success as a corrugated box manufacturer (has-been), but I wanted to get the answers direct from the source.

We were taken to visit the grounds where the destroyed buildings of the University are and told what the plans are for the future of this University. We visited the dormitories where the students are living - five girls in one room, five boys in one room, on the same floor. (All schools in the Soviet Union are now co-ed and the director explained the reason. The competition in learning between the two sex's in co-ed schools is greater and helps in reaching their goal much faster.) We were amazed at the cleanliness of these small rooms each with five beds made up with white pillows and covers, much cleaner than the people who live in them. All were studying, getting ready for exams. These students

are the future engineers and technicians and scientists of the land (no medical courses are studied here). It's now 5:00 P.M. and the reading room was filled with readers.

On our way to the hotel our interpreter answered my questions; she learned English and gets 1000 rubles a month as an Intourist Guide; her husband is a music writer and gets 200 rubles a month; they have a beautiful little girl, whom we saw, dresses nice, spends her days in a nursery. Now what else can they do for us today, asked the Intourist chief? I received the airline tickets to Kiev for tomorrow, Sunday 5:25 P.M. Sister Sima and husband are flying with us.

We were tired and wanted to rest a while but Sister Sima was waiting for us. She has to talk to me a few minutes, which took an hour and a half. I listened patiently. It was about her situation and financial condition. She wanted to live alone instead of living with daughter's family. I advised her to move to Kiev where she has most of the Kipnis family. She will be more at home and I WILL UNDERWRITE THE COST WHICH IS ABOUT 500 RUBLES PER MONTH FOR THE REST OF HER LIVING YEARS. She wanted to take me to their house for dinner, but I didn't go. I know what it means having six people in a new ten year old apartment house. We had dinner even though we weren't hungry. We have to get our money's worth since we paid in advance for it, good or bad. It was Saturday evening; the dining room was getting crowded with the Saturday crowd. Couples dressed in their best evening clothes, no ties; the girls were dressed much better than the men. The six piece band struck up with a march promptly at 8:00 followed by a waltz and rumba, and the crowd danced.

Our waitress was an eighteen-year-old good looking girl. I asked her if she would like to go to the States and she replied, "NITE" (no). She has everything she wants, works every other day; makes eight hundred rubles a month and will soon get one thousand rubles; there wasn't a drop of make-up on her, yet she looked "SIMPATCHNA" (pleasant). When I told her that we are leaving tomorrow, she said, "ZSHALKO" -- "SORRY YOU ARE LEAVING SO SOON; YOU ARE NICE PEOPLE. HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR NEW MINSK?" I liked the "OUR" Minsk. They do believe that it belongs to them.

Returned to our room; I wanted to retire or bring my diary up to date, but it was too early for that so JL and I played a few games of Gin. A knock on the door of our room and my nephew and niece Izaak and Elsie Goldenstein walked in and insisted that we come to their home, if only to take a look at their palatial quarters. We couldn't refuse, no matter how tired we were. So he got a cab and to their home we drove. They live a step from the airport in an after World War II house - falling apart - muddy streets, no light on the ground floor. I closed my eyes to see better by feeling my way to the second floor, where they live, six in two rooms; sister and husband, with the grand niece in one room, the couple and son in the dining room. I just can't imagine where the other son (now in Kiev in College) sleeps when he

is here.

The table was set with delicacies and drinks, the 10" TV, the radio and record player were likewise waiting for us. Izaak, the husband, wanted to show off his riches, so he put on 10" 78R record after record, mostly Spanish and jazz music; it played as loud as the speaker could take. This and the constant asking me to eat this and that, almost me nervous, and as much as I wanted to see them, I sure was happy to get back to the hotel. These people are well to do, by Russian standard, (the family earns about 3500 rubles per month) and could live in a better apartment, but try and get one! JL and I fell asleep without any effort.

MINSK,
SUNDAY, JUNE 29, 1958

It rained the whole night and the air was chilly. (This is blamed on the testing of atomic bombs.) Today is Youth Day with displays, music and gymnastics, and a parade on the streets and in the park across from the Hotel. We were invited to participate in watching but since it continued raining, JL and I decided not to go. Sister Sima and daughter came twice. The second visit was to deliver two gifts for our family. I couldn't explain to them that these two items could have been bought in our 5 & 10 cents stores. Their desire to please us was too great to refuse or argue against. We planned to meet at the airport at 4:50 P.M. since our plane leaves at 5:25.

Minsk is so much different now than when I saw it 24 years ago. In 1934 Bess and I visited it to see her brother Mooney and family of nine, who were all cremated by the Germans in some extermination camp. It was then a city of one-story dilapidated houses, narrow muddy streets, without sidewalks, and lots of churches and Synagogues. This city had a large Jewish population. Since it was almost completely destroyed by the Germans, a new city was built, wide boulevards, trees, large government buildings, as it is the capitol of Belo Russia (White Russia), parks, stadium and a new railroad station, nice large stores, especially the "GASTRONOMS" (food stores) wide sidewalks and streets, electric and gas buses, taxis and a few private cars. Yet it is a provincial city compared with Moscow, Leningrad or Kiev where I am now.

We didn't have to do anything except get our passports and get on the plane. The rest was done for us. We didn't even get baggage checks. It will be in Kiev when we arrive. JL shot a few pictures of the gang at the airport near the runway, especially of sister with the flowers in her hands. We took off in the filled-to-capacity 24 passenger plane on the second, and landed in Kiev in an hour and forty minutes, where the Kiev group awaited us. It took about ten minutes to get us into a cab together with Mr. Serkin, who came from Leningrad on this flight, and to the Intourist Hotel, we drove. Everybody recognized me - when we went into the restaurant for dinner, the members of the five-piece jazz orchestra and all the waitresses nodded their heads. I replied with

a nod, shook hands with all of them. They all said "MI ZSHE WASS UZNALI" (we recognize you).

Another visit at 10 P.M. from Sima and Hinda (a niece) in our room until 12:00, when I emptied my suitcase and a few things from JL's case, made the evening complete, except that Sima will do the dividing this time. She sure is full of energy. She can out-talk us all and tell lots of things that happened, all with a smile on her face and a sparkle in her eyes.

The language used in Minsk is Russian and Belo-Russian, which differs from Moskov language; it is more like Ukrainian. Living conditions here are about the same as in the rest of this land. Many new apartment houses are going up but never enough to satisfy even partly the demand of the Russian people; this is a grave problem and will have to be solved.

KIEV
MONDAY, JUNE 30, 1958

The weather is lovely here. We had breakfast at 9, attended to a few things at the Intourist Service Bureau, and out we went seeing things. Our interpreter, a very lovely lady who speaks good English, informed me that there is a letter for me at the Intourist Office from other New Yorkers who were here. (Contrary to the information I received in New York that Kiev did not treat them well, the guide informed me they had a wonderful time here.)

First trip was about town; the Shevchanko Boulevard and University; Kreschati, which is the main street in Kiev, and is a very beautiful one; magnificent buildings, mostly apartments, also large stores full of everything and each store is full with shoppers, for everything there is to be bought. Prices for the local citizens are very high compared to the dollar exchange for tourists; but such comparisons should never be made for many reasons; (1) the economy of this country is not based on the dollar; (2) the salaries are different than ours - 1000 rubles a month is a common salary with many of the people; (3) many in one family work which increases the monthly income to a large sum; (4) PEOPLE DON'T WANT A CLOSET-FULL OF CLOTHES AND SHOES AND STOCKINGS or other articles that rot in closets of many people I know in the States, and as the saying goes, "WHAT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE WASTE IN EVERYTHING WOULD BE ENOUGH TO FEED ALL THE RUSSIANS AND A FEW MORE BESIDES THE RUSSIANS." Bought a luggage case, because I won't need my big one anymore.

Visited a few churches and the park overlooking the Dnieper River, which is a beautiful sight. The monument to the Unknown Soldier, (also overlooking the Dnieper) can be seen from a great distance; also saw the Lenin Medal in REAL live flowers, a piece of art work that is difficult to describe for its beauty. Then to lunch and again to visit two open markets where the farmers sell their surplus at open prices. They sell everything in the food line. Then visited a brand new building, not quite completed, which is one of about twenty in this section. Of course,

this is much nicer than the old buildings in the rest of Kiev or any other city where people live in one or two rooms - from 4 to 8 people of one or more families.

Yet, these Russians who could build a SPUTNIK and ATOM SMASHER - the largest in the world, and the BUILDING and EXHIBIT in Brussels that is the talk of the world and many other greats in other fields, can't get the KNOW-HOW to build decent and modern buildings for the very people who opened the eyes of the whole world with their education systems and accomplishments in so many high and complicated matters; much more than constructing buildings. ERZATZ or BOTCH work is too good a word for it.

What makes the people happy and satisfied and what would happen if the people would have decent places to live in and enough room to enjoy some privacy and better clothes? I don't know. People look healthy, do a lot of walking and exercising, and are definitely not as nervous as we are in the States; especially the American females who are nervous wrecks between the drug store make-up, the new hair-do, the new tight dresses, pointed and needle-heel shoes, drinking, smoking, gossiping and card playing, living a useless and aimless life. Of course, there are exceptions to the rule, but those are few and far between.

Returned at 5:00. My gang came with a few more people for whom I had letters and regards from friends in New York. This was quite an ordeal for me. It's just hard work to listen to everybody's story of what happened to them and how many of their loved ones were cremated and otherwise destroyed by the Hitler Gang. I couldn't take it anymore, I was played out. I needed fresh air, so I asked them to please leave, and will see them all tomorrow at 4:00 to 8:00 when we will have a get-together or reunion in a hotel; eat, drink, take pictures and make merry and drink a toast to "MIR" (peace) in the whole world; "DRUZSHBA" (friendship); very important words in this country - MIR, DRUZSHBA, SHALOM, PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Went to see the circus and enjoyed it very much. Then to dinner and retired at 12:00; it was welcome, for I was tired.

KIEV
TUESDAY, JULY 1, 1958

We started at 10:30 to see the CATACOMB CAVES, the remembrance of the Dark Ages, where many peasants still come and cross their hearts and kiss the caskets and kneel and pray. Priests sell small candles to light the way in these dark underground dungeons, at 1-2-3 rubles a candle. I was amazed at this, for I didn't see any priests or lit candles when we were here in 1934, or the **RELIGIOUS** SERVANTS OF GOD selling candles to support this enterprise. Many thousands of sight-seeing people from all over the world come here. Many people were buried alive in these caves by the rulers of the olden days. Much has been written about this place.

Was glad to get away from it, for it scares me when I get out in the light to discover how dark it is below. Went shopping for things we saw in the museum in one of these churches. Items made after World War II by local people. These things are not for sale

and we couldn't find anything to please our taste, especially Mr. Serkin who wanted to buy an IKON for his White Russian friends in San Francisco.

We are now waiting for our gang. From now until midnight belongs to the Kipnis family and we will discuss everything - except politics. We will have dinner together, (maybe forty people) and this will officially conclude my visit with the whole family here.

During lunch today and dinner yesterday, we had a chance to observe the behavior of a group of young pioneers, boys and girls 9 to 14, who are on a tour from other cities. JL remarked how well behaved they were - quiet and orderly. When they were through with the food each pushed their chair in place and folded the napkin on the plate. These are the future rulers of this great land called U.S.S.R. and the present rulers depend upon these youngsters to take over; hence the attention to the young generation.

From 4:00 to 6:00 was reception time. About eight called on me with letters, pictures and a few words that could not be put in writing. (They are ashamed to write that they can use a package or two, for even the terrible life they have gone through since 1940 can't break down their pride.)

The afternoon was gone with SHMUS (conversation) and picture-taking of all who came, (so that I can bring these photographs to the States to prove that I met these people, face to face, and actually talked to them in a group, contrary to the stories spread in our press that local people shy away from Americans or foreigners.) They all left at 6:30. I didn't have time to rest or relax. I am trying to smile to everybody and assure them that to my way of thinking, there can't be another war, it just can't be, Mir, Mir, (peace, peace) was their departing slogan.

JL and I left by car at 7:00 to look up another family I was asked to see by a friend in New York. I found them. These people were supposed to be in a small town one hundred viorst (miles) from Kiev, so I sent a telegram to them there and received a prompt reply where they live now.

Went up to the home of a relative of ours, where the party was held. There were 43 people present. This family is now living on a pension; was at one time working together with the Boss, "K" and was in charge of big jobs. These people were retired to make jobs for younger ones; they live in three nice rooms - living room, very large bedroom, kitchen and bath, nicely furnished; have a TV and a tape recorder.

The tables were ready, bedecked with food fit for a king and I mean just that; vodka, wine, champagne, all kinds of fish, cheese, cold cuts, fruit (strawberries and cherries); all kinds of bread and cakes and pastry (each of these came in paper boxes, specially made to size and style - candies in fancy wraps). There was so much on the table that half was left over. I am certain it will not be thrown in the garbage can and wasted. We all drank greetings and best wishes for long life, good health, and happiness that

we might come back again next year; that we go back to the States and do something in Washington so that there will not be another War; that the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. become real friends - then the whole world will be a good place to live in for all humanity. MIR-PEACE, MIR-PEACE! So we toasted each other over and over again. We got into politics and how proud they are of their accomplishments and that they are just starting to show the world how smart they are, and that they, together with the U.S.A. could keep peace in the whole world. I had to make a speech - Russian and English mixed together. They were listening to every word I said. I spoke very slowly and had it recorded on my tiny tape recorder that I took along, as I recorded the voices of all of my relatives and those who called on me.

The atmosphere was pretty free, pictures were taken by JL of each family separately and all present in one group. My face was full of lipstick when we parted at 12:30 A.M. JL remarked that people kiss differently here - it's kissing from the heart. I was tired from this ordeal. We retired promptly upon returning to the hotel. The great pleasure cost me 2,000 rubles or $200, but it was priceless. We will remember it forever.

KIEV
WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1958

It rained hard when I got up at 8:00 A.M. Our plans were to visit a large textile factory manufacturing stockings and other kindred articles; employing about 2100 people, but because of the weather and and because I promised my people that our time from 2 to 12 will be theirs without interruption, JL and I decided to skip the visit to the plant and go to see "Panorama" or "Cinerama," as we call it. This picture is devoted to showing what the people have and what they are doing. It starts at 12:00 to 1:30 P.M., the cost is 5 rubles a ticket or 50¢. It begins at 10:00 on thru midnight - every two hours on the hour. We were amazed at the long line waiting to buy tickets. Each seat was occupied at our show; each ticket is numbered. The seating was quite comfortable, plenty of leg room to allow others to pass, since the rows of seats are continuous through the full width of the building. JL and I thoroughly enjoyed the show, especially the part about the 1957 Youth Festival. The Americans attending the parade were completely disorganized. There was something wrong with the center light of the projector at the beginning, but it improved as the picture went along. The show started and ended on time.

Went for a snack at the hotel. A crowd was waiting for me near my room when we got there. Outsiders came with their pictures and letters to bring back to the U.S.A. for their relatives.

I would settle for 10% if I could receive all the wishes and blessings I received from these people. We all talked until 7:00; JL and I went down for a bit of fresh air, then distributed everything I brought here. I let Sister Sima do the dividing, since she would dominate the situation anyway. What a woman,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GRAVE OF UNKNOWN
SOLDIER MONUMENT

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LEAVING FOR ODESSA

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what a youngster she is at 75! It's amazing, and she does everything with a smile; you just can't get angry at her.

Paula, a very good looking niece of mine, insisted that we gather at her apartment on Waslikovska. There was no way of getting out of it; so the others went there. JL and I took Anna in our car for a short visit to Liza - a niece who fell down a flight of stairs because she had to walk up seven floors. (The lift started operation today at 5 P.M., so I didn't have to walk up.) We had to make two trips, because the operator - a woman - weighed more than the two passengers who can get into the car besides her. We then drove over to Anuta, also a niece. She wasn't home. I wanted to surprise her, but she will be over to Paula's later.

When we arrived at our hostess' apartment the table was again prepared with all the best things to eat, including strawberries and cherries, two kinds of cheese, sour cream, Vodka, beer, wine, champagne, mineral water and pastry of many varieties. And candy packed in fancy paper boxes! We all drank and ate to our hearts content. We made the best of it, since this is the last I will see of our dear ones here on this 1958 trip. Again we talked politics and Mr. Dulles. I should tell them why Mr. Eisenhower doesn't remove him; is Dulles a Jew; surely Harriman, Governor of New York is a Jew; and when I told them neither is a Jew they thought I was kidding them. The time for parting arrived. I stopped at the exit door, kissed every one and after a conference of five minutes with Sima, I embraced her and lifted her off her feet and kissed her again, assuring her that we will meet again in 1959, about the same time. JL was next and it's the first time I saw a sister lose her smile and burst out in tears. We left speechless. There was nothing more to say. She is near 75, I am 72 and although no one knows what tomorrow will bring, yet we both are getting close to the top. It was tears for me, too, even with the strong nerves I always had. Got into a cab, drove to the hotel. When we got into our room, JL remarked, "DAD, I HAD A WONDERFUL EVENING. WHEN WE KISSED I FELT IT WAS FROM THEIR HEARTS. THEY ARE LOVELY PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY SIMA."

I was tired, for I worked 18 hours straight, without let up, except for the picture we saw, which relaxed me. We both fell asleep without sleeping pills.

KIEV,
THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1958

We were up at 7:00, breakfast at 8:00 and were ready to leave for the airport. Sima and a few more met us at the airport with a bouquet of flowers which we couldn't take. We parted at 10:00 for Odessa. I assured them again that I will not forget a single one of them, that I love them all, and God willing, health and life, I will plan to visit with them again soon, in 1959.

The plane for Odessa was half empty. The flight took an hour and a half on a two hour schedule. As usual, we left on the minute, and contrary to the statement by John Gunther, our flights were announced at the airport ten minutes before departing. Our

four pieces of luggage were delivered to the baggage clerk, but he loaded only three, because on was a Russian case, and he didn't think that Americans would travel with a Russian case. We discovered this in Odessa when we were waiting at our car for the baggage. The Station Master sent a wireless and the Intourist cabled to Kiev, and the bag arrived at Hotel Odessa at 6:00. We were driven in a Zim car to the Odessa Hotel. Our passports were taken. Tickets for Stalingrad were ordered for the fifth. Were assigned to separate rooms, JL #40 and I to #8, lunched in my room because the dining room is reserved for a group of tourists who arrived by boat and will leave tomorrow.

Went driving, looking over the town, to see familiar places, the THEATRE, ARCADIA BEACH, PASSAGE, the streets where I lived in 1903 - quite a story about that, about that trip when I stayed in Odessa for a month. Returned for tea and a rest, then to see a musicial comedy, at 17 rubles a seat, ($1.70). The place was packed. We enjoyed it. There was good singing, good dancing, good 30-piece orchestra, led by a man in tails, but the others in the orchestra were in shirtsleeves. Like the orchestra leader at the circus in Kiev - her, too, was in tails, but the rest were in shirtsleeves. The theatre holds about eight hundred people; all hard chairs and the rows are close. Very ornate ceiling and walls, but clean, didn't smell. It finished at 11:15. Returned to hotel in a car that called for us; had dinner and at 12:00 washed my underthings; jotted down a few pages; and ready to retire. This hotel is so far the nicest of all the places we have been here.

Kiev is the liveliest city we have visited up to now. Leningrad is more aristocratic with a great deal of interesting history. Minsk is asleep, compared to the other, even if she does have more new houses and other buildings in proportion. Odessa is still old, BUT PRETTY AS AN OLD LADY WHO WAS PRETTY IN HER YOUNG DAYS AND MAINTAINS PART OF THAT GRACE AND YOUTH. This is the city of the famous movie "POTEMKIN," with the many steps down to the docks to the Black Sea, and the FUNICULA. It is also where most of the underground fighting in World War II took place (in caves dug under the full length of the city.) I was told by our guide that many of the caves were closed because children got lost there and it took many days to find them.

Yes besides the SPUTNIKS and other great inventions made by these people, progress can easilty be observed by a careful look in other directions; toilet paper, in rolls wound tight in long sheets is now found in some bathrooms; cakes of soap, too, can be found. But my room here in Odessa is an exception - I have to use my own soap, and the roll of toilet paper is in one long sheet.

It so happened that our guides in Minsk, Kiev and Odessa were women, good looking and spoke good English, but a bit too hefty in certain places. All very pleasant.

Met quite a few English speaking tourists in Leningrad and Kiev and from all parts of the English speaking worlds, including the dark races that became self-ruling and independent. One white

U.S.A. tourist we met in Kiev, who had a sour puss on all the time and couldn't understand a word of Russian, had assigned to him in Leningrad a cute baby doll, and she sure was cute and traveled with him on his entire tour. He didn't make a move without her. She dressed nice and neat; spoke very pleasant; didn't drink or smoke. We spoke to him briefly and he told us that he is completely confused. His wife refused to come here and will meet him in Stockholm. I think he is much better off here without her.

Each deluxe traveler is entitled to have a guide to travel with him throughout the entire tour, but we were better off because we were absolutely free from direction by anyone. We discharged our guides at will and spent most of our time in Minsk and Kiev with our relatives. We are certain that there were no "MIKES" in our rooms and no one followed us, for they don't think we are important, unlike those that come on official or semi-official tours that were announced in our U.S. press months in advance or by special permission, travel in other parts of U.S.S.R. than the places advertised for tours - like Mrs. Roosevelt, Gunther, Benson, representatives of prominent newspapers, comedians and entertainers, or maybe F.R.M. from Philadelphia. We, and especially I, came here with open eyes, clean ears and unbiased mind, on this trip, as heretofore, just to look and listen.

This Odessa Hotel is on a high elevation above the docks, piers, and railroad tracks, and in front of it is a park with good sized trees and flowers beds and benches. It makes for a nice place torest and look at the east horizon of the Black Sea, the air is fresh and clean. Many people, mothers with their children, are here the whole day until late in the evening. Ice cream and drinks are sold from push carts.

This city sure is behind in home construction compared to Leningrad, Kiev, Moscow and Minsk. I have been told that further east many large, new cities have been built with large factories and homes, up-to-date with all conveniences. One thing is certain that the streets are wide and planted with trees and flowers, for I don't know of any place that has so many beautiful flower beds and are taken care of as they do in the cities I have visited here in this U.S.S.R.

Women sure have equal rights with the men - to dig ditches, work the fields, drive taxis, buses, street cars, bricklayers, plasterers, iron workers, guides, doctors, engineers, scientists, boat captains, air pilots, railroad engineers and in every other field of endeavor - especially teachers, professors and in the field of business administration. They dominate in some places, to a large degree, except in giving birth - here they dominate 100%. JL remarked many times that in spite of their hard work, they look healthy and walk straight, except that their curves in certain places are a bit too impressive. There must be a scarcity of girdles here, but I can imagine the difficulty digging ditches with a girdle on, especially the long girdles. Both men and women were dressed much better here than in the other cities we have been to. Yes, the women

even wear white gloves when they go out, but practically no smoking.

ODESSA
FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1958

Had we been in Moscow today we would have barged in on the U.S. Embassy and help them celebrate Independence Day, but there is no embassy here in Odessa, so we celebrated in our own way. Our breakfast was served in our room at 9:00 then started out seeing things again.

First drove to a museum - the former home of Graff Potemkin. He build caves to entertain his guests. Those he didn't like were directed to a separate cave with a trap door that dropped them about fifteen feet into a dungeon. The guests he liked were led to a fountain that poured wine. We almost froze there; the art work in this building must be priceless.

From there we drove to see the Synagogue in the Perecip district, a kind of manufacturing district, docks, slaughter house, electric station and many other plants. All these plants were inherited from BR (before revolution). Then drove to the best bathing beach in Odessa - LOOZANOVKA BEACH. The weather was really beautiful and the beach was crowded with bathers. The stocky females, (and there are plenty of them here) looked cute in the Bikini bathing suits. They sure have enough to put into thin skimpy suits with a good overflow.

The approach to this as well as to the other beaches, is so different from what we have in the States - long walks, on both sides of flower beds. This city as well as other cities we have visited all have countless parks with flower beds of unbelieveable beauty. They must have a special department for designing flower beds. Only women, of all ages, work in these beds, in two shifts of five hours each.

Decided to return to town by boat. The government operates boats that ply between the various beaches as is done in Kiev, Leningrad and Moscow, and probably in other cities that are located on water. The cost is two rubles for a twenty-five minute ride (20¢). The boats are specially build for this purpose. JL told me after he examined it, that it is a well built boat (he is my expert on these things). It was a refreshing ride. It would have taken at least one hour by car since the road is narrow and crowded with trucks.

At the docks we walked to look at the Famous POTEMKIN Steps. There are one hundred ninety-two steps, ten landings, it is sixty-three feet wide at the bottom, and thirty-six feet at the top, so that no matter whether you look up or down, the entire length looks the same width. It is four hundred twenty-six feet long on the incline. We weren't going to walk up these steps, so for 15 koeks (1 1/2¢) we got up on the Finicular and returned to the hotel. (Passed the Opera House and a part in front of it, where women were planting the Lenin Head in flowers.)

Had lunch, got our passports and airline tickets for Stalingrad (by way of Kerson (a stop for gas) and to Rostov on the Don,



ODESSA
PLANTING COLORED FLOWERS.
A PICTURE OF LENIN'S FACE IN
FRONT OF OPERA HOUSE.

1958



ODESSA
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where we will have a three-hour wait chainging planes.) Intourist made arrangements to pick us up at Rostov Airport and show us the town. We will leave the Hotel Odessa 6:15 A.M. tomorrow to make the 7:30 plane.

Rested awhile, then went to a movie to see Dostoyevsk's "IDIDIOT". It was beautifully photographed in color and well acted although we could not understand it. Walked home. Still light at 8:00. Again admired the flower beds. We walked in the park in front of our hotel about fifteen minutes; went for dinner, which we enjoyed. Met six other Americans and two Britishers. The Englishmen have been here seven weeks and are doing business with the Russians. They told me that they wished they could do more business. They get paid on time.

Went for another walk in the park across the street, with our little radio. Had lots of fun with it. There were many people walking and sitting on the benches. The stands or booths selling ice cream and other refreshments were doing big business. A band of musicians, made up of civilians or workers were playing dance music. Couples were dancing - as happens often in Russia - men with men and women with women as well as men with women. Everybody was happy. There was no fear of muggers or pickpockets or abusers of any kind as in our parks. The place is spotless as is usual in all cities. We sat down on a bench and played the radio. A Bulgarian tourist wanted to know if we spike his language, so we could tell him how many tubes in the radio, and if we pick up Bulgarian broadcasting. Others just marvelled at it.

It was time to retire - it's 11:30 P.M. and we have to be up at 5:30 A.M. to be ready for our ride to the airport at 6:00. It was 1:30 A.M. when I was ready to retire after a bath, packed and wrote a bit.

ODESSA
SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1958

Up at 5:30 A.M. and ready at 5:45. JL came into my room. Chauffeur was waiting; drove away from this ancient but clean Hotel Odessa. Everything in it was ornate - the ceilings in the rooms at least fifteen feet high, and twenty feet on the ground floor. The same story here as everywhere - everybody works in the dark.

The streets, parks, buildings are decorated with Red Flags of all sizes and posters are strung across the streets. Sunday will be the celebration day of the 40th Anniversary of the Revolution in this part of U.S.S.R. We were told that many of the so-called independent republics celebrate this 40th year at different times. Now at 6:15 A.M. the streets, sidewalks and gutters were being swept with a twig broom by the Dwornik (janitor) of each apartment building. A few people were either walking or waiting for street cars or buses. It was very quiet and pleasant driving on the coblestone streets, unlike yesterday, when the traffic was heavy. I noticed that lots of small houses are being built, consisting of three or four rooms. These are sold by the local government to individuals for cash.

We arrived at the airport at 6:35. Many planes depart in the morning for every part of the Union, even as far as Vladivostock or Baltic countries or Satelites on the Black Sea. There were lots of tourists this morning. We all barged into the restaurant for breakfast. There wasn't much for me - coffee and two eggs, and a few flies. The weather was cool. Otherwise, there would be many more flies. Each flight was plainly announced. Time for our departure was nearing. The manager of the airport came over to tell us that he would take care of us, and see to it that our baggage gets on the plane.

Runways? I haven't seen one since we reached Leningard. If there was one at Kiev, it was in remont (repair). There was a runway of mesh in Kerson, but that was for jets. There were about twenty jets on the ground at Kerson. Each airport station is practically hidden in trees and flower beds.

We arrived in Kerson five minutes early; took off in thirty minutes. Next stop - Zshdanov - a steel mill city - a little Pittsburgh; two large steel mills are located here. The city is near a large body of water; maybe still the Black Sea. I expect to buy a map and locate it. We will be here forty minutes, then off to Rostov. Expect to arrive at 12:30, about an hour and a half flying time. Will have enough time between planes to drive about the city. Odessa Intourist made arrangements for that.. Will also have lunch there. We have to change planes there for Stalingrad (old name Tzaritzen). It will give us an extra half day to see the city that was the beginning of the defeat and final destruction of Hitlers armies of which led to the final capitulation of Germany. I am looking forward to visit this city, which was completely destroyed and has been completely rebuilt into a beautiful city.

The plane we are now on has a sign on the pilot's cabin, "NEKOORITT" (No Smoking), and nobody is smoking; but has no reading lights. I suppose they don't fly during darkness. It is a wonder that this plane doesn't fall apart as it has been in operation many, many years and looks it too. Yet it flies well and departs and arrives on time and this is what counts.

In between the cities we flew from Leningrad down were vast cultivated flat lands, owned by KOLCHOZ or by State operated farms. I haven't noticed any wild or deser lands. Many new single family homes can be seen on these farms. In Zshdanov, where we stopped for forty minutes, there were rows of new apartment houses and also new single family homes. Of course, there are many small and large cities between those cities we stopped.

U.S.S.R. may overtake the U.S.A. in many respects, but if the U.S.S.R. authorities don't forcefully stop it, the U.S. habits will overtake the U.S.S.R. - like jitterbug, rock and roll, cha-cha-cha, rumba, samba, tango, chewing gum, and maybe the women too will get the drug store make-up habit, drinking, stanidng at bars, and smoking. It will probably take a long time - much longer than it will take us to beat them with sputniks.

Of course, they dance to all music in one style, but they

will learn. A few more Youth Festivals attended by a large group of U.S. Youths will show them the way.

Arrived in Rostov on Don at 12:15 P.M. Were ushered into a special room, our baggage was taken into a car and in the great rush we left our two coats and raincoat on the plane. We discovered this two hours later thru a coincidence. We couldn't get seats on the 7 o'clock plane for Stalingrad, so the guide took us to a hotel, in case we'd have to stay overnight. She made plane reservations for tomorrow at 10:00 A.M. We cleaned up, went to lunch where the flies greeted us by sticking their noses into every dish on our table, which reminded me of the competitors when I was in the box business. They too, stuck their noses into my business affairs, or tried too. So, as usual, I compromised with the flies and let them do anything they wanted, for we are in the land of Proletariat.

Drove in a Zim car looking over the town, the docks, visited one of the boats that ply between here and Stalingrad, Gorki, and Moscow. One can take a good rest on one of those boats with first class deluxe accommodations, for it takes only 21 days for the round trip. It was arranged for us to see a movie after the sightseeing trip and look at the Synagogue. I told the guide - a young lady (who was shaped like a barrel) - that if she gets tickets for the 7 o'clock plane, to grab our bags and coats, call for us at the Theatre and we will run, no matter how good the picture may be. Right there and then we realized that we left our coats on the plane. The story is "THAT EVERYTHING IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL." The plane on which we arrived here is now in Odessa, with our coats, and will return here tomorrow. They can send them wherever we want.

The picture wasn't any good, so we walked out in the middle - a lucky move, because when we returned to the hotel, our guide met us with - "QUICK TO THE AIRPORT, YOU HAVE SEATS, BUT QUICK!" We made the plane for Stalingrad by five minutes before departure and our coats will be there tomorrow evening. So we took in Rostov on the Don unexpectedly with a bit of excitment.

Rostov is an old city partly destroyed by the Hitlerites, and is being slowly rebuilt. It is an agricultural center, canning food of all kinds, but couldn't get fresh fruit of any kind in the hotel. Bought sickle pears and plums in the open market to remind me of how fruit tastes.

Rostov has a large tractor plant, cigarette plant and various other small plants, besides the canning and agriculture industry. The open market was very dirty. We were told it was because of the rain, and it did rain a lot. Parks,parks and again parks, with flower beds all over town. The main street was full of walking people, even in the rain.

The airport here is much more modern than anything I've seen here including Moscow with a good single runway. Didn't see any military planes, but quite a few AEROFLOT planes of all types; three biplanes, small ones, that left Zshdanov ten minutes ahead of us. We stopped at the Hotel Moskovit, it belongs to Intourist and is located on the main street. It's new and clean, much more modern

than the Moscow hotels, including the Astoria in Leningrad. It's only a few years old - has a modern lobby - a lift for four floors; the wide stairs leading to upper floors are covered with wide runners, no shmates (narrow runners) over them like in the other hotels. The rooms are better planned and better furnished with almost modern furniture. The bathroom has a shower overhead but no shower curtain. The toilet is separate from the bathroom. Of course, the finish of these rooms, and the height of the ceilings are as usual - Russian style. The waitress who served us lunch spoke English well and the service was the best so far. We were happy to get seats for Stalingrad because we didn't want to spend another half day waiting for the next flight.

Arrived in Stalingrad in an hour and twenty minutes in a TU 12. It was crowded with standees in the front luggage compartment. I had difficulty to sit straight up, for I wanted to write today's experiences but couldn't. The seat lock on this plane didn't function and the only way I could write was to push my feet against the seat in front of me. I couldn't do this for long, so I slept a while. Really don't know what makes these planes hold together and fly so well and promptly. All the passengers were Russian except JL and me.

An Intourist agent met us at the airport, a new modern airport, even newer than the last one. The agent spoke a little English. He gave us to understand that he would prefer to speak to us in English as he needs the practice. I told him that it's O.K. with me as long as I can speak to him in Russian for the same reason. The airport is quite a distance from the city which has now about 600,000 population, so he said, and the road to the city is bad and full of curves.

We were brought to the latest and newest hotel operated by Intourist named "INTOURIST". We were assigned to #203, a three room arrangement; a bedroom with two single beds, night table, modern clothes closet - full length of the wall (not built in); ladies full length mirror cabinet; a statue of an owl that lights up (I don't know what use can be made of it, as it surely is not a reading light) for reading one gets plenty of light from a three-bulb lighting fixture on the ceiling; (all switches are HEAD high, so that children can't tinker with them) a door leading to a bathroom which has all the fixtures belonging to it; two wall brackets for towels, a dining room too big for the few articles in it; a living room that has a sofa, and two arm chairs, two plain chairs, all upholstered nicely; a desk and chair, glass top and seven-piece inkwell of marble; table lamp, short wave radio and phonograph (two speed) combination on a stand and small chair; a nice wooden cabinet, I don't know what for; foyer hall and two built-in costumers for hanging hats; rugs in each room; curtains and drapes of heavy material; each door leading from room to room likewise has portiers (drapes) and double glass doors.

It is a nice hotel compared to what we have been living in up to now. However, a careful inspection shows that although it is open only three months now, some things are already falling apart because they are made clumsily - poor workmanship and material,

poorly designed and planned, even if the floor clerk sits at a good looking desk and each of the four floors have a lounge room fairly well furnished, including a Grandfather Clock and the main lobby and main stairway are clean and orderly. Steps are covered with wide runners. There are two elevators each holding four persons, operated by arrangement with a woman who sits opposite the doors she keeps locked, until someone rings the bell for up or down.

It's one hour later here than in Moscow, but all trains, planes and broadcasting are on Moscow time, so we moved our clocks forward one hour to 11:30 - time to retire.

In every city we have been up to now, four methods are used for human transportation within the cities - autos (taxis), tramways, (electric cars), trambus (electric buses) and gas buses. The tramways like those in the cities in Europe we have been to, are old and narrow-gauge and are hitched three together - one motorman, two conductors. Some of the newer ones here are large, low-hung, with rubbered steel wheels. These operate single. Women operate each of them, except gas operated buses, where men do most of the driving.

It was cool and windy; we retired and had a good night's rest.

STALINGRAD
SUNDAY, JULY 6, 1958

Our coats and raincoats will be delivered tomorrow. Ordered breakfast from the headwaiter last night to be served in our room. Didn't get everything we wanted, but enjoyed everything we got. At 10:00 A.M. we were ready to paint the town red. Our male guide, Igor, a 28 year pleasant fellow, (who took up Chinese for four years in college) gave us a program where to go and what to see. "IS IT SATISFACTORY TO YOU?" he asked. We told him "LET'S GO".

We drove about town and saw the famous steps down to the Volga River, and the monument of the hero of this now famous city, Stalingrad.

All the buildings in the center of the city were built since 1945 and lots of buildings are still being built. This is a city with many ravines, natural - not man-made. Some of them will be filled in some day. "HITLERITES" is a bad word here and they speak about the GERMANS with hate. (I don't blame them.) Lots of blood was spilled here, yet no one could tell today that this city lay waste a few years ago. Lots of energy must have gone into restoring and re-building it from the ground up. There are many parks and flower beds here too.

We visited the biggest department store here but could hardly squeeze into the front door, the crowd was so big. Everybody was buying, the radio-TV department was the busiest. Decided to wait until we get to New York and do our shopping at Kleins - it may be just as crowded but I get a discount there and here I'm certain I wouldn't.

Then drove twenty-eight miles to the mouth of the VOLGA DON CANAL, which is an engineering feat even today. The statue of Stalin is the largest one I ever saw anywhere. It faces west and weighs one hundred tons. It was made in four parts and then welded together here. It will be difficult to remove it. We saw more of Stalin's

paintings some alone and some with Lenin, and statues of them together and individually as we moved south and east. Joe is surely not out of the picture yet.

A tremendous amount of building going on all along the twenty-eight miles we were driving, which was all GREATER STALINGRAD. Each plant builds apartments close by for its workers, so there should be no traffic or transportation problems. The local tractor plant is one of the largest and so is the machine building plant which is many blocks long. A green line of trees separates the road from the countless rows of apartments that run the full length of the plant. The trees are the dividing line between the living and working quarters, and are supposed to catch the soot and dust from the plants.

We returned at 3:00 to lunch and to write a few cards and letters to the U.S. and rest. We are going to the circus tonight and will not eat until after the show. Went window shopping. JL wanted to buy films but couldn't. Went looking for a saloon or tavern or cafeteria, it's a pleasure not to find one single place where the girls congregate, gossip, or talk about their friends, and the same goes for the men who congregate, drink and gossip about the women they could or did make.

The circus show was good in a much dilapidated building, half tent, half wooden construction. I was afraid that the whole thing might collapse any moment. Enjoyed it very much. What struck us was that the National Anthem was not played before or after the performance in this or any other place of amusement that we have been to.

When we were served breakfast in our room this morning, JL told me to tip the waitress. I did and she refused to take it and was my face red. When he told me again to tip the waitress that served dinner after the show, and she, too, refused to take a tip, my face was red, again. We got better service than anybody else in this dining room that was filled with dancing couples. I asked a 22 year old, good looking woman if she would like to come with us to America and she too replied; "MNYE OTCHEN CHOROSHO ZDES". (It's very good for me here.) I tried to tell her how much better it is in the states, but she wouldn't be convinced. It's really chilly here in July and a top coat would be welcome, but we haven't received them yet.

STALINGRAD
MONDAY, JULY 7, 1958

It rained early this morning and it is very chilly. Breakfast wasn't served at 9:00 as promised by the good looking waitress who gave us such prompt service last night. Maybe she was angry because JL told me to tip her. We called for it and it was served promptly. I think it was ready but they forgot the room number, because the eggs were cold.

We started out early for the Stalingrad Hydro-Electric Dam and Gates that are being constructed quite a distance from the center of the City of Stalingrad. It was quite a job getting there, because we had to cross the Volga by ferry, and it isn't like our New York ferries. It's more like the ferry that crosses the Ohio River from Kentucky to Aurora, Indiana. It's a self-propelled, very

STALINGRAD

1958





STALINGRAD

STALIN MONUMENT - 100 TONS
VOLGA-DON CANAL

1958

large barge with about thirty autos, mostly trucks, three in a row across it lengthwise and the same time for unloading it, and the waiting line was about a mile long.

Left at 10:00 A.M. and returned at 3:00 P.M. This visit was worth the whole trip even if I didn't see anything else here worthwhile. The magnitude of this project is beyond my ability to describe it. There are 20,000 people working at it; 40% women, who run cranes, weld, pour concrete, install machines, do steel construction work, engineering and surveying. We watched a woman handle an air drill smoothing the surface of a concrete beam about 200 feet up in the air, that scared me. We walked the full length of the walk near the many huge cranes. There will be 21 water driven generators producing 2,350,000 kw. The dam will flood an area of three-hundred miles by eighteen miles wide. A hundred and fifty thousand people will be resettled from the area. I asked for a descriptive brochure of the entire project - it will be mailed to me from Stalingrad Intourist. It's nice to watch the faces of these people when they talk about it as "NAASH" (their own).

When we crossed the Volga on our return from Hydro Electric construction, we saw a BOOM OF LOGS towed and pushed down the river, that must have been a mile long. This is the first time I saw anything like it. There were three houses built on it, each with an outhouse. We were told that we can take all the pictures we care to take, of any part of the construction work or anything else we want.

Since we had to leave not later than 3:15 P.M. for the airport, we rushed back as fast as we could. There were countless trucks going and coming to and from Stalingrad. We reached the airport at 3:50, the plane will arrive at 4:00 but because of the rain we left at 5:15.

There is no direct flight between Stalingrad and Karkov so we flew by way of Rostov on Don, where we changed planes for Karkov. The direct flight would take an hour and a half but flying south to Rostov and back to Karkov will take about 3-1/2 hours. Had to wait for a connection here, because of storms further south. This gave us a chance to look about the airport again. It is the best and cleanest we have been to since arriving here - also the best constructed. Even the washroom is nearly civilized, including clean towels and soap. Took a snack and boarded the plane at 7:05. Our coats, which we forgot to take off the plane on our way here to Stalingrad, have travelled all over south of here, and are supposed to arrive here from Simferopol but we can't wait and up in the air we went, in the usual TU-14 that holds twenty-four passengers. The stewardess never came out to find out what's going on in the plane. Arrived in Karkov airport on a nice runway. Saw two four-engine planes on the ground from a distance, probably military planes.

An Intourist lady was at the ramp waiting for us. "HOW DO YOU DO, MR. KIPNIS", was the greeting in perfect English. I replied in Russian. I remarked to her that this is the best looking waksal (airport building) I have seen anywhere. She asked, "EVEN BETTER THAN MOSCOW?" I was surprised when I saw the self-propelled ramp they are

using here for jets and regular planes, something we don't use in the States. We were taken to the Intourist Hotel. Asked the guide to make certain that we get airline tickets for Moscow for Thursday. The drive from the airport to the hotel was through nice streets, well lit and clean. Will make our inspection of the city tomorrow.

KARKOV
TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1958

Retired at 2:00 A.M. this morning, up at 8:30 A.M., jotted down what we did yesterday. Tried to repair the toilet flusher tank that was running all night but couldn't - had to call the housekeeper or repair man. Then to breakfast and to see the town.

Met a Mr. Richard Linder from Pittsburgh, a teacher of Russian language. He is on a three-months vacation and will spend 14 days in U.S.S.R. He travels deluxe, and a sweet little thing is his guide ever since he arrived at Kiev; she is travelling with him by train. I mentioned to him the report I read in the MOSCOW NEWS of July 2, on "WHAT THE SOVIET PEOPLE EAT," as reported by Mr. Gabriel Hauge, President Eisenhower's special assistant on Economic Affairs as reported in the U.S. News & World Report of April 25, 1958, and the reply to his "DEROGATORY" speech as is reported in the above-dated Moscow News. Mr. R.L. didn't know anything about the above news article. He told us that he didn't see any starving faces here and on the contrary, the Soviet people eat too much and they show it, especially the women, no matter what their occupation may be.

It is very inexpensive for an American tourist to live in the Soviet Union. I believe it is cheaper than anywhere else based on the tourist official exchange rate of rubles to dollars. Even as a deluxe tourist.

For $30 per day a deluxe tourist gets a deluxe room or suite in any of the Hotels; a car and chauffeur anytime during the day, including taking to and from theatre or any amusement place in the evening; a guide or interpreter - male or female, to accompany him twenty-four hours a day, during the whole tour from town to town; and all sightseeing; four meals a day - breakfast, dinner, tea and supper; meals can be served in the rooms at no extra charge. The meals are figured at 75 rubles per day for which coupons are given - four coupons for each day, and if all the coupons are not used up during the tour then the coupons can be cashed in for foodstuffs at an Intourist Restaurant and taken out from the U.S.S.R. Each meal coupon has a certain value --

Breakfast	16 Rubles
Dinner	30 R
Tea	4 R
Supper	25 R
Total	75 R

The diner gets a check after each meal showing the amount and it can be paid with coupons. I took Caviar, Bodka and Chocolate for my leftover coupons.

There is no tipping anywhere, and this goes for checking of any articles in a public place, where it is a must to check.

This is the price of meals as of 7/12/58, as printed on a menu in English:

		USSR RUBLES	U.S. DOLLARS
BREAKFAST			
	Foamed Sausage	1.45	.14½¢
	Omelette Plain	3.55	.35½¢
	Brioche with Cream	.70	.07
	Toasts	.60	.06
	Kefyr with sugar (yogut)	1.15	.11½¢
	Salad of fresh vegetables	1.45	.14½¢
DINNER			
	Soodak-fish in Mayonnaise	2.90	.29¢
	Cauliflower Cream Soup (large Plate)	4.30	.43
	Vegetable Soup " "	4.30	.43
	Roasted Loin of Pork, garnished	6.50	.65
	Fish Salad	3.00	.30
	Ham with Horseradish	3.30	.33
	Steamed Sturgeon	11.70	1.17
	Fried Chicken with salad	10.00	1.00
	Ice Cream Plombiere	2.30	.23
	Rolled Pancakes stuffed with apples	2.50	.25
FIVE O'CLOCK TEA			
	Tea with Jam	1.95	.19½¢
	Vanilla Biscuit	.57	.05½¢
SUPPER			
	Steamed Chicken (Boiled)	5.55	.55½¢
	Cold Tongue, garnished	2.30	.23
	Soodak-fish steam (Boiled)	7.95	.79½¢
	Chopped cutlets with garnish	5.15	.51½¢
	*******		
	Butter	.50	.05¢
	Bread	.63	.06½¢
	Tea with Milk	1.55	.15½¢
	Coffee with Milk	2.30	.23¢
	Mineral Water (Bottle)	1.85	.18½¢

There are also other dishes that can be ordered.

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Mr. Linder's steady guide and our guide for this afternoon were cute, up to the measure of youngsters just past twenty. Both spoke good English. The weather was bad - it wants to rain and is cold, so we were happily surprised when we walked into the Intourist Service Office and there was our package of two coats and one raincoat. This package travelled a lot of miles since we forgot the coats on the plane at Rostov on Don.

Went to visit a CERAMIC (tile) plant which makes floor and wall tile. It is about five miles from the center of Karkov. Its product is shipped everywhere in the U.S.S.R. The superintendent of the plant was exceptionally pleasant and willing to show us around and answer questions and we could take pictures.

All operations were by belt conveyor except the testing of each piece. The equipment was of German origin and I believe that this was one of the many plants removed from Germany. The building was in good repair, the floors clean. The employees are 50% women

and 50% men. We were told that the salaries are equal for both sexes and start from 700 to 900 rubles per month, based on bonus. The waste is about 13%, which waste is reground and made into new tile.

I asked the superintendent why the women don't dress in uniform overalls. He replied that "THE PLANT FURNISHES THEM UNIFORMS BUT THEY KEEP THEM AT HOME NOT TO GET THEM DIRTY" - a logical answer. One woman was stretched out face down in a corner near the cooling end of the Kiln. I asked for an explanation and he replied that it was her "COFFEE BREAK" or rest period.

We watched them load the finished product into railroad cars in a modern method from a clean and orderly large storage room. I asked why they don't use corrugated boxes for shipping tile, the reply was they couldn't buy anything cheaper because they use waste wood to make crates for this purpose, which they get free. We parted with "SPASIBO, DOSVEDANIE" (thank you, hope to meet again) and back to the hotel we went. It's lunch time.

JL kept on asking questions of our good looking guide but she didn't know all the answers. I knew more than she did, so I answered.

After lunch we went with another guide to see the city; took a few snaps of some interesting places. The main square is beyond a doubt the largest we ever saw. It is surrounded with large and beautiful buildings, all built after World War II. This is the nicest part of Karkov. In another place, on a bluff, two women were working on a flower picture of Lenin's head. It was a beautiful job. We drove about, seeing more sights. I didn't want to go to a museum to see more priceless art, for I saw plenty of this already.

On return to the hotel, we checked with the Intourist Service Office about our air tickets for Moscow Thursday. Then ordered two tickets to the Kino across the street to see Charlie Chaplin in three 25-minute reels made in 1919-23. Will pick up the tickets at 5:45. The show starts at 6:00 and lasts until 7:20.

Wrote awhile and then walked the streets with JL. Lots of people all over town. This is the fourth largest city in the U.S.S.R.- 1,200,000. I don't remember seeing so many trolleys on one street, each crowded and all driven by women. They have three different types of trolleys here - the old style looks like "TOONERVILLE TROLLEY" and operates three in one; then there are some of a little newer type operating two in one; and the very latest type, hung very low on rubber and steel tired wheels, one at a time. There are many buses of all types, gas and electric.

The theatre here was the first that had an aisle in the center but the seats were hard and most uncomfortable. All tickets to THEATRES, ARENAS or STADIUMS are numbered and each customer gets an assigned seat. No one is admitted during the show. The "VCHOD" (entrance) is in one place and the "VICHOD" (exit) is through another place. There is no pushing or shoving.

JL laughed loud watching the picture and the guy next to him jumped out of his seat every time Charlie did something funny. The picture was very funny. I saw every picture Charlie made - but not these three. I enjoyed today very much.



KARKOV
MAIN SQUARE AND GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS. RADIO AND T.V. TOWER
1958

KARKOV

LENIN'S FACE IN FLOWERS

1958





KARKOV
GROUP OF AMERICAN VISITORS
(16) INSPECTING TRACTOR PLANT
ONE TRACTOR EACH 15 MINUTES
1958

Supper at 8:00 to 9:30; good service and good food. People do look very shabby here, except a very few. Yet they are on the go. The restaurant was full. JL again wanted to buy film in one of the large stores but couldn't. People three abreast were waiting in line to buy radios, TV's, cameras and films.

KARKOV
WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1958

Our Pittsburgh friend left by train, with his guide, for Moscow. We discussed with him, before he left, what he saw up to now. He objected terribly about the kind of work women do here, even if he admitted that lots of women in the States have no particular objective in life, live a useless life and much of their time is wasted between the beauty parlor and drug storem to MAKE UP and TAKE OFF the MAKE UP, smoking, drinking and gossiping.

We talked about H-Bombs, dirty and clean, and the possibility of another war. JL mentioned the statement Mr. Chrystal made in the Minsk University meeting THAT THERE WILL NOT BE ANY MORE WAR BECAUSE THE LAST WARS WERE STARTED BY INSANE LEADERS WHO WERE CERTAIN OF VICTORY, BUT TODAY THERE CAN'T BE ANY THOUGHT OF VICTORY BY ANY STARTER OF A WAR.

JL remarked how relaxed everybody is here, just because anybody can go anywhere just as they are and don't have to spend hours to get dressed and made up. I agreed with him because we have been walking around in our shirt sleeves without ties, almost like natives, and felt easy and perfectly relaxed. I reminded JL of the saying in the States that "CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN, MONEY BUYS THE CLOTHES, BUT YOU CAN'T PUT INTO THE CLOTHES ANY MORE MAN THAN ANYONE IS, NO MATTER HOW MUCH MONEY ONE PAYS FOR THE CLOTHES." I know I am right in this statement, I HAD THE EXPERIENCE.

It was still chilly and looked like rain. The first night we were here all we had to cover ourselves with in bed was a light sheet of muslin, so we froze. I looked in the drawers and found two blankets. I covered JL, then myself and fell asleep.

Breakfast at 8:30 A.M. The waitress didn't let anybody else in the dining room until 9:00, but we were the exception, the service we received here was the best. The food was very good. We ate twice as much as we eat at home. I never knew that plain herring can taste so good. I ate it twice a day and the coffee with hot milk was delicious, as John Gunther stated in his book.

We were advised that a group of Indiana farmer visitors will tour the Karkov tractor factory at 11:00 A.M. This was just up our alley. We drove in our car - they went by bus. The interview and drive took two and a half hours. All sixteen members of this group were sitting around a long table. At the head of the table was the Assistant Manager of the plant; beside him was Zena, the platinum blonde who was Gunther's guide for the sixty day tour in the U.S.S.R. She traveled with him and his wife every where they went. The Assistant Manager was explaining the whole works - 30,000 employees, 50% women, eight hours per day, two shifts, some departments three shifts, 160 tractors per day or one each fifteen

minutes - two kinds, 20 HP and 60 HP; wages are from 700 to 900 rubles per month; they expect to reduce hours to 7 per shift at the same salary. Some earn as much as 2000 rubles per month, depending upon skill. Lots of students come here for their training period.

They are the apprentices and get paid. Most of the workers live near this plant. There are 100,000 workers living near by who work in other plants in this vicinity. This housing development has theatres, houses of culture, stadium, schools and clinics, and every other convenience to make these people live equal with the city folks.

We went through the works - from A to Z - from the beginning to where a tractor moves out on its own power.

Crowds of workers stopped work and lined up in the walk-way to greet us. One of the tourist group was so enthused that he waved both hands to them with the greeting MIR, MIR (Peace, Peace). This is the best slogan around here. I haven't seen such a great and outspoken desire for peace anywhere else, even though I know that the whole world wants peace. I don't think anybody else suffered as much as the Poles and Russians from Leningrad on a straight line to Stalingrad and Crimea, from the Hitler hordes.

One must see this whole part of this country to realize what has happened in four years of Hitler's thirst for blood, destruction of property and the extermination of Jewish and other people. We went home after thanking the manager and his group for the courtesies and friendliness extended to all of us. I said goodbye to Zena. She asked me to convey her best wishes to the Gunthers. Had lunch and was ready to leave with the same group to visit a State operated farm which is different from a Kolchoz, but it started to rain and I was afraid we would get stuck in the mud. So JL and I decided to rest and attend the movie which our male guide recommended highly. The others went on to the farm.

Wanted to go shopping for fresh fruit which can't be had at the hotels, so we started for the open bazaar, but everything was sold out except some potatoes, cucumbers and pickles. We asked the driver to get us over to the kino theatre and call for us at 8:00. There was a small park across the street from the kino, so we took a walk in it. Nice shady trees and flower beds and a statue of Pushkin at both ends of it; benches on both sides, the full length of the park. I approached a group of people, some standing, some sitting, conversing with each other. I started out in Jewish, "WUS MACHEN DO THE YIDEN" - (what are the Jews doing here?). I was terribly insulted by being asked in Jewish - FROM WHAT PART OF KARKOV DO I COME, instead of being recognized as a FULL-FLEDGED AMERICAN CITIZEN. I took out my passport and identified myself and then the trouble began - why are the American Jews now going to school (synagogue) every day while the Soviet Jews do not - it used to be the other way before the revolution. I couldn't convince them that not all the Jews in America do that. Time was getting close to go to the Kino. We were invited to come back after the show to continue

the discussion. There was quite a crowd around us participating; most of them were living on a pension of 230 rubles a month. We did not get back to them again. We were hungry. It took us only an hour and a half to eat supper and it was time to get our things ready for departure early tomorrow.

Karkov is a center of activity. It is the capital of the local Rayon (district), with new, large government buildings. We noticed while taking pictures yesterday that a large group of people, both sexes, were exercising on one of the roofs. The guide told us this is usual in such buildings. They do this in place of coffee breaks.

This Square is known as DIRZSHINSKI PLOSCHAD. Transportation here is heavy and the methods used are TROLLEYS, TROLLEY BUSES and GAS BUSES and CABS. Most all of this transportation is operated by women, some very young and pretty. This goes for the motormen or drivers, and conductors. We didn't see any accidents anywhere in spite of the rainy weather. Traffic regulations are strictly observed. We did see tickets being given to some drivers. Of course, it's impossible to speed because of the narrow highways and the many trucks that are being driven everywhere. Trucks are used extensively here.

The streets are full of parading people, unlike that of Stalingrad. This is a city of 1,200,000 people. The places of amusement are jammed. Kinos are shown each 2 hours. Each seat is reserved and the shows begin at 12:00 noon. Crowds wait in line for tickets. Each theatre lobby has a snack bar and this is crowded too. Of course, none of these places are like the MUSIC HALL in New York. JL remarked that the movie theatres in the States wish they could fill their places like this. The restaurant in the Intourist and the other two large hotels are crowded at each meal and meal time here is from 10:00 A.M. to 1:00 A.M. Many new apartment houses are going up in every part outside of the town.

KARKOV
THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1958

Up early at 5:30 A.M. and in the street to board a car to take us to the airport. The streets were quiet except for the Tramways running, (jammed with people) spaced about five hundred feet apart, as far as we could see. A few walked, many women, some natural good looking, simple. The streets were being swept clean by women with twig brooms. At the airport restaurant we ordered TCHAI and PIROZHKIS (cheese without holes). The departure of our plane was announced and the same woman attendant came for us, assured us that our baggage is on the plane and will not get lost, led us into the plane and to our seats. Then the others came in and the door was locked. The engines started at 7:10 and without much ado we were up in the air.

The cutie stewardess in uniform announced that it's a nonstop flight, will take two hours and ten minutes and we should ring for her if we need her. I didn't know what for, since they don't serve anything. JL remarked, "THIS COUNTRY IS GOING PLAIN TO HELL

BY ADOPTING SOME OF OUR METHODS LIKE ANNOUNCING ON BOARD PLANES AND STEWARDESSES WEARING UNIFORMS." And wouldn't be surprised if their planes stop leaving on time and start serving lousy food like U.S. airlines do.

We planned busy four days in Moscow. We wanted to spend a whole day at the AGRICULTURE EXHIBITION and an evening at the METRO (subway). Today will be a busy day too, getting our visas for Czechoslovakia and East Berlin, locate and see the few people we were asked to see by some New York, Milwaukee and Miami people, and our own relatives. We were delayed 1-1/2 hours in the Moscow airport. The flight took two hours ten minutes. Karkov Intourist didn't wire the correct departure information, hence the delay waiting for a car to take us to the hotel.

We had a chance to walk around the inside and outside of the airport station. The inside was a beehive. It reminded me a lot of the old Chicago Midway airport, except that this was worse, except the announcing of arrival and departure is better because it is for one airline AEROFLOT. This building was enlarged since I was here last year, but is not as nice as the Karkov station. Our eyes nearly popped out when we counted twelve new shining Jet MT 104, 70-passenger planes, as slick as one can imagine, and the plain people who came out of them as they landed, surprised us even more, because I thought that these planes were built for propaganda purposes only - to fly to London or New York with diplomats, or artists on the cultural exchange agreement or for American tourists and not for the shabby looking Russians.

We were driven to the LENINGRAD HOTEL, a 21-story, 600-room, almost new hotel facing the KAZAN RAILROAD Station. When we walked into the immense lobby we thought we were in the Waldorf Astoria in New York, except that this is a bit nicer in certain aspects. Five huge chandeliers with crystal decorations; four elevators operated by push buttons, 12-passenger capacity; a floor clerk; a lounge room and a private conference room on each floor. We checked in, turned in our passports, and arranged for a guide to go places this afternoon.

My room was a nice size with two single beds, a bath with all other usual installations, (except soap); built-in closet in foyer, a desk, round table and two chairs - almost modern.

Went down to the Intourist Service Office, ordered tickets for the PUPPET show for tomorrow and ballet "JOAN OF ARC" for Saturday. Drove over to National Hotel to find out if there were any letters for us - there were two. Then we went to the Czechoslovak Embassy, which is much nicer than the U.S.A. Embassy Building here. We received our visas in five minutes, then to the DDR Embassy (Dutch Democratic Republic). Were told "TOO EARLY" we should come back at 4:00 P.M. Went to find Mrs. Woolen's relatives. They were home. I told them who we were and the purpose of our mission and took pictures with them. They promised to come to my room tonight at 10:00 but didn't. Then we went back to DDR Embassy. Left our passports and told them we will return in one hour - cost 34

rubles for both ($3.40). Then drove over to Judy Rubin's friends, the Rublins. No one home except the neighbor, she will tell them and they will come to us at 10:00. Then to the Germaneks, Sydel Ballens, sister and family. They too, will come at 10:00. Then again to the DDR Embassy for our passports and visas which were ready for us.

Returned to the hotel for a short rest, then went for a ride and inspection of the Metro (subway). After riding back and forth on three stations, JL said he saw enough. "I'LL NEVER RIDE ANOTHER SUBWAY IN THE STATES, I'LL BE ASHAMED TO DO IT AFTER I SAW THE SUBWAY HERE." The station, escalators and cars were mobbed, but orderly and clean. There can't be any comparison with our subways. We got out at the Comsomolsky Station, which is near the hotel, cleaned up and then by cab to the Praha Restaurant, a much nicer place than any night club in New York that I have been to because it is not a fire-trap like most of our night club dives. The orchestra and singer (a she of about one-hundred-sixty pounds) were playing and singing mostly American dance music. The place was full and there was an air of respectability in spite of the fact that not one musician wore a tie and many of the male guests were without ties, and surely not in the best of clothes. The place wasn't fouled up with cigarette or cigar smoke. The women didn't run often to the dressing room to powder and rouge their faces, or do it at the tables. No giggling or talking aloud.

Dropped our guide after the first stop and made the rest of the stops by ourselves in our private car. Returned at 10:00 when the people of J. Rubin and Ballen came up and we had a free-for-all discussion about peace and Mr. Dulles, the first, a very important subject and the second, a very sore spot to all here and maybe to many Americans, too. Retired at 1:00 A.M.

MOSCOW
FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1958

Was too tired yesterday to take a bath, so took one this morning. The hot water didn't come out of the faucet, so I took a cold bath and made believe it was hot. A guide, Lydia, (not bad to look at, but too stocky) approached me as I walked to the Service room to make inquiry about theatre tickets. "ARE YOU MR. KIPNIS? I AM YOUR GUIDE; WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO TODAY?" I told her that we intended to go to the Agricultural Exhibition and be there until four. "BUT I THINK THAT WILL BE TOO TIRING, SO LET'S MAKE IT UNTIL 12:00, THEN TO THE GUM STORE AND MAYBE LENIN'S TOMB," she advised me.

Started out at 9:30 with Lydia and a special guide for the Agricultural Exhibition and by 12:30 we were played out. Our special guide walked with us but Lydia sat somewhere waiting for us. "IT WOULD TAKE AT LEAST TEN DAYS TO SEE IT IN THE PROPER WAY - EVERYTHING THAT IS TO BE SEEN AND THERE SURE IS A LOT TO BE SEEN," JL remarked. No one could ever imagine that such things exist anywhere. The Russians are not afraid of anybody, with what they can now make, admitting that the people don't dress as nice or live in apartments as we do. JL said he never saw anything like what they

exhibit here.

The fifteen buildings of the fifteen republics are magnificent and the grounds are beyond imagination for the cleanliness, maintenance, fountains, flower beds, and such beauty - but when I wandered into a men's washroom, it took me back fifty years. I intend to write to MOSCOW NEWS whose reported I am awaiting now. I wanted to know how come that people who know how to build sputniks and spend fifty million dollars on such a grand display of talent don't know how to build a decent toilet.

Returned by way of the GUM store. Macy and Klein have nothing on the crowds that filled every inch of space to buy anything and everything sold here. We visited the TV and radio departments and that was all we could take today.

It was now 2:30 P.M. I have dates at 4:00 with some relatives and others, which will take until 8:00; then to the puppet show and have supper afterwards.

This U.S.S.R., the largest single business enterprise in the world, runs and operates as one company, employing all its able citizens as its employees, except students, children, and pensioners; everything from a shoe shine to a glass of soda, a bagel to a sputnik. Decentralization is almost completed; this decentralization is going to bring them great results for I know what it means from the practical experience I got at N.C.C. when I was head of it. Now that the activities of N.C.C. are again centralized in one place, it takes ten times as long to accomplish results, whereas before, immediate action was had when such action was necessary.

In U.S.S.R. when a proposition is put before the Supreme Soviet, no matter how large or small it may be, if it has merit for the sake of improving progress, favorable action is taken and it is put into operation. It is not submitted to the Senate or Congress for debate where politics generally rule, nor is it submitted to Wall Street for financing. I imagine that undertakings like the Metro in Moscow or Leningrad, or in Kiev (which is now being built) and the Electric Hydro Stations, which investments ran into the billions of dollars, or the housing projects all over, no matter how important they may be, would never have been done in the time planned for completion during the five-year plan, our politicians would pull only for their section from where they come, and not for the whole country as sucy; our bankers would surely never let it be done if the prospectus wouldn't show a money profit. Never mind the people who may benefit by it. As was said by the U.S. Airline builders when the TU-104 arrived in New York, that it was not built for a profit-making organization. The U.S.S.R. is the first to operate a fleet of jet liners for the benefit, convenience and pleasure of its own citizens and are they proud of it.

We had lunch at 3:00, wrote a few letters, tried to rest, but my relatives walked in on me - my brother Itsick's daughter and children - all looking good and hefty. The children, 18 - 19 and 21 didn't look starved and were pretty well dressed; all in their natural make-up, red cheeks, healthy. Two work and the youngest is studying

engineering, gets 350 rubles a month for doing it. Her specialty will be meat and milk products. We talked for awhile, then for tea, and at 8:30 we kissed and parted with wishes for peace in the whole world. (I shall tell Mr. Dulles to come here and get acquainted with them and get convinced that THEY WANT PEACE AND NOT WAR, for they have already paid a terrible price in the last two World Wars. I promised them to do everything possible to convince him.)

JL and I got into our car and drove to the HERMITAGE SAAD (park) CONCERT PAVILION where we met quite a few Americans. We were to see the puppet show. This is not a large park but very well lit up, with benches and stands where they sell everything in the food line that can be called a NAASH. A military concert band, a lecture stand with seating capacity of about three-hundred, a legitimate theatre, a kino and a very nice restaurant is in this park. Every place was jammed, as was the puppet show. I saw this last year in another very small place. JL was sitting glued to his hard seat. S. Hurok may bring this show to the States soon. Yes, Central Park is nicer and is surrounded by buildings nicer than here, but who dares walk in Central Park alone or even with a companion? There was a warm atmosphere here, home-like and very pleasant.

A car picked us up later. We wanted to try a new dining spot at the Ukraine Hotel, the latest 1200-room hotel. It's twice the size of the Leningradski Hotel, but not as attractive, but we could not find a table as it was crowded in both dining rooms. So we grabbed a cab and back to the Leningradski we went. We were really flying low. It's a treat and risk of life to ride in a cab here. They are wild drivers. I decided to write to the cab trust's head manager to do something about this. JL told me to look out of my side of the cab and he will look out of his side, but neither of us wanted to look ahead. There are few accidents here in spite of all this wild driving and street crossing. One must make up his mind to have patience and be tolerant here, when going to eat or trying to get to your floor on the life (elevator). It takes from an hour and a half to two hours of waiting for a good full size meal. It was 1:00 A.M. before we retired. JL is in room 607, mine is 326.

MOSKOW
SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1958

I have so far worn one pair of socks and one shirt since I left Kiev. All the shirts I wore up until then were given away with the new shirts I left there (sixteen in all). Along with other things I brought with me. I am now travelling with two shirts - one on me and one for emergency; two light pair of pants and two jackets; two pair of socks. It's good to travel here and look like one of them for no one bothers you, especially the kids, for money, trinkets and chewing gum.

Up at 7:30, breakfast at 8:30 and in the car at 9:30. First stop was at the LENIN BIBLIOTCK (library). A special guide led us through the important rooms. It was an eye-opener for JL. (I was through it in 1956-57, from A to Z.)

Then drove to the Kremlin, the Museum and the place where the



SK AND HIS MOSCOW RELATIVES
IN FRONT OF LENINGRADSKI
HOTEL

1958

MOSKOV
AGRICULTURAL EXHIBIT
1958




KREMLIN WALLS AND TOWERS
NOTE CROWDS AT RIGHT LINED UP TO VISIT TOMB
1958

MOSCOW

HISTORIC 100 TON BELL IN KREMLIN

1958





MOSCOW CHURCH

1958



MOSCOW SUBWAY STATION

1958

MOSCOW UNIVERSITY

1958



MOSCOW SYNAGOGUE

1958



100 ton bell lies on the ground, a ten ton chunk dropped out of it when it crashed many years ago. As we walked to the exit of the Kremlin, the Czechoslovak President Novotny was leaving for the airport to return to Prague. There were about ten cars in the procession with four motorcycles ahead. There was no screaming of horns like they do in the USA even for small politicians. This is a very quiet city as far as horn-blowing is concerned. It is spotless in every nook and corner, not only on the main streets or in the Kremlin, but everywhere. The Kremlin yard was crowded with tourists and visitors, mostly Russians.

Drove to the Red Square to visit the MAUSOLEUM of Lenin and Stalin. The double line of waiting Russians and other tourists must have been ten blocks long. The foreign tourists were put in a separate line. It was 12:00 P.M. when we started to move towards the tomb. We were mixed in with an India delegation of 36 until we were asked to step behind this group, for they were going to lay a wreath at the tomb. It is still a shrine and it makes quite an impression, believe it or not. The ceremony of going through this shrine took about ten minutes. I got talking to one Hindu dressed up like one. He told me how he felt as he looked at the waxed faces of L & S; he is a Communist for twenty two years and comes from a State of India that is controlled by Communists. We passed the wall, where all dignitaries who died a natural death are buried, (after being cremated), which was also impressive.

Then drove to the Lenin Stadium which holds 104,000 people. It was 2:00 P.M. and there was quite a crowd at the ticket window to buy tickets for the socker game tonight that begins at 6:00, (between the local team and the Equadorians). It was 2:30 when we left here, and our legs refused to do any more walking. We decided not to go to the University and Lenin Museum. Returned to the hotel and both put away a lunch that would be enough for us at home for a week.

JL went to his room to rest and relax; I wanted to do the same, but the reporter from the MOSCOW NEWS came up to interview me and prepare a statement that can be published. He will come tomorrow to read the prepared statement and accompany us to the few places we wish to go. JL called for me at 6:50; a car drove us to the ballet "Joan of Arc", a bit of French history that ended with tragedy - why such a subject made into a ballet?

Reached the Stanislowsky theatre twenty minutes ahead of opening time, which is 7:30. Stanislowsky's and Danchenko's statues stand in the lobby of this theatre. Both are famous figures in the Russian theatre world. The front of the theatre didn't look like one, but the inside had all the features of an old time Russian artistic theatre, large reception room, restaurants and snack bars and the usual check room. Checking service is free and this rule applies to all public places.

This theatre is quite large and spotlessly clean. The usual chairs, bare of any upholstery, were hard to sit on for us spoiled

Americans. There was an orchestra of sixty pieces, in their shirt sleeves - except for the conductor who was in tails. We enjoyed the performance very much. I was anxious to meet some of the American colony such as I.R. Levine, Jordan, Frankel and others. They usually hang out here in the late hours at the National Hotel, but there was nobody there when we reached there so we had dinner there alone. A car picked us up at midnight and back to the Leningrad we went. The waiters or waitresses are so different from those in the U.S.A. besides refusing to take tips from us, since we knew the value of each coupon for our four meals. Whenever we ate we asked for SCHOT (bill), and if our number of coupons amounted to more than the bill, they would tell us to give them a coupon for a lesser amount. The National Hotel is a dump compared to the Leningrad and I am glad we are stopping at the Leningrad even if it is farther from the Kremlin than the National. Packed all my things, already for tomorrow.

MOSCOW,
SUNDAY, JULY 13, 1958

Our Great Neck friend met us for breakfast. I never met a man to be so enthused for the things he saw here. "WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP HIM BRING LIGHT TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE AND WHAT CAN I DO TO GET DULLES TO LET HIM DO BUSINESS WITH THE RUSSKY?" Told him to meet with me in New York when he returned, and we will make a date with Ike and John F.D. to meet with them and put it straight to them. Maybe the information they get from John's brother who is boss of the Central Intelligence Agency is not so intelligent. We will talk it over with them. The reporter of the Moscow News didn't come on time so we left at 10:00 for the University. It was closed today to visitors. We drove all around the magnificent MONUMENT TO EDUCATION AND PROGRESS, THE MOSCOW UNIVERSITY, even if some of our intelligencia who visited Moscow called it a MONSTROSITY. Took a few pictures; drove over to the overlook platform from where one can see all of Moscow. The University is built on Lenin Hills. The huge Stadium is right across the bend of the Moscow River and in a straight line with the Kremlin in the distance. A new double deck bridge will shortly be completed to connect the stadium with the University WITHOUT A NEW BOND ISSUE OR WALL STREET FINANCING.

I had about $40.00 worth of unused coupons and wanted to turn the value into merchandise to take back to the U.S.A. as souvenirs. This can be done only at any of the Intourist Hotels, we stopped at the National and exchanged the coupons for ten jars of black caviar, fifteen bars of chocolate and one bottle of Vodka. It was too late to visit the Lenin Museum. Returned to the Leningrad Hotel for lunch. Packed everything into my little bag and brief case.

The reporter came up and spent one hour with me on the prepared report which was not finished. He took a few pictures of JL and me; will send all them to me to New York. We started on a very important subject here, but couldn't finish as it was time to leave for the

WNOOKOVO airport, we were going by Jet to Prague. The reporter gave me eight Jewish records as a gift. I bid "Auf wiedersehen" to him and to Moscow, to where I want to come again. The change in everything here every time I come is more pronounced than anywhere else I have ever been.

Yes, the people here in the U.S.S.R. are much more relaxed, especially the women, as JL remarked to me, and the Great Neck friend, remarked about the U.S. women, that - between the hair dressing, the make-up, the smoking, the drinking, the gossiping, the dressing, the plucking of eyebrows, wearing pointed shoes and high heels that cripple their feet; the rock and roll or other dancing; the stupid movies and TV shows - all is enough to drive not only the women crazy but the men who hang around with them, too.

It was easy to check on our flight, even without an Intourist guide, - no questions - no baggage examination - no valuta checking. We had two good seats in a Czechoslovak Air Line plane TU - 104, built by the U.S.S.R. for the Czech Air line. The flight takes two hours and twenty minutes. We were flying with the Equadorian Socker team who played the Spartacks yesterday, and lost by a score of 1 to 0: also, some Italians and Egyptians. It was our first flight in a Jet plane of any kind, and it was the best flight we ever had, smooth at six hundred miles per hour and 36,000 ft. altitude. A snack was served by a cute doll. Since this is a Czechoslovak Line, the whole crew was Czech, including the cook who served hot boiled chicken. The service was clean and pleasant, the dishes of fine glass and beautifully decorated plates. We conversed with an Egyptian across the table from us, who was traveling on business - spoke English well - maybe better than I. Talked about Suez, the English, French and Israel invasion the results of it and the Nassar policy and what he hopes to accomplish. He did not reply directly to my question about Nassar's statement that Israel must be eliminated or destroyed.

Arrived in Prague on time. Decided that we will never fly again in any other plane except in a jet. At six hundred miles an hour one would bring us across from New York to England in five hours, or New York to California in about four hours. Of course, the appointments in the interior and the racks overhead were quite different from our latest DC-7 planes. Yes, quite different.

The registration procedure was the same as in the U.S.S.R. except that we had no one to guide us. The CEDOK, which is the Czech INTOURIST, didn't have any orders for that service. We had only arranged for two days in hotel with food. The ride from the airport would cost 30 Kronen by taxi and 8 Kronen by Bus to the Bus Station nearest the hotel. Since I have always lived economically we came by bus, but didn't save much. We had to take a taxi from the Bus Station to the Hotel, which cost us another 13 Kronen (not quite as economical as I thought).

We were checked in and were given 320 Kronen for our food and to be on our own. The official rate of exchange is 7½ Kronen for the dollar, but as U.S.A. tourists we got double that rate.

I also cashed $40 in Express Checks. We got nice rooms - living room, bedroom, two single beds, and bathroom. We cleaned and freshened up, and went to dinner in the Alcom Restaurant.

From the minute we arrived here I knew that we were getting nearer Western Civilization. The cab man wanted a tip; same with the doorman, the porter, and the waiters. Waiters and head waiters were running around the tables, pushing or moving things on our table from one place to another. (I never liked waiters running around my dining table). I was annoyed for I didn't get what I wanted or the way I ordered it. Yes, if civilization was measured by taking off hats for women in crowded elevators or kissing their hands when meeting, or before and after dancing, or standing up when they get back to the table from the Powder Room, or by watching TV until all hours of the night, or by reading the scandal and gossip sheets of Winchell or the others, or by wearing sack dresses, pointed heeless shoes, or chewing gum, or women smokers from thirteen to seventy, or by making Elvis Presley the greatest idol, star or artist and a thousand more things like that, then I would rather see women build houses, dig ditches, run cranes, buses and tramways, be engineers and doctors, scientist's and in high government and business management. We had perfect peace and quiet at our dining tables in the U.S.S.R., even if it took long to get served. Now I know that my troubles will start in a civilized way.

Went for a walk after dinner to look, window shop and watch the behavior of the people in general. There are lots of cafeterias here on the main street (our hotel is a half block from the main street). These cafeterias are unlike ours. Here you buy anything your heart desires, take it over to a counter and devour it while standing. There is no sitting.

All ground floors are stores, some very nice; plenty of material and foods of all kinds - candy and cakes; cars and bicycles; ready-made clothes and shoes; all stores are well lit up, but the street lighting is not like that of the main street in Kiev, or like Moscow at the main plaza near Gorki Street. It is quite different. In fact, the streets in the U.S.S.R. are better lit than many main streets in the States, and I have seen pretty nearly every important street in all the large cities in the States.

When we returned to the hotel we decided to eliminate the trip to Germany East or West and leave for Brussels tomorrow, stay there four days instead of three and return to New York two days ahead of schedule.

PRAHA,
MONDAY, JULY 14, 1958

In spite of the fan near our window that circulated the air in the main dining room (that operates the whole night), we both fell asleep as soon as we retired and were up early, had breakfast and at 8:30 at the Sabena office (the Belgian Government-owned airline) to change our itinerary as we decided yesterday.

JET PLANE

MOSCOW TO PRAHA

1958





PRAHA
S.K. AND GUIDE
1958

The young lady in the Sabena office almost choked on the sandwich she was eating when we walked in. She assured us that we will have no difficulty arranging it our way. We were to call tomorrow morning and she will have confirmation.

Then walked over to the CEDOK office. They told us to deal direct with Sabena and let them know the results. They hired a car, chauffeur and guide for us at our cost, and in fifteen minutes we were on our way to see the town. President Novotney of Czechoslovakia is returning from the Soviet Union and will deliver a speech at 10. The free workers were assembling near the Palace to listen, so we couldn't pass certain streets nor see the Palace. We were driven in and out and round narrow streets. The tunnel we were supposed to go thru was blocked too. This is an old city, with lots of tradition and history.

When the present regime took over, the whole country was in pretty good condition; therefore, very little new construction is to be seen here, unlike the U.S.S.R. which the Bolsheviks took over in 1917 which was a completely destroyed country and they had to start from scratch. This Czech country was like a successfully functioning business except that new management was put in with a new system and new ownership. It was rather an easy job compared to the U.S.S.R. This was a fully civilized and industrious country. We covered the city as much as possible and anywhere we couldn't get to we took pictures from the highest point of the city. We also went to the Shrine where ex-president Gothwald is lying embalmed, like Lenin and Stalin in Moscow.

On the way back JL suggested that we see a show. I wanted a musical comedy and he wanted La Boheme. I compromised with him and bought two tickets for La Boheme. When I decided to bring JL with me on this trip, it was not because I am old in spirit or because I needed somebody to take care of me, but only because I wanted a companion to see with me the changes and progress that is being made in the U.S.S.R. so that I don't get called names. I then made up with myself not to get into any arguments and to COMPROMISE. In earlier days I used to compromise too, if it was done my way, but not this trip. I wanted him to enjoy the trip.

Returned to the hotel, paid the cab 110 kronen, the guide 80 kronen, and invited her to lunch. She sure was a cutie and she tried hard to tell us everything she DIDN'T know. She is a Catholic, not a Communist. So is her husband. She blushed when we talked about it.

Bought a book about Praha. Rested awhile, walked to the Opera House and what a pleasant surprise we had when we walked into a perfectly beautiful opera house that resembles both the Met and Bolshei, but not as large. Plush covered seats, (a bit worn) wooden floor, and the asbestos curtain in two parts, (half moves up and half down by counter-weight). A large fine orchestra all dressed in tails except one musician who wore a tux (many wore light colored stockings and one had his shoes off). Few in the crowd were in their shirtsleeves - JL was one of them. Some women wore evening

dresses, but most of them were dressed for the occasion, nice and neat, much nicer than at the Bolshoi last Saturday evening. The building on the outside looks like an opera house.

The opera was sung in the native language. I didn't understand a word of it and it wouldn't have made any difference; if it was sung in any other language, I wouldn't have understood it anyway. I don't like opera because people scream at each other, even in the form of singing, even when in love. We sat in the second row center and had a chance to see the performers; we didn't need binoculars. The story, as I sized it up, was as follows:

The first act - four men in one room were supposed to be cold and trying to warm up by a lot of motions. A fifth man came in and got thrown out. Then three of the four men walked out of the room. A dame walked in quietly and talked things over (also in song) with the gentleman that remained, and he made her or she made him, and that's that! She was coughing (sick); it must have been CIGARETTE cough.

The second act takes place in a cafeteria. The two in love ate ice cream and sang. The three men of the first four sat at another table and drank and sang. A married couple at another table were arguing. She wanted to continue talking and he kept on telling her to shut up, so she quit him and went over to make one of the three men, and she did make the bearded guy.

The third act is a crying one - the couple in love sang about her sickness. The other dame threw out the bearded man from her place and she walked away while the crying was still going on.

The fourth act was back in the original cold room. The original four men and both dames screamed at each other until the first dame died; her lover kneeled at her bed, and the curtain ended it all. Why the same room wasn't cold anymore is beyond me, even if the sick girl was covered with a checked blanket. I would have fallen asleep at the third act but the screaming was too loud and I was too close to the stage. There was only one aria sung by the second dame that was familiar to me. The name of the opera house is SMETANEVO DIVADLO: cost per seat 20 Kronen ($1.40). I really don't know if it was a good or bad performance or if the orchestra leader and musicians did a good job. I watched him move his lips as if he too, wanted to sing, but it didn't come out.

We walked back to our hotel - about a ten minute walk. The air was fresh, the trees were just budding and the aroma was delightful. I don't know the kind of trees they were. It was 11:00 P.M. and the main street was nearly empty, so much unlike the heart of Moscow or Kiev. We ate dinner and retired a little after midnight.

PRAHA
TUESDAY, JULY 15, 1958

It was quite hot here and looks like a hot day today too. I was appraising the show and people of last night in the theatre and out, also the difference between them and the big city we left behind, Moscow. Sure the people in this theatre were closer to the Western civilization.

There was one dame who wore an evening dress, high heeled shoes and smoked during intermission. There may have been ten smoking dames altogether. Smoking was done strictly outside; the butts or leftovers were thrown into a can or receptacle for that purpose. There were a few people smoking in our hotel (mostly foreigners), but really very few.

The streets are not wide except the main street that runs for about ten American blocks (about three local blocks). The street cars, two and three in line for one conductor, are running in the center of this main street. Street cars run almost on every street in the heart of the city, which streets run in circles like every other city in Western Europe. The electric cars are small and dilapidated. I haven't seen one single new one. The buses we used coming from and going to the airport were old. The taxis were small and too dangerous to ride in, for fear they may fall apart.

The city is clean, good sized metal cans are fastened to a post every so often to deposit papers or cigarettes or any waste. I was rather disappointed in this city. The great reconstruction work we saw in every big city we visited in U.S.S.R. especially in Moscow, can't be seen here.

Breakfast near the Sabena Air Line office. We didn't get any information about hotel reservation in Brussels nor about departing for New York on July 19th. I didn't want to leave it open so we started to run from office to office, first to change our tickets for today's 5:15 flight to Brussels. Then got plane reservations for the 19th for New York on Air France, but we must first get Sabena to transfer the ticket we are holding with them for the 21st; to make it short, we must have walked from office to office, eight or ten miles.

Was exhausted and hungry, and the good lunch was welcome. Packed at 3:PM and at the airport at 4:10. Went through the usual ceremony of passports and money - which was easy. Will fly in a DC-6 to Brussels. In the CEDOK (office) most of the girls smoked at their desks. Some had their lunch there, too, and weren't killing themselves working, not like in Moscow.

Electric lighting is used much more here and they are not stingy about it. The light is bad in spite of the many lights that are on.

As we were about to board the plane, the captain said to us, "DID YOU HEAR WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN IRAQ?" No, we didn't know what was going on in any part of the world, since we just didn't read any newspapers. The minute we stepped into the DC-6B we knew that we were out from behind the Iron Curtain countries, because their planes are not as nice as any of the European and American planes, except of course, their jets. There is competition between European and American Air Lines, even with the price manipulation and price fixing. Our hostess, a good-sized Belgian dame with plenty in front and back in the right places and sizes, was made up to kill - her skirt was so tight ready to pop at the seams and in certain other places. Two of our crewmen were bearded. It didn't look good on them. I imagine

they were piloting, because I didn't see them during the flight.

It took us two hours to reach Brussels - good flying. It was raining when we arrived at the new airport that was supposed to be ready for the opening of the World Fair but will probably be ready when the Fair will close. It will be a beautiful and modern airport in every respect, including elevators, escalators, air conditioning, restaurants, etc. It is quite a distance from the city and takes twenty minutes by special railroad car, specially built for this purpose, from the airport to the Sabena Air Office Building in the heart of the city.

It took about twenty minutes to get our bearings here, cashed two $20 American Express checks at 49.50 francs per dollar. The rest of the ceremony didn't take long. Had enough francs with us to become civilized and tip everybody. Had trouble getting hotel reservations, the usual cry of no rooms as CEDOK tried another hotel, other than the one for which we had already paid before leaving New York; it also had no rooms. They promised to have someone meet us at the airport in Brussels. The French Line who wanted our return flight to New York from Brussels with a stop-over in Paris, also promised that their representatives will meet us, but failed to show up. The American Express man took me over to the reservation desk of Sabena, and we got reservations in the same hotel for which I had paid in New York (the Grand). Also, got the reservations to return to New York the 18th instead of the 21st, which was something I couldn't get through Sabena in Praha. We will sleep in one room with a private washroom (bath), but with ladies douche fixture only, which we can use for one thing, but for the other, we will have to use the one in the hallway.

Dined in the hotel; got pretty nearly everything I didn't order, but ate it - it is good to be hungry.

JL wanted to get the first glance of the Fair at night. It was raining. I wouldn't let him go alone; got on car #18, a brand new electric tramway. Arrived in fifteen minutes after turning into about fifty narrow streets and traveling in circles. Got up into the air on a monorail car, where we both looked all around us and shivered from the cold and fright at being up so high. Then hired, for 60 francs, a gasoline push-bicycle which drove us around for thirty minutes; then back to car #18 and to the Grand Hotel. The city was well decorated with electric lights. People were still sitting at the cafes drinking beer; the rain was also still coming down. A good night's rest was welcome. The beds were good to sleep in,the first good mattress since we left New York. The toilet here, although in the hall, is more modern than any one up to now.

BRUSSELS
WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1958

Before we went down I asked JL if it wouldn't be just as good to change our reservation to leave on the 17th, and he said sure. It rained the whole night and looks like rain today, too. I changed our return reservations to the 17th. It was easy. We started for the Fair in a cab - 70 francs, plus 60 francs admission.

Went to the American Pavilion first - after all, we are Americans first, last and always, even if we were much disturbed by the Lebanon situation created by us and the threats between Ike and Niky.

The first sight at the Fair was a tremendous circular pool at the American Pavilion that had no attractive beauty - just a big pool. Then went inside and walked through every exhibit - the self-service grocery, and voting machines, the outboard motors, colored TV, and numerous other exhibits that didn't impress us. The Fashion Show wasn't on yet. We will see this later. The building is very nice but rather empty of real attractions. Then passed the Arab Nation exhibit. I was sure there was nothing worthwhile seeing. This building is between the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. buildings and is insignificant in comparison to size. Wonder if this is just a coincidence or if it was put there on purpose to signify the size of the two giants.

Walked around on the outside of the U.S.S.R. building where there was an exhibit of agriculture machinery and all sizes of trucks. Then walked inside. The Englishman we met in Praha told us that he visited this pavilion and the ground floor made an impression on him of "TREMENDOUS STRENGTH AND PROGRESS", but that the second floor was cheap propaganda. Well we wanted to see everything and judge for ourselves. We were there for about two hours and it is our opinion that there is just no comparison between the two exhibits - the Russians had it all over us in everything. I couldn't find any exceptions to this, except when we returned later to the U.S. exhibit and watched the fashion show - Belgian BADY DOLLS exhibiting bathing suits and other apparel. I am just not able to describe the tremendous impression the Russian exhibit made on us, for I talked to many U.S. people we met there and they told us the same story.

We were getting hungry so I thought that we could get food in this U.S.S.R. pavilion, but it didn't have what we wanted, so we walked over to the Israel Pavilion, looked it over carefully and there was a strictly Kosher Restaurant - GEFILTE FISH, BOILED CHICKEN, KOSHER HAM, CHOPPED LIVER, PICKLES and black coffee or tea. This was what the doctor would order for us.

Then visited the French Pavilion, which had little to show except a tremendous modern building which must have been copied from a Picasso. Then the British Commonwealth exhibits, in many small buildings. Then the West German exhibits, which showed a boiler that would generate 1200 HP, 5,000 lbs. of steam, and a few more other things.

We were too tired and cold to look for more. We wanted to see a movie in the specially built American theatre, which is free to all. The line was too long. Took a good look again inside, it was crowded. The baby dolls in the Fashion Show would attract a large crowd even if they didn't have anything on for they had plenty to show without clothes. They were of the LOLLOBRIGIDA or BRIGETTE BARDOT type. Decided to take another look at the Russian pavilion.

Maybe we can go into their Cinerama show (they call it Panorama), but the crowd was so huge that it was impossible to push through in the main building. Bought two tickets for the Moscow circus for tonight and returned to the hotel in a cab.

We rested for one hour, went for tea, and then by cab to the circus. It will be performed in a tent. Had we known the procedure of what to do with our two passes, which I had paid for, we would have sat next to Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians, who came to the circus tonight to HONOR US. We had good seats and saw a circus show we will remember. JL said that he never saw anything like it, and neither did I. This is the Moskow circus: Imagine Queen Elizabeth sitting under a tent watching a circus! I couldn't stand up straight after the show was over.

It was still raining when we slipped out. We didn't want to stand and cheer and clap hands the way they do after all Russian performances CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, accompanying peace, mir, peace. Grabbed the first cab to the hotel. We were hungry, the hotel restaurant was closed, so we walked about one hour until we found a place to grab a bite. It wasn't what I wanted, but better luck next time. It was again good to sleep.

Everything was packed and ready to go. We are satisfied that we saw enough of everything we wanted to see; to be able to form opinions.

U.S.S.R. and the Satellites practically monopolized the theatres in Brussels and in other Belgian cities with the very best talent. A look at the official Festival Program for the duration of the Fair - May, June, July, August and September, shows the following:

U.S.S.R. Bolshoi Ballet, Red Army Chorus and orchestra (200) Moskow Circus, Opera, Moyseiv Group, Symphony orchestra, Puppet Show, Ukranian Dance Ensemble, Cechoslovak Opera, Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra, Hungarian Dance Ensemble, Pekin Circus; with artists like Oistreich, Gilels, Kogan;

22 times in May
18 times in June
44 times in July
80 times in August
31 times in September

There will be seven U.S.S.R. shows on August 11th; six shows on the 12th; seven on the 13th; four shows on August 14th; three on the 15th; and four shows on August 16th.

There will hardly be any American shows. A few American artists like I. Stern will play with local symphony orchestras. Also Sadler Wells Ballet - five times in May and twice in June.

It looks like more rain today. The hotel bill for the two of us for two nights is about half of what I paid to Union Tours in advance. I don't know who made the error. Besides, this Grand Hotel is not so grand to be classed in a first-class category. Changed our francs into dollars. Left for Sabena Air Depot and checked in. The poor looking porter who was so nice to us refused to take a twenty franc tip (41 cents) but he hung around me long enough to make me

believe that if I offered it to him again, he would take it, which he did later; he almost fooled me.

We had a chance to read all the London papers and the New York Herald Paris issue - quite a contradiction between the London Herald and Paris Herald editorials.

Rode to the airport in the same car in which we came. Had an opportunity to inspect every part of the airport. When it will be completed, it will be one of the nicest airports in the world. The flight departed half an hour late because of the weather, but will arrive on time. Met quite a few Americans on this plane, which is only a quarter full. Was much surprised at the way they talked about the Fair and the Russian shows, and what they thought of the U.S. exhibit. I better not mention their names and what they said. They must have been BRAINWASHED or something. I am certain the UNAMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE would like to call them and find out about it.

Where do we stand, I mean the U.S.A. in the race for world supremacy, and what are we doing about it, to stay ahead or at least keep up with the U.S.S.R.? I don't think that all the Intelligence Reports (CIA) our State Department gets are correct. If they did get the correct information then the spot we find ourselves in now wouldn't have happened. Our checker-playing with experts didn't work out. Had we been reasonable with China and not with Formosa, and had we not been in such a great rush to stop our Allies from finishing Nasser or if we had at least waited the few days more before BUTTING IN, then we wouldn't have to do the same thing in Lebanon and get all the Arab nations against us, and make Nikita their Savior. So far, not a single Russian soldier has been doing any fighting to date. Of course, we can start an atomic war and destroy civilization. This is no salvation to the present situation we created by being sure of our policy and ourselves. We must rid ourselves of the LEECHES, and THIEVES and GANGSTERS who have been bleeding us and stealing the blood for themselves.

We must recognize China and invite U.S.S.R. and China to a round table conference and maybe include England, too, forget France, for the present; she can't be of any help to us now; she lost her usefulness to us as an ally.

If an understanding can be worked out between the Big Three the whole world would benefit by it, especially the under-privileged. If Point Four could be made a real job by the Big Three, then the whole world would become, within time, a good place to live and peace could be guaranteed for all. Confidence must be created in each other by the leaders and peace will be assured.

I would like to make a trip to U.S.S.R. each year and observe the progress there, for I have noticed differences between 1956-57-58 - the difference in the people, in the new things built there by themselves with their own people, from beginning to completion, from their own materials and with machines created and built by them. If they are left at peace to reconstruct and construct to improve the housing conditions which is their biggest problem, at

the rate they are building new multi-floor apartments, they will solve their problems.

We must be friends with them; that will help us too, for we too, have problems to solve. I think that a large group of our lawmakers who are open-minded and are not playing politics and are not afraid to be accused of being brainwashed, should visit the U.S.S.R. and spend two months there, seeing everything they want to see. I am certain that they would come back with a report that would astonish our State Department. The same goes for China with its 650 million population.

I spent eighteen days in the Soviet Union this trip, most of the time without a guide or interpreter. I saw what I wanted to see, spoke to anybody I wanted to talk to, walked the streets, rode the subways, drove around in a car. Everybody showed me courtesy and respect, and I in turn showed them the same. I didn't expect to find living conditions as good and surely not better than those in which I live in the U.S.A. People eat good, and in time will live in good apartments too. They see the finest operas, ballets and music, and every place of amusement is crowded.

Their streets are the cleanest of any cities in the world, so are the streetcars, buses and subway trains. People are happy and friendly. I didn't see any beggars. It's a quiet country - no horn blowing or bell ringing. Each person is self-disciplined. I admired the Russian women sharing the work with men in every line of endeavor. They predominate in certain trades or professions. Women play an important role in the progress of the U.S.S.R. in every way.

I was rather taken by surprise when I picked up the New York World Telegram of July 21, 1958 and discovered that it is running a series of articles by its Editor-in-chief, Mr. Walker Stone, on his travels of the past few weeks in Russia and the European Satelite Countries, under the heading "MARCH OF TYRANNY". These articles tell a different story than the heading indicates. I wrote to him for a copy of the full series of his articles. My observations can be summed up by his articles which I agree with him fully. This article, quoted in part, appeared in the NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM AND SUN, Monday, July 21, 1958.

"EASY LIVING WON'T BEAT RED PLOT"
By Walker Stone
Scrippe-Howard Editor-in-Chief

"IF WE DON'T GET OFF OUR BIG FAT COMFORTS, WE'RE GOING TO BE STOMPED INTO THE GROUND."

"TO PREPARE OUTSELVES FOR THE GREAT TEST OF STRENGTH WE CANNOT AVOID, WE MUST RID OURSELVES OF TWO MYTHS NOW PREVALENT IN AMERICA."

"ONE IS THE MYTH OF 'PEACEFUL CO-EXISTENCE'. . WE MUST TRY, OF COURSE, TO CO-EXIST WITH THE RUSSIANS. THEY ARE A POWERFUL NATION OF 200 MILLION, OCCUPYING A SIXTH OF THE EARTH'S HABITABLE AREA."

"THE OTHER MYTH WE MUST GET RID OF IS THAT WE CAN SURVIVE AGAINST THIS SOVIET PLOT WITHOUT TOIL AND SACRIFICES. WE'D BETTER

STOP DREAMING OF AN EASY FUTURE."

"IT IS TRUE THAT THE AMERICAN STEEL WORKER CAN BUY A GOOD PAIR OF SHOES ON THE WAGES OF FOUR HOURS WORK, WHILE THE RUSSIAN WORKER MUST TOIL 60 HOURS TO BUY AN INFERIOR PAIR. BUT NEITHER CAN WE WEAR MORE THAN ONE PAIR AT ONE TIME AND THE RUSSIAN THINKS HE'S DOING ALL RIGHT WHEN HE DOESN'T HAVE TO GO BAREFOOTED."

"WHAT THE RUSSIAN EATS SUITS HIS TASTE AND PROVIDES HIM WITH THE CALORIES HE NEEDS TO MAINTAIN HEALTH AND VIGOR. HE NEVER TASTED A STEAK AND DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE IS MISSING."

"SIMILAR SPARTAN STANDARDS DID NOT DIMINISH THE SURVIVAL POWER OF AMERICAN PIONEERS. ONLY HALF A CENTURY AGO, THEY LIVED IN ONE-ROOM SOD HOUSES WITH DIRT FLOORS AND ATE WHAT THEY COULD FROM BARREN PLAINS."

"THEY DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE UNDER-PRIVILEGED. THEY WORKED HARD AND HAD FAITH IN THE FUTURE. THOUGH THE RUSSIAN IS AN AUTOMATION, HE FEELS HE IS PART OF A COLLECTIVE SOCIETY, AND THAT NEXT YEAR, AND THE NEXT, THINGS WILL BE BETTER."

"COME BACK THREE YEARS FROM NOW," HE TELLS YOU, "AND SEE HOW MUCH WE HAVE DONE."

"A WESTERNER COMING INTO MOSCOW MAY BE IMPRESSED BY THE ABSENCE OF BROOKS BROS. SUITS AND MODISH DRESSES. HE HAD BETTER BE IMPRESSED BY THE ABSENCE OF PATCHED CLOTHES, SO PREVALENT ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO."

"AND HE HAD BETTER BE IMPRESSED LESS BY THE CONTINUING SHABBINESS OF THE PEOPLE THAN BY THE HUSTLE AND PURPOSEFULNESS OF THEIR STRIDE - A PEOPLE ON THE MAKE AND ON THE GO, A PEOPLE HURRYING TO THEIR DATE WITH DESTINY."

"IF WE DON'T GO TO WORK FAST, WE'LL GET TROMPED DOWN."

The second in the series of articles by Walker Stone, in the NEW YORK WORLD TELEGRAM AND SUN, appeared on Tuesday, July 22, 1958, from which the following is quoted:

"EVERYBODY WORKS"

"THERE IS NO UNEMPLOYMENT IN THE SOVIET UNION. THE SYSTEM WILL NOT PERMIT UNEMPLOYMENT. YOU WORK AT SOMETHING, OR ELSE. THEY ARE MAKING THIS SYSTEM PRODUCE MILITARY MIGHT AND THAT'S WHAT THE AMERICANS MUST UNDERSTAND."

"UNLESS WE VOLUNTARILY GO TO WORK, UNLESS WE SACRIFICE SOME COMFORT AND LUXURY, UNLESS WE RETURN TO FUNDAMENTAL VALUES AND BUILD A STRONGER AMERICA AND A MORE PURPOSEFUL SOCIETY WE COULD VERY EASILY END UP WORKING FOR THEM."

Following are excerpts from the July 23, 1958 issue of NEW YORK WORLD TELEGRAM AND SUN:

"SOVIET SCHOOLS SPARE NO EXPENSE"

By Walker Stone

"IN THE DAYS OF THE CZARS, ILLITERACY WAS WIDESPREAD IN RUSSIA AND ONLY THE FAVORED FEW COULD GET AN EDUCATION. BUT THE FEW SCHOOLS OF CZARIST RUSSIA WERE GOOD SCHOOLS AND AN EDUCATED RUSSIAN WAS A WELL-EDUCATED MAN."

"THE COMMUNIST EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM HAS OPENED ITS DOORS TO ALL RUSSIANS, ADULT AS WELL AS YOUTH, AND HAS ACHIEVED ONE OF THE

WORLD'S HIGHEST LITERACY RATES IN A NATION OF 200 MILLION PEOPLE."

"THE PRIMARY PURPOSE OF SOVIET EDUCATION IS NOT TO PRODUCE THE WELL ROUNDED MAN IN THE CLASSICAL SENSE. IT IS TO PRODUCE MORE PROFICIENT MEN AND WOMEN, WHOSE KNOWLEDGE AND SCIENTIFIC TRAINING CAN BE COUNTED ON TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE PRODUCTIVITY."

"THERE IS NO TEACHER SHORTAGE. TEACHERS ARE AS WELL PAID AS DOCTORS, AND OFTEN MUCH BETTER. THEY ENJOY A PRESTIGE IN COMMUNIST SOCIETY SUCH AS TEACHERS HAVE NOT KNOWN IN AMERICA SINCE THE EARLY DAYS, WHEN WE, TOO, WERE TRYING TO BANISH ILLITERACY AND THOUGHT EDUCATION SOMETHING WORTH STRIVING FOR."

"SCORES OF AMERICAN EDUCATORS HAVE BEEN SURVEYING SOVIET SCHOOLS OVER THE LAST COUPLE OF YEARS. THEY HAVE BEEN ASTOUNDED BY THE LAVISHNESS AND COMPLETENESS OF THE PHYSICAL PLANTS OF THE SOVIET SCHOOLS AND BY THE STUDENTS THIRST TO LEARN."

"THE PRINCIPAL OF HIGH SCHOOL IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY FLYING WITH ME FROM MOWCOW TO WARSAW, TOLD ME HE HAD BEEN IN RUSSIA A MONTH VISITING SCHOOLS, TALKING WITH TEACHERS AND STUDENT."

"MINE IS ONE OF THE RICHEST SCHOOL DISTRICTS IN NEW YORK. WE HAVE ONE OF THE FINEST PLANTS. BUT WISH WE HAD LABORATORIES FOR PHYSICS, CHEMISTRY, AND BIOLOGY LIKE I HAVE SEEN IN THE SOVIET SCHOOLS. AND I WISH WE HAD STUDENTS SO EAGER TO LEARN."

"NOT ONLY ARE UNIVERSITY TEACHERS PAID ACCORDING TO THE QUALITY OF THEIR WORK, STUDENTS ARE TOO."

"THE HEROES OF THE SOVIET UNION ARE THE SCIENTISTS. A SCIENTIST OF DISTINCTION WILL ENJOY A LIVING STANDARD OF A ROCKEFELLER OR A MORGAN HEIR. HIS PUBLICITY IN THE SOVIET PRESS WILL RIVAL THAT OF SUCH AN AMERICAN PERSONAGE AS ELVIS PRESLEY."

"AN AMERICAN YOUTH, WHOSE PAPA PAYS THE BILL TO LET HIM ENROLL IN A FRATERNITY AND JOIN A COLLEGE FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF HAVING A FOOTBALL TEAM TO ROOT FOR, WILL NOT BE WELL PREPARED TO COMPETE WITH THE SOVIET MAN OF TOMORROW."

The following quotation in part is from an article in the NEW YORK TIMES BY RUSSEL BAKER which also says things as I feel as a result of my trip:

"WASHINGTON, JUNE 20 - SENATOR J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT, THE ARKANSAS DEMOCRAT, SPEAKING ON THE FLOOR, MADE A SCORCHING ATTACK ON THE FOREIGN POLICY OF PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND SECRETARY OF STATE DULLES."

"HE ACCUSED THE ADMINISTRATION OF INFLEXIBILITY, APATHY TO DANGER, SMUGNESS TOWARD FRESH IDEAS, INTELLECTUAL DULLNESS, HOSTILITY TO SERIOUS NEGOTIATIONS, AND INSENSITIVITY TO OTHER NATIONS FEELINGS."

"OUR POLICIES ARE IN THE STRAIGHT JACKET, HE SAID. OUR MILITARY MAGINOT LINE IS BEING FLANKED AND ENVELOPED BY THE ECONOMIC, CULTURAL, POLITICAL, SCIENTIFIC AND EDUCATIONAL OFFENSIVES OF THE SOVIET UNION."

"OUR STEEL PRODUCTION IS DOWN, SOVIET PRODUCTION IS UP. OUR ECONOMIC AID IS LOWERED, SOVIET AID INCREASES. WE MOVE TO CURTAIL INTERNATIONAL TRADE, RUSSIA SEEKS MORE TRADE. WE STIFLE CULTURE AND EDUCATION, AND THE SOVIET EXPORTS IT."

"THE ADMINISTRATION, HE SUGGESTED, SHOULD REALIZE THAT AMERICAN BASES NEAR SOVIET TERRITORY WERE A VALID CAUSE FOR SOVIET ALARM

AND TAKE A MORE FLEXIBLE POSITION TOWARD NEGOTIATING THE ISSUE."

"MUTUAL DETERRENCE IS AT BEST A FLIMSY ROAD TO SUPPORT PEACE, HE SAID. THE MUTUAL-DETERRENCE POLICY PRE-SUPPOSES THAT NEITHER THHS COUNTRY NOR THE SOVIET UNION WOULD START WAR BECAUSE IT WOULD BE MUTUALLY CATASTROPHIC."

I picked up this short statement from one of the South's Weekly Magazines dated July 25, 1958:

"FIRST GROUP OF TOURISTS FROM RUSSIA ARRIVES IN ISRAEL: ALL ARE JEWS. TEL AVIV, (JTA)"

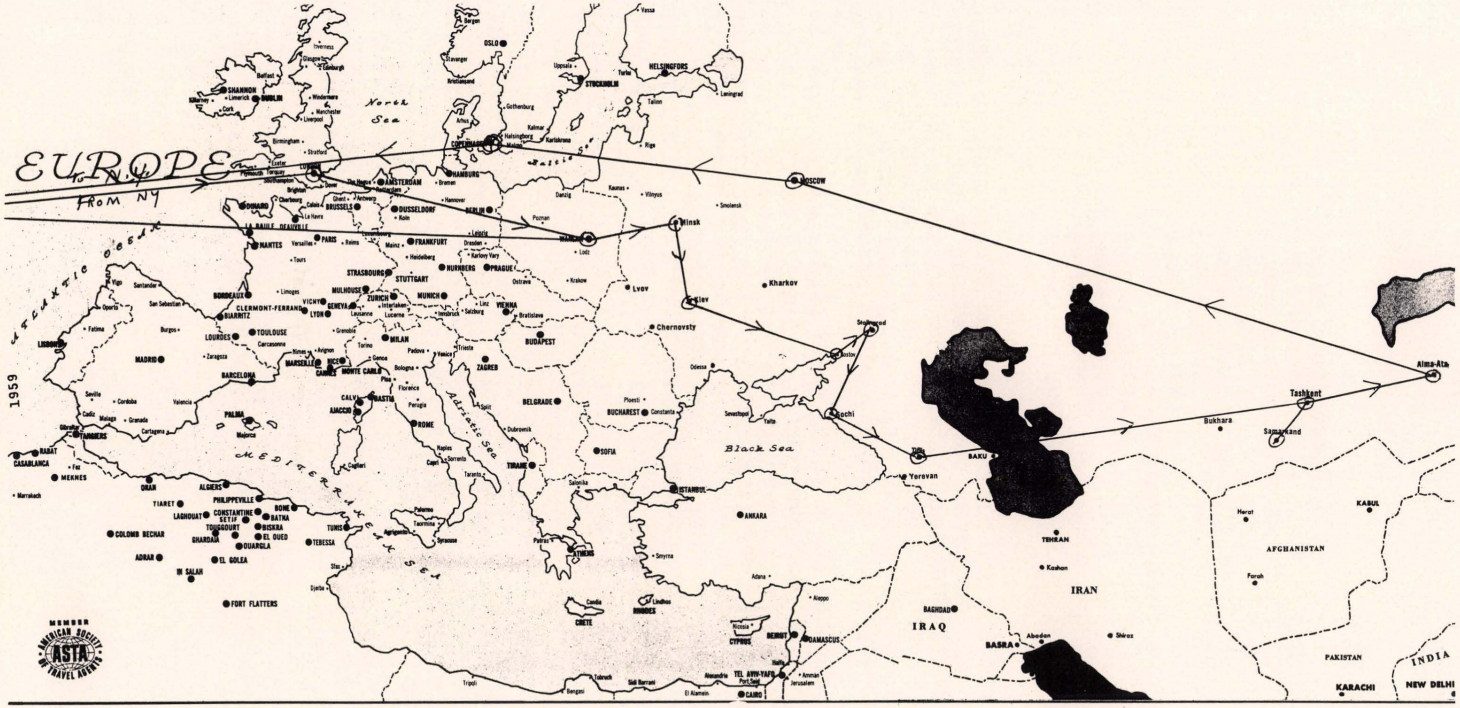
"THE FIRST GROUP OF RUSSIAN TOURISTS COMPOSED OF ELEVEN MEN AND ONE WOMAN - ALL OF THEM JEWS - ARRIVED THIS WEEK IN ISRAEL FOR A TWO-WEEK VISIT IN A TOUR ORGANIZED BY THE RUSSIAN TOURIST CO."

"AMONG THE TOURISTS WAS A 55-YEAR OLD TEACHER OF MATHEMATICS AND PHYSICS, MORDECHAEI MACHLIN, WHO WAS VISIBLY MOVED WHEN HE WAS MET AT THE AIRPORT BY A BROTHER LIVING IN AMERICA WHO CAME TO ISRAEL ESPECIALLY TO MEET HIM."

"MEMBERS OF THE GROUP, WHO CAME FROM MOSCOW, LENINGRAD, KIEV AND MINSK, SAID THAT RUSSIAN JEWRY DID NOT WISH TO EMIGRATE TO ISRAEL AND THAT "THE BAD THINGS HAD PASSED AND THE SITUATION OF RUSSIAN JEWS WAS WELL ESTABLISHED AND NOT READY TO ABANDON THEIR JOBS AND HOMES."

So if you want to know what I think, it is:

WE WILL HAVE TO LEARN TO LIVE TOGETHER (CO-EXIST) WITH A BILLION COMMUNISTS OR PERISH TOGETHER.



1959

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MEMBER
AMERICAN SOCIETY OF TRAVEL AGENTS
ASTA

NEW YORK
SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1959

I promised myself when I returned from my last visit to the U.S.S.R. in 1958 that I would make at least one more visit there to see my relatives and to visit a few places which I hadn't seen.

Time is flying. The TODAYS are becoming yesterdays faster than we like and who knows if there will be one or more tomorrows. I have given my relatives so much pleasure on my previous visits that I want to do it again. They went through too much hell and paid such a terrific price to the Hitler Beastly Hordes that they are entitled to some pleasure, and I am fortunate that I can afford to give it to them.

This time I am going there perfectly relaxed. There is nothing pressing. My interest in the Hotel in Miami is well protected. The New York lease is doing well. My plans to engage in the corrugated box business are progressing. Whether I need it is not the question. I get a kick out of it when I hear rumors that I am too old to do anything for I know many young people who are too old to do anything because they haven't the will power. I have it, as a challenge to myself.

Cleaned up all my work in Miami and New York, even rented out the vacant rooms in 7 C.P.W. Left instructions with my Lawyer, M.M.B. what was to be done about the Liner Board and the Jersey City Building deal. Left for Idlewild airport at 6, checked my baggage to Warsaw. My air ticket was via London. Dined in the beautiful DOOR Restaurant on the third floor of this gigantic and most modern airport building. Met the Cash family who brought me a colored family picture of the entire Cash clan to take to Sister Sima in Minsk. Flight 510 B.O.A.C. was announced and the Jet plane was pulled over to the runway promptly at 9 and we were in the air in seconds.

The two stewardesses and two stewards started serving champagne and liqueur, then dinner, and it was finished within two hours. The food and service was really good. It was much superior to what I am used to getting on Eastern, National or other domestic U.S. airlines. I had a banana, fish and champagne. My itinerary was arranged by Union Tours on a plan I laid out for this trip as follows:

April 26	Leave New York	BOAC JET
April 27	Arrive London (Grosvenor Hotel)	
April 28	Leave London	BEA
	Arrive Warsaw	
April 30	Leave Warsaw by train (Hotel Bristol)	
May 1	Arrive Minsk	
May 2	Leave Minsk	S.U.
	Arrive Kiev	
May 6	Leave Kiev	S.U.
	Arrive Rostov	
May 6	Leave Rostov	S.U.
	Arrive Stalingrad	

May 9	Leave Stalingrad	S.U.
	Arrive Sochi	
May 12	Leave Sochi	S.U.
	Arrive Tblishi	
May 14	Leave Tblishi	S.U.
	Arrive Tashkent	
May 17	Leave Tashkent	S.U.
	Arrive Alma Ata	
May 20	Leave Alma Ata by Jet	
May 20	Arrive Moscow	
May 26	Leave Moscow	S.U. Jet
May 26	Arrive Stockholm	
May 26	Leave Stockholm	DC 7C SAS
May 27	Arrive New York	

Monday, April 27, 9:00 A.M. London Time.

Fell asleep on flight at 4 A.M. The red-haired English hostess woke me at 7:50 for breakfast snack. Coffee or tea, rolls, butter and jelly. I had the coffee and a California orange (more peel than meat). I can't quite understand why Florida oranges are not used. I shall write to the Citrus Growers Association of Florida about this. There wasn't much smoking during the trip. Most of the passengers were men and mostly English. The few Americans on board were elderly couples and smoked English cigarettes offered by the crew. It is now 9:05 and we are coming down from 33,000 feet. We can't see anything below because of the clouds; the gentleman next to me in seat 11D remarked "cloudy, dreary and chilly". And so it was when we landed and taxied over to the old airport building where we were examined by immigration inspectors. I did not have much to examine here for I have checked my baggage directly from New York to Warsaw.

Checked and confirmed by reservation for my flight to Warsaw tomorrow, Tuesday, April 28th. I didn't change any Valuta because I will not need it yet.

As I walked out from the immigration room, I heard a voice calling "Mr. Kipnis". It was Ben, Godfry Isaacs' chauffeur who met me here in 1952 and 1956. He spotted and recognized me. As we walked over to the car, he started to apologize for the untidiness of the car. I sat near him while driving to the Grosvenor House on Park Lane, facing Hyde Park. My eyes were shut most of the time. I was nervous because of driving on the left side of the narrow and crooked streets. We reached a bottle neck when driving on a section of the new "FLY STREET" (or as we call it "TURNPIKE" or "THROUGHWAY" or "FREEWAY",) which is now being built through the heart of London with "FLY-OVERS" or "FLY-UNDERS". (We say "OVER or UNDERPASS".) The traffic waiting line was too long at this bottleneck, so we took a turnabout to a side short cut to bypass this and other bottlenecks on this "FLY ROAD". My heart was really in my mouth when we reached the Hotel.

I can't understand why they don't have many more one-way streets here for the number of cars London has on the streets,

even if they are mostly small cars, (even the R.R. cars are small in comparison with U.S. cars). What a mixed-up affair it looks on the street, with so many little cars, big buses and quite a lot of big trucks driving against each other on the wrong side of the street at a good speed!

Most of the colors of the transportation on wheels is black - one color, black. Very few American made cars ply the streets even if the American car manufacturers have large and expensive offices and showrooms here.

Ben told me it is difficult to overcome tradition by making wide driveways or streets. They don't do it here as we do in the States. When the City officials in the States decide to do something, they do it at the expense of the people. Here it took them 30 years to decide to make one wide driving thoroughfare and it will be ready in a few years. But I saw civilization here coming slowly. I saw parking meters on one street and more are coming. Slowly, but surely - so said Ben.

Checked in, asked a few questions about cash and about American Express Cards and checks. Was told not to worry, that they could cash my personal check up to $10,000.00 and would give me American currency. The gentleman that checked me in took my small bag to Room 678. Of course, he was dressed in tails. He showed me everything about my room, very politely bade me good day and walked out without a tip. I was embarrassed.

Godfrey called. They will meet me at 6:00 for cocktails and dinner, as my guests. Ben will drive me to the airport tomorrow. I was hungry and a bit tired, more from the drive from the airport than from the flight from New York. I decided to rest a while, then take a bath and shave - and so it was.

Went down to look around in the main lobby which runs from street to street. Ben warned me in advance to be careful about dames. Too many are soliciting outside the hotel, especially on the park side; - so I looked. Then walked into the chemist store on the corner, bought two of the three medicines Dr. Busch couldn't get in New York, which Sister Sima asked me to bring to her. Will try another chemist for the third medicine. I was surprised to find all women attendants, including the dispenser, in this drug store. Not a sign of a male. Returned to the hotel, ordered tea and lemon. The waiter, dressed in tails, asked me what else I wanted with the tea because afternoon tea consists of a pot of tea, pot of hot water (three cups), lemon, sweets and three small sandwiches. I told him to bring it all. Drank the tea but didn't eat the sandwiches.

Inquired about leaving for Warsaw earlier tomorrow, which would get me up at 7, but decided not to start changing itineraries and schedules. This will give me a chance to rest later, have my breakfast, meet Bingers relative, get the third medicine for Sima and look at a small auto, the same that was bought by a St. Regis man when he was here. I can save the 50% tax and duty if I know how to buy. Now, I'll have to learn how to buy a car.

The Godfreys, Mr. and Mrs., came exactly at 6. We kissed

and hugged. (They are nice people.) We ordered a cocktail. The main lobby was well crowded with cocktailers. One can easily tell the difference between the Americans and the natives by the shoes, the clothes, make-up and the smoking. (Many less chimneys here than in the States, including male. I must find out if this is due to the nation's drive for less smoking because of lung cancer.) We dined here in the main dining room. As usual there was nothing for me to eat except fish, boiled halibut, fruit salad and coffee with milk. I still do not know what kind of coffee it was, for it did not taste like coffee. We parted at 10. Kissed. She almost cried. "It was so nice to see you again," we said together, as I walked them to their car.

Ben will call for me tomorrow, Tuesday, at 10:30 A.M..

The weather was typical London, drizzling, cold and nasty.

I didn't dare convince myself about the dames outside the Hotel. Returned to my small room which reminded me somewhat of some of the U.S.S.R. hotel rooms, with the same open plumbing, no shower of any kind. This room was very clean. Single bed with built-in modern clothes closet and separate wall switches for every light in the room, including two wall switches at the head of the bed for ceiling light and over the head-board light. Very convenient. It is now 1:30 A.M.

LONDON, Tuesday, April 28, 1959

Didn't sleep well, maybe because I rested a while yesterday. It surely wasn't the food I ate. Was up at 7, took it easy. Listened to the 8:00 B.B.C. News. Didn't quite understand everything the announcer said. Made ready my belongings in my one small hand bag (brief case), went to breakfast. Harry Bases, Bingers' cousin, spotted me in the restaurant as I finished breakfast. We spent one hour conversing about what and who I am to see in Warsaw to get facts first hand. He came from a nice family of FUR merchants in Krakow. When Hitlet Hordes raped Poland, they made important Jewish citizens of the large Jewish population in Krakow, go to the Jewish cemetery, bring headstones to where they had their business which they were ordered to destroy and then build a French latrine under the direction of a German officer. Those that refused to do so were shot on the spot. Those that did the job were shipped off to the concentration camps and cremated.

He sure is bitter against the Germans. I shall convey this to his cousin, Mr. Charles Binger, who is a great American patriot, a 100% strong Dulles supporter, to arm the Germans with atomic weapons. To fight against whom?

Paid my bill, a little over $40.00. Ben, Isaacs' chauffeur, came a bit late. This gave me a chance to sit in the main lobby of the Grosvenor House and observe the people as I did in the restaurant yesterday. Most of the males smoked, very few of the females smoked. Those females who smoked wore the thin high-heeled shoes and came from the more civilized countries, like the U.S.A. and some South American and some French. Somebody told me to watch out for the stylish British dames. I didn't see any here. Maybe I stopped at

the wrong hotel or maybe this is not the mating season.

I wouldn't want to live in London even as it is with the non-smoking, non-high heeled shoed women. Not even with the Queen's Guard who act like mummies with springs in them to stamp their feet every so often and walk a few steps, only to turn around for the same place they came from. Ben told me, "WE CAN'T GIVE THIS UP. THIS IS OUR TRADITION. WE WOULDN'T BE BRITISHERS WITHOUT IT."

Drove over to a famous chemist's store and bought the third medicine. The other two were manufactured in Holland. This third is a German product, which I couldn't buy in the U.S.A.

Then drove to the automobile showroom. I wanted to look at a Jaguar, but after a careful check into the style and price, I decided to remain a U.S.A. patriot and drive an American car. I'll let Hollywood and some of our college boys and girls drive these crazy looking things.

Arrived at the airport at 1:00 but had to go to the new building, which is on the east end of the field; bid Ben good-by with a good tip, checked in, made inquiry about my bags, if I can check them through to Minsk. (It could have been done if I were to fly from Warsaw to Minsk, but since I am going by train, I'll have to arrange this in Warsaw.)

Left a few minutes late in a Polish airliner, a Convair. An old ship. Fell asleep immediately. The Polish hostess was a cute thing and the uniform looked good on her. She dolled up like a monkey. Spoke the King's English with a constant smile on her face. She woke me for dinner - quite a substantial amount of food - but all I wanted was apolcini (orange), tea with lemon and a piece of chocolate cake. Enjoyed this much.

Stopped in East Berlin for a half hour. There is quite a difference between this and West Berlin airport, thanks to our world politicians and the desire of the present Western allies to bring Germany back to power at any cost. It took exactly two hours and twenty minutes from here to Warsaw.

It is now 8:30 P.M. Just flew over Lodz, one of the large cities in Poland, 700,000 population. It is a large textile center. This was one of the largest Jewish populated cities and the richest Jew in Poland lived here. He owned most of the textile mills. Poznanski was his name. There are very few Jews left as in all other cities where Hitler's hordes occupied during World War II.

Arrived in Warsaw 8:45 P.M. and after using a little English and a little Russian, I discovered that my two bags were not on the plane. Asked them at the airport to arrange to hold my bags for the train that I will leave on Thursday for Minsk so that I don't have to drag them to the hotel. The service here is poor in comparison with Intourist inside U.S.S.R. I was advised that a telegram was already sent to London and the two bags will be here tomorrow. We left by bus for the City. I couldn't observe much, except lots of new multi-storied apartment houses. We got into a very wide and well-lit street, with many electric signs and the famous building Stalin gave to the Polish people. A gift to remember him. This is well

lighted at night.

When I got to the Bristol Hotel which is not the best here, as I was told by Union Tours, they were full and didn't have the room I was supposed to get. I waited for the attendant at the desk who seemed indifferent to his duties. Went down to the Men's room while waiting to be checked in, and EQUAL RIGHTS was practiced right there! A female attended both male and female lavatories. She was busy reading a book at her table. I don't know if it was a Karl Marx or a Lenin book but it certainly wasn't a pocket size paper bound book with a big-busted girl, half-naked, spread out on the front page, entitled "THE RED HAIRED GUN GIRL THAT DIDN'T." I asked her, "MOOZHESKY" (Men's)? "DA", she said, and kept on reading. I was given a key for room 249. Went up and made ready to retire. The room was about 10 x 10, a narrow bed, a round table, two chairs, a low sink, a coarse towel. The hotel was crowded and this was the best they could give me today. May change room tomorrow.

WARSAW, Wednesday, April 29, 1959.

Up at 7. Needed a bath but will wait for tonight to take one when I change the room. It's pretty chilly in Warsaw. Had breakfast. Not much of a choice, but who cares for food? Changed the Union Tours coupon for cash, 480 zlotys for $20.00 or 24 zlotys for the dollar. I could have gotten 120 zlotys for the dollar, but I didn't come here to speculate on the blackmarket. Ordered a guide and car for four hours to show me the high-lights of the now famous city that was obliterated from the air and by murder by Hitler Beasts in 1939. Poland's allies, England and France, were obligated to defend her by a DEFENSE TREATY, but didn't. The then government of Poland didn't want the EASTERN NEIGHBOR to help her. She was KIDDED into a false security by her western allies or by Chamberlain's UMBRELLA, with the false hope or wishful thinking that Hitler would march east-not west.

We all know that story now, but the actual WARSAW STORY will never be told because it can't be told, for it is the most horrible story in the history of crime, even in war times. To get some idea of it, one must visit Warsaw even today and see with their own eyes what happened in 1939-1940 in the famous BLITZ and the GHETTO STORY. My guide, George, who told me he came from a Jewish father and a Gentile mother and who is gray at 36, spent five years in DACHAU and AUSWITZ CONCENTRATION AND CREMATING CAMPS. He can tell a lot of hair-raising stories that stop one's blood from flowing. I didn't want to see any more after the four hours of riding around Warsaw and Prague.

I took George to lunch in a swanky joint, then back to the Bristol to check on my baggage. Everybody was working at it, including the representatives of B.E.A., who were at fault. Went up to Mr. Berger of J.D.C., made a date with him to dine at seven.

I was surprised at the small size of the cigarettes and the number of females smoking here; which is just the opposite of what I noticed in East Germany, at the airport, and in London. The people here are dressed shabbily though a bit more European. Things are

very expensive here. Salaries are lower than in U.S.S.R. Tried to rest a while but was called to go to air depot to claim my two bags. I must show my passport and claim the bags and go through "TAMOZHNA" (customs) and open up. I chased back by cab. Took George along. I could have done it in one hour for 48 zlotys, but President Sukarno of Indonesia, and his delegation just arrived and the roads to the airport were closed. We had to wait, but made it in time to keep the supper date.

I learned the following; The Polish population is ninety percent Catholic. There is just one Orthodox or Protestant Church in Warsaw. Of the 1,000,000 members of the Communist party here, ninety percent go to Church. When I asked how does WATER AND FIRE MIX, the answer was that the Church is helping the Communists to rule until they are ready to take over, which may or may never happen because of the BIG UNCLE to the East whom none of the Poles like but can't help it. The Poles HATE the Germans and the Germans HATE the Poles. There are very few Jews left here. Few Jews are in the Government Service and these few are more **COMMUNISTICALLY** RELIGIOUS than the non-Jews. They HAVE to be. Prostitution is rampant. The family life morale is low in spite of Catholic religion. Graft and corruption is plaguing the country.

There is just no comparison between this City, and Moscow, Leningrad or Kiev. While construction is going on here, too, it is small-townish compared to the others. I remember when Warsaw was more European. It was the Paris of European Russia in my Russian days.

It is 11:50 A.M. April 30th, 1959. The two hours I spent with Mr. B. at the dinner table was very fruitful. I doubt if people can report everything they see and know about conditions here, for it would not be of interest to the people in charge of foreign policy in our U.S.A. I enjoyed the dinner with B. He is an understanding person with an open mind. I would like to meet him again when he gets back to the U.S.A.

As I walked over last night to get the key to my new room, Daniel Shore of CBS came over for his key and we met by coincidence. I reminded him that a few weeks ago when we dined together near the CBS building in New York that we make a date to meet in Warsaw. This is a small world and it is getting smaller. He invited me to breakfast tomorrow at 8:30 in his room, if he gets up early. He has to attend a few conferences tonight. The Sukarno Banquet was one. I knew he wouldn't meet me to breakfast.

Moved my things over this morning from Room 249 to 313. This room was furnished much better and nicer than 249; took a hot bath. The bathroom was almost as big as the sleeping room. The plumbing reminded me of the Moscow National plumbing. The hot water was sure welcome, but when I got into the narrow bed with the terrifically large pillow, but narrow and hard mattress, was sorry I changed rooms. I solved half the problem by wrapping myself with the thick quilt, using it as part mattress and part cover, but couldn't get up in the morning. My bones ached. It took me quite a while to straighten out.

Listened to Radio Moscow for the news around the world accom-

panied by some wonderful music. It came in very clear on my little SONY radio.

WARSAW, Thursday, April 30, 1959.

Analyzed my observations of what I saw in Warsaw yesterday. I remember this city from my visit here in 1922, when I tried to take my in-laws from here to the U.S.A. when I went to the U.S.S.R. to do Relief Work for the Landsmanshaften.

This city had one of the largest Jewish populations in the whole of Russia before World War 1, and even when Poland, with the help of the U.S.A., England and France, who double-crossed their ally, Russia, and made Poland an independent nation to MISGOVERN herself, which she does up to this day.

Warsaw was a center of commerce--furs, textiles, knit-goods, diamonds and other wares. All that was mostly in Jewish hands. It was a very religious community. The Jews wore special uniform clothes with long PAYIS or BEARDS. I remember even then the Poles already hated the Jews to the extent that they were pulling their beards and spitting in their faces -- all Jews, male and female alike. This was an outgrowth of the INDEPENDENCE given to them after World War I. And the THREE BIG POWERS who made them a nation, did nothing to stop them from abusing the Jews.

I remember Jerusalem Street, the Nalevka, Marshalkowski, the Pilsudski and the Paderewski Palaces and the Metropole Hotel where I stopped. It was a different Warsaw than the one I saw now. Most of the Jews and many Poles were cremated by Hitler in the concentration camps. Ninety percent of the City was laid flat by one Hitler Blitz. This can still be seen on every street. The Jewish Ghetto was pulverized to bits. This is what I wanted to see with my own eyes, not reading in a book or seeing it in a moving picture - and I saw it.

I wonder if the real facts of this tragedy can ever be described by pen and ink or in a movie. The Diary of Anne Frank is only one of the tragedies of the Ghetto or Poland, Warsaw, or any other large city where the Jewish population predominated. CURSED MAY BE ALL THE POLITICIANS AND DIPLOMATS THAT HIDE THEMSELVES BEHIND A CURTAIN OF NATIONALISM, PATRIOTISM OR ANY OTHER ISM OR COLONIALISM THAT KILL and torture, and kill millions of the human race.

Are the Poles or the Germans any better now? Not from what I was told on this trip. EVERYBODY HATES EVERYBODY. The English hate the Germans, the Germans hate everybody, the Poles hate the Germans and vice-versa. Everybody hates the Russians, even those that know nothing about them except what they read in the prostituted press.

I am glad I left Warsaw without trying to delve further into its present and past history, its form of government, or its accomplishments. All I know is that the heads of government are trying to show consideration to the Jews that are still there. But the Polish people are very anti-semitic. Most of the citizens hate their own form of government, and in spite of strong adherence to their Church, men and women alike are very low in morale. And if they weren't afraid of the big Uncle who has them surrounded, direct or through

other satellite countries who are more friendly to the big Uncle than they are, and also because they actually need the support from him, they would try to get rid of their form of government.

It rained as I left the hotel. I felt the same way, wet and cold. Was early at the station thinking I might have trouble with my papers, but didn't. The railroad car in which I will travel is the only one first class in this train of eight cars. I thought I would be the only one in the compartment with two berths and a private bath, but a young man traveling to Moscow and to China was my partner. He spoke English, Russian and Polish, works in the commercial department of the Polish Government on China. He was a good companion.

The train rolled slowly and stopped often until we got to Brest at 2:00 P.M. The clock is to be changed here to Moscow time, two hours later or 4 P.M. All of Russia operates on Moscow time, not like in the U.S.A. where every town and hamlet makes its own rules and regulations and time.

The train remained here until 7:30. Something had to be done to our train which I didn't know. The Russian railroad runs on a wider gauge track than the Polish. At this Brest-Litovsk station, which was, by the way, a nice building, the whole train backed up about a mile, then went through a shower bath. Afterwards each car was automatically lifted, the narrow gauge trunks were pulled out and replaced with wider gauge trunks. The passengers did not feel the operation. All this was done by push-button.

Had time to change a $50.00 check into rubles; otherwise, I couldn't have had dinner on the train. The dinner was good. Herring with the trimmings, soup with meat balls, broiled fish, tea and a large apple. All for seventeen rubles or $1.70. Offered the waitress a tip, four rubles but she did not take it. "POCHEMOO. NE NOOZHNO", she said, ("Why, you don't have to"), but I left it under a dish. I was certain it will not be thrown away just because it came from a capitalist.

The dining car, made in the Soviet Union, was nice and orderly, served by uniformed women, simple and hefty. The place was clean. The menu had lots of dishes, but only a few were available. I was hungry and everything tasted delicious, especially the herring. I forgot to find out if they served liquor (vodka). They served all kinds of colored sweet mineral drinks including champagne.

All cars on this train were crowded. Sold out. No standing. Where are the Poles going to on this train? The sign on the cars read Moscow, Minsk, Warsaw, Moscow, or Minsk, Berlin, Prague, Brussels, Paris.

Took a walk through the other cars and back to my room. This car is a sleeping compartment type, each compartment is for two with toilet between each of the compartments.

I didn't want to get on the political situation with my traveling companion. He probably would not say much. He retired at eleven p.m. but I decided to sit it out until arrival in Minsk which is only two and one-half hours from now. Was surprised to see passengers

walking the corridors in pajamas.

I stretched out just to relax. We passed Baranovich. Next is Minsk. The engine was puffing hard, pulling upgrade. Thought it would come to a stop, but didn't, which proved to me, NEVER GIVE UP TO MAKE THE GRADE EVEN IF ONE HAS TO PUFF A LITTLE HARDER. The sky ahead commenced to light up. I know we are coming close to Minsk. It must be decorated with flags and posters with slogans and pictures like all the cities we passed, including cities in Poland for May 1st.

Arrived at exactly 1:27 A.M. Was ready for examination by customs inspectors. Was worried a bit for I had a few extra pairs of pants, shirts, stockings and a few more things I was bringing to my relatives. The inspectors at Brest when they inspected my belongings and passport, said "VCEO CHORASHO", (all is O.K.) and that the Polish inspectors didn't even bother to look because my bags were sealed. I had to remind them to look at it.

When I stepped off the car onto the platform, there was my 75 year old sister standing in front of me, but looking ahead. All her family were watching each car for me. I touched her and said, "SIMA, KOVO TI OZHIDAET". (Who are you waiting for?) Well, she almost keeled over. "SHMILIK, SHMILIK, MY BROTHER, YOU DID COME!" We embrased and stood that way for a few minutes, in one good long hug and kiss, until a lady came over and said, "WI ZNACTE KTO YA", (You know who I am). "I am your guide from last year. I came to welcome you to Minsk and look after you". Recognized her, then the rest of the family came over and greeted me with real kisses. The guide put all of us in a car and drove to the Beloruss Hotel which served Intourist tourists. I was ushered into Room 343. The hotel is only a few minutes from the railroad station.

Asked my sister why they stayed up so late to meet me when I pleaded with her in my last letter not to. She replied, "DID YOU REALLY EXPECT ME NOT TO BE THERE TO MEET YOU?" "HOW MANY BROTHERS HAVE I GOT THAT VISIT ME EACH YEAR AND ONE WHO DOES SO MUCH FOR ALL OF US?"

Asked them leave me so that I could retire and get ready for tomorrow. Have lots to talk about with her. Will not spend any time sightseeing here for I have seen last year all I wanted to see here. My time is theirs, especially when I don't know if I can take them with me by plane to Kiev. Retired at 3:30 A.M.

MINSK, Friday, May 1, 1959.

It is May 1st. The biggest holiday in the Red-controlled countries. So it will be difficult to get anywhere in the city. The police closed all streets leading to Stalin Street, the main thorofare where the parade will be. I WAS stuck until late this morning. Was up at 9:30, assorted some of the things I brought to give away.

Breakfast at 11:30. The dining room was closed but they opened it as a "special service" for me. The waitress recognized me and came over, asked if J.L. is here, too. I recognized her, too, and asked her if she changed her mind about coming to the U.S.A. She

replied,"NO". She looked a bit older and bigger in certain places. (She must be wearing an AMERICAN BRA.)

Enjoyed the meal, returned to my room where sister was waiting. Showed her what I had brought and appointed her custodian. She picked out what she needed for the children here and what should be taken to Kiev and Moscow. One of my cases was emptied.

Her daughter and son-in-law came and we started discussing politics, Eisenhower, Dulles and what kind of a man is Herter, and will there be peace and friendship between U.S.A and U.S.S.R. If yes, then there will be peace all over the world. I surely agreed with them, for that is my opinion. Peace and understanding between the two largest and richest countries means peace all over the world. The STRENGTH of the two giants will spell RESPECT from all the others. We live in a world WHERE STRENGTH COUNTS.

We drove to their home for a snack, tried to play Lawrence Welk's four L.P. records which I brought with me as a gift to them, but this phonograph plays 10" records only and the needle was worn. So that was the end of my presentation of nice American music.

The TV showed a bit of today's parade and concert of movie shorts of their famous artists. Ostreih was one of them. He sure is a good fiddler.

Again talked politics and I asked how many of them would like to come to the U.S.A. if it was possible. But no direct answer was given. I know the answer, and the same answer goes for all people in Europe.

Returned to my room, packed my one remaining bag and laid down for a rest. They came at 10:20 to take me out to "NO GOOLYAET" (to have a good time). I invited them to be my guests in the restaurant in this hotel. We arrived at 12:10 A.M. The place was sold out a month ago. Not a seat to be had. "IT'S MAY 1st", we were told.

A young man came over and addressed me in Russian, "MR. KIPNIS, I KNOW YOU ARE HERE BUT YOU DIDN'T WANT TO GO ANYWHERE TODAY - WHAT ABOUT TOMORROW? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU NOW?"

I explained what I wanted and within fifteen minutes we five were seated at a table. Vodka and mineral water was served. Then salads of cold cuts and vegetables with sour cream, tea with lemon and ZAKOOSKIS with dance music and a young crowd that danced SAMBA, CHA CHA, RHUMBA, WALTZ, FOX-TROT AND TANGO in the same step.

It was a pleasure to watch them. The four-piece orchestra played pretty well, mostly American music. The drummer was in shirt sleeves, the others in uniform but without ties. The dancers also were in shirt sleeves.

Most of the men wore no ties. The women were dressed in evening clothes. No girdles, that could plainly be noticed. There weren't two dresses alike in color or style. The shoes are commencing to resemble some of our styles except for the high, pin-point heels. A good time was had by all. Happy smiling faces. No drunks, no loud noises. No smoking at all by the men or women.

We, too, enjoyed the one-and-a-half hours we were there. It

made me forget, at least for a while, the story my sister related to me in my room before we came down to dinner. What they went through from the time they evacuated Zitomir until they got to Alma Ata. How many times they wished they were dead and how many times they were near death by the oncoming Germans and how many tens of thousands of Jews were deliberately murdered or burried alive in one grave by the Germans. Only miracles saved her family.

THIS IS WHY THEY ALL PRAY FOR PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP. THEY DREAD TO THINK WHAT COULD HAPPEN IN ANOTHER WAR, ESPECIALLY IF IT WAS ANOTHER GERMAN ATOM BOMB WAR.

I couldn't bear to hear any more of it. It is too gruesome to even think of it. Or about the Hitler's Chimney Books and other books on this horrible story. About the PEACE AND FREEDOM LOVING GERMAN PEOPLE OUR LEADERS ARE TRYING SO HARD TO PROTECT. I can't believe that our law-makers in Congress and Senate know anything about it. They are too busy to get themselves elected and re-elected and help our THIEVING POLITICIANS AND CROOKED UNION LEADERS AND PLAIN GANGSTERS ruin (run) our great country. When will the masses in the U.S.A. wake up from their slumber and realize that we are getting to be the laughing stock of the capitalistic system. It may be too late someday.

It is now 3:05 A.M.

MINSK, Saturday, May 2, 1959.

I set my faithful wrist alarm-watch for 9:00 A.M. Wanted six hours of rest after yesterday's pleasant ordeal, but there was a knock on my door at 8:45 and at 9:00 just as the alarm went off. Slept through the five and three-quarter hours pretty well. My bed was much softer because I used three pillows to bolster the mattress and one pillow at the head. Each pillow was almost the size of a half-mattress. The quilt likewise was heavy and large. I don't know what stuffing is used for the bedding to make it so heavy.

Somehow, I don't have to get up one or more times a night to perform certain duties as I did in the U.S.A. I am certain it isn't the BLACK BREAD and HERRING NATURAL that does it, for I have eaten black bread ever since I reached Warsaw. I didn't find much difference between the two countries, so far, except that Warsaw is worse in almost every way. Destruction all over town. The scars of World War II are still very much pronounced there. MONKS AND SISTERS in uniform all over the place, never mind the prostitution - this is prevalent in Poland and not in U.S.S.R. Same applies to black market.

Minsk is much nicer, cleaner and more beflowered than Warsaw. The train service, the stations, the railroad passenger cars, especially the sleeping cars are modern - well built, don't squeak. Of course, they can't compare to our 20th Century service in any respect, but travel cost at our rate of exchange is less than half our cost. The same applies to all other methods of transportation.

Didn't have any hot water during my stay here because, as I was told, nobody takes a bath on a holiday. The attendant or janitor is celebrating May 1st and 2nd. I wasn't going to change the labor laws here. I couldn't do it in the States, why try it here? So a

cold, wet towel sponge had to replace the hot shower. Felt pretty spongy after that rub down and up, too.

The bathroom in my one room and bedroom nook with twin beds was the worst so far. How an architect could ever lay out such misfit is beyond me. But that's it. Take it or leave it. God forbid if they would have the know-how. How to build toilets and bathrooms the way they build sputniks. We surely would be in trouble much sooner than they think. As it looks now from this standpoint, it will take them quite a while to get ahead of us in this respect.

The man who knocked on the door this morning was a bus driver whose wife is related to a Landsman of mine in Philadelphia. He told me his story and what he needs. He would be happy to come to the States even if he had to walk or swim. He wanted me to visit his wife in the hospital where she was operated on recently, I regretfully declined.

I analyzed for myself last night's party in the hotel restaurant celebrating the May 1st holiday which is supposed to be the holiest of holidays in this Red part of the world and so far, excluding the Red part of the other planets which the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R are racing for. Such parties were held in every nook and corner of this great land and were celebrated in every possible way. Parades, were the first order. Especially the ones in Moscow where speeches were made by the leaders of the U.S.S.R. armed forces, telling the whole world how much they want peace and co-existence and telling the "capitalistic warmongering countries," especially the U.S.A., to beware that they are not asleep or wouldn't be caught napping, etc.

Heard the speech and opening of the Moscow parade on my little radio. I witnessed the great spectacle in Moscow twice before, I could see Malinowsky and company taking the Oath, driving past the picked regiments and the "HURRAH" three times by the regiments that make the Red Square and the whole world shake. Now back to the dining room celebration. The people were better dressed though none were in tuxedos or bow-ties and black shoes. The women surely weren't dressed up half-naked like our females when they go to this kind of party, where showing all they have in certain important places is a must to them and they spend hours and many dollars in the hair dressing salons and many more hours at home getting ready to get dressed,(undressed). The make-up alone takes hours. Not only on their faces and hair and fingernails, but also their toenails, and slave chains around the ankles

I enjoyed observing the simplicity of the people here, especially the women. There wasn't any smoking at all by the males or females in this packed-to-capacity restaurant which was sold out months in advance. I imagine that this was the case everywhere in this part of the world.

Haven't made up my mind which of the people are better off. Other than the difference in the standard of living or in the gimicks which we have much more than they have which gimicks we could get along without, or if their purpose and plans for the tomorrows are of greater benefit to humanity as a whole and to them in particular, compared with the aimless and purposeless life lots of our people live.

This is a big question mark to me.

Received three airline tickets for Kiev to leave 5:25 P.M. and arrive 7:00 P.M. The cost per ticket was $12.60 for 1-1/2 hours of flying or 126 rubles. Last night the guide told me that the authorities in Sochi would rent land to me there or in Crimea if I would like to build a permanent house to live in. I told her that I will look into the matter when I get there this coming week. It may be a good place to invite some of my old competitors in the glass and box business. If only to learn how to fix and control prices without chiseling. The government here is the best price fixer and controller in the whole world.

My room is facing the sports park where all sports events are held and I can see lines formed to buy tickets for today's football game which is an event that takes place in all the Red countries between their own clubs. The radio speakers all over town are at this moment blaring, "RUSSIA, RUSSIA, OUR LAND" sung by a very large choir in Moscow.

The party last night was attended by sister and her husband, their daughter and her husband and I, five in all. They surely enjoyed the attention and service I received from the head waiter. After all, my last name begins with a "K" too, and any name that begins with a "K" here is respected.

Left for the airport at 4:30 P.M. It is a short drive. Checked in. Waited for the others to arrive. Sister's children and grandchildren came in to kiss me "AUFWIEDERSEHN".

We boarded a dilapidated I.L. 14. It was full. We took off without ceremony. I was certain the plane was ready to fall apart, but it didn't. I dozed off for one hour. We were flying through clouds all the way.

Landed in Kiev on the only one concrete runway, then taxied on the grass to the unloading slab. There were a few jets and a few very large four-motor, four-propeller planes, and a lot of bombers on the style of our last B-29's and plenty of I.L.12's and 14's. The whole Kipnis gang was waiting for us, without flowers. The greetings and kissing took about ten minutes when the Intourist lady that led me from the plane said, "COME, YOUR CAR AND CHAUFFEUR IS WAITING. YOU WILL MEET YOUR FAMILY LATER."

Checked into the hotel, everybody greeted me. The guide asked me, "WHEN WILL YOU BECOME A TOURIST TO AMERICA FROM THE SOVIETS?" with a broad smile on her face. Later we all met at Anna's house. I was hungry so I left them and walked back to the hotel and into restaurant for the dinner I was entitled to.

Everybody was dancing to the music of the six-piece orchestra which played YIDISHE FREILACHTS (Jewish wedding music). The place was jammed with dancers. The orchestra leader recognized me as I passed him. I asked him if I could get a seat. He replied, in Jewish, "FREG DEM BALABOOS" (ask the boss), and he pointed his finger to the kitchen. I asked him why that type of music. It was the first time I heard it here. He replied, "ESS IS HAYNT YOM TOV UND DOO ISS ALLE YIDEN HAYNT" (It's a holiday and the place is filled mostly with

Jewish people). This type of music is now called UKRAINIAN.

The waitress who waited on me last year put me opposite a Swede who said to me, "NE GOVORIT POROOSKI" (I don't speak Russian). I was surrounded by a few of the dancers who started talking in English. "WHERE I COME FROM, WE SPEAK JEWISH", I replied, "WILL ANSWER IN THE SAME LANGUAGE".

Was taken by surprise at this whole event. When they left they said, "WHEN YOU RETURN TO THE U.S.A. GIVE TO ALL THE PEOPLE OUR BEST REGARDS AND TELL THEM WE WOULD LIKE TO COME TO THEM BUT ONLY FOR ONE MONTH AND NO LONGER". I was not in the mood to talk them into making it a longer stay. I was hungry and sure enjoyed the herring, cutlet, tea, apples and black bread.

The crowd tonight was much different than the crowd in Minsk. They were better dressed. Some of the men wore dark suits and bow-ties. Some girls had fancy hair-dos and some wore evening gowns. Two damsels smoked. It was a gay May 1st party resembling a New York New Year's party or a wedding on the East Side.

It is now 1:40 A.M.

KIEV, Sunday, May 3, 1959.

My wrist watch woke me up at eight. Took a bath in the half lukewarm water in a bathtub one needs a stepladder to get into. The hot water faucet in the sink can't be opened, so I used cold water for shaving. The room arrangement here is about the same as in most parts of some European countries, except that the living room is also the bedroom with all the paraphernalia.

Breakfast at 9:00. Arranged with the Service Bureau where I am to go tonight and on the eve of the 5th. Ordered a car for 10:30 this morning. Listened to my niece, Anna, for fifteen minutes. Her troubles and wishes can be solved. We left in a rain to spend three hours at the exposition which is something like the Agricultural Fair in Moscow except that it is on a much smaller scale. Returned to hotel after lunching at the Fair.

My back hurt a bit because I walked too much last night, but who has time to bother with that. Sister Sima and husband, Isrulick and niece, Dunia, walked in at four instead of three. We had to solve her problems and she has more than one. The most important one is to get her to move from Minsk to Kiev where she can live alone in a one-room apartment. She has been practically a servant to her only daughter and family for sixteen years and at seventy-five she is entitled to a bit of privacy. I hope this is now settled.

A half dozen more came in to greet me. I was tired, wanted to relax a while before going to the Ballet at 7:30 and it is now 7:45, but who has the heart to refuse them a few more words, and each wanted the last few words.

Was late for the first act. The Opera House is on the corner so I ran in a rain. Was not able to get my seat until the end of the first act, but the usher recognized me as a foreigner, a tourist. She put me in one of the boxes. I was just in time to see one lover get bumped off in the Ballet "Korsar".

Enjoyed the remaining two acts in three scenes. It is a very

nice theatre. A wonderful orchestra and a most gergeous performance and performers. It was absolutely quiet. No subway noise or fire or police sirens to interrupt. The theatre was filled to capacity. I had a first row center for $2.10. Observed the orchestra of sixty musicians (six women in it) and each actor on the stage. The scenery and the whole show and the acting of each person on the stage was first class. It was heavenly pleasure to watch the solos. There were many of them.

It stopped raining when I went out. Our opera houses and theatres should take a lesson from their checking system. Since no one is allowed to come in with any article in hand, fast service is required to check in and out and this is what they have here. Six different checking places on two floors. The theatre was emptied in a few minutes. The snack bars, quite a few of them, were not filthy and crowded like I found the New York Metropolitan on Saturday, March 25th, when I attended the Bolshoi Ballet performance. There was absolutely no smoking here and the place was clean of any trash that one finds in the lobby of any theatre in New York including the Metropolitan. The front of this building is lighted with changing colors. Sputnik #1 is flying high up above the opera house sending signals to our Mother Earth.

Returned to the Hotel, and to the restaurant to eat. No room. Again crowded with young dancing couples. The head waiter (she) spotted me and put me next to the Swede I met yesterday. Ordered the same food for both of us. It took one and a half hours to get served, but it was worth waiting. The herring is getting better tasting every day. I eat it twice a day. The cutlet Intourist is the only meat I eat here. Black bread, tea with lemon and this is a good meal. The musician asked me if he shall play a "FREILACHTZ" for me, and will I dance tonight. And did they dance FREILACHTZ, one after another, then the samba and rhumba. They dance all in the same style. We enjoyed the dinner with the trimmings.

One who comes here as often as I do can easily see that they are going to hell fast. They are picking up our civilization faster than we pick up their sputniks. The orchestra in the Opera House was dressed in tails and white ties, so was the conductor. Most of the men in the theatre were dressed in black suits. Very few in suits with different colored pants and jackets. I was one of them. I almost didn't go tonight. My family insisted I put on a dark suit and when I told them that I didn't have one, they offered to lend me one. The tables were turned but I wasn't thrown out of the Opera. I really enjoyed the performance.

KIEV, Monday, May 4, 1959.

Was played out last night and the getting away from everyone was a relaxation, for I had to prepare for today. There will be many people to see me. They never get tired of asking me questions and telling me stories of the happenings of the many yesterdays. They will never forget that. It rained again today and chilly. Anna and son accompanied me to visit a new housing development named

"CHOKOLOWKI SECTOR". The local government is building a new Kiev in sectors. Each sector is like a community in itself. Its own central heating, schools, nurseries, play gardens, stores, theatres, parks and playgrounds.

Everything in the line of food is on the ground floor. Everything from toys to clothing and piece goods and housewares and hardware is sold on the second floor store.in a two-story building. This sector consists of about forty large apartment houses of five stories each built around a tremendous blocks with gardens in the yards. They are three-four-five room apartments, gas range, sink, washtub, shelves, closets, almost like an American kitchen. I think that by the end of the 7th year plan, it may look like one of our American kitchens in a $10,000 home, but it is one hundred percent better than they had up to now. If they would only have the know-how and have the material and didn't spend the many billions of dollars to compete with the U.S.A. in the building of implements of war.

Visited the nursery where all the children from this sector that do not go to school are taken care of while the parents are at work. It is quite a structure with plenty of ground around, back from the streets even if both sides of the streets are empty of autos. Drove over to the school where close to eleven hundren children are enrolled. Asked permission to visit one of the closses. It so happned that the principal of the school passed by and he led us into a room where 47 young children were present, listening to one of the children recite what he read last night. I greeted them with "ZDRAWSTWOITE" (how do you do?) and shook hands with the teacher. All of the children (co-ed) stood up at attention with "ZDRAWSTWOITE" and stood that way until I said "SADITES" (sit down), and they did. All this was done with precisioned discipline. I asked a few questions of the principal, the number of children in this sector when completed. This is only one part that was built in one year. There will be three schools, one kino, two stores, lots of garden space with flowers, etc. I again greeted them with "DOSWIDANIA" (aufwiedersehn) and they again stood up like one and replied "DOSWIDANIA". Went shopping for a handbag. The price here was identical to that of another store we looked at before.

Drove back to the hotel where I expected many of my relatives and other people I know. The dinner party arranged for tonight was postponed for tomorrow night, Tuesday, because a Red delegation came unexpectedly. We were asked to wait for tomorrow. One can't complain here. Delegations come first, especially if it's from another State or Country. So I changed the three tickets fro the circus from Tuesday to tonight.

In the meantime, fifteen people gathered in my room. All were talking at one time, at least they were talking and I tried to listen to each one. Some politics and anti-Semitism crept into the conversation. They wanted to know how is this subject in the U.S.A. Is there such a thing as anti-Semitism in the U.S. and what is the government and its leaders doing about it. How does big business look at it

and is there discrimination against Jews in any walk of the American life?

I couldn't answer the truth on this subject as I know it to be in the States, in politics, in big business, and in social life, except that I told them that there ARE some clubs and hotels that have signs reading, "NO DOGS, JEWS OR NIGGERS ALLOWED". And this ended our conversation on this subject.

Was through at 7:30 P.M.; was anxious to get out for some fresh air, and go to the circus with Simi and Israel, her husband. A car took us there, and found all my relatives waiting for me. It was an extremely good show. Some of the acts were most difficult and unbelieveable. Was invited to be entertained after the show but declined. I needed a rest. Wanted to relax and digest all the questions asked of me today. A warm bath did that. A hot bath would have been better, but "no hot water". I fell asleep at 12:30 A.M.

I have so far on this trip not used a guide interpreter or the car, except to see the fair and housing development and the circus. I am a free man here as ever and make my own plans except when it comes to speaking with the people who came to see me. Then I am lost. They do the talking and planning.

The few days I was here disappeared so fast that it seems I just arrived and how I hate to leave tomorrow. Only a few more hours and it will be a dream. Who knows if we will ever meet again, and how nice it is to be able to afford these people so much pleasure, the kind of pleasure money can't buy.

Most people in the States who have relatives here that have experienced hell on earth cannot understand what a kind word of hope for peace and friendship and a bit of material assistance and a look at each other, a hug and kiss means to these poor sould.

I slept good until my wrist watchman woke me up at 7:00 A.M.

KIEV, Tuesday, May 5, 1959

The sun is shining this morning. Maybe it will be warmer today. Maybe it will warm me not only mentally but bodily, too. Have been cold since I came here. I miss a bit of the Florida sun. Shared my breakfast table with a couple from the Bronx and a couple from Buffalo who know the Sapersteins well. Then Anna came in to put on the finishing touches for dinner tonight for forty-six, all branches of the Kipnis family tree - A KIPNIS KLAN.

Anna wanted to discuss her personal problems as do all others. They know that we in the States have problems, too, for instance, the problem of unemployment and the hunger marches, but their personal problems are more important. I have been trying every day I am here to listen to them in private conferences, but they come in one after another and instead of listening to one, they start out together and I spend hour after hour listening to their stories of the past and when it is time to leave, each one asks, "WHEN WILL I BE ABLE TO TALK TO YOU ALONE FOR A FEW MINUTES?"

So was this day. I wanted to rest a few minutes before dinner for I knew it will last until midnight. We got on the subject of murdering the Jews after World War I and the behavior of the German

occupation army in the same cities in World War II. The Germans in World War I behaved like good disciplined soldiers and they left the civilians alone. They were only after the Russian soldiers whom they annihilated by the hundreds of thousands especially when they drove them into the Prippet Marshes. Many of my people went through that war unharmed. They remained in the same cities and towns they lived in, and remained in their business or profession. Then came the end of World War I and in came the "HYDEMAKES", the bandits led by the YUDENITCHES, THE PETLURAS, DEMIKINS, KOLCHAKS, KRASNOWS, WRANGELS and many more such bandit leaders who were supported by the U.S. and British governments with hundreds of millions of dollars, ammunition and food. (Even though they knew that hundreds of thousands of Jews were being slaughtered and tortured.) The Jews didn't even have a place to run to because these bandits were slaughtering them in different parts of Russia. Only a miracle saved them. My mother was put against the wall many times, to be shot, only to be saved by some of the bandits hollering, "THE BOLSHEVICKS ARE COMING".

I wonder if any of our U.S. and British officials who were responsible for the lending of help to these bandits know that Jewish blood is still dripping from their fingers - if any are still alive. That the responsibility of that blood bath rests on British and U.S. officials, and the same holds good on the same subject in World War II. Hitler was doing worse things, not only to millions of Jews but to others, too, since he came to power. What did the so-called Allies do? Sit and wait and pour in millions of dollars into Hitler's Third Reich as long as our "BIG BUSINESS WAS GETTING BIGGER". Hitler could have been stopped before he started World War II, and would probably have saved 50 million lives and untold trillions worth of property and human suffering, beyond our imagination.

The pleasure of this evening was worth all the financial cost of the whole trip, the inconvenience and hardship, I had gone through. Our banquet was held in one of the banquet rooms in the Intourist Hotel where I stop. (This room is reserved for delagations from other Red countries). The table was set in T form. The menu consisted of black and white bread, mineral water (seltzer), fruit water of all kinds (syrup), wine - two kinds, vodka, caviar - red and black, salmon (red lox), herring, chopped scallions, salad of tomatoes and cucumbers, chopped liver, cold cuts, gefilte fish, horse radish, confections, apples, butter and cheese, coffee, hot milk, tea and lemon. All this served on tables, covered with beautiful tablecloths, napkins to match and three different kinds of crystal glasses, the real McCoy.

We started exactly at 8:00, all forty-seven strong, the greetings and hugging and kissing began at 7:30. Suddenly a man looked in. I recognized him. He was Mr. Joseph Chromon, from Hollywood, Florida, who consulted with me on his trip at the DuPont Plaza Hotel. I invited him and his wife to join us; they did. They stayed in Room 37, next to mine.

They were amazed at everything that happened at this banquet.

We were to dance a FREILACHTS to the music of the hotel orchestra, but they didn't come up because the Greek delegation was being entertained in the main dining room.

The toast to me, their dear guest, and to peace and friendship "MIR AND DRUZHBA" in the whole world, was made by my nephew, Aaron Mednikov, who was put on pension last year at the age of sixty. His profession was ADVOCAT, (lawyer) in the City government. Everybody drank and sang "MIR AND DRUZHBA". Let's be friends with the United States and with the whole world. Their only worry is another war.

Mr. J. Chromon told me when I met him next morning at breakfast, that he was overwhelmed. That he didn't believe what he experienced at the banquet. He said that he cried with joy. That he never will forget me for inviting him and his wife to the party. Will tell me more when we meet in Miami.

It was a difficult job to part with them when midnight came. It was my last night with them on this trip. We kissed and hugged and cried and laughed as they walked out from the room. This was the end of a perfect evening. It couldn't have been planned and carried out to more perfection. This whole job cost me $230.00. No amount of money could pay for it. Sister Sima's eyes were shining with satisfaction. I gave her an extra kiss for it even if she still insists she is younger than I. She is seventy-five and can out-talk all the youngsters together, including me. They all love and respect her.

KIEV, Wednesday, May 6, 1959.

It really is a good thing I took along my alarm wrist watch for I would have slept late this morning even though the beds are narrow and the mattresses are hard and the quilt heavy. I had a date for breakfast with my Hollywood friend at 9. Anna at 10. Sima at 11. So that each can have a few minutes with me, but it didn't work out that way. Anna walked in a 9:30, breakfast took one and a half hours. Mr. Hollywood kept on raving about last night. We stepped into the photographer, who took flash shots last night to look at proofs. When we returned to my room, Sima and husband walk-in on us at 10:30. Again we talked together. It was 1:00 P.M. when I told them that I have to say goodby to Intourist people, take lunch and get ready to leave. Sima didn't want to come to lunch. Anna and Son did. My one small bag was ready. I pleaded with them not to come to the airport and they agreed. There was a crowd in front of the hotel watching us part. There was no crying, except Anna. Her husband, Motil, who used to be my guide, now she is taking his place, (he isn't any more). We have been very close ever since the 1934 trip. I had to promise Sima that in 1960 I will visit Kiev only, since I will have seen everything I cared to see in U.S.S.R. This was a condition for not crying. I got into a car and soon disappeared on the way to the airport.

We decided that Sima was to move to Kiev from Minsk. I underwrote the cost of everything she needs for the rest of her living days. The four days here flew by fast. It is another dream I will

not forget so soon.

The plane, an IL 14, twenty-four passenger, two motors, flying two hundred fifty miles and hour, Convair type built by the Russians, left the runway on the minute. How these planes fly is beyond me. They are so different from our U.S. planes, that there is no comparison. No reading lights, little bits of shelves, the baggage piled up at the entrance door. The toilet looks like a toilet and smells like it, too. Yet these planes somehow manage to start on time and land on time.

The plane was full from Kiev to Dnieper-Petrowsk - to Stalino - to Rostov on Don (I thought it was non-stop to Rostov). Took off on a dirt runway and landed on the same type even though there was a concrete runway at each airport we stopped. I counted nine giant airplanes "UKRAINE" at the Kiev Airport getting finished in the open, a few jets at the second airport, and a few more at the third airport.

As we flew over Stalino, I saw the tremendous growth of the steel town, hundreds of multi-storied houses and many more two-story, two-family and one-story, one-family houses spread over a wide new area out of the main city, which also looked like being rebuilt. It reminded me of flying over some sections of Florida and if not for the plane I was flying in, I would imagine I was in Florida, nearing Miami.

As I got off the plane, one-hundred-two passenger plane was readied to fly from Rostov to Moscow. It is a giant thing. The same planes I saw in Kiev. (believe the IL 18 will replace the present IL 12). Was ushered into the Intourist Section of the airport. A nice waiting room, dining room and washrooms for men and women. I recognized it, for I was here in 1958 with JLK. It is the cleanest place so far and maybe the nicest. Surely the newest. I don't know if it has a hotel section as the Kiev airport has.

If I ever go to Kiev again, I'll ask Intourist to let me stop at the airport hotel unless they have a new hotel. I learned in Kiev that fresh milk is used in the hotels and maybe in homes, too. I was an exception at the Intourist Hotel. They kept fresh milk in bottles for me and served me coffee with hot milk.

Also discovered that prices are absolutely fixed. No price butting. No matter where the shopping is done, it is the same as in the Gum Store in Moscow. No bargain sales. No "KLEIN'S ON THE SQUARE" of "NOBODY, BUT NOBODY UNDERSELLS GIMBELS" or any other slogans to fool the public. I also noticed that my suggestion to a Housing Engineer who visited a new building with me in 1957, that they build only ten and a-half foot high floor to ceiling, was adopted and all new apartments are now built this way. Also no more plaster or stucco on the outside brick walls of new housing developments. It is a finished brick or red smooth face tile.

And talk about automation. They are going full speed ahead on this. In the stores, streets, kiosks, everywhere is some kind of automatic machine. Even matchboxes are sold by robot. Matches or anything else are not given away, since there is no necessity for

for advertising. No competition. No sales gimmicks to fool the public. As one, Mr. Cousins from Albany, told me today at lunch, the cost for admertising (shminki) cosmetics, or other junk for the females to beautify themselves is more than the education cost in the U.S.A. I didn't argue with him because he is the principal of a private school in Albany and should know more about this subject than I do.

Was ushered into the dining room of this Rostov airport clean restaurant and asked to have something to eat, but wouldn't eat what they had. So tea without lemon, apples and crackers was served. The flight was called before I could finish this meal. The girl in charge packed some apples and crackers for me and led me to the airplane. She asked me if I was a Russian. I replied, "NO, AN AMERICAN." She said, "WHY, YOU SPEAK A PERFECT RUSSIAN". I thanked her for the compliment and off we went.

So far, I have been writing to the States from every city I visited. Hope it will reach the recipients before I return to the States. Arrived in Stalingrad 9:30 P.M.

STALINGRAD,

There is no place on earth today where Stalingrad is not known and where the valour and courage of its defenders do not arouse admiration.

Was met at the plane by a cute young lady. My baggage was carried to a car (Volga) waiting to take me to "GOSTINITZA" (hotel). I recognized every part of the road and every part and building in center of the city. Room 301 was ready. This is the best hotel I have been to in all the cities in the U.S.S.R., except the Leningradski and Ukraine, in Moscow, which are the most modern and ornate, but still nice.

The room here was clean, the beds still narrow but with soft mattresses, all the electric installations unexposed, modern switches, but high. Made a date for tomorrow after breakfast to drive to Volga Electric Station and Locks. I came here to convince myself that the New York Times was telling the truth that three units are now in operation, generating electricity. I couldn't believe it after my last year's visit to this place.

Went for tea. No lemon; I didn't want to take the 3 large lemons Anna bought for me in Kiev. This proves to me that I don't know everything, and to listen to others once in a while. So I drank tea without lemon, but used apples instead.

Before I left Kiev, Sister, Anna and I discussed the material situation of our relatives and we got on the subject of Itsak Kipnis, who was in prison for three years and was sent from Kiev to live in Boyarka. He is a Jewish writer. Looked very good. They told me how well off he is now. He was restored to his profession and the powers apologized and made restitution for the wrong done to him.

He is now getting a pension of 1200 rubles a month for life and was given a fine QUARTIRA (apartment, rent free, and was paid

restitution for all the years since he was arrested. They also told me that most of the Jewish writers got the same treatment with much larger monthly pay for life and restitution. Jewish books are now being printed and translated into Russian of writers like Sholem Aleichem, Peretz, Rabinowitz and many more. Anna had the latest printing of Sholem Aleichem in twelve volumes.

Anna recited to me a conversation she had last year with Mr. Yampolski of Philadelphia, when he complained that the U.S.S.R. government doesn't permit publication of Jewish newspapers and books in Jewish. She asked him if he or his family or his friends reach such things in the States and he replied NO and she told him, "YOU DON'T READ JEWISH NEWSPAPERS AND BOOKS AND OUR PEOPLE DON'T WANT TO READ THEM EITHER. WHY DON'T YOU SOLVE THE JEWISH PROBLEM IN THE U.S. FIRST. WE HAVE NO JEWISH PROBLEMS HERE EXCEPT THE PROBLEM OF YOUR AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS AND RABBIS WHO COME HERE TO LOOK FOR TROUBLE AND TO SOLVE THIS JEWISH PROBLEM THEY TRY TO CREATE HERE." He did not answer. He was the one who was told in 1957 to get out with two other foreign tourists within twenty-four hours.

STALINGRAD, Thursday, May 7, 1959.

Up at 8. For some unknown reason there wasn't any hot water this morning. There was last night for I did quite a lot of washing. Breakfast at 8:45. No fruit, no fresh milk, only canned. So, toast, one three-minute and one six-minute egg, tea and an apple was my breakfast. The egg cooking must have been quite a trick. Both eggs were cooked in the same pot, yet one was hard, the other very soft.

Started out for the Volga dam. I refuse to speak English, only Russian and the cute thing kept on talking fast in Russian,too. I understood a good part of her conversation. She wanted me to tell her about American life, especially of the women and of the unemployed and the very rich; and if Eisenhower will run again and who will be our next President; and if I belong to the Democratic or Republican Party and who will be the candidate of the Democratic Party, and why is Nixon, our V.P., coming to open the exhibition in Moscow. Couldn't they send a better and friendlier man like Stevenson? And many more questions such as: was I married, how old am I, how many children, what are they doing, would I like to live in the S.U., buy land and build my own home, my style, say in Yalta or Sochi or Tbilisi where the climate is like Florida, the emphasis on the RI in the word Florida.

I wasn't able to answer, but I did come to the conclusion that the people here know more about us than we know about them and are more interested in our politics than our own people are interested in our or their politics. I can't describe what I saw at the dam after walking about four miles back and forth and on top of it, but I convinced myself that the three water wheels and generators ARE operating and that all spillways are ready because the north of the Volga is over 400 feet higher than the south and the noise of the water spilling down the nineteen spillways is enough to deafen one.

The gates are now being installed on the spillway. They are certain that the whole job of this largest water power electric plant in the world will be in full operation at the end of 1960, one full year ahead of schedule. I stood for a while watching the waters on the lower side of the Volga get away fast and wondered how in the world these MOOZHIKS could build such a gigantic enterprise because it looked to me that many things done here were made in a crude way, but here is the proof. Girls and boys working on every part of this giant. Not only constructing it but also installing the machinery and equipment that went into it to make it the largest in the world.

Many a thing is prefabricated, like most of the reinforcing steel. Some of the bars are two - three inches thick, concrete girders, facings, etc., all prefabricated. Wanted to see the main locks which are being completed now and walked up a hundred steps and needed to walk another mile but my feet refused to help me get there.

Returned at 1:30, tired and hungry. Washed, took off my sweater since it was now warm. Invited cutie to have OBED (lunch) with me and will tell her all about our U.S. and try to answer some of her questions.

Wanted to get away tomorrow, and save one day but there are no planes tomorrow to Sochi, so will stick to my original schedule. Was invited to a movie, "THE BATTLE OF STALINGRAD" which will be shown at four, especially for a few Swedes and two Americans. The other American from San Francisco was sure hot and bothered about the future here. I should help him when we return to wake up the American people to make peace and friendship with the U.S.S.R.

If the picture was made better, it would have been very interesting. But who could have made a better picture of Stalingrad in '43 or '44 under constant fire. What a battle that was! I have seen better shots in New York of the destruction of this city and of the rebuilt one, too. The American and British did a pretty good job on most of the German cities, too. When it comes to destruction in the last war, we need not be ashamed of the job we did except that we did not commit the terrible atrocities that the German beasts did.

Rested a while, then wrote a while. Did not want to go anywhere else. Am getting a bit restless. Anxious to know what happened with the Board and Building deal in N.Y. I would be disappointed if both deals don't go through in spite of the fact that I can get along well without both. The fact that Fred has gone ahead of me doesn't bother me, but I just don't want to be pushed around. Don't want to have people think that I am already packed and wrapped up for the old age class and that I have outlived my usefulness to myself. I'd feel humiliated if it were so. After all, I HAVE BEEN SITTING ON THE TOP RUNG OF OUR INDUSTRY LADDER FOR QUITE A WHILE, UNTIL SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE KICKED ME DOWN SUDDENTLY BELOW THE BOTTOM RUNG, TO THEIR DETRIMENT, EVEN IF THEY PAID A GOOD PRICE FOR IT.

Tonight was my night for a good hot bath which I needed

yesterday. Had dinner and lots of fun with my little radio that played very well in my top jacket pocket. Everybody in the dining room looked at me, tried to find out where the music came from. I didn't give myself away. They are still looking. Returned to my room with music in my pocket. Wrote nine letters. It was good to fall asleep after I read the nice things to see in Sochi when I get there on the 9th.

STALINGRAD, Friday, May 8, 1959

Up at 7:30. Breakfast with my new enthusiastic California friend. He was already waiting for me. My cute living doll said, "WE ARE GOING TO SEE THE TOWN, DRIVE SLOW. YOU MAY TAKE PHOTOS OF EVERYTHING EXCEPT LOOKING DOWN FROM THE HILL OVER THE CITY WHEN WE GET THERE."

We drove about town looking. I offered the driver a pack of chewing gum and a piece of gum to Jean, my guide. It was a treat to watch them chew. She asked me if she can swallow it. "NO, DON'T DO IT, YOU WILL DIE," I said. She looked at me as if she didn't believe me. We drove about town to the wharf. Took pictures of everything I thought was interesting, then drove up the famous hill overlooking the whole city, east, west, south, north.

The Germans had a good view of everything here but couldn't make it. They never crossed the Volga. Many thousands of Russians died here, but here was the beginning of the end for Adolph and his hordes. Took photos of everything I wanted, including the girls who were digging up the soil for flower planting. I couldn't take photos of the water works or the TV station or the side where the steel works are located. It's a beautiful sight from here. This entire place, about two hundred acres, is being prepared for a park, A MONUMENT TO THE HEROES OF STALINGRAD. Returned to the hotel. Again I was asked many questions about America. What will happen in Geneva at the conference? What kind of man is Herter? and many more. It is amazing how thoroughly familiar they are with what is going on the the whole world. So different from most of our American females, and I am not talking about the simplicity, the natural self. Just plain, good-natured human beings who love their country, who are proud of everything they accomplish. The word "NAASH" (ours) is in every conversation wherever we go.

My California Landsman was waiting to go to the Planetarium, which was presented to Stalingrad as a gift by the East German Government as a token of friendship. Also to serve as a memorial to their soldiers and the Soviet soldiers who fell here as victims of hate and brutality.

At the Planetarium we saw a plan, to scale, of the new Stalingrad to be finished during this seven-year plan. I saw in Kiev a plan for Kiev, at the exposition. Remarkable work.

We thoroughly enjoyed the one and a half hour show. Decided that the first thing I would do when I return to New York is to go to the Hayden Planetarium. I must see how we do it.

No reply to my telegram sent by Intourist to let me know if I can go to Gorki for two days, or if not, to get me out of here on

the 23rd. Invited the Californian's guide and mine to lunch. Took my recorded music on the Vanguard recorder to play while we ate. Played David Ostreich - playing a Beethoven Concerto. This was the sensation of the dinner. Didn't want to be cross-examined again and answer a lot of questions that I can't answer. So up to my room I went.

Wanted to see the Bereoska Groupe dance at the theatre on the immense square in front of the hotel, but tickets were sold out weeks in advance. Was talked into going to the circus. I remembered this place, which is also not far, a ten-minute walk. Walking in the U.S.S.R. is the usual menthod of transportation. Rested a while, prepared my belongings for departure tomorrow. Had dinner. Schav soup with all the trimmings (spinach), but it wasn't what I meant but it tasted good. The cold fish, coffee, apples and a piece of black bread made a delicious meal.

Started walking at 7:45. The show begins at 8:30. My little radio in my jacket top pocket entertained me. People searched for the place from where the music came. I played dumb, and walked nonchalantly, reached the park where the circus building is located without being directed. All circus buildings here are of one style - round, and can't be used for any other purpose. Walked about the park, my radio still going strong, with the same curious people around.

The show began promptly at 8:30. Sat in Row one, Seat nine, and thoroughly enjoyed the show. I can't see how it pays to put on such expensive artistic shows for seven hundred people, which is the capacity of this building. Am certain that the performance would be a howling success and would be a sellout for weeks in Madison Square Garden.

I haven't seen such tricks performed before, including a lady magician who changed the color and style of her dress by throwing a bunch of flowers up in the air.

Got acquainted with a nice fellow in Seat ten, next to mine. Asked him what did the Caucasian fellow mean greeting the crowd when they marched in, by saying "Salom Aleichem". It is a Hebrew word. Do the Caucasians speak Hebrew? He replied that the greeting words there when people meet is "Salom Aleichem" and the reply is "Aleichem Salom (not Shalom as is used in Israel.)

We walked out together during intermission. I asked him for the toilet and he said "MNIE TOZHE" (me, too). It was about a minute walk. Hidden between trees. There must have been a line of fifty people, some of them could not hold out any longer. They lined up against the wooden wall, relieving themselves. The same thing happened inside. I wanted to take a shot of it but it was too dark. Somehow I squeezed in the line and joined the crowd. Didn't dare ask what the ladies do. Even the music from my radio didn't smell good. The show was over at 11:30. Bid goodnight "DOWSWIDANIA" to my friend after walking me to the hotel. I didn't want to take another snack - and retired.

STALINGRAD, Saturday, May 9, 1959.

Up early - 6:30. Have to be at the airport at nine to leave for Sochi. Four hours, fifteen minutes flight in an IL 14. I'll have plenty of time on the plane to write. I thought this is a non-stop flight, but we stopped at Krasnodar for forty minutes. This, too, is some airport. Yet planes leave here for many parts in the U.S.S.R., including Kishinev and Roumania. So far each landing and take-off was from a dirt runway. Just can't understand how these planes take the gaff. Yet each flight I was on was filled to capacity. The take-off and landings are on the minute. I enjoy the flights in these old planes, since no one smokes and the non-smokers don't have to suffer from the choking and blinding smoke we have on many of the U.S. flights, especially those from New York to Miami, where most of the females, young and old, try to out-do the men in smoking and drinking.

I don't know how they keep clean under their living conditions, but they are clean. They dress in Stalingrad shabbier and look more small-townish than in the other cities I have been to, so far.

Met two delegations in Stalingrad - East German and Australian. The Australians were enthusiastic about the accomplishments of the Russians.

The rooms and beds here were better and cleaner than in Kiev. Liquor was not drunk too much in Stalingrad, except by the German delegate, who drank beer, before and after the meal and between, too.

Neither of the delegations smoked in the dining room. Ninety per cent of the women were not made up. Not even plucked eyebrows on which our women waste a good deal of their time.

The clarinetist played on a clear plastic instrument. First time I saw a clarinet made of plastic.

Landed in Adler, eighteen miles from Sochi. I noticed their Radar equipment is entirely different from ours. Drove to Sochi on roads that are more crooked than crooked politicians. It was a picturesque and breathtaking drive. I couldn't catch my breath when we got on the main street of Sochi. Never have I seen such a city - high up in the mountains, washed by the Black Sea (that isn't black) and surrounded by beautiful parks, beautiful flower beds and beautiful trees of all kinds. A garden city.

Went driving as soon as I registered. I couldn't wait. Wanted to get my money's worth, for I will be here only tomorrow. My departure was advanced one day. There aren't any plans leaving on the twelfth. So I'll leave on the eleventh.

Got off at the Kino, an impressive building that holds two kino theatres, each showing a different picture. Walked around admiring the structure and the surroundings. Saw a movie from 6 to 7:45. I didn't understand much, the photography was beautiful. They sure have improved their technique.

Was terribly disappointed when I walked into the washroom. Each visitor here must use his legs to support the body. No seats. I can't understand this. The theatre where the movies were shown was nice and clean and well lit. As nice as I saw anywhere here.

A band was playing, and the Buffet was serving those who waited for the next show, as is the custom here.

Each seat is reserved, so there is no pushing and grabbing of seats. People come early and are entertained while they wait. A car called for me at 7:45. Went to dinner in the main hotel restaurant. A pretty place, where a special celebration and dance was held celebrating something - I didn't find out what. Met a Mr. and Mrs. Goodman from California (insurance business), who are taking a short vacation of three months. Nice people. We dined at the same table. He, too, is raving about the visit to the Soviet Union. He wanted to know if I heard how many golf holes our President missed lately. I told him that I don't know and don't care. In fact, I don't know what is going on in the rest of the world. He wanted to know if I am related to George Kipnis in L.A. He also wanted to show what a good dancer he is so he danced with his wife. The orchestra played a Russian rhumba and they danced a 2-step. What difference does it make - don't the Russians dance one kind of step to all music played and enjoy it. Don't many Americans do the same except the people that go to Miami and take lessons in hotels or at Murrays or at the Catskills where most of the young and old are Rhumba, Cha Cha, Rock and Roll and jitterbug DEGENERATES.

What a whale of a business Murray or the other dance schools could do here if--

Maybe Sol Hurok could include this in the Cultural Exchange Program. I am certain that there would be plenty of customers here, for our delinquent civilization is creeping in slowly into the rest of the so-called uncivilized world. Rock and Roll and jitterbug would be a smashing hit here, if the government would permit it.

It was 11:30 when we got through. It was time to retire. I am stopping at the Primorskaya Hotel, where Intourist has an office and a few rooms. I better warn some of the Americans who may come here that they will not find accommodations like at the Waldorf in New York or the DuPont Plaza in Miami or Fontainebleau on the Beach.

The public toilets on each floor here have the same standing accommodations I mentioned before. But let them not kid themselves, there are many places in the U.S.A. that haven't even such places. Surely no flush tanks, and these are not far from Times Square.

SOCHI, Sunday, May 10, 1959.

Up at 8. A real hot bath was sure refreshing. Went to breakfast and met the L.A. people, also another New York woman with her guide, who is traveling for three months. Her German accent spelled that she has something to do with Germany. She lives in the U.S.A. and has a shoe manufacturing plant in Germany. I asked her if she sold shoes to the States. She said no, Americans have better shoes than she makes for the Germans.

"ARE YOU A SALESMAN?", she asked. I replied that I believe I am and if I try hard enough I can sell her a bill of goods.

Went driving to see the city again. It was chilly and looked

like rain. The tops of the mountain were hidden in clouds. We stopped at the Chika and Sea Gull - Sanitarium which is a beautifully located place for rest and cure, built in 1956 by the Minister of Health for the Miners' Union. Two in a room with bath and a built-in closet and outside balcony. A complete staff of medical personnel (mostly women) are here at all times.

Each person sent here by the Union for a 30-day vacation is thoroughly examined and proper treatment given if needed. All is free, including fare. These buildings are located on the side of a mountain about 1000 feet above sea level. A funicular operates from the hotel to the beach about 5000 feet long. It was a treat to see this.

Visited the immense "ZAAL" (hall) that is used for entertainment, such as a theatre for drama, ballet, movies. The performers are mostly people from the Union, and other artists, too.

Then drove to the "ORDZHIMKADZHE", another very large Sanitarium on top of a hill built in 1936. It has two entertainment halls and departments for various examinations and treatments, with all the very latest equipment. There was a great difference in the quality of construction between the two places. The first had terrazzo floors. The latter had all parquet floors everywhere, except on the outside veranda. The head doctor (she) in each place took me through and explained everything. She made sure to tell me that it was not a hospital, but a vacation and health cure place. Many of the vacationers were playing dominoe and chess. No card or horse or dog gambling or drinking joints. They took me through the spacious dining rooms. Each vacationer gets the kind of food the examining doctor prescribes.

The latter also had a funicular of the same height. Both places face the Black Sea. Again I say, a beautiful location. Here are many of this type of Sanitarium, large and small. New ones are also being built now. Also many new apartments, small and large are going up. Helicopters fly between here and Adler, the airport, for this city. I also saw a very large steamer come into port with vacationers from Odessa and other ports on the Black Sea.

Also visited the Mineral Baths named MATSETA. The doctor (woman) in charge took me through and showed me the various cures. One man was sitting on a chair with his feet and hands in trays filled with water heated by electricity curing rheumatism; others were washing their heads with water, curing falling hair or baldness.

I told the doctor if I can grow hair on my head I would stay here as long as she wants me to stay and pay the price, if they will give me a guarantee that I will grow hair; and if it does, I will go back to the States and bring them more customers than they can handle, with enough money to support their whole government. (Of course, I did not ask, if the water can grow hair, why doesn't their Mr. K. take the cure).

They told me that if the chief doctor was here, he would examine me right now. He wasn't, but the assistant chief (a woman) told me that the cure was to save the hair or what's left over. I

was taken to the other baths where people were in tubs.

I got hungry, but had a date to take a speed boat ride. Since the restaurant service is slow, I didn't have time for a full meal, so I grabbed a glass of tea, orange and apple and off to the pier we drove. Took my tape recorder to play recorded music, sat down on a bench and had an audience. I was a sensation.

Boat #1, for which we were waiting, came in and out we went. The guy at the wheel wanted to show me how fast the boat can go, so we started to fly over the waves. I saw stars every time the boat came down. My back started to bother me from too much walking. After 15 minutes of sightseeing on the Black Sea, I asked to return. My guide, who was sitting in the rear seat alone, catching the spray and splash, almost froze. She refused to take a "PALTO" (overcoat) as I asked her to do and was she glad to get out of the speed boat. I sure was, too.

Drove back to the hotel, hungry, cold and tired. Got into bed and covered up with two quilts to warm up.

If the weather was the Sochi kind, this ride would have been a pleasure. To take a ride around Sochi is a wonderful sight, looking up at the hills dotted with white buildings of all sizes, magnificent trees and gardens and flowers. There were many boats, speed and forty passenger, that make this excursion, but because of the weather many boats were idle. Yet people were out fishing. The Porpoises (fish) were playing in the waves while I was freezing.

Have to get ready to leave tomorrow, June 11 at 6:30 A.M. for Adler to make an 8:00 o'clock plane for Tbilisi, Capitol of Grusina (Georgia), a day ahead of schedule. As I was writing last night, my little radio brought in Voice of America, (I assumed from Berlin), beamed to the Arabian countries including Turkey. American music, Negro singers and Arabian music and singers. Some competition between the two giants. I didn't get any interfering signals. It was as clear as a bell.

Was hungry at 6:30. It was a bit too early, but went to the restaurant. I lived in Room 2 which is on the first floor. My apartment consists of two rooms, bath and small foyer. The living room has some bedroom furniture in it. The foyer had a hanger for clothes. The bedroom is 2/3 of the living room and has two beds and a "SHAAFE" (closet). The bathroom has all the trimmings, including open plumbing.

The dining room on the second floor.is a comfortable and nice dining room, with a balcony. The waitress who served tea to me in the afternoon, asked for my order. I let me hair down. Ordered 100 grams of vodka, herring natural, salad natural, black bread, beef steak, coffee with hot milk, one apple, two oranges. This time I left a tip - the two oranges. The $3.00 for the meal included the tea, oranges and apple I had for lunch but didn't have the coupons with me to pay for the lunch.

Traveling German lady invited me to sit at her table, near her guide, who travels with her. We talked about everything here, in New York, in Miami, in Germany, in Zurich and in London. I found

out that she, too, lost people during the Hitler plague. She is leaving tomorrow at 6 for Yalta. I am leaving at 6:30 the opposite way.

As I finished my meal, my California acquaintance walked in with his wife and we again talked about the cold war between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. and the effect of it on the whole world.

The five-piece orchestra struck up with a rhumba that sounded like a waltz. I felt good enough to dance but the pair of Jap shoes I wear on this trip didn't permit me because of the rubber soles and heels, and because I didn't think I could follow the Russian style of dancing. So, I left them with the promise to visit with them in L.A. whenever I get there. He gave me a few tips of what to say if and when I get called before the A.U.C. or the U.A.C. for which I thanked him.

SOCHI, Monday, May 11, 1959.

This is the 15th day that I am away from the U.S.A. The yesterdays are like seconds today. Looked at my map book given to me by one of my nephews in Kiev. We flew over a large body of water from Krasnador to Adler and it was the inland Sea of Azov, one of the 5 seas within the Soviet territory.

The cold and rainy weather made me glad to get away from Sochi tocay. The stay here could have been a real treat if not for the cold weather. It rained from 12 midnight and the downspout from the roof was next to my window. The noise of the running water through the wide pipe kept me awake. Was up at 5:55 and in the street at 6:20. A car was waiting and so was Mrs. I. and her guide and a representative from Intourist to put us on the planes. I fly east, she flies west. Felt uneasy driving in the rain on these wet and crooked roads. We hug the shores of the Black Sea. It took forty minutes driving to the airport, a few miles from Sochi. We were ushered into the restaurant for breakfast.

My plane departure was announced. Had no time to finish the tea and we left five minutes ahead of time. This flight is not a non-stop. In fifty minutes we landed in another town for fifteen minutes and up again, we went. This place had one runway. Two women were sweeping the large landing slab in front of the airport building. Cleanliness here is a matter of PRINCIPLE, not of necessity.

Bought a brief case for $3.00 in Stalingrad made of some kind of smelly plastic. Needed it for my diary and the papers I need from city to city, like passport, transportation and hotel order, coupons, etc. Now I look like a real Russian traveler. My suitcase is also a new Russian product.

Left my large bags in Kiev with all things I wouldn't need any more. My present belongings on me and in the one bag consist of two pairs of pants, two pairs of stockings, two shirts, two jackets, two ties, two sweaters (pull-overs), two handkerchiefs, two pairs of shorts, one raincoat, one top coat, one hat, one pair of shoes, recording machine with three reels of recorded music tape (weight 3½ lbs.), little radio (8 oz.), Minox camera and exposure meter, 10 packs of film. And this is the way I like to travel.

At 9:30 landed again at a town named Pooteast. No runways here. In fact, in the airport where there are runways, there is only one. How they manage to land and operate this way is a riddle to me. At every airport we stop, a woman dressed in a white uniform (not so white) with a whisk broom of different materials and lengths sweeps out the plane.

Just noticed that the seats have belts but they are hanging under the seats and are not used. What good are they anyway when there are no electric signs to announce, "BELTS ON" or "NO SMOKING". Also noticed the contrast between people sitting in the plane next to each other - some with straw hats, some with KOZAK style fur hats. We finally landed at the Tbilisi airport.

TBILISI, May 11, 1959.

Was met by a man who spoke good English. The official language is Grusian (Georgian), but all speak Russian, too. It is a must. The airport building is small but nice and clean. Walked to the men's room and on a table near the entrance lay a bundle of flat toilet paper. A clean toilet, and hand-made toilet-seat paper covers hanging on the door. It was a bad place to faint, otherwise I would have fainted from this sanitation of a modern civilized toilet.

Was in an Intourist car in a few minutes and off we drove. It takes forty minutes to the old city - and it is just that. There wasn't anything done to this part of Tbilisi. A new one is being built. When I first reached the old city, I said to myself, what in the h--- did I come here for. But two hours later I took back my words.

Checked in at the Intourist Hotel, Room No. 9. This place scared me, too. No lift, 18 foot ceilings, all floors the same height. No life in any room. The decorator didn't invite anybody from Madison Avenue to help him decorate this place. This hotel must be one hundred years old, even through the electric wires are not exposed, like the rooms in Kiev, Sochi, National in Moscow, and others.

Dined next to a table where two elderly ladies from Jersey, whom I met in Sochi, were dining with their guide. They came by train. Left yesterday at 6:00, arrived this morning at 8:00.

My guide met me at 2:00 to see certain relics in the old town built in the fifth century. Then to a famous church where people were kissing the pictures on the walls. This goes against my grain because of the unsanitary conditions. Many people were touching the pictures, first with their hands, then kissing the hand.

Driving through a few more winding streets and we reached the new city, the new Stadium and Park. There wasn't enough sun, but I did take a few pictures. It started to rain, and my guide asked me if I wanted to go up to the top of Mount MTATSMITALA, about 2400 feet high, and take a good look at the old and new Tbilisi. I said yes, as long as I don't have to walk up. So we started through a completely new section where a new four-lane paved high-

way lined with new apartment buildings on both sides. It reduced the drive to the bottom of this mountain to ten minutes from thirty.

We started climbing up and up, round and round, worse than the Burma road except that this is a paved road. Reached the top where there is a very large building containing a restaurant fronted by a COLONNADE overlooking every section of Tbilisi, and overhead cable car stations and also the TV tower, are located here.

I thought the TOP OF THE MARK in San Francisco, or the Top of the Empire State Building or the Cloud Room of the DuPont Plaza Hotel are sights for sore eyes, but this beats them all. Was rather surprised that the U.S.S.R. doesn't make a movie shot of such a grand panorama. It was breath-taking. In a nice day, or if it didn't rain, I would stay here for hours to admire the wonders of nature. This one scene was worth the trip here. Sochi is now second choice to this. I understand that there are many place like this in Georgia and in the North Caucases.

We sent the car to meet us below and took the funicular down - 5¢, four minutes. Also saw the circus building which, from the outside, looks three times the size of the Kiev circus, and more modern. The city is cut in the center by the Kura River which is now producing electricity right in the middle of the city. I thoroughly enjoyed this tour, even if I got a bit wet. Tried to get a seat for Tashkent for tomorrow, Wednesday, the 13th, instead of the 14th as my itinerary calls for.

The people here and their language remind me a bit of Israel and its Hebrew language. The people here look Semitic, but more like Turks or Arabians or Greeks. Signs in the streets are in Russian and Grusian. The government is run in its national language. There is no question in my mind that RUSSIAN LANGUAGE will dominate eventually.

Sukarno, President of Indonesia, seems to follow me. He was in Sochi yesterday and is expected here as soon as I leave.

Went to see a movie (Russian) at 6:00 o'clock, not because I wanted to see a movie. I first wanted to see the theatre and then the behavior of the people and was pleased with both. Perfect order, filled to capacity, and enjoyed the picture, too. None of the stars smoked in the picture. Surely no one in the filled theatre smoked. The same BXOD AND BUXOD (entrance and exit) as in all Russian theatres. A band was playing in the waiting room to entertain the crowd waiting for the 8 o'clock show. The show goes on every two hours. The snack bar was well patronized, as was the book store. No pushing, no shoving.

Went to dinner after the show and had no trouble to pick food. A group of American doctors with six local doctors from Bio College were at one table. They drank to each other and to Mir & Druzhba, then went to a meeting. They all looked happy.. After dinner took a walk in the street with my little radio playing and within a few minutes a crowded gathered, blocking the entrance to the hotel. I had to get into the lobby, otherwise I might have been mobbed or chased by a cop.

I witnessed something new in Stalingrad in the hotel restaurant - a ten-piece orchestra played and a slick dame dressed in a red evening dress sang at dinner. And in Sochi, a round barrel-type lady played the accordian and sang to orchestra music, also at dinner.

TBILISI, Tuesday, May 12, 1959.

Started out at 10 this morning on the way to Gori, the birthplace of Stalin. He lived there four years from birth and then moved to different places with his parents until he grew up and started thinking for himself. He was arrested many times by the Tzars and sent to Siberia. We all learned enough about him after the first World War. A shrine was built over his two-room house and an impressive museum was built next to it. Of course, it doesn't compare to the Lenin museum in Moscow, which takes up a whole large building on the main street.

Here in Tbilisi, his pictures and statues are all over, with and without Lenin. I saw only one small picture of Khruschev at the manager's place of the collective farm which we visited today. More about this later. There are plenty of pictures and statues, big and small, of Stalin all over the Soviet Union but Lenin predominates 100%.

Went along with the two elderly ladies who are traveling together and have been practically all over the world. They are intelligent. Cameras in hand ready to snap anything that is of interest to them and ball pen and notebook in hand ready to do likewise. Our first stop was in MTZKHETZ, the ancient capital of Grusina (Georgia). Visited one church built in 1600 and another in the same year, and the forts protecting both churches. Many noblemen were buried in both churches including some Tzars and their wives.

Grusina just celebrated its 1500th birthday. And the town looked it, except for the few new buildings which are going up here, also many one and two-family buildings which will belong to the occupants. Lots of brick and roof tile is made here. From here we drove on the famous Georgian Military Highway to Gori.

I will use Gimbel's slogan, Nobody, but nobody" could paid such a grand scale painting except Nature. The valley surrounded by the Caucasians' snow-covered mountains, the fertile cultivated valley land, the Celos (villages), here and there with red-roofed houses. The herds of sheep, goats and cattle, the mountains with shades of the sun on one side and sun-bathed on the other side made a complete masterpiece of Nature's wonders. All I needed was a frame large enough to frame this wonderful scene. I don't know where else I could see such beauty of Nature. Arrived in Gori, spent about 30 minutes at the Stalin Museum, then to a Kolchoz (collective farm), that raises grapes and makes wine. There were other products including cattle, pigs and chickens.

Wasn't much interested in it for I have seen State Farms and Kolochoses 1000 times better than this. Besides the way to get to it and the houses the farmers live in are typical of the way Arabians, Greeks and Turks live as I saw them in 1934 - dirty, filthy - poor-

looking, etc. (I wasn't inside of one).

The women looked more like gypsies and the men like Turks or Greeks. They still live like ancient people, as I saw in the churches we visited today and what was going on there. Darkness, total darkness still prevailed.

Was glad when we started back to Gori to take a bite. Ate the kind of food that, if it didn't kill me then and there, then I am sure I will live for a long time. Returned to Tbilisi at 5:30. Went looking for gifts, but didn't buy anything because I am sure I can do better in Moscow.

Rested a while, enjoyed the news on my little radio, Dinner at 8. The orchestra played in my honor, an AMERICAN WALTZ, A YIDDISH FREILACHTS and a GRUSIAN TANGO. Had with me my small recorder and played David Ostreich for them, which I had on tape. Everybody in the restaurant, including the musicians, listened for 45 minutes. I got more applause than David Ostreich.got when he played the same music in Carnegie Hall, N.Y.

Walked out on Main Street, where our hotel is located. It was 10:00 P.M. Some of the men who mobbed me yesterday were looking for me. I let them have some of Dave's music and then took a walk. The air was delicious. Walked through the nearby park. It was well lighted. Nobody was afraid. No rough stuff, as far as I could observe. Trolley buses, gas buses, cars, taxi were still running and there were traffic lights in a well-lit Main Street as in any big modern city. Most people spoke the national language, Grusian.

Enjoyed today very much. Now I will get ready for tomorrow. The "VOICE OF AMERICA" was amusing me with "I am in heaven, cheek to cheek" while I lay stretched out on bed. This is a small world.

TBILISI, Wednesday, May 13, 1959.

Here, as in the other Intourist offices, people work practically in the dark. Eye glasses are not much use. How they do it is beyond me.

Was up at 7 and packed, washed and shaved. Breakfast at 8:45. Mr. Walker walked in. I met him last night for a few minutes. He sat down at my table. We ordered the same type of breakfast. We talked more than ate. It is a pleasure to meet an American citizen who is broadminded, who sees the good and bad in everything be it American or Russian. He is in the advertising business and should know as much or more than I do. We talked about Madison Avenue who is doing the thinking now for many in the U.S.A, including the POLITICIANS who pay them well for creating ways to mold the mind of the voting citizen, not to think for himself, also to create more delinquency not only juvenile, but grown-ups too, through every medium at their disposal - RADIO, TV, MOVIES, AND THE PRESS. One can get almost enything done or sold through Madison Avenue, if he has the money to pay. Mr. Walker promised to mail me a copy of his diary in exchange for mine. I am certain that our minds will meet in many respects and in particular on the following-

(1) That we in the States need more accurate information

about the conditions in the Soviet Union. Some we don't get today from our Diplomats or from the press.

(2) That both of the great countries must open their doors to each other and have maybe a million visitors from one country to the other, each year, to get better acquainted and create friendship and good will and confidence.

(3) That if there were to be an understanding between the two great countries, peace would be assured, not only between the two, but in the whole world.

(4) That the underprivileged and undeveloped people of the world, which are still in the majority, could be better and more honestly helped.

(5) That we in the States are spoiled and think we are the SMARTEST and have the MOSTEST OF THE BESTEST. We will awake one day and realize that it is NOT so.

Left my friend and with my male guide went to visit the only Jewish Synagogue here. The watchman at the Synagogue gate let us in. These people speak three languages, Hebrew, Grussian and Russian. Not a word of Yiddish (Jargon). I did the best I could in Russian, shook hands with those I met, looked around the works, the seating arrangement, and examined the old Prayer and Gmoro books. They must be older than I am.

Then walked into the administration office near the entrance, where the Rabbi with a few more, read the Gmoro. I greeted and shook hands with all with a SHALOM. It was nice to meet the Rabbi, who answered all my questions.

How many Jews are there? Many, 1% of the population.

How is the Synagogue supported? By voluntary contribution only.

How do they live with the others? He put his two fingers together. Just like that.

Does the Government interfere with you? Not at all.

Do you need anything from me? Nothing, not a penny.

Do you have a Sunday School or Yeshiva? We teach our Children at home and send a few to the Moscow Seminary (Yeshiva).

Is there any anti-Semitism here? Not at all. Jews had no rights under the Tzars, but now we are equal to anybody.

What do the Jews do here? Work, like everybody else.

Are there any Jews in high command? The assistant Secretary of Commerce is a Jew.

Are there any Jewish deputies in your Parliament? Yes, a few. Don't know how many, since our Jewish population is so small.

Are there any Jews in the City government? My son is a

Councilman, and a few more.

Are you satisfied? We are very happy and satisfied.

We parted with a handshake and a SHALOM.

The SHAMIS (Saxon) took us upstairs after and I asked him where do the women pray, since they pray here twice each day. I was pleasantly surprised at the fine shool, newly decorated - clean and with all the trimmings, as a HOUSE OF WORSHIP should be fitted out, including a balcony for the women, who do not sit together with men. This is an Orthodox Synagogue.

On the way out, I asked permission to take a picture of the Rabbi and Shamis and of the place. I did and out I went. A pleasant visit.

Discovered, as I checked out of the Hotel, that I am to travel with the two ladies and Mr. Walker on the same plane to Tashkent, an IL 104, one hundred passenger jet. We drove to the airport in three cars, each tourist with a guide. Were taken into the plane. "COME AGAIN, MORE OFTEN", they pleased. "WE NEED PEOPLE LIKE YOU FROM THE STATES TO HELP COME TO A FRIENDLY UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN OUR TWO GREAT COUNTRIES. WE LIKE YOU. MIR AND DRUZHBA."

Spent a few minutes at the airport building which was opened in 1957. The loud speaker started out with a bang that was deafening. I asked my guide why they can't cut down the volume, shall I tell them? No he replied, I will tell them right now, and he did. I don't know how high we are flying now. It must be over 30,000 feet. It is quiet and smooth. Quite a difference between flying in this plane and in the IL 14 or 12. I imagine it is only a question of time before all flights will be Jets.

New and special runways must be built for jets, and I noticed since I started out from Minsk that a new runway was built at airports where jets arrive or depart.

Saw many bi-planes equipped with one 4-bladed motor - didn't want to ask why. But I know they are used for military purpose only. Also saw many large-sized helicopters, 3-blade lifts. These hold 12 people. They are used for sightseeing. Many DC-3 Convair type planes are presently used for passenger traffic.

We are flying northeast and it is 1:00 P.M. in Moscow, 2:00 in Tbilisi and 3:00 in Tashkent. The tickets are marked for departure on Moscow time but Intourist keeps watch so the tourist doesn't get mixed up time-wise.

The Jewish people I met this morning live close together like in a community, yet to look at them no one could tell if they are anything else but native Grusins except for the Rabbi and Shochet, who wear long beards and caps. The Shochet invited me to witness one of his operations on a chicken, but I declined with thanks.

So here I am up in the air with my eyes shut and thinking. It's but a short forty-one years since the Soviets took over. Most of the people in Russia were illiterate. All they knew was to go to church and pray in whatever language they could speak, and today, everybody reads and writes in their own national language and, of course, in the Russian language, too.

Books are printed and read in both languages, as are newspapers, dramas and operas and entertainment of all kinds. The native national culture is preserved as much as possible except in the military branch of the Government, which is conducted in the Russian language only. I asked why, and was informed that at one time two languages were used in military commands, but it didn't work well. So now all the military force in the Soviet Union are the Russian language only.

Russia is on wheels, or mechanized. The **KOLCHOZ**, the STATE FARM, every INDUSTRY has rolling equipment required for their needs. Sure - they look dilapidated, except **BUSES**, TAXIS, MILITARY AND INTOURIST CARS. They don't keep on trading cars or trucks the way we do. The just run the full life span of each piece of equipment.

Also made sure to note why there is no unemployment here. It is because they find jobs for people - need of no need. For instance, in Gori or Tbilisi, in certain places they would have a cop sit in a booth directing traffic where a car or truck would pass one or two an hour.

Guides in certain places could be reduced in half. Sweepers at airports could be eliminated, but this is a place where unemployment doesn't exist. I wish they would have a male look after men's toilets and a female look after women's toilets. They need this badly. I imagine they will get to it someday.

The flight from Tbilisi was mostly over mountains and wasteland country. It reminds me of flying in the western part of the U.S. over barren lands. We are too high to see what is beneath us.

As we waited at the Tbilisi airport an American couple just arrived. I knew at once they were Americans because she grabbed for the cigarettes at once. Also because of her make-up, dress and shoes. I introduced myself to both. Had no time to get their story. Am certain that she was just his traveling companion.

The jet flight was perfect; 1800 miles in three hours at 33,000 feet. Arrived in Tashkent 5:00 P.M. local time.

The plane schedule is on Moscow time, one must be careful not to get mixed up. Now we are in Tashkent, the capital of the Republic of Uzbekistan. A different looking people, in habits and language, but everybody speaks Russian.

The airport is a nice building. Counted seven jet planes, many TU 14's at the airport. The Intourist guide met all of us with two cars and to the Hotel Tashkent we went.

Plane departure from Alma Ata for Moscow is next Tuesday, the 19th. Will not be able to make a plane earlier, so I decided to stay here the 14th, Thursday; leave Friday morning, the 15th, for Samarkand (same republic), with my advertising friend. Stay there the balance of the 15th and all day Saturday, May 16th and return to Tashkent late on the 16th, and leave Sunday morning the 17th, for Alma Ata. Stay there Sunday and Monday and leave for Moscow on Thursday, May 19th on a scheduled jet flight which takes five hours.

This will permit me to leave for New York on the 22nd.

Was asked if a single room would suffice tonight. Tomorrow

I will be moved to a deluxe apartment. I nodded my head. It is now 7:00 P.M. Will go to the opera facing the hotel in a beautiful setting of a fountain and flower beds. The pride of the republic is this ALISHER NAVOI OPERA AND BALLET THEATRE. It stages operas and ballets by contemporary Soviet composers as well as by Russian and West-European composers.

Got a ticket at 7:30, walked into the park near the fountain, shot a few pictures. Had a crowd around me to explain to them my Minox camera. A few asked me if I am going to the ballet "Masquerade". "DA, DA", I said, and two volunteered to help me find my seat.

As I walked in, I gave the ticket to the woman at the door. She looked at me with suspicious eyes. She must have thought I was trying to put it over on her. I was embarrassed because it was a ticket from the Movie in Sochi but I found my correct ticket, and there were two young men, each with a program autographed for me. They asked me to make certain to write them and they will reply. I assured them that I will write.

The ballet took three and a half hours. A bit too long after a long day of flying and sightseeing. I was hungry. The other two Americans sat next to me at the theatre. So we three went into the Tashkent restaurant. The joint was crowded, even if it was 12 midnight. We joined a table occupied by natives who were still waiting to order their meal. We introduced ourselves. AH, AMERIKANSKI, they said. We put away a good meal, and to Room 60 I went. Wanted to take a bath but the hot water gets shut off at midnight. I will wait until morning.

Washed my shirts and stockings in cold water, used my soap. By the way, the floor girl forgot to provide me with soap and toilet paper. This gets to be embarrassing at certain times. I retired at 1:00 A.M.

TASHKENT, Thursday, May 14, 1959.

Up at 7:30. The hot water was hot and a bath was a treat. Breakfast at 8:45. The manager of Intourist was there to greet me.

He said he heard I desire to see a synagogue and he wants to accompany me or be my guide for the whole day, but alone, without others.

So the two of us and the chauffeur in a Volga, started out looking for the synagogue. It took us a while. Thought that I would spend only five minutes, but it took us fifty-five minutes to get away from there. I"ll bet that I was the only foreigner and the first American to visit with them.

My questions were:-

GOVORITE PO EVREISKI (Do you speak Jewish)? KONETCHNO (sure).

The HEAD of the Jewish community happened to be around, so was the Cantor, the Shamiste and a few more men and women.

I introduced myself, told them where I came from and that I was just a tourist and curious, and can I buy a very small TORAH (scroll). The answer to the latter was, no. They have only 10 and it is not enough for them.

How many Jews are there? European Jews like us who ran

away or were evacuated from the West, like Ukraine, White Russia and other parts of European Russia, 50,000, all these speak the native language, Russian, Hebrew, and Yiddish. There are quite a few native Jews and there are a few more houses of worship.

What do they do? Work.
What about the older people? On pension.
How are you treated? Very good.
Have you any trouble from your neighbors? None.
Where does your Cantor come from? Roumania.
And the head of your community? From Kiev.
And you, and you? Most of them from or around Kiev.
Do you need anything? No nothing. We have plenty of money.

I shook hands with all of them, including the women. They wanted to know if I still go to Yiddish Shool and do I conduct my business in Yiddish because I speak such good Yiddish. I assured them that I don't do either.

Some wanted me to come Friday evening to pray, but the Cantor butted in and said that this Friday was his day off. I offered to act in his place. He wanted me to show him right then and there what I can do. I refused. I also refused to come the following Friday to hear him perform the ceremony. Took a few pictures.

Sized up the situation of the location and said to myself: "GOD, YOU MUST BE ALL OVER, IF YOU CAN BE IN SUCH A PLACE, BECAUSE SUCH A PLACE OF WORSHIP I HAVE NOT YET SEEN ANYWHERE." Maybe I haven't been and seen everything yet, maybe.

From there we drove to every important building on every important street of Tashkent. The parks and children's parks, Komsomolsky Park and Lake and various monuments to the native heroes of the years gone by and of World War II.

It is now 1:30. Time for a bite, and we will start again at 3. My other two companions were looking for me to have lunch. They are lost without me. It took us one and a half hours to eat and out we went again.

I didn't want to see any more of the city because a good part of the New City has the old clay holes where natives live. The old city of Tashkent is indescribable. I have pictures of the huts where some of these people live and there are still many hundreds of millions of people in our world who live in worse places than this. Seeing is believing. I know how some of our people live in the big cities, especially down South, white and colored alike. Was assured that in the next seven years this will completely disappear and new five-story buildings will replace these mud huts. Tried to study the method of construction used on the mud huts, but didn't dare to ask to see one of them or even to drive on one of the narrow

streets. I wanted to see the sanitary conditions and installation there. I saw a few women walking in the street with their faces covered. They wear a special kind of dress that begins from the top of the head and drops over the face.

Walked into a good-sized bookstore divided in sections, a sign indicating the kind and subject of books it contains, many people were there buying books. Also snapped a picture of two girls in the park preparing for exam. They spoke English. When they graduate they will go to a KOLCHOZ to teach.

Bought a few Uzbek hats to bring to U.S.A. Then went to the open market where I bought large strawberries and apples. I haven't had fresh fruit in a long time. I really wanted to buy oranges and lemons, but I'll wait until I return to the U.S.A.

What a wonderful market this country would be for Florida citrus. I must discuss this with the Florida Citrus Commission. Was a bit tired, told my guide "DAVOLINO, BOLSHE NE CHOCHU YECHAT" (enough, I don't want to ride any more.)

It was 5:00. When I returned to my room, the floor clerk informed me that they moved me to a deluxe apartment but my things are still in No. 60. This is a very nice two-room and bath apartment even for a second-class hotel in New York. A radio, TV, telephone, writing desk, couch, round table, a buffet and a bedroom with two beds with all the trimmings. An inkwell, pen and ink, and a pencil without a point.

Went to dinner, met my California friend and who was waiting for me. He is also going to Samarkand. We were served before the music started. Returned to my room to get ready for tomorrow. We have to leave for the airport at 6:45.

TASHKENT, Friday, May 15, 1959.

Up at 5:45 A.M. and down to wait for my two companions to leave for the airport. Our guide called at 6:45 and off we went. Breakfast at the airport. Plane TU 14, left at 8;00 for Samarkand, filled to capacity with twenty-four passengers. Had a male steward in uniform this time. The flight took fifty-five minutes, and 8 o'clock in Tashkent is 7 here, so we arrived in Samarkand five minutes ahead of starting.

Landed on time on the dirt runway. No airport building. We were met by an Intourist agent, he introduced himself. His name sounded like Bulganin. Had no baggage, I left it at Tashkent since I planned to return the same day. The Californian who is traveling without a plan, brought his baggage, since he doesn't know where he is going from here.

We started out sight-seeing. Went to see the ruins of the GUR-EMIR of Something. When I get back, I will look up his history. These ruins go back hundreds of years. Visited the Mausoleums of the KZI ZIDEK RUIN of the 16th century. The entrance to SHA ZINDEH PORTAL, 15th century, also some mausoleums of the 14th and 15th centuries. Then to the NAZRITT HIZR MOSQUE, 16th century, then to the REGISTANT ULUGBEG MADRASUH, 1420, and many more. Took many pictures. My companion, Walker, was so enthusiastic with this find

that he is coming back again today to delve more into the ruins and take more shots.

These places must have been very beautiful, especially the REGISTRANT which was a school for learning. It was immense in size; seven floors high with most beautiful tile decorations of many colors, designs and sizes.

Lots of work and money is being spent reconstructing these places piece by piece. But I was more interested in the present. What is being done by the leaders in Moscow and here to bring out people in these parts (Asiatic) from the dark ages into the light of civilization.

The further one gets into these lands, the more one finds that, while there may be a lot of ruins of great historical value, it will take many years to make these people live in decent houses and get them cleaned up.

It is impossible to describe the homes they still live in and what they look like in every way; food, dress, travel, religion, and living quarters. Yet in 1917 there were only two percent literate people in these regions and now there is only two percent illiterate people. Everybody reads and writes.

Sochi is nicer and more civilized than Tbilisi, Tbilisi than Tashkent, Tashkent than Samarkand and I am told that this city is nicer than Bukara, not to speak of the small towns and villages in this Republic, and further east and south, near the Mongolian and Turkish and Iranian borders.

I hope Alma Ata will not disappoint me.

We returned from Samarkand at 6 P.M. Rested a while and then went to visit a Synagogue where we got into the very thick of uncivilized living quarters of this Republic.

From here on, mostly south and east and middle-east, on all sides of the curtains, the same or worse type of mud huts exist in spite of the billions of dollars the U.S.A. spends on Point four to better the conditions of these countries like Turkey, Iran, Iraq, Nationalist China and dozens of others, and in South and Central America, too.

One thing is certain - that an effort is being made to accomplish Point four within the borders of the U.S.S.R. Reading and writing is an accomplished fact. Food is plentiful. No one is starving for lack of it. Medical care and many more benefits to raise their standard of living and pull them out from their holes.

The question of the centuries old religion will take care of itself when the older generation move to heaven. The younger generation will and are breaking through the WALL OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT. More about this visit tomorrow, for I have made a date with both Jewish Agents of the Jewish God, the SEPHARDIES and the ASHKENAZIES, for tomorrow morning SHABOS (Saturday). The later start service at 8 and the former at 9. I'll catch both coming and going.

Returned to the hotel by way of the open market. Wanted to get some oranges, lemons and tomatoes, but bought very large KLUBNICK

(strawberries) and dried sliced apples. Then to another Kiosk where dry goods was the prime merchandise. I was intrigued by the beautiful things they have, but who has so much money to spend except the RUSSIFIED UZBEKS? Was anxious to taste a piece of apple but didn't dare. I knew they had to be washed. Ordered green tea with jelly to my room, invited the California friend. He drank tea with helly and chewed on the apples. I drank four cups of tea without jelly and chewed on the apples, too. It tasted awfully good to a new tea drinker.

Dined at 7. The Madison Avenue friend advised us that he got a ticket to the open air theatre for tonight to see the famous UZBEK DANCING GROUP. We wouldn't let him put it over on us so after dinner we walked over to the park where a Uzbek orchestra played native music, and a Russian orchestra about 1500 yards further played Russian dance music.

Many kiosks that were open in many places through the park sold everything from soup to nuts in the food line, ready to eat, or drink. Also a large open restaurant where regular meals were served without flies, because it was too cold for them to be annoying people. A lit-up alley with pictures of the great people of U.S.S.R. on both sides of it, led to the theatre where an orchestra played, in the open, before the show started.

I inquired where to buy tickets. A policeman told me where to go. Again I inquired where it was and another policeman told me to look for the Director of the show. I found him and told them "YA AMERICANSKI TOURIST, NOOZHNO KOOPIT DWA BILLETI" (I am an American tourist, I want to buy two tickets) and "KONETCHNO SICHAS YA VAN DAM" (certainly, I'll sell you tickets right away) and within a few minutes I had two twenty-five ruble tickets for me and the California friend, first row center, $2.50 a ticket. Our Mr. Walker, the advertising friend, sat in the sixth row. We asked him over, and to make the story short, I almost froze my nose off for it was really cold. I left the place before intermission.

I wouldn't have missed the experience for $2.50 and wouldn't give a Kopeck to see it again. Yes, CURIOSITY KILLS THE CAT" is a very true saying. Ran back to the hotel, got in bed, and covered up with the heavy quilts and warmed up and fell asleep.

TASHKENT, Saturday, May 16, 1959.

My California friend and I left for the Synagogue at 8:45. Arrived as the Ashkenazies were through with service. The director, a native, had to be called to talk to us. In the meantime, the Sephardies started services. I had some job to hold back one Ukrainian Jew who was anxious to give me information. A crowd gathered. The director came running all out of breath and asked me to come inside. I asked him the following questions in Russian which was translated by a Russian Jew who spoke both Russian, Yiddish and the native language.

How many Synagogues are here	Just these two.
How many Jews are here?	About 10,000.

How many natives?	Don't know.
Is there a Ghetto here?	No, Jews live all over town.
Do they live together? Are they friendly?	Yes.
Is there any feeling of anti-Semitism here?	No, all are equal. Before the revolution Jews were outlawed as citizens. After the revolution we became equal and enjoy all the rights the others do. We can't complain. We have plenty of money.
What language do they use among themselves?	Mostly Russian. Some Russians don't speak Uzbek.
Does the Government support you?	No.
Who gives you money for support?	Voluntary donations.
How many are on pension?	All that are over sixty and don't want to work any more.
Is the pension enough to live on?	Sometimes, no.
What do you do then?	(no answer).
Have they any contact with other Jewish communities?	No.
Are they satisfied and happy?	They started to talk again about the days under the Tzars. They claimed to be very happy.
Why don't some of the Russian Jews go back to where they came from?	Because they have children who have good jobs here and some are professionals.
Are there any Jews in the Government service as deputies, local or Federal?	Yes, quite a few.
How does the future look to you? Will it get better?	Sure, it is getting better every year.

And it is. When did these people have electric lights in their mud huts, or paved streets, or theatres and opera houses and parks and nice buildings, auto-buses and trolley-buses and electric cars operated by women and a railroad from here to Moscow and so many things that make this city of 195,000 people a recognized city in the Soviet Union, to deserve to send tourists here.

Surely one can easily see here the past and the future in terrible contrast. From where I sit and write this, looking out the window, I see a magnificent scene. The substantial opera house; the park with all kinds of flowers; fountain spraying rather high up and colored by electric lights at night; a wide and impressive square. This hotel, even without toilet paper, is an impressive building, especially when it will be completed. Two new wings, with a pool and garden in the rear; contrast this with the huts they are still using. The contrast here is much more pronounced than between Fifth Avenue modern apartments and the houses in our worst slums.

I surely was impressed with the amount of money and man-power

the Soviet Government is spending to preserve the relics of the centuries gone by. Some of them justify coming, just to take one look at what people built many centuries ago. Some are really beautiful and artistic and the architecture is beyond imagination for there are no iron supports anywhere in these magnificent relics. I can just about imagine the number of slaves it took to build one place or to bury one king's wife and her family. These ruins are still worshipped by many natives whom I saw today.

The baggage I left here was not in my room and had to search for it. My Room 52 is a 2-room apartment. Had trouble again with toilet paper, but I did stock up with enough paper napkins. Will not go anywhere this evening. Will catch up with my Diary and take a good hot bath and relax. Will leave tomorrow for Alma Ata for two days.

The last four places I have been to were supposed to be a reminder of Miami. Sochi, for its bathing in the Black Sea and where it is summer the year around; and the other three places, for the warmth and fruit growing and wine making. Well, I was cold in all places and couldn't get any fruit in any place. So I think I will stick to Florida and especially to Miami.

Dined with Walker. We let our hair down. He drank 100 grams of wine and I consumed same amount of Vodka and a light but tasty dinner. Took a walk in the park. We part tomorrow and hope to meet again somewhere in the States. He is an interesting person in spite of being a picture fiend. Went to my room, took two Bufferins since I had a tickle in my throat and a bit of soreness in my nose. Wanted to take a bath but will have to do it in the morning. The hot water is shut off for the night. Haven't shaved in two days. Maybe I should grow a Van Dyke, and join the Beatniks.

Lied down and fell asleep. Had nothing to read and didn't know what Wall Street was doing to me, or what's going on at the conference in Geneva. What a blessing!

Somebody was using a compressor outside. It didn't let me fall asleep, but it stopped at 12. This is the time when the fountain is shut off and the street lights are dimmed half way. Coughed a bit and this made me uneasy. Maybe it was the dried apples I chewed on yesterday. I must be careful even if I get hungry.

TASHKENT, Sunday, May 17, 1959.

Up at 7:30. A hot bath would have given me a boost, but the hot water wasn't hot yet. So took a lukewarm bath. It was chilly out when I went to breakfast. Was the first in the restau, rant. The things I wanted for breakfast, they didn't have and what they had, I didn't want. So, plain omelet and tea was my choice.

The part of the restaurant which is usually reserved for delegations was clean and nicely prepared for a delegation from

somewhere. They weren't going to let me in this place but when I said AMERIKANSKI tourist, then the doors were opened for me. The tables were set with all services, including flowers. A woman with a swatter was chasing and swatting flies all over the room. It is too cold for the flies to congregate en masse. If it was very hot, as it should be here at this time of the year, there would be ribbons of fly paper hanging on the walls, with the flies struggling to get loose until the struggle is over.

Was ready at 10. The elevator was out of order and the porter wasn't in sight. So I carried down my luggage four flights. It is a good thing I travel light. This is the first time since I came to the U.S.S.R. that I had to handle my own baggage. As I was getting into a car another couple boarded the same car. They came here from Bukara. Met them on arrival at Tashkent three days ago. They are American citizens working for the U.S. Embassy in Moscow. They are on vacation and are traveling through this part of the land. They too, dragged along a bag full of cameras and supplies.

Left Tashkent 11 local time, 8 Moscow time. The IL 12, 21 passenger, was full. It is a non-stop flight to Alma Ata - 2 hours 40 minutes, at 6000 feet elevation along a ridge of snow-covered mountains higher than our flight elevation. It was a pretty scene for about 1½ hours. The ground below in the valley looked fertile and was planted as far ahead as I could see. I don't know if this is KOLCHOZ OR STATE farms.

ALMA ATA, Sunday, May 17, 1959.

Landed at a very nice airport at Alma Ata, which is in Kazakstan. The two concrete runways are long enough for jets. We were picked up (Mr. and Mrs. R. from the U.S. Embassy in Moscow and I), by a good-looking young man who spoke English, and to the hotel we went.

Got a very nice deluxe two-room apartment on the first floor. Clean bathroom, too. Fine furniture. A real nice desk, a beautiful ink set, a clock that I would like to take to U.S. with me, and a hand carved vase that would fit in with my clock collection in Miami. Toilet paper, but no hot water, no soap, no mirrow over the sink to get shaved. I am certain I will have to wait for a bath until I get to Moscow, Tuesday afternoon, May 19th.

I was sure this is the place where I can catch up on fruit because this is something I am longing for since I left New York. Was told right along, "WAIT UNTIL YOU GET TO ALMA ATA, YOU WILL FIND EVERYTHING IN FRUIT YOUR HEART DESIRES". This is supposed to be the city of MILK AND HONEY. Was terribly disappointed when we got to lunch at 3:30 and asked for oranges, lemons, a salad of cucumbers and tomatoes, apples, strawberries or any other fruit and was told to come back in August. They will have plenty then. So, a piece of herring, a plain omelet and plain tea was my OBED (dinner).

Went driving about town and the best things to look at are the snow covered mountain tops. It is a beautiful panorama,

especially at sunset, and it gets cold, too. We will see a Local group dance KAMPAR AND NUZIM at the opera house at 8 P.M. Drove over for tickets and a sign on the window read, "All tickets sold out". Our male guide told us that he will get four seats for us. (The Californian, Mr. B., arrived after us.) He told us "HAVE YOUR SUPPER AT 7 and BE SURE TO PICK UP THE TICKETS AT 7:45 AT THE BOX OFFICE". Went to dinner and Mr. R. said he will run over to the opera house and pick up the tickets. We made the show on time; 12 rubles or $1.20 a ticket, second row. Enjoyed the dancing and acting.

It was a story about two rich Cossacks. One had a daughter, and one had a son, and they wanted to make a SHIDACH (match) between the boy and girl, but the girl was in love with a poor boy, the son of a peasant. The result was that a duel was fought between the poor and rich boy and the rich boy lost and the two rich fathers were chased in shame and the poor father Gave his blessings to the rich girl and his son.

All this had to be acted by toe-dance and it was done very well by a novice company of local people who studied at the Bolshoi school in Moscow.

I have a pretty bad cold now and a running nose. Two more Bufferins, and the quilt over my head felt good.

Ordered tea from the floor maid (at the hotel) and when I offered her a 3 ruble tip, she ran away from me.

ALMA ATA, Monday, May 18, 1959.

No hot water and no place to get shaved in the bathroom, so I performed this operation in the living room in front of the SHAFFE (closet). Breakfast at 9:00 felt better after a pot of hot milk and coffee. No eggs or fruit. Went driving again through town, then up the mountains 5000 feet. Couldn't go higher because there was a pile of logs in the way. Stopped a while, admired Nature's paint job on the steep, snow covered boulders of all sizes being washed by the rushing waters down the pathways to lower levels until they make small waterfalls and whirlpools. A beautiful spot for a talented artist to transfer it on canvas.

I didn't realize how high we were until we drove down. It was 1:00 when we returned to lunch. Again not much to eat, but as long as I had zweiback, which I bought yesterday, and they had hot milk, coffee and herring, my hunger was satisfied.

Started again at 2:30. This time the Californian and the guide and I. First to the museum. Not much of interest to us, then to find a Jewish Synagogue. Our guide didn't want to go out of his way to find it, so we went to the open market, shopping for fruit and vegetables. Bought apples and radishes. Met a she who spoke English. She told us where the shool was. We went there.

God help the people who come to pray in such a place. Describing it is impossible. But what difference does it make, as long as the people who come here get satisfied spiritually?

Searched through the place until I found the caretaker, a bearded old man and his wife. They spoke Jewish. Came here in

1948 because his four daughters were married here and they wanted their parents to live nearby. He came from a city near Odessa and she was a Kiever. If I had more time I would probably discover that we are somewhat related. Some say that there are 5000 here and some say 10,000 Jews. All live at peace with the other citizens of this community of 400,000.

Back to the hotel. The traffic got suddenly very heavy. Don't know where it came from. I knew it wasn't Fifth Avenue at 4:30 because it was mostly trucks and buses, of which they have an abundance here. Received my air tickets when I returned to the hotel. Couldn't write post cards from here because the stores are closed on Mondays.

Talked my floor clerk into giving me hot water so I could take a bath before dinner, which she did. She knocked at my door while I was in the bathtub, wanted to know if I had enough hot water so she could shut off the boiler. I had enough hot water and enjoyed the bath.

Rested a while and went to dinner at 7. My meal consisted of radishes and apples with sour cream, 50 litres of vodka, zweiback, 2 eggs, hot milk with coffee, Had quite a discussion with Mr. B. and Mr. R. Mrs. R. was listening and smiling.

Am not sorry that I came here but wouldn't give a button to come here again soon unless in a few years from now, or if I will be able to go to China. This place is one hundred eighty miles from the Chinese border, less than 45 minutes by plane. I could have gone to China had I known the nearness, but it is too late now. We are leaving tomorrow morning, 8 A.M. for Moscow via IL 18, the new four-motor turbo-prop, 100 passenger plane, something like the Viscounts, but larger, and flies much faster than the Viscounts.

Took our time at dinner. Then returned to me room about 9:30 and a knock at my door woke me up from my diary writing. As I opened the door, in walked Lou Yamposky's sister from Frunzi, not far from Alma Ata, but not yet an open city. She looked at me a few seconds and then threw her arms around me; started to cry and kiss me as if I was her long lost brother. She wanted to know why I didn't bring her brother along and what happened to him in Kiev in 1957 and why was he chased out of there in twenty-four hours and why did they call him to the police station then. I explained to her that I wasn't involved in any unpleasantness in any of my trips here, now or ever. She left at midnight. She looked much better than the last time I met her with her brother in Kiev in 1957. She would have stayed there talking to me until morning if the night DEZHURNA (clerk in charge) hadn't knocked on the door and said "TIME TO LEAVE. WE ARE CLOSING UP".

Mrs. Friedman, Mr. Yamposky's sister, came with a man and woman, a Jewish married couple. She is a VRATCH (doctor) and he is a teacher. She is originally from Minsk. Mrs. Friedman kept on saying to "SPEAK JEWISH", while he contradicted her by saying, "SPEAK RUSSIAN. DON'T BE AFRAID". I opened all the doors of the

room and closets to convince her that no one else is here but it didn't convince her. The married couple kept on displaying their Chinese-made topcoats of gabardine, and I must admit they were better made and of better material then the domestic.

ALMA ATA, Tuesday, May 19, 1959.

Was up at 5:30, Loafed a while, then shaved and packed. The two R's and one B were likewise ready. Left for the airport at 7:40. Time flies pretty fast. Our baggage was attended to by Intourist and was checked for all five of us together, since some had more and some less weight than allowed. This was smart on the part of Intourist, whose people are trying their best to be of service. I took all the checks for the baggage to make sure they don't get lost, for Mr. B. has the habit of forgetting things in his room, in the car or in eating places.

We were ushered into the dining room of the airport, but they had nothing that we wanted. I ordered hot milk, coffee and dry toast, but the dry toast was full of butter. So, no breakfast. But we will not starve. We will be served twice on the plane with light ZAKUZKAS (snacks). We had to check our hats and coats to be able to get into the dining room. The flight was called and to the plane we were led by the airport GLAVNI (attendant in charge). The plane door closed at 10 minutes to the hour. One of the three uniformed stewardesses, a pretty baby doll, but not dolled up, announced the details of the new IL 18 and all other details as is usually announced on U.S.A planes. She introduced the Captain and the rest of the crew, told us to fasten our belts and no smoking. The electric signs announced the same, and without further ceremonies, we started to the runway. Were off the ground in no time. Candy to chew was handed out. This plane is quite a departure from the IL 12 or 14. The seating is arranged three and two. Shelves overhead on both sides, on which one can place anything that will fit there. It surely is not trimmed or decorated like our big planes, but as I was told by the Intourist man who brought us here, they have many new models of planes, they can't keep up with styles and sizes and the number of passengers they will carry. I imagine they are really trying to take us over or get ahead of us in this seven year plan, regardless of need or cost. The important thing is to get ahead of the U.S.A.

A feature in this plane, which I find an improvement over the U.S.A. planes, is the individual reading lights which are adjustable, not fixed, and each row of seats is parallel with the windows. The window curtains work better and the tables fit better and slide into the seats easier.

After two hours in the air and after refusing the caviar, sweet coffee, bread, sandwiches and cutlet with fried potatoes, I thought it was time to look over the situation, examine the plane, its construction and its facilities for the comfort of the passengers.

The plane has four turbo-prop motors of a size I hadn't

seen. The distance between Alma Ata and Moscow, 3500 Milometres or about 2600 miles, is flown non-stop in five hours fifty minutes. Seating capacity is 102, plus 5 in the cockpit and three hostesses. The cockpit is large and roomy. A baggage and coat room at the door opening, a twenty-seven seat compartment which is very noisy, a galley from which the food is served, a seventy-five seat compartment with racks overhead, another baggage compartment and two toilets. These are clean but poorly outfitted. Very little clothes or baggage is carried by the natives - only by American tourists. No makeup space is necessary for either native male of female. The plane wasn't stunk up with cigar or cigarette smoke in spite of the fact that smoking is permitted. The hostesses paid good attention to the passengers and were't hiding in the washroom to smoke, puff and powder their noses or rouge their faces and makeup every so often. Their uniforms weren't bursting at the seams to DISPLAY THEIR HAVE OR HAVE-NOTS ALL OVER THEIR BODIES.

The seats, three and two, were comfortable even if not fitted out with the best cover material. The rugs on the floor were likewise cheap compared to a Golden Falcon DC 7 or any other plane of the same class. The food surely was not of the same class and quality we get on a first-class SAS or BOAC flight, but these flights are strictly for domestic consumption. The bottom of the plane is used to carry heavy freight. The cost of a ticket from Alma Ata to Moscow was 825 rubles or $42.50 for tourists, which is very cheap for the distance which compares with close to $200.00 for about the same distance from New York to California, in less flying time here, than on a DC7 non-stop.

We were flying straight Northwest. I couldn't see what is below since we are too high. It looked like rolling country. Will not fly over Novirosisk but over the Urals. Wanted to look at a flying map, and the baby doll said she didn't have any, but when I winked at her and said "NE MOZHNA VIDEET" (We can't look at one), she smiled and said "DAA" (yes, you are correct). It was smooth flying all the way. Twice we were served light refreshments. No fruit or champagne or hard drinks. There was no running around in the plane, or standing in the aisles and chewing the rag, talking aloud so that the other passengers should know your business, as is usual on the flight to or from Miami. My California companion and I dozed a few times. He was drawing some kind of pictures, of which he had a book full, and a pack full of different colored pencils.

Arrived in Moscow at 11:20 Moscow time or 35 minutes ahead. Mr. and Mrs. R. were met by an Embassy Ford, 1958. We were picked up by an Intourist car and drove to the National Hotel.

There were more two-motor jets, TU 104 and four-motor IL 18 and Ukraine IL 120s with double propeller on each shaft, plus many many IL 12 and 14 and DC 3 type planes at the airport than I ever saw anywhere, including the U.S.A. But there were no war planes in sight.

The main highway is now much wider and is pretty smooth. The three hundred foot wide main street leading to the airport highway was broken up and difficult to drive on which I was here with J.L. last year, but is now finished. New apartment houses line both sides of this tree planted boulevard and extend deep into the side streets as far as one can see. THIS IS BEYOND A DOUBT THE LARGEST SINGLE HOUSING DEVELOPMENT IN THE WORLD ON A COMPLETE COMMUNITY PLAN.

There are kindergartens, schools, theatres, libraries, playgrounds, stores for all kinds of goods. Here they don't sell ladies' undies in a drug store. Food stuff is found in a Gostranom. And so on. Except that in a large department store one can pick what one wants of anything, like in the GUM Store. But here, too, the departments are separated. I was rather surprised that a guide was not immediately assigned me. They must have thought I can take care of myself by now.

My Room 228-230 at the National on the fourth floor, is a deluxe apartment; two rooms, bath and foyer, but so different from previous years and different from all the hotels I stopped in on this trip. The entire interior of this GOSTINITSA (hotel) was done over from soup to nuts, including the electric wiring which is now UNEXPOSED. New light fixtures, too; the bathroom done over in white tile up to the ceiling; clean floors and rubber mats. Toilet paper in roll. Soap in a soap dish, and a light over the mirror and a glass shelf. There is new furniture, new drapes of light weight material, not the heavy red velvet or plush curtains they had before.

I was hungry, went down to the restaurant which is on the second floor. Here, too, the place was completely done over, including chandeliers. The dining room was crowded. Quite a few Americans here. They can be recognized, especially the women, by their dress, their smoking and make-up and the difficulty they have in getting the waiter to understand what they want to eat.

Met a delegation of over twenty people from greater Dade County, (Miami), who stop at the Leningradsky Hotel, but are dining here because they have a date with the big K. at 3:30 in the Kremlin around the corner. They couldn't include me, because it is too late to register me. They are flying from here to Budapest. Hope they will make peace between the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R.

After lunch, I went to SAS office to try to change my return ticket to the 21st instead of the 26th. The Intourist agent didn't want to do it. I didn't want to get up again at 6:00 and fly a jet from Moscow to Stockholm and stay there the whole day and leave at 9 P.M. to get to New York at 8:30 A.M., when I can leave Moscow by SAS DC 7C at 5:45 P.M. and arrive in New York at 6:05 A.M. Didn't want to go window shopping or bargain hunting. Didn't intend to bring gifts to anybody anywhere. I can do this in New York. Bought plenty of Moscow labels to stick on anything I may want to give to anybody after I buy it in a New York store for 1/2 the price. The SAS chief told me to attend to my business,

he will arrange things my way.

I didn't want to ask for permission to go to Gorki for I was afraid they would grant it; I didn't want to go now. Was anxious to return to the U.S.A. for many reasons. A male guide was given to me for this afternoon only. Ordered a ticket for my California friend and myself to the New Moyseef Troup at the Tchykowsky Music Hall for this evening. Went to look for a record store to buy certain folk songs and music, and then to antique stores. Just to look. Maybe I will find something that will attract my fancy and buy it for Dr. S's home for the favor he did me when he got tickets for me to see the Bolshoi Ballet twice in New York. Bought eight records, but out of luck with anything else. Was surprised at the crowds in the stores, especially at the GUM. Wanted to buy a certain record - "MALTCHIK OT GETHO" (a kid from the Ghetto), which I heard in Kiev. The mobs here are greater than at Klein's at a SPECIAL SALE.

It was time to leave for the theatre when I returned from looking around. A car was waiting to drive us to the theatre. It will also call for us after the show.

This is the first time I have been at this theatre. If the seats were only soft, it would then be one of the best seating arranged theatres I have been to. For no matter where one sits, he can see everything on the stage. It is a different style, different ceiling, different stage. It must be wonderful to attend an orchestra concert here, for it was built for that purpose. Big Boss K. attended the show tonight. He was in one of the boxes without an ovation.

I thoroughly enjoyed the show. The dancing was excellent.

Dinner at 11:00 sure tasted good. The orchestra played, but it would have been much nicer if they didn't.

Returned to my room, prepared all the things I am go give to my niece here who didn't let me know if she will see me. Will remain after this clean-up with one shirt, one pair of socks, one pair of pants, one pair of shorts, one tie, one jacket - just the things I have on me. I never had more than one pair of Jap shoes with me throughout this entire trip.

MOSCOW, Wednesday, May 20, 1959.

Breakfast at 8:30. My new guide is a baby doll who doesn't want to speak Russian. Drove to Lenin Hills. I wanted to see the double deck bridge they started to build last year connecting the U with the Stadium and concert hall. When we reached the bridge she said, "THIS IS IT. SHALL WE DRIVE OVER TO THE UNIVERSITY?" I was sure surprised because of the speed with which this job was completed. We then drove through the new housing development in that Section, which is so gigantic that only seeing is believing and I am now seeing what I couldn't believe possible. I visited the same spot eleven months ago.

Here they are building new apartments with garages under the ground floor, which is about four feet above ground level, and two cars to a stall, or eighty cars to a building at the two

buildings I inspected. This, of course, is preparing for future needs.

I don't know if these houses will last until the time when the garages get filled with privately owned cars. But it is a good plan to plan ahead a hope. Quantity surely gets preference to quality here.

Passed the home of J. Rubin's uncle, but he wasn't in.

Returned to lunch at one. Got my ticket from Intourist, and a ticket for Cinerama for eight tonight. Sent telegrams to MMB and Miami that will arrive Friday. Packed all things ready to give to my niece, whom I expected momentarily. A Moscow news reporter called. Arranged to see him at 9:00 P.M. A Radio Moscow reporter called twice; would like to see me. Made a date for Thursday at 8:45 P.M. Went to buy a Russian map and to GUM store again. Wanted to look at a samovar, a small one, electrically equipped. They had cheap ones made of metal. Am certain I can buy a better one on Allen Street in New York for half the price, put on a Moscow label and fool myself.

At 3:00 P.M. I visited with the head of the film industry. Wanted to buy Russian films I saw in New York, so that I can show them at home. They will write me full details.

It started to rain and this made the GUM store more crowded. It gave me a chance to waste more time looking for bargains.

Was late for the theatre. Had to run up three floors. This was a brand new place built especially for Panorama. The picture can be seen from any place here. No space was taken up in the orchestra for the three camera booths. These were overhead. The seating arrangement was perfect, but the seats were hard. The idea of building this theatre this way was wonderful and even the sound recording was perfect. There were two voices explaining the scenes, a male and a female. The voices came from different sides of the theatre. So did the music. The subjects of the picture was, of course, Russian.

When I returned to my room, the phone rang. Sister Sima is in town and is coming over. I was hungry and tired and didn't expect her, but will never say no to her. Grabbed a quick bite and back to my room where she was already waiting for me with my niece and her daughter. I started hugging and kissing anew with all three. As this was going on, B. Rubin, J. Rubin's uncle, knocked on the door. I had written him twice and left my card in the door of his home. Now he came at this late hour and I still have a date for 11:30 tonight with the Moscow News Reporter.

Sima's visit was the surprise of the evening and the whole trip. She wrote a letter to me but wanted to deliver it in person. Now she has no place to stay overnight. I got her a room. Spoke to my people and to Rubin. Asked them to forgive me. Sima is to come tomorrow at 11:00, Rubin at 12:00.

The reporter came to my room at 12, for one hour. THIS COST ME TWO TIES. I still had time to take a hot bath in a clean tub, which made me sleep better.

MOSCOW, Thursday, May 21, 1959

Up at six. Didn't sleep well. Breakfast in my room. Radio Moscow man walked in at 8:45 and brought a tape recording of the statements I made and my answers given to his questions as follows:-

STATEMENT BY MR. KIPNIS AT INTERVIEW BY LEV SEMEAV
of RADIO MOSCOW FOR NORTH AMERICAN SERVICE.

Q. "Mr. Kipnis, I understand that you are returning to the U.S.A. tomorrow. I would like to have you make a statement and answer a few questions which will be broadcast this evening by Radio Moscow to North American. Will you please introduce yourself."

A. "My name is Samuel Kipnis. I am a retired businessman. I had thirty-two plants all over the U.S.A. Sold my business in 1956 and am now traveling. I have been in the U.S.S.R four times in four years, since 1956. I am primarily interested in coming here not only to see my relatives who number close to fifty persons, who live in Minsk, Kiev and Moscow, but I am extremely anxious to see the progress made here from year to year as the years go by.

I was pleasantly surprised to see the progress with my own eyes because not only is this progress made in the construction of plants and buildings and housing, of which I know only through reading it in the N.Y. Times, and seeing some of it on my trips here, but there seems to have been much progress in science, and education. The faces of the people seem to be much happier each year I come here. They dress better. The places of amusement are filled to capacity, such as theatres, parks, exhibitions, summer vacation places, restaurants where people dance and enjoy themselves. Your libraries and bookstores are always crowded with readers and book buyers. Your stores of all kinds are crowded and your sports places are likewise filled at every performance."

Q. "What is the attitude of Americans toward the Russian people?"

A. "Most Americans that come here for a few days are not quite happy and satisfied, especially the women, because they are not used to the accommodations they get here. Those Americans who have been here before, accept these accommodations because they know that the Intourist people are doing the best with the facilities they have. But those American tourists and again, especially the women, who do not understand the situation here, are disappointed. They expected the comfort and convenience of a first-class New York or Miami Hotel. These tourists, men and women, should be informed of what they will have in accommodations before they leave the States. But those tourists, like me and the many Americans I had the pleasure of meeting in the U.S.S.R

on my last four visits, were having a wonderful time seeing the things they wanted to see."

Q. "What have you seen here?"

A. "I have seen everything I wanted to see each year I came here."

Q. "What other cities have you been to on your four visits here?"

A. "I have visited Leningrad, Moscow, Minsk, Kiev, Odessa, Karkov, Stalingrad, Rostov on Don, Sochi, Tbilisi, Tashkent, Samarkand and Alma Ata. I hope that my next trip to the U.S.S.R. will be an extensive one. I believe that I have seen pretty nearly everything time permitted me to see and enjoyed everything I saw, from the Bolshoi Ballet to the Volga Dam and Electric Station. I spent much time at your Moscow and Kiev Agricultural exhibit but not enough to satisfy me completely. I shall do this on my next trip. If your government would send me a round-trip ticket free, I may come back this year." (Radio Moscow wouldn't or couldn't do it.)

Q. "What is the main impression produced in this country by your coming from the U.S.A.?"

A. "Many Americans I met here were favorably impressed with the friendship of the people here and with all and everything they saw, especially those Americans who understand what happened to your country since 1914. Two destructive world wars and one domestic war 1917 to 1920. I was particularly impressed with the restoration work your government is doing on old relics, some dating back to B.C. times, in Tashkent and Samarkand and in many other places all over your country."

Q. "My last question will be: What do you think of the prospect for future visits of Americans to U.S.S.R. and what do you think of the usefulness of such visits?"

A. "I have unhesitatingly expressed my opinion to all the people I spoke with here and in the States: that if we in the States would or could send a million or more people to visit the U.S.S.R. and include some Senators and Congressmen and other high officials and dignitaries, and permit the U.S.S.R. to do likewise, that would help bring understanding, confidence and peace and real friendship between our people and our leaders of both the greatest countries in the world, the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. The desire of the people of both our countries will hasten this. I want to make this last statement: I surely have no complaint against the U.S.A. because I came there a poor immigrant and made a phenomenal success, and I don't intend to live anywhere else, but I know that all the peace-loving people in the U.S.A. and all over the world are praying that peace, confidence and friendship be established between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. and then peace will reign all over

the world."

"Thank you, Mr. Kipnis, I agree with you."

He will bring the recorded tape later so I may take it with me. Sister Sima saved me the job of going to the Post Office to send away the parcel I made up. She will take it. I decided to give her my shaving kit, too. I didn't have time to go anywhere. Sister Sima talked to me for an hour. Then Rubin came up. Went to lunch at 1:30. Returned at 2:30.

Sima will be happier now, for we have decided a new plan for her. She sure is some CHICKEN AT SEVENTY-FIVE. She can out-talk, out-walk and out-work many younger women I know. I didn't want her to come to the airport with me, so I left her in my room for a while, while I bid goodbye to all the Americans and Intourist staff. Had a conference with Mr. Ruguf, the assistant manager of Intourist here. Made certain recommendations about American tourists in their lands, especially about the fancy female tourist, who are characters in a class by themselves.

Returned to my room. Sima, Rosa and I each picked up a bag. They had more than I had. I was glad Sima came.

1. She saved me the trouble of going to the Post Office to have them wrap up in burlap the packages I had made ready to sent to her.

2. I didn't know to whom to send it, for she is my distributing agent for my relatives.

3. She looks so much like our Mother that I call her Mama most of the time.

4. She is really smart and, as someone I know would say, stingy too. Figures everything out to a T. Like me.

5. She has pure, white, silvery hair, combed back, that looks so nice on her.

6. I like to hear her baby me as if I were her youngest child and keeps on advising me to take care of myself because all of them need me; that I am the kindest, most considerate person in the world to think so much of them and work so hard for them

7. That I am very smart and surely analyze the situation between America and U.S.S.R. correctly.

It was difficult to part. Who knows if we will ever meet again, even if the world is shrinking and one day, very soon, a non-stop flight between New York and Moscow will take eight hours. Maybe next year. The British are starting jet flights from London to Moscow in 2½ hours and 5-3/4 hours from New York to London. This is certain, but life is not so certain, especially at our late days. Yes, I was glad she came to Moscow, if only for a few hour.

It was time to leave for the airport. I led them out to the street. She threw her arms around me. I lifted her up to kiss her smack on the lips. Her eyes were shining with tears, but no crying. Kissed my niece, Rosa, too, and asked them to walk away and not wait until I get in the car. Had quite a crowd watching the performance. I got away fast without seeing where they went, for I didn't want to feel this may be the last time, the last look.

Her parting words were, "MAY PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP REIGN BETWEEN ALL PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY BETWEEN YOUR AND OUR PEOPLE. THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANY MORE WAR. WE HAD TOO MUCH OF IT."

Left for the airport. Had nothing to check in or report, no customs examination. Was escorted by my buide to SAS plane DC 7C, which was the only four-motor propeller-type plane on this field. The others were all airflot jets, twenty of them, and some IL 18s. I don't know why they need so many. The guide bid me goodbye with; "BE SURE TO COME BACK SOON, BUT NOT LATER THAN NEXT YEAR IN MAY".

We left promptly at 5:45 P.M. Moscow time, 3:45 Copenhagen time, 10:45 P.M. New York DST.

I was traveling economy class which is $185.00 less than first class, between Copenhagen and New York and probably $250.00 between Moscow and New York. The only difference between these two classes is free drinks and one extra piece of meat or fruit, a curtain that separates this compartment from the other and a sign that reads FIRST CLASS. That wasn't worth the difference, for I had two seats and a window to myself.

Couldn't see anything below because we flew over the clouds until we passed Riga and the Captain announced that we just left Soviet Union territory, "NOW YOU CAN TAKE PICTURES."

Arrived in Copenhagen, Denmark at 7:30 P.M. Was told in Moscow that my flight to New York #911 makes one stop in Glasgow and arrives in New York at 9:30 A.M. the next day. I wanted to get away on a non-stop. Human beings are funny. Here I was away for twenty-five days and now three hours is too long to wait. After making inquiry, I was told that #911 is non-stop and arrives in New York at 6:30 A.M. It is the other flight that stops in Glasgow.

Didn't want to eat here as I expect a good meal on the plane. Walked around show case shopping. Bought five bottles of White Label Scotch at $3.00 per bottle, tax free (some people will buy anything as long as it is a bargain) and some perfume. Now I have some baggage to lug along.

Left at 9:45 P.M. or 4:45 N.Y. time. Was served a meager meal. Asked for an apple or orange. The Steward replied: "WE CAN'T GIVE IT TO YOU, EVEN IF YOU PAY FOR IT. IT IS AGAINST THE RULES OF THE INTERNATIONAL AIR LINE CONFERENCE."

I certainly didn't want to assume the responsibility of committing such a crime or cause a price war between the overseas air lines. So I swallowed my pride and that was the end of the fruit for tonight.

Had two seats for myself right in the rear of the cockpit. It was quiet and I could catch up on this diary.

Slept for about five hours. At 7:30 A.M. or 3:30 N.Y. time, we were served breakfast. Juice, ham, rolls and coffee. When we left Copenhagen, the full moon was watching over us from the East, now it's the same full moon but it is lighting our way from the West. We just touched the tip of New foundland, and at this moment

which is 4:20 A.M. N.Y. DST, it is foggy and bumpy. We arrived in N.Y. at 6:30 A.M., a thirteen hour flight.

And so ended this, my 1959 trip to England, Poland and an EXTENSIVE TRIP IN THE SOVIET UNION.

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MY RESUME OF THIS TRIP:-

I enjoyed the few hours in England with the Isaacs family. I felt a real warm friendship between us.

The Warsaw visit? The only things I wanted to see there was the now world-famous WARSAW GHETTO that lies ruined with tens of thousands of Jews buried alive or killed in a manner never heard of before in our civilization, and only an insane Hitler with his Hordes of beasts, could have committed such horrible crimes - not only against the Jews but against civilization itself. Nothing else was of interest to me, for I know now, as I always suspected that Poland is fertile ground for anti-Semitism.

My visit to Minsk and Kiev, which was the chief reason for my trip to the U.S.S.R. is priceless from any standpoint. I spent the four days with my relatives, including taking them all to the circus (except the two and a half hours that I spent alone at the Kiev Ballet). I enjoyed both shows, especially the circus where I sat between Sima and her husband. Her eyes sparkled with joy all the time.

The visit to Sochi was marred by bad weather. I would have stayed there a few days more if Nature hadn't play a dirty wet trick on me. It proved to me WHAT A GOVERNMENT CAN DO FOR ALL ITS PEOPLE, IF IT CARES FOR THEM. I don't think there is a more beautiful summer place the whole year around anywhere in the world, including the French or Italian Riviera.

The Central Government is spending a fortune to make Sochi a HEAVEN ON EARTH for its workers. It is so different from any of our so-called summer places that there is just no comparison.

Here are already built tremendous sanatoriums, health institutions, mineral cure places (baths). a beautiful railroad station, a port and a playground on the water and in parks, all for the workers.

I hope to go there again and stay longer, with someone who can help me take in all there is to see. It's the garden spot of the land. The drive from Sochi to Adler (the airport for Sochi) is picturesque and reminds one of the famous Burma Road.

STALINGRAD:

I didn't see all I wanted to see at the VOLGA DAM AND ELECTRIC STATION. It was too much walking and it is too huge to see in one day. I was amazed again to see so many young women performing so many difficult tasks. Wherever I looked I saw women, and some very pretty ones, in their work clothes, without girdles. I hope to visit this place after it is completed. I was told to come in September 1960 and I will see a completed job. Also saw a destroyed city completely rebuilt and it has everything a modern city needs to include it in our civilized world.

TBILISI GRUZIA:

This is a different land with a different language. A new city and an old city divided by a river. Both sections of the city are surrounded by very high mountains and it is picturesque at night, looking down from the terrace of the restaurant on top of a mountain. It takes about thirty minutes to drive up the mountain by car and five minutes by funicular or overhead cable car. The contrast between the old and new city and the additions being built to the new city are so great that one wonders how people can live together and be so far apart. It is quite a busy city.

Culture in the full sense of its meaning is to be found here. Libraries, opera house, theatre, movies, concerts, parks, flowers, restaurants - indoor and outdoor, research institutes, universities, schools, etc., two languages - but no saloons. They have bookstores instead.

It is worth a trip by American people who are willing to sacrifice their high standards of comfort for a few days, of a much lower standard, if they want to learn how civilization and culture is in the making by people who were primitives only a few years ago.

TASHKENT: UZBEKESTAN :

Another different people, with different habits, language and even clothes, also an old and a new city with a much greater contrast between the two but the same cultural ambitions, same institutions, same friendliness - even if it is much more backward. The past is much more pronounced, especially among the older people.

SAMARKAND: UZBEKESTAN :

Same as Tashkent except that it has relics from many years B.C. Worth seeing and wondering how they ever built such precious things in those days.

A visit for two days is enough - if only to see these relics and the amount the Central Government spends to restore and preserve them.

ALMA ATA: KAZAKSTAN:

Because of its nearness to China and Mongolia, the population here is a mixture of the Russians, Kozaks, Mongolians and some Chinese. It is at the foothills of the Tjan Shan Mountains which are always covered with snow and make it a picturesque site. It is a growing city of over 400,000 people. During the Hitler drive into Russia, many Ukrainian and White Russian Jews were evacuated to this city and remained there.

Much is being done here by the government to make it an important center. Jets fly from here non-stop to Moscow and this means a lot. It is worth making a trip here in August, when it becomes "the land of milk and honey". The size of this republic, or as I could call it, the Kazak state, of the fifteen states comprising the Soviet Union, is five times the size of France and

three times the size of Texas. It has plenty of fertile ground to be cultivated into a large bread and fruit basket.

The different races live in peace with each other including with the various Jewish people.

MOSCOW:

I believe that this is not only the capital of the U.S.S.R. but it acts as if it was the capital of the world. It talks to every part of the world in languages its listeners understand and at the peoper time - like to North America at 6:30 and 9:30 P.M. in a very clear voice and good English. If it is music they play, it is good music, not trash, like the music of Voice of America to which I have listened a few times.

This is a big city, a busy city and some day will be the largest in territory and population. It has culture, museums, libraries, bookstores, scientific institutions, modern transportation and many other things that make for a large modern city. Besides world politics, many great developments are expected to come out of local institutions of learning - if there will be peace in this world of ours.

I thoroughly enjoyed my time there.

My suggestion to all the people, especially the fancy ladies who wish to make a trip to the U.S.S.R., is to acquaint themselves with the accommodations in each city they plan to visit. For not each city has the same hotel or food conveniences. If they are not willing to accept the consequences, then they better not go. This is, besides the fact that they should know in advance that their FANCY SHMANCY ways and habits at home are not appreciated by the Russians. This will make them very uncomfortable.

High-heeled shoes and much of the makeup jars and bottles can be left at home. A pencil and paper is at times much more useful than a tight skirt or an arm bedecked with jewelry or a mink coat. For those who are not interested in seeing relics in Central Asia, they should visit the following cities; Leningrad, Moscow, Kiev, Odessa, and if possible, Sochi, in the latter months of the year - August, September and October. There is enough of everything in the first three cities to satisfy anybody's curiosity and taste FROM THE FINEST ART TO THE LOWEST STANDARD OF LIVING.

Make certain that the agent who makes up the tour knows what he is talking about, for sometimes a toilet without toilet paper or a bath without hot water can be more uncomfortable and annoying than a hard bed or a meal without fruit, meat or vegetables.

Besides enjoying every city and place I went to, I left U.S.S.R. with the satisfaction of knowing every waiter or waitress or cab man or door man or chambermaid didn't look at me after each service with an expression on their faces that meant THEY WERE READY TO KILL ME OR CALL ME NAMES THAT AREN"T IN WEBSTERS DICTIONARY BECAUSE MY TIP WASN'T ENOUGH TO SATISFY THEM. Tips are not expected in the U.S.S.R and are usually refused.

I am thoroughly convinced that the Soviet Government is not going to pieces as some of our diplomats wish it to be. It is wishful thinking on their part. It would be much better for all of us in the whole world and especially in the U.S.A. THAT WE KNOW THE TRUTH.

I saw many more passenger jet planes on one airport than we have in all the U.S.A., also many of the new IL 18 and Ukraine eight propeller planes than we have. They surely aren't fitted out as fancy as our DC 7 but they do fly five hundred miles per hour, as I did from Alma Ata to Moscow.

I observed during the many visits I made to the U.S.S.R. that:-

1. I never heard sirens such as we hear in New York from firetrucks, ambulances or motorcycles accompanying dignataries or just ordinary politicians.

2. The streets are cleaner in any town or city I visited in the U.S.S.R. than in any other city in any other lands I've been to. Machine sweepers and women sweeping with twig brooms are constantly on the job. This includes sweeping airport slabs near the airport building.

3. I made a special study of the people walking in the streets, riding in the subways, in the theatres and restaurants, dining or dancing. They surely don't compare in style or class with those I met at the Plaza or Pierre or Waldorf or Metropolitan Opera or any other swanky joint where an evening costs a right arm, but I did notice that the people here have a real enjoyable time no matter wherever they were and their behavior was nicer than most of the people I met in our swanky places. Everything was more wholesome, more genuine, even if I couldn't sit out the whole evening because of the hard seats.

I met many people in the streets of New York and in the subway stations and trains and saloons and hang-out coffee-joints that I wouldn't change for the shabby people I met in most of the cities I visited in the Soviet Union and this goes for the English, too.

4. Women: When, someday in the future, when historians will write about WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE SOVIET UNION SINCE 1917, they will write that the women in the Soviet Union had a great and important share in every phase of it, from sweeping streets to being members of the Presidium.

I saw them sweep streets with twig brooms and with sweeping machines; mix concrete by hand and by machine, lay bricks, operate derricks, drive electric tramways, electric hoists in constructing houses, factories and dams, set up turbines; as farmers, scientists, doctors of all kinds, supervisors of institutions, guides in every language and covering every profession. Many of them do the kind of work that would be almost impossible for a man to perform. I saw all these things done by women. I couldn't honestly say that it is slave labor, for most of them seem proud of their accomplishments.

I saw a slim young woman in Kiev wearing a Lenin Medal on her

chest with a proud expression on her face I thought she must have fired the first Sputnik. When I asked why she got the Lenin Medal I was told the was THE BEST COW MILKER IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY.

5. The U.S.S.R. is like a huge corporation. It has over two hundred million stockholders. All citizens of the fifteen Republics comprising the U.S.S.R. work for it. It holds stock (maybe controlling) in the satellite countries. It manufactures everything for, and sells it to, its stockholders at a fixed price anywhere and everywhere in its lands...in its largest stores or Kiosks (booth or stand), plus exporting its products all over the world at any price it sees fit. It can under-sell anybody if it wants to, for its own reasons, and regardless of its domestic prices to its stockholders. It sells to its stockholders from a shoe shine or a box of matches to the largest electric generator.

It deals with its stockholders as individuals and as trusts. It practices decentralization in all its activities, political, industrial and educational. The plans are formulated from the top and are carried out by plant heads or supervisors appointed for that purpose. Everything they do is after a plan, not for profit only. It is a planned economy.

It was a land of illiteracy only forty years ago. Now it is almost one hundred percent literate. Everybody has a job, with pensions for males at the age of sixty and females at fifty-five. Males and females have equality in every activity; vacations with pay, free medical care. Females get two months vacation with pay before childbirth and two months after childbirth, with all medical care free, including hospital and medicine.

It has some of the largest and best equipped universities, science institutions, literature and art theatre for the drama, music and ballet and sports stadium.

It has undertaken to construct the largest housing development in the world. It operates the largest state farms in the world, with the most modern equipment and is also presently constructing the largest water power electric generating dams in the world. It operates the largest individually owned AIRFLOT (airline), which will soon consist of jets only, and this goes for every phase of heavy and consumer goods.

These things were accomplished at the expense of the stockholders by harder work, longer hours, shabby clothes and bad living quarters, shortage of food and luxuries. More investments, no dividends on bonds and a containment program initiated by one of our Presidents and carried on to extremes. It takes a lot of planning and thinking and again planning. I get scared when I think of what it takes to accomplish all this in one company.

I also believe that there will not be any war now or later, because there isn't anyone crazy enough on either side to start one. WE and THEY know the consequences. And THEY sure know

what war means, for THEY'VE HAD PLENTY OF WARS, WE DIDN'T.

I believe that they should be watched as our greatest potential competitor and we should plan our political and economic life accordingly.

I hope to live long enough to see permanent peace, understanding and confidence between the U.S.A and the U.S.S.R for the sake of all the people all over the world.



SAMUEL KIPNIS

Samuel Kipnis, whom we are honoring here tonight, began the career that made him one of America's industrial giants, as a baby-sitter in New York.

This unusual beginning to a Horatio Alger career, started when he arrived in this country as a young, penniless Russian immigrant in 1903. He found a relative in New York, who gave him a place in which to live, in return for baby-sitting services.

Within two weeks, however, he was working at "zero dollars a week" as an apprentice in a paper box factory. After two weeks at that salary, he was "raised" to five dollars a week.

In 1907, he switched fields, and began selling industrial insurance in the gas light district of New York, walking up and down floors to make ten cent weekly premium collections. He learned to run by dodging snow balls hurled at him as he made his winter rounds, and, to this day, his friends still ask him, "what makes Sammy run?"

In 1912, Mr. Kipnis and some associates founded their own paper box business in a basement. In 1917, they "expanded" into a bigger basement, and, again, in 1919, into still another "bigger basement." In 1924, they moved into a five story building on Eleventh Avenue in New York. In 1928, Mr. Kipnis merged four companies into the National Container Corporation. In 1956, after twenty-eight years as president of the National Container Corporation, which was then doing $115,000,000 a year in business, operating thirty-two plants in the United States, with offices in every major city, National merged with Owens-Illnois Glass Company. Because of his vast business experience and dynamic know-how, he was elected as a Director of Owens-Illinois. Mr. Kipnis, though in semi-retirement, is still "running," engaged in various business activities, and is retained by Owens-Illinois as Consultant.

Sam Kipnis never forgot his humble origin. He and his firm have contributed generously to nearly every community drive in cities where their plants were located. They donated a pool to the YMCA, and built a new lobby for the YWCA, both in Jacksonville. He is a Founder of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, and through his company, consistently supported, in substantial amounts, the United Jewish Appeal, Israel Bonds and other numerous worthy causes in Israel and the United States. His outstanding contributions to community efforts have earned him the high esteem and gratitude of his fellow man.

That's the story of Samuel Kipnis — baby-sitter, industrial giant, and philanthropist.

Testimonial Dinner

Honoring

Samuel Kipnis

Distinguished American Industrialist

who will receive

The First Annual Miami Medal

For his dedicated efforts to promote

the health and welfare of his fellow man

Tendered by

The Florida Committee for JCRS-American Medical Center

at Denver

Tuesday, April Twenty Second

six o'clock

DUPONT PLAZA HOTEL

Three Hundred Biscayne Boulevard Way

Miami, Florida

Guest Speaker

Cong. James Roosevelt

Chairman, National Development Committee

SPEECH BY SAMUEL KIPNIS AT A TESTIMONIAL DINNER HONORING HIM AS A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN INDUSTRIALIST ON APRIL 22nd,1959

MR. CHAIRMAN, HONORABLE GUESTS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AND FRIENDS.

LET ME FIRST REPRIMAND CHAIRMAN LEBOW FOR HIS REMARK THAT HE THINKS THE FOOD WE JUST ATE IS GOOD AFTER HE ATE IT. ISN'T HE SURE IT WAS GOOD? SOME OF YOU FOLKS KNOW THAT I HAVE A LITTLE MONEY INVESTED IN THIS PLACE AND I KNOW THAT THE VERY BEST OF EVERYTHING IS SERVED HERE. I ASK YOU, WAS THE FOOD GOOD?

PLEASE DON'T TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS IN NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO AND ELSEWHERE THAT I HAVE AN INTEREST IN THIS HOTEL BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO BE ASKED FOR ROOM ACCOMMODATIONS IN SEASON. TELL THEM TO MAKE RESERVATIONS NOW FOR THE SEASON.

MAYOR OKA OF MIAMI BEACH JUST LEFT TO ADDRESS A MEETING ON THE BEACH. HE DIDN'T TELL YOU THAT IT WAS A MEETING OF THE YWCA, HE THOUGHT HE WILL SEE THERE BETTER LOOKING GIRLS THAN WE HAVE HERE. WILL HE BE DISAPPOINTED.

YOU HEARD FROM THE PREVIOUS SPEAKERS ABOUT THE WONDERFUL WORK DONE BY THE "AMERICAN MEDICAL CENTER" AT DENVER. I WILL THEREFORE, NOT SPEND ANY MORE OF YOUR PRECIOUS TIME ON THIS SUBJECT. THEY KNOW MUCH MORE ABOUT THIS INSTITUTION THAN I WILL EVER KNOW.

BUT, I WILL TALK A FEW MINUTES ABOUT MYSELF. THE WONDER BOY FROM A BABY SITTER TO A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN INDUSTRIALIST. I NEVER MET THE CONGRESSMAN FROM THE 14TH DISTRICT OHIO, WHO IS HERE PINCH HITTING FOR OUR JIM ROOSEVELT, ALSO A CONGRESSMAN, FROM CALIFORNIA, AN ARDENT SUPPORTER OF THIS GREAT INSTITUTION. HE COULDN'T BE HERE BECAUSE OF ILLNESS.

THE OHIO CONGRESSMAN NEVER MET ME EITHER, BUT HE SURE MADE A WONDERFUL SPEECH ABOUT ME. WHERE DID HE FIND OUT ALL ABOUT ME IN A FEW MINUTES. I TOO WOULD LIKE TO MEET THAT PERSON SO THAT I CAN GET THE REST OF THE STORY ABOUT SAM KIPNIS, THE WONDER BOY.

IT'S NICE TO HAVE FRIENDS WHO NEVER MET ME OR KNOW ABOUT ME, LIKE MR. LEWIS, WHO WORKS FOR THE AMERICAN MEDICAL CENTER AT DENVER, THAT NEEDS FINANCIAL SUPPORT. HE WAS LOOKING FOR AN INDIVIDUAL THAT WAS WILLING TO BE HONORED BY BEING THE HONORED GUEST AT A TESTIMONIAL DINNER AND TO RECEIVE A MEDAL "FOR HIS DEDICATED EFFORTS TO PROMOTE THE HEALTH AND WELFARE OF HIS FELLOW MAN". SO HE PICKED SAMUEL KIPNIS, THE "WONDER BOY", THE "DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN INDUSTRIALIST". IF IT WASN'T FOR THE PICTURE PUBLISHED IN THE NEWSPAPER THAT RESEMBLES ME, WHICH WAS TAKEN OF ME 16 YEARS AGO AND IF MY NAME WASN'T MENTIONED IN THE HORATIO ALGER STORIES PUBLISHED IN THE SAME NEWSPAPER, I WOULD NEVER HAVE KNOWN THAT THEY MEANT THE SAM KIPNIS I KNEW.

IF THE REAL STORY ABOUT SAM KIPNIS WAS TOLD, THIS PLACE WOULD NOT BE LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD ALL THE PEOPLE THAT WOULD COME IF ONLY TO LOOK AT ME, THE WONDER BOY.

PLEASE DON'T WORRY - I AM NOT AT THIS TIME GOING TO TELL YOU MY LIFE'S HISTORY. IF I WAS A BABY SITTER, AS REPORTED IN THE NEWSPAPER, OR SITTING FOR BABES, I AM CERTAIN THAT MOST OF YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BABIES AND BABES. I KNOW THE DIFFERENCE FOR I SAT FOR BOTH.

I WORKED VERY HARD AND LONG HOURS WHEN I FIRST CAME TO THE UNITED STATES. I BECAME AN APPRENTICE. FRANKLY, I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT AN APPRENTICE MEANS. I WAS ONCE TOLD THAT IF ONE WORKS WITHOUT PAY, HE IS AN APPRENTICE. I WORKED THEN WITHOUT PAY. NOW AFTER MANY YEARS IN BUSINESS, FROM A BASEMENT TO AN EMPIRE OF 32 PLANTS AND MILLS, FROM A $50,000 A YEAR BUSINESS TO $115,000,000. FROM THREE EMPLOYEES, INCLUDING MYSELF TO OVER 5,000 AND AFTER RETIRING FROM NATIONAL CONTAINER AS PRESIDENT OF 28 YEARS, THAT I AM AGAIN AN APPRENTICE, WORKING HARD WITHOUT PAY. AND I AM STILL THE "WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN" GUY.

I WAS INFORMED A WHILE AGO THAT THE GOLD MEDAL I RECEIVED WAS MADE OF 10 KARAT. WHEN I ASKED WHY 10 KARAT AND NOT 18 KARAT, THE REPLY WAS THAT IT WAS BOUGHT ON THE BEACH WHERE EVERYTHING IS BEING SOLD AT GREAT DISCOUNTS, 40% to 50% OFF. SO THEY BOUGHT ONE ON THE BASIS OF 40% OFF AND 40% OF 18 KARAT IS 10 KARAT.

DURING MY CAREER AS A BUSINESS MAN, I TRIED TO BE A GOOD AMERICAN CITIZEN AND HUMANITARIAN, I ALWAYS TRY TO GET ALONG WITH MY FELLOW-MAN, ASSIST IN EVERY EFFORT TO HELP HUMANITY REGARDLESS OF RACE, CREED OR COLOR. I BELIEVE THAT I HAVE DONE MY SHARE FOR SK, MY FAMILY AND BUSINESS. I HAVE TAKEN AN INTEREST IN THE GOOD WORK OF THE MANY INSTITUTIONS MY COMPANY AND I CONTRIBUTED TO. WE HAVE BEEN DONATING TO THIS WORTHY CAUSE, THE AMERICAN MEDICAL CENTER OF DENVER, FOR 20 YEARS AND I AM HAPPY AND PROUD TO HAVE LENT MY NAME TO BE USED HERE FOR THIS, OR ANY OTHER WORTHY CAUSE ANYWHERE, TO HELP ACHIEVE THE DESIRED RESULTS.

MONEY TALKS! LET IT TALK TONIGHT!

LET EVERYBODY TALK WITH MONEY THIS EVENING. LET IT BE IN MY HONOR, IN YOUR HONOR, AND IN THE HONOR OF THOSE UNFORTUNATES WHO NEED THE HELP THEY GET FROM THIS GREAT INSTITUTION. I HAVE LEARNED ONE SURE THING - "IT IS MUCH BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO GET".

FRIENDS, I CAME HERE TO MIAMI ESPECIALLY FOR THIS MEETING, AT MY OWN EXPENSE AND I HAVE PAID FOR MY MEAL. I AM LEAVING ON THE 27TH, WITH MY SON, FOR A VISIT TO THE U.S.S.R., WHERE WE EXPECT TO VISIT MOSCOW, STALINGRAD, SOCHI, YALTA, ODESSA, KIEV, MINSK, EAST AND WEST BERLIN, PRAGUE, AND BOTH WORLD FAIRS AT LEIPSIG AND BRUSSELS.

I KNOW THAT WE WILL HAVE A MOST INTERESTING TRIP AND WHILE I ADMIT THAT I CANNOT WRITE AS WELL AS THE FEW WHO WROTE ABOUT THEIR TRIPS TO THE STRANGE LANDS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN, LIKE JOHN GUNTHER, BILL W.R.HEARST, JR., THE GREAT ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, BOB HOPE, AND A FEW OTHERS, BUT I DID WRITE A DIARY ON MY LAST TWO TRIPS TO THE U.S.S.R. IN 1956 AND 1957 AND DISTRIBUTED MANY HUNDREDS OF COPIES. I WAS COMPLIMENTED BY ALL RECIPIENTS, EVEN BY THOSE THAT NEVER READ IT, I EXPECT TO WRITE ONE ON THIS TRIP TOO. IT WILL BE WRITTEN AS BEFORE - UNCOLORED, IMPARTIAL AND TRUE. I REMEMBER WHAT MY 76 YEAR OLD SISTER TOLD ME IN MAY 1957, IN KIEV - "TELL EVERYBODY IN AMERICA THAT WE LOVE AND RESPECT THEM, WHY DON'T THEY LOVE US TOO? THERE IS ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY IN THIS WORLD. IT SHOULD ONLY BE PEACE EVERYWHERE. TELL THEM THE TRUTH ABOUT US", AND THAT IS WHAT I EXPECT TO DO. I WILL OFFER THAT DIARY FOR SALE AND ALL THE PROCEEDS TO GO TO WORTHY CAUSES, LIKE THE AMERICAN MEDICAL CENTER OF DENVER.

THANK YOU FOR HONORING ME WITH YOUR PRESENCE HERE TONIGHT.


ROPE
North Sea
Baltic Sea
Adriatic Sea
Black Sea
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Oslo
Bergen
Stavanger
Kristiansand
Stockholm
Helsingfors
Leningrad
Tallinn
Riga
Vilnius
Kaunas
Minsk
Moscow
Smolensk
Gothenburg
Arhus
Copenhagen
Malmo
Halsingborg
Karlskrona
Kalmar
Uppsala
Turku
Vassa
Hamburg
Bremen
Hannover
Berlin
Amsterdam
The Hague
Rotterdam
Antwerp
Ghent
Brussels
Dusseldorf
Cologne
Frankfurt
Nuremberg
Prague
Warsaw
Poznan
Lodz
Krakow
Ostrava
Leipzig
Dresden
Karlovy Vary
Heidelberg
Mainz
Luxembourg
Strasbourg
Stuttgart
Munich
Zurich
Innsbruck
Salzburg
Linz
Vienna
Bratislava
Budapest
Lvov
Kharkov
Kiev
Chernovsty
Odessa
Sevastopol
Yalta
Bucharest
Constanta
Ploesti
Belgrade
Zagreb
Trieste
Venice
Padova
Milan
Genoa
Bologna
Florence
Pisa
Perugia
Rome
Naples
Sorrento
Capri
Taranto
Tirane
Split
Dubrovnik
Sofia
Salonika
Istanbul
Ankara
Smyrna
Athens
Patras
Crete
Candia
Lindhos
Rhodes
Cyprus
Nicosia
Beirut
Damascu
Haifa
Amman
Jerusalem
Tel Aviv-Yafo
Port Said
Alexandria
El Alamein
Cairo
Tobruch
Sidi Barrani
Bengasi
Tripoli
Adana
Aleppo
Lourdes
Toulouse
Carcasonne
Nimes
Avignon
Marseille
Nice
Cannes
Monte Carlo
Grenoble
Lausanne
Lucerne
Interlaken
Geneva
Vichy
Lyon
Clermont-Ferrand
Limoges
Tours
Versailles
Paris
Reims
Le Havre
Cherbourg
Caen
Dieppe
Calais
Boulogne
Dover
Brighton
Southampton
Plymouth
Torquay
Exeter
London
Stratford
Birmingham
Liverpool
Manchester
Windermere
Edinburgh
Glasgow
Belfast
Dublin
Shannon
Limerick
Killarney
Cork
Waterford
Le Baule
Deauville
Nantes
Bordeaux
Biarritz
Lourdes
Burgos
Fatima
Oporto
Vigo
Santander
San Sebastian
Madrid
Zaragoza
Barcelona
Valencia
Cordoba
Malaga
Granada
Cartagena
Palma
Majorca
Algiers
Oran
Tiaret
Philippeville
Bone
Batna
Biskra
El Oued
Ouargla
Tebessa
Tunis
Laghouat
Constantine
Setif
Touggourt
Ghardaia
Colomb Bechar
Adrar
El Golea
In Salah
Fort Flatters
Sfax
Djerba
Tripoli
Agrigento
Palermo
Taormina
Syracuse
Cagliari
Ajaccio
Calvi
Bastia
Pisa
Florence
Majorca
Iviza
Ibiza
Algiers
Tangiers

NATIONAL KRAFT
CONTAINER CORPORATION
Jersey City, N.J.
1960



MY SEVENTH VISIT TO U.S.S.R.
Wednesday, September 14, 1960

No sooner said than done. I had no intentions of making a trip to U.S.S.R. or anywhere else in 1960. The business entanglements in MIAMI, JERSEY CITY and JACKSONVILLE had me roped in so tightly that I thought I would get choked unless I LIQUIDATED all my stock holdings and keep on supporting or getting deeper financially in my business ventures, but even if I don't believe in miracles, I do believe in COURAGE AND IN THE WILL TO SUCCEED. The MIAMI situation looks better as time goes on and the CORRUGATED BOX VENTURE is likewise progressing very satisfactorily especially since I made the stock exchange deal with ST. R. I only hope that the top people in this Company with their legal adviser will not turn out to be another O.I.G. deal with an F.F. as legal adviser. I now felt relieved a great deal from my worries. I have an excellent organization in Jersey City plant. I can free myself for a few days to get away.

I received a letter from SISTER SIMA from MINSK at the end of June pleading with me to come to them this year as I promised I would when I visited with them in 1959. Age is creeping on and time flies fast, and who knows if 1961 or any tomorrow will ever come, for she is in her 76th year and I am following close by, why not fulfil my promise and take off one week, spend a few dollars, and make the trip to them. So - no sooner said than done.

I applied for a U.S. passport the last week in July and received it in 3 days. I was assured of getting the U.S.S.R visa in a few days and arranged the following itinerary through Union Tours:-

Wednesday, Sept.	14 -	Depart N.Y. International Airport (Idlewild)	
		Sabena Flight #548	9:30 PM
Thursday	15 -	Arrive BRUSSELS	9:15 AM
	15 -	Depart Brussels Sabena Flight #796	10:30 AM
		Arrive MOSCOW	3:30 PM
Friday	16 -	Depart Moscow Aeroflot Flight #333	11:25 AM
		Arrive MINSK	1:45 PM
Saturday	17 -	Depart Minsk Aeroflot Flight #428	2:40 PM
		Arrive KIEV	4:00 PM
Wednesday	21 -	Depart Kiev Aeroflot Flight #113	11:30 AM
		Arrive VIENNA	11:45 AM
	21 -	Depart Vienna S.A.S. Flight #874	1:35 PM
		Arrive COPENHAGAN	5:00 PM
	21 -	Depart Copenhagan S.A.S.Flight #919	6:00 PM
	21 -	Arrive N.Y. International Airport	9:20 PM

Mailed copies of the itinerary to SIMA and to my other relatives in the U.S.S.R. The letter from Sima acknowledging the receipt of my itinerary already compensated me for everything involved in making this trip.

Spent 3 days in Miami, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 8, 9 and 10, where I experienced a hurricane for the

first time in my life. HURRICANE DONNA,that left a trail of death and destruction for thousands of miles in its path and untold millions of dollars in property damage. Returned to New York Sunday evening and got another taste of Donna on its way north. Attended a meeting on Tuesday, dined with the Etras. Wednesday was clean up day in the JERSEY CITY OFFICE, a meeting with my management there, a few phone calls and left for the airport to check in, to dine and depart. The two dining rooms at the Idlewild New Airport were crowded, had to catch a snack at the counter. Bought a box of 20 packs of chewing gum, boarded the plane that taxied away from the Sabena departure building promptly at 9:30.

It's now 10:10 P.M. EDL time, or 3:10 Brussels time, or 5:10 A.M. Moskow time. SABENA Jet Flight #548 to BRUSSELS and MOSKOW, a Boeing 707, 140 passenger plane that is half filled in the economy class and practically empty in the first class compartment.

I was tired from running around since DONNA started to blow in Miami last Friday and here in New York all day Monday. Unpleasant situation and family troubles of others and the constant calls between STEYER, LAMB and MMB on the deal between me and St. Regis on the sale of N.K.C.C. made me want to get away for a rest, or just get away. I am pleased that I am now on the way. The only important thing I forgot to do was to take a hair cut. I may look a bit like a BEATNIK but I am not one. LOOKS IS DECEIVING THIS TIME.

It is now 9:10 A.M. September 15, 1960, 10 minutes more and we will land in Brussels, My watch is still 4:10 A.M. NYDLT. I'll change it when we arrive in Moskow.

This is a GIANT JET PLANE 1/2 full. Most of the space is for economy class, the first class section has one passenger only. We were in the clouds ever since we came down from 38,000 feet. It was a bit bumpy and interesting to watch the wings shake. It must be an awful stress on each wing. I know that some people in the plane who saw the same things I did were afraid that something may give or snap off this giant.

We landed at 9:30 A.M. BELGIAN time or 4:30 A.M. N.Y. time. The breakfast snack that was served at 6:30 A.M. wasn't exactly what I expected. The orange juice, hard stale rolls, butter and a bit of jelly and coffee was unbecoming to this latest and most modern plane. So was the snack last evening soon after we took off from Idlewild. The hostesses (3) weren't the type I would want to indulge in a conversation or IN ANYTHING ELSE, even if their skirts were tight enough to crack at the seams, and the French twist hairdo looked like an EAST SIDE TWIST OF WHITE BREAD (Chala). The dames were untidy and uncouth yet they weren't sitting in the rear of the plane smoking their heads off like the hostesses do on the planes of the airlines in the STATES that I generally fly on.

The few FEMALE U.S. passengers that were flying to Moskow

were of the second half of a century age, very unattractive and helpless in getting around. I can't see how these people go it by themselves, for they are absolutely lost. I could have become an unpaid guide to them for they (4) followed me when they found out the purpose of my visit to the U.S.S.R. I felt sorry for them yet I admired them for their courage to make this trip just to see relatives they haven't seen in many a score of years, since they left old Russia to become citizens of the good U.S.A.

BRUSSELS AIRPORT, Thursday, September 15, 1960.

We changed to another 707 Jet plane. Passports were returned to us and only 27 passengers boarded the giant plane for Moskow. Most of the passengers, besides the 5 Americans, were Russians returning from vacation in Belgium. We left at 10:45 A.M. or 12:45 P.M. Moskow time, flying over the clouds at 37,000 feet altitude. I read Irving R. Levine's "TRAVEL GUIDE TO RUSSIA", which is interesting and should be read by every person that intends to visit the U.S.S.R. (I highly recommend it) even if it costs twice as much as it should. I believe that the U.S.S.R., Intourist, Union Tours, or any other travel agency should have bought the rights to this book and should have it published in many languages and sell it or give it gratis to anyone that contemplates making a trip to the U.S.S.R. It is informative and enlightening, no coloring added either way.

The snack on this 3 hour trip, that took 3-3/4 hours, was like the other snacks.

We landed at the Sherimativa Airport on the opposite side of Moskow where Wnukovo Airport is; this Wnukovo Airport is the so-called large International Airport.

I couldn't understand how such a giant Jet plane is permitted to land on such a short runway, but it did. We AMERICANS did not get the welcome by INTOURIST that I used to get when I arrived on my previous trips. It took us one hour to get away from the airport because INTOURIST didn't have anyone to take care of us. Our baggage wasn't touched by any inspector. The INTOURIST SERVICE got a car for us and to the UKRAINSKI HOTEL we were driven. This is the largest and tallest hotel in Moskow, or in the whole U.S.S.R. but don't care to describe it for comparison between Idlewild Airport and the new Brussels Airport, and for that matter with any airport I've been to. When I was at the BRUSSELS AIRPORT in 1958 with J.L.K. to visit the WORLD'S FAIR we thought it would be something to rave about. I would rather spend my time talking about the airports in the U.S.A like Memphis, New Orleans, Miami, San Francisco, Fort Worth, Dallas, Chicago's O'Hare, Milwaukee and a few other airports in the States, Idlewild Airport will be IT when it will be finished.

It took us one hour to drive from the airport to the Hotel Ukraine. The lobby was mobbed and the disorder was terrible as usual. This is not an INTOURIST Hotel, and the INTOURIST service

bureau in this hotel is BURIED in work, not enough clerks. Lots of tourists arrived today, all kinds of faces and languages. Most of the clerks spoke English and I suppose that they spoke other languages too. I finally landed in Room 1031. Had to wait quite a while to get into one of the 6 elevators to the 9th floor where I got the key and walked up one floor to the 10th; the 10th floor elevator stop does not get me to my 10th floor room. I was kind of lost on the planning of this hotel but don't intend to change it. While waiting in the lobby near the director's (hotel manager's) desk to get a room assignment, someone sneaked up behind me, threw their arms around me and started to kiss me. Everybody stared at us. I didn't expect anybody to meet me here. I did expect niece Rose Zaezdna to be at the airport but not here since I didn't know in which hotel I would stop. It was Anna Mednikow from Kiev who is visiting her brother here. She is about the only one that would do such a thing. Of course, the surprise was great and everybody around looked at us with envy when we embraced and kissed. She helped me get to my room, and made me promise THAT BOTH MY CARRYING BAGS WILL BE GIVEN TO HER WHEN I LEAVE KIEV.

As we walked over to the floor clerk on the 10th floor to leave my room key and get the elevator to go to dinner, I noticed a good looking bronze colored gentlemen walking in the same direction. I told him that I thought I knew him and asked for his name. He replied, "HARRY BELEFONTE", and what is my name he asked? I introduced myself to him and we got into a conversation and when we reached the main floor he told me that he is here on his own as a tourist. I gave him a few pointers and promised to give him IRVING R. LEVINE's BOOK "TRAVEL GUIDE TO RUSSIA". Was pleasantly surprised when I met him in the dining room at a table with his white wife, his in-laws, a nurse, and his son about eight, who looked exactly like him. He introduced me to all, and said that he would visit with me after dinner.

I was tired and returned to me room, and as I was getting ready to retire there was a knock on the door. It was Rose Zaezdna and her daughter who walked in unexpected and unannounced. I thought that they would meet me at the airport but since they work during the day and live a distance from Moskow, this was the only time they could visit with me. They were welcome guests. I wouldn't want to miss seeing them here. We talked for one hour. They looked good and are actually good looking females; its hard to tell which is the mother. They left with the usual slogan "MIR E DRUZHBA" -"Peace and Friendship in the World". thanked me for all I have done for them up to now, and are getting along well. She lives in a village in her own home (?) I promised her that on my next trip to the U.S.S.R. I will endeavor to visit with her at her home. It was a short and pleasant visit.

Was tired for I hardly slept in the past 48 hours. I was chilly since I left the U.S.A. Had to cover myself with the

heavy quilt to warm up. I'd better not describe the furniture and the size of my bed and the kind of bedding. It surely wasn't becoming this new and tall structure. This place was built for domestic tourists, not for AMERICAN tourists, and is not operated by INTOURIST.

MOSKOW, Friday, September 16, 1960.

Up at 6. Was still sleepy because the bed was uncomfortable to sleep in. Tossed around awhile, fell asleep again until 9:30, was shivering while shaving until I took a hot bath. Went for breakfast at 10:30. Got my passport and air ticket at 11, was told that plane departing time was changed from 11:25 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. and that a car will pick me up at 12:30.

Walked the hotel lobby and watched the people who were there from all parts of the world. H. B. met me again, but our last night date wasn't kept. The young lady who arranged the flight and car for me informed me that H.B. IS HERE BUT WOULDN'T SING FOR THEM - COULDN'T I DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. (I never heard him sing in person in the States except on radio and I believe I saw him once in a movie "A PLACE IN THE SUN", a romance picture with a white woman he brushed off) Was sorry I couldn't accommodate her.

Was glad to get away from this Hotel which looked like a MISH MASH or MADHOUSE.

Was driven to the airport where I arrived yesterday. Started for Minsk on the minute in an IL 12, the usual 2 motor, dilapidated, almost falling apart plane, but it flew good and arrived on time in Minsk Airport at 5 P.M., where SISTER SIMA, her husband and daughter waited for me since 1:45 in the afternoon. They weren't told that the flight I was scheduled to arrive on was changed to a later hour. Was welcomed just as good on this flight in the usual way, with all the trimmings, kissing and hugging and flowers, but not a tear, as I wrote to her. Was driven to the MINSK HOTEL. This is the newer of the two new Hotels. The other hotel, the BELLO RUSSIA, is one block away. The STALIN BOULEVARD is between the two. I commenced to feel the difference between DELUXE class and the PENSION class I am now travelling in the U.S.S.R. It doesn't pay for me to save the few dollars, the inconveniences at the airports isn't worth the saving even if I had no use for an interpreter, guide and private car on this trip.

From the window on the 3rd floor of the HOTEL, I saw the new addition being constructed to the MINSK UNIVERSITY and the construction of a new approach to the new LENIN PLOSHCHAD (square) that is now being built opposite the STALIN PLOSCHAD (square). Many old houses were demolished to make room for this square. I am certain that this is not being done for profit, which reminds me of the SMALL MUSEUM being built by a private person on COLUMBUS CIRCLE in New York instead of the city to have taken over this small corner to make Columbus Circle larger and more convenient for the multitude of cars that DRIVE UP 8th AVENUE TO CENTRAL PARK AND UP AND DOWN BROADWAY. New York City could afford

to do something for the convenience of its citizens, but WHO CARE FOR THE PEOPLE'S CONVENIENCE when there is a profit for private people in the project.

Rested a while, then left by cab to SIMA'S son-in-law's home for a special gefilte FISH DINNER COOKED ESPECIALLY FOR ME BY SIMA. The dinner consisted of HERRING with the usual SALAD. GEFILTE FISH WITH HORSERADISH, TOMATOES, CUKES, RADISHES, VODKA, 2 KINDS OF WINE, 4 KINDS OF MEATS, PEARS, APPLES, GRAPES, PLUMS, CANDY, CAKES, COFFEE WITH HOT MILK especially brewed for me - but who could eat when we were already discussing my next trip and there should be MIR E DRUZHBA in the world.

We would have talked the whole night, but the taxi that brought me here called promptly at 12 midnight as arranged. I was brought back to the hotel by my niece's husband, who is such a nice man. He is holding a very important position in the local airplane service station, chief engineer in charge of about 15,000 people. I like him because of the RESPECT, LOVE AND DEVOTION he has for his in-laws and for his family. He has three children that anybody could be proud of. The son (21) is already a graduated engineer and will be sent away soon to some distant place to work on GEOLOGY and the daughter will graduate soon as CHEMIST and will be placed in a SUGAR FACTORY TO DO RESEARCH WORK ON THE USES OF SUGAR. The youngest son, that I will see in KIEV, will likewise be an engineer. I spent a happy evening watching SIMA'S EYES sparkle with joy. No wonder I sometimes call her MOTHER for SHE IS THE IMAGE OF OUR MOTHER. Gave her the desk pen radio set, extra batteries and extra ink cartridges. The large suitcase with everything in it I sent to Sima, when her son-in-law left my COMNATA (room) to return to his home.

MINSK, Saturday, September 17, 1960.

Didn't rest good because the bed was narrow and hard. The so-called mattress was higher on one side and I had to hold on all night not to slide off; the bed and mattress in MOSKOW wasn't any wider or better, so why complain about MINSK. Was up early but fell asleep again at 6 A.M.; up at 9, had breakfast. SIMA came over at 10. We talked until 1. Left for the airport at 1:30 with SIMA and her husband. We changed our flight from a DC3 type plane that was supposed to leave at 2:40, 2 hours flight to Kiev, to an IL 14 plane that leaves 3:10 P.M. but arrives 15 minutes earlier. Sat in a seat by myself, I wanted to rest a bit but SIMA soon moved over to me and started to tell again about the circumstances of each of our family and made recommendations. I don't know where she gets the energy at her age. Arrived at 4:45.

More people met me at the airport gate than were on the plane. It was a reception seldom seen on any airport in the U.S.S.R. except when important dignitaries arrive, the INTOURIST girl didn't know that I arrived. After 1/2 hour of hugging and kissing, I walked into the service bureau at the airport and inquired about a car and where I will stop. She told me that

she looked for me on another flight and since she didn't find me, she sent the car away, she will call for another car. Was finally driven in a MOSKWITCH to the UKRAIN Hotel where I waited for one hour to be located. There sure must be a shortage of rooms, for this is not a hotel for tourists, especially for AMERICAN tourists. Discovered later that quite a lot of foreign tourists stop here. When I got to the restaurant, located 1/2 on the first and 1/2 on the second floor, I met a PASADENA delegation of about 16 people, and another 3 people from LOS ANGELES, all trying to order dinner from a menu in ENGLISH and RUSSIAN. I offered my service free to the 3 consisting of mother, daughter, and sin-in-law, they invited me to dine at their table (both women smoked, the man didn't). The older woman, who gets around in a wheel chair, was all smiles about the treatment she gets. The younger lady wasn't happy because she didn't approve the way the country is run, and the gentleman, who was an ardent CATHOLIC, wanted to know if I visited the SYNAGOGUE and what freedom they have to worship. That was enough for me. I introduced myself to the PASADENA group, everyone of them wanted my card. Many of them knew me from N.C.C. days.

The rest of the evening was spent with 20 of my people at niece Anna's one room apartment at a table full of food, drinks and fruit fit for a king. I wasn't hungry, but did drink the coffee half hot milk prepared especially for me. The 3 hours spent here will be remembered by all present for a long time. It was a DIRECTOR'S meeting of the KIPNIS KLAN, with SIMA AS CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD. It was decided that tomorrow, Sunday evening at 8:30 we will have the same crowd at NIECE BRUSHKA'S one room apartment and Monday evening at 7:30 at NIECE VISIA'S 2 room apartment, and Tuesday at 7 we will have the real get-together party at the UKRAINE HOTEL BANQUET ROOM, 45 STRONG. Anna was appointed to arrange the affair, we parted at 11:30.

I doubt if any party I ever attended in anybody's home in the STATES, with all the space to spare, or food, table service to adorn and set a table, ever had as much JOY, WARMTH, SINCERITY, WELL-WISHING AND FRIENDSHIP, as was felt in the one room apartment parties I attended with my relatives since I came to MINSK. Such things cannot be bought with money. They are priceless.

When I returned to the HOTEL UKRAINE I had to identify myself to the doorman who keeps the doors locked after 12 midnight.

KIEV, Sunday, September 18, 1960.

The weather is beautiful since I arrived here. It rained everyday until I came. Didn't sleep good. A large dog was barking in the distance assisted by a small dog. I don't mind one dog barking at another dog, even if they are not the same size and even if the small dog out-barks the big one - but when they disturb me - that I mind. Was up at 4, tossed for 1-1/2 hours and fell asleep again until 8:30. This so-called 2 room apart-

ment consists of a foyer, where clothes can be hung on a mirror type hanger, which also holds 2 brushes, 1 for clothes and 1 for the shoes. A tiny living room that has a shaffee (closet), desk, lamp and chair, and an 8 x 8 bedroom that has a 36" bed, one arm chair, one straight chair and a 30" round table, a crystal pitcher filled with boiled cold water and 2 glasses, and a toilet that doesn't flush water strong enough to wash away the results of the efforts, unless the flush handle is pressed down and held for about 10 minutes. The wash sink is a misfit but drains good. Has a stopper and there was plenty of hot and cold water. It looked as if all the tile used in this hotel must have been rejects, even the light over the sink mirror is hung UP-SIDE down and instead of giving light to get shaved and cleaned, it reflects a shadow. There is no bath tub but a shower hanging from the ceiling, no shower curtain. When I took a shower this morning I first removed every piece of clothes from the room. This was an experience for me. The only place I had decent toilet paper in roll was in MINSK. The toilet paper in MOSKOW AND KIEV was very thin and glossy, and I discovered at breakfast this morning that the napkins are of the same size and finish and quality as the toilet paper. This was another new experience for me. I had lots of fun with the shower and the paper.

Wanted to do some jotting down of this memo when I retired last night, but when I tried to plug in the bed lamp, the whole lighting system in my apartment blew out and I just had to retire. This morning the lights were fixed, the electrician was more interested in my new transistor clock radio than in his work so that when I plugged in the desk lamp the system blew again.

There were a lot of pigeons on the sills of my windows, which by the way is a 24" wall. These pigeons didn't look any different than the pigeons in New York or any other part of the world, COMMUNIST or CAPITALIST, and they were doing the same things on the sills as they do everywhere they congregate. They must be INTERNATIONALIST.

Went to breakfast. The PASADENA group were already on the go. Met niece Anna Mednikov and Uosiph. Went for a walk on the beautiful Krestchiatik Street. It is really a beautiful street, the flower beds are still in full bloom and kept in trim. The street was jammed with people, the stores were open and likewise jammed. Waled into the UNIVERSAL DEPARTMENT STORE, had to push my way through. Everybody was buying something. It was difficult to get to a counter. I wanted to get to the radio-television counter to get information on a combination TV phonograph and tape recorder, stereo type, but I'd have to wait too long. Checked the prices on many articles and couldn't understand how the people could afford to buy anything, yet everybody was actually buying, not window shopping. It reminded me of MACY'S, GIMBEL'S, and KLEIN'S bargain basement put together in one bargain basement except the stores here don't advertise anything,

not even bargains. The 3 floors of this department store just couldn't be compared to anything like above stores. I did see such things on Orchard Street in New York on Sundays when I go shopping for bargains to send away, yet again I mention that all stores were jammed and everybody was buying. Wanted to buy records, so I walked up to a special record store, where only classical music records are sold. Here too, I had to wait some time to get what I wanted. After I found out the price of the records, I paid the cashier, gave the record clerk the receipt, and got the package of records in a SOLID CHIPBOARD BOX. Also took samples of corrugated board used for packing TV sets. I noticed as I was walking on the boulevard that solid fiber boxes of a fair quality is used for packing ice cream cones. The largest and most crowded store was a very large book shop on Krestchiatik. I couldn't get inside at all, there are more book shops on this street than bars on COLUMBUS Avenue in the 80's in NE YORK.

Returned to the UKRAINE by way of INTOURIST HOTEL to check on my plane ticket to WIEN on the 21st, but forgot to bring my ticket. I'll have to come again MONDAY. Was tired, grabbed lunch and when I returned to my room to rest a while, there was SIMA with her husband and half a dozen more relatives. Each wanted to say a few words to me. We kept on talking all together at one time, but none of them told me the few words they wanted to tell me, they will do it tomorrow.

All left for the party at BRUSHKA'S and what a party this was. We will all remember it for a long time. Was glad to return to my room.

KIEV, Monday, September 19, 1960.

Asked Volva and Anna to meet me at 9:30 to take a ride to the CZECHOSLOVAK exhibition. Wanted to see their exhibit of musical instruments and stereo record and tape instruments. He was late so we went at 11. Didn't find anything I liked. Anna got lost and we wasted time searching for each other. I was supposed to help Anna make the arrangements for Tuesday's party, but in came SIMA AND HUSBAND, Lisa with someone to give me a letter for New York. VOLVA walked in, then UOSIPH, - just for a few minutes and just for a few words. Was anxious to rest a while but couldn't. Ordered tea for all, no lemon, and at 7:20 Ginda, brother Isaac's daughter, called with a cab to take me to VISIA'S home to celebrate as we arranged Saturday evening. By the time the party got hot there were 30 people in the 2 room apartment. Included in the party was a chess game between Visia's son and another boy. WAS TOLD THAT VISIA'S SON, 12, IS A CHAMPION CHESS PLAYER.

All talked at one time and SIMA OUT-TALKED ALL OF US with a wonderful smile on her face. A real good time was had by all. Food and drinks were plentiful. I had two drinks of Vodka 110 proof and that pepped me up plenty. I was supposed to be put out by SIMA at 11 by pre-arrangement, but who cared to leave. Parted at 12 with the usual slogan of "MIR E DRUZHBA". No one kissed or

said goodbye (this too by pre-arrangement). We will do this tomorrow, Tuesday evening, our last night together on this visit.

Again I had to identify myself to the doorman at the UKRAINE. Retired at 1:30 A.M. and up at 2:30. The bed is getting worse to sleep in. Wrote my diary until 4:30, fell asleep again but it was not a pleasant sleep.

KIEV, Tuesday, September 20, 1960.

Up at 8, breakfast at 9 after the very unpleasant shower I took. Sima came at 10, so did Anna and Uosiph. Spent all day discussing plans for future packages and the next trip in 1961. There are quite a few here who would like to visit the U.S.A. If there is a possibility, they would like to see what I am raving about in the States, both ways, good and bad. I am afraid that they will have to wait a while, the TOP SERVANTS OF THE PEOPLE ON BOTH SIDES OF THE CURTAINS ARE NOT QUITE READY FOR THAT. THIS IS THE BIGGEST MISTAKE ON THE PART OF THE U.S.A, FOR WE WOULD SURELY BE ON THE WINNING SIDE, of this I am certain, but who am I to advise anybody on this subject when we have smart people not far from the White House, especially in our INTELLIGENCE department, C.I.A., and the AMERICAN UNACTIVITIES COMMITTEE, and the HUNGARIANS, POLISH, WEST GERMANS, V.F.W. and other organizations and societies, plus some religious groups who constantly keep the White House and the U.S.A. people advised of what they want us to do or not to do with Khruschev and Company and keep pouring more oil on the already smoldering fire.

We sat and talked and SIMA told me in confidence about the first package she received from me after my 1956 trip, that she was afraid to accept it and asked the CHIEF or general manager of the plant where the son-in-law works if he would have any objection for them to receive a package from the U.S.A. even if it is from her brother, and the same happened when J.L. and I visited them in 1958, and they invited us to their home for dinner, and the reply was in the affirmative in both instances. In fact, she told me that he would have come if she would have invited him. He knew of my present visit and if I would have stayed here more than one day I would have been invited to visit with him too. The day passed by fast. Tonight will be a trying one for ME AND SIMA, she wanted to rest and so did I. She left at 5:30 to return at 7:30. I stretched out on a chair and just as I was to close my eyes, Anna walked in to give me a report on the arrangements and the cost of it. This lasted until 6:30. The two of us were supposed to be at the banquet room in this hotel at 6:45 but we were all there at 8. My nephew ARCADIA (Aaron) MEDNIKOV was toastmaster and made the welcoming speech, which consisted mainly of wishes for GOOD HEALTH, LONG LIFE, MIR E DRUZHBA, and that I should COME HERE AGAIN AND AGAIN, AND THERE SHOULD NOT BE ANY WAR ANYMORE, ANYWHERE. I made a few remarks. Pictures were taken of the whole group and each family separately. We ate and drank to our hearts delight. I then announced that I am leaving

Kiev for the airport at 8 A.M. tomorrow and that I want no one to be there, and that no one say GOODBYE, but DOSVIDANIA, AUF WIEDERSEIN, UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN, and that we START THE KISSING CEREMONIES NOW and that NO TEARS BE SHED, and that I will leave the room first. The rest can stay as long as they care - AND SO IT WAS.

This was the end of my present visit here to see my relatives and to be the HONORED GUEST to this party this evening with a climax I shall remember and cherish. SIMA WAS THE STAR ATTRACTION.

The menu consisted of:
3 kinds of bread
Cucumbers and fresh tomatoes
Pickled cucumbers and peppers
Herring
Sturgeon
Lox
Gefilte fish with horseradish
Boiled chicken
Kiev cutlets
Fried potatoes
Grapes
Pears
Apples
2 kinds of mineral water
Beer
Vodka
Wine - Port & Sauterne
Coffee - with hot milk for me
Regular coffee for the others
3 kinds of cake
3 kinds of candy

Table Service:
Linen napkins
Cut glass vases for the flowers and
Cut glasses for drinking
Monogrammed table tools
Clean dressed waitresses

Returned to my room. ANNA and VOLVA followed me to take away the very last few things I didn't need any more, and that was it.

I felt satisfied but empty, and tired too. Didn't have anything to pack to get ready for tomorrow's departure, retired and fell asleep without effort.

KIEV, Wednesday, September 21, 1960.

Up at 7, a car waited for me and was at the new Kiev airport that takes 45 minutes to reach. Passport and valuta was examined on paper only by answering a questionaire. I had two letters that were given to me to deliver in N.Y. that had no stamps on the envelopes. Was asked to put a 60 kopecks stamp on each. Of course if I would have had these letters in my back pocket of my coat there wouldn't have been any question about

stamps. My baggage (a very small package) wasn't touched.

We were treated to breakfast,which I didn't care for, and promptly at 10:45 we (about 30) were loaded into a bus and driven over to the 100 passenger IL 104 Jet, a slick plane finely appointed, much nicer than the job J.L. and I flew from Moskow to Brussels in 1958. Were up in the air a few seconds on the way to WIENA. There must have been on this new Kiev Airport 40 Migs and 20 large Jets and about 10 new UKRAIN war planes. Of course, I haven't seen a airport like this one anywhere, but I suppose that WAR PLANES ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN AIRPORT BUILDINGS.

We were treated on the plane to a snack. I snoozed a while and then wrote my diary. Met on board 2 people, NEW YORKERS, one an ironworker and the other a cloakmaker. Arrived on time. We have to change planes in WIENNA and have to wait 2 hours, 15 minutes. We were given tickets for a free meal, so we ate again. The first dish was noodle soup. I should have recorded the music the other two played while eating the soup. It didn't sound like TCHAIKOVSKI'S "NUT CRACKER SUITE".

I inquired if I can leave from here direct to New York, but there is no such thing. Didn't want to eat any more so I tried to examine the new Wienna airport, which isn't quite finished. Of course, many things are finished in Euorpean Style, but it sure is nicer than anything I saw in U.S.S.R. I suppose that competition with other government owned airports and air lines has something to do with this. THERE IS NO COMPETITION IN THE U.S.S.R.

We left Wienna on SAS Flight #874, a French Carabela Jet, the two Jet motors are on the rear of the plane attached to the fusilage, I thought it was a non-stop to COPENHAGEN until the captain announced the next stop is DUSELDORF in 1 hour, 50 minutes. Again I inquired if I could get a direct flight to New York, and was told, "No". We left after 30 minutes waiting inside the airport. Here again we were picked up from the plane and driven back to the plane by a small gondola cars pulled by a small engine. I can't see why the same method is not used at any of the large U.S. airports where people walk their feet off to get to and from a plane. Maybe it will be different when Idlewild airport gets finished. I spoke too fast - the new COPENHAGEN airport, which is open only 3 months hasn't such transportation accommodations. It took 10 minutes to walk to gate 25, where SAS Flight #619 DC8 was loading.

Had time to examine this new airport, and the nicest thing about it is the push button elevator that takes the people to the clean and free washrooms on a floor below. This is a most recent, up-to-date EUROPEAN AIRPORT, BUILT BY EUROPEANS, with EUROPEAN MATERIALS, and is very much unlike IDLEWILD, which I believe is the FINEST IN THE WORLD even if it cost 1/2 billion dollars and isn't yet completed.

Watched people buying bargains at the tax free counter and at the other counters and paying more for the same articles that

they could buy in the best stores in the States for less.

A lot of the OLYMPIC BOYS (colored) are returning to the States on the same plane with me, also a few Russians from Moskow are on.

I am glad this ordeal is over, even if it is a debt I owed to myself.

It's now 5:10 P.M. New York time. When we left COPENHAGEN it was getting dark, and it's much lighter now as we fly west. We ARE CHASING THE SUN AND THE MOON IS CHASING US, nature's phenomena. Human beings can imitate it mechanically but not this way. We are flying the northern route and while the sun is getting away from us, it is still light and I can see everything below. It's almost full daylight in the North. We are up 35,000 feet, flying at 580 miles per hour and are now crossing the tip of Greenland, which is a rough terrain covered with snow. It is 48 below zero outside. Enjoyed this trip and am glad I am returning. Will reach Labrador in about an hour.

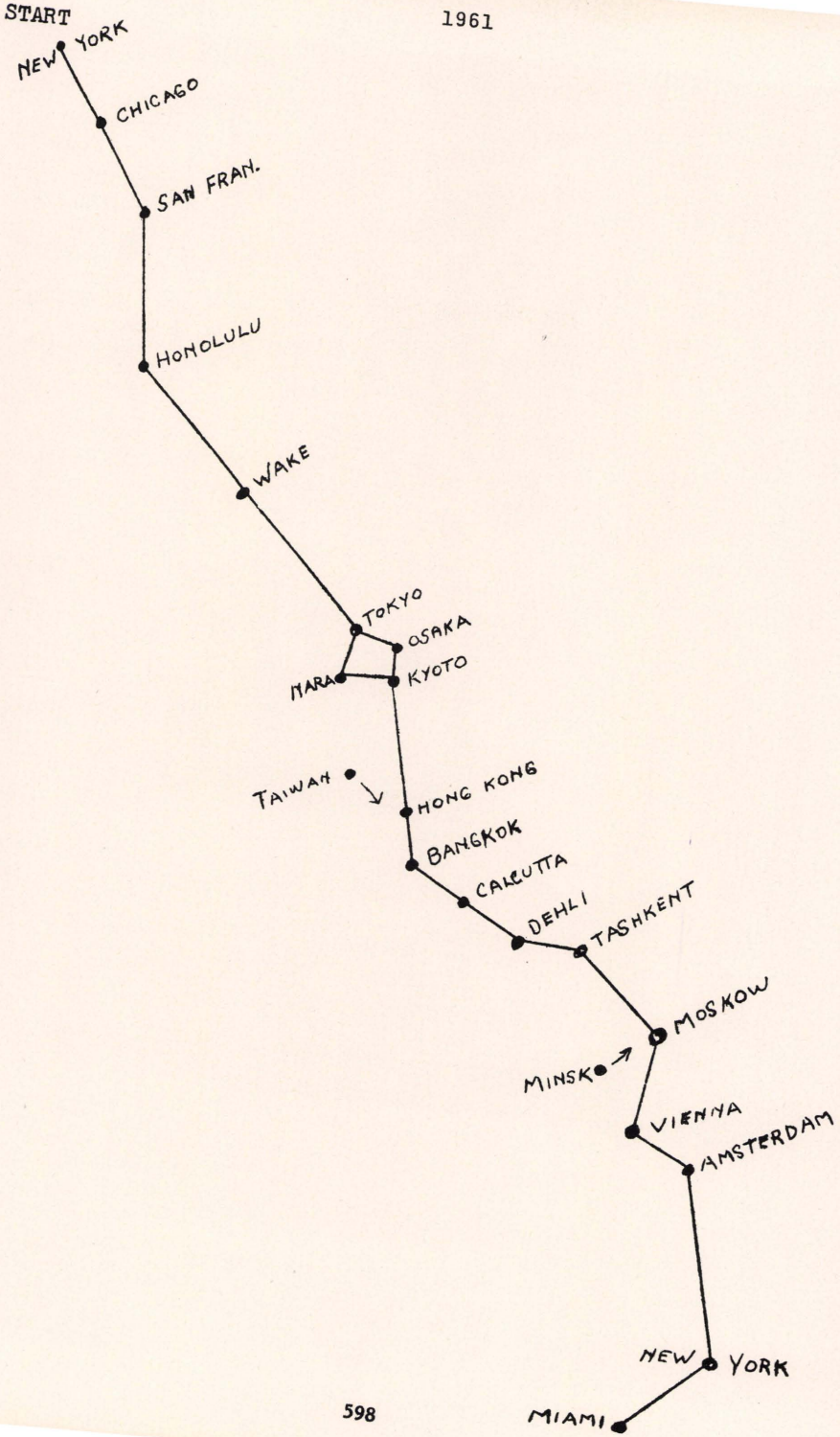
I can't make any comments on the places I visited in the U.S.S.R. for I have been in Moskow overnight only. The same holds for Minsk. KIEV ON THE SURFACE IS BEAUTIFUL, especially on KRISTCHIATIK. I don't think there is a nicer street anywhere. STORES, STREETS, RESTAURANTS and HOTELS were crowded. On the way from airport to Kiev, where Anuta lived in a dilapidated one room, now new rows of 12 story houses are up and are being finished, maybe 10 long blocks. On the way to the CZECHOSLOVAK Exhibit a NEW KIEV is coming up. On the way to the airport I saw figures in flowers that surprised me for their beauty. The roads we were driving were spotless, so was the ground at the airport, even if the building (1 story) should never have been built, BUT I SUPPOSE IT'S MORE IMPORTANT TO THEM TO BUILD MORE JETS THAN AIRPORT BUILDINGS.

I saw in the U.S.S.R. a few females who have ALREADY BEEN POISONED BY WESTERN CULTURE, such as TIGHT SKIRTS, bangs on the FOREHEAD, MULTI-COLORED HAIR. Of course, it is imitation stuff because they HAVEN'T THE PLACES, MATERIAL OR FINANCIAL MEANS AND TIME to spend at the Parikmacher (hair dresser) and the KNOW-HOW, but LOOK OUT MR. K & CO., if MR. DULLES & CO. DIDN'T GET YOU OR HERTER & CO. CAN'T GET YOU, THEN I WILL WRITE OUR NEXT PRESIDENT AFTER NOVEMBER ELECTION TO SEND A FEW THOUSAND AMERICAN BEATNIKS, MALE AND FEMALE, AND WOE TO YOUR EDUCATION SYSTEM, YOUR SPUTNIKS AND ROCKETS TO THE MOON. YOU WILL HAVE PLENTY ROCK & ROLL DANCE SALOONS FOR YOUR KIDS AND GROWN-UPS TOO, TO DANCE IN THE AFTERNOON AND EVENING. DRINKING BARS ON EVERY CORNER INSTEAD OF BOOK STORES, LIBRARIES, CRIPPLED FEET FROM THE PIN POINT HEEL SHOES, INSTEAD OF HEALTHY WALKING ON FEET, SMOKING, DRINKING AND DANCING YOUTH, WITH TV AND RADIO PROGRAMS FOR THE YOUNG SCHOOL KIDS AND GROWN-UPS TOO, WITH LATE, LATE, LATE TV SHOWS OF MURDER, GANGSTER AND SEXY JUNK, THAT WILL GO ON UNTIL ALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT AND EARLY MORNING - THIS WILL BE THE END OF YOUR COMMUNISTIC DREAMS ABOUT WORLD DOMINATION.

THIS TYPE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION WILL BREAK THROUGH YOUR IRON CURTAIN AND CIVILIZE YOUR YOUTH IN A WAY YOU NEVER DREAMED ABOUT. MR. K. YOU BETTER WAKE UP AND STOP RUNNING AROUND STICKING YOUR NOSE IN EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE. YOU JUST STAY WITHIN YOUR PRESENT WALL, AND KEEP OUT THE POISONOUS CULTURE THAT IS GRADUALLY SIFTING THROUGH YOUR IRON CURTAIN, AND KEEP ON WITH THE PROGRAM OF IMPROVING THE STANDARD OF LIVING OF ALL YOUR PEOPLE, AND CONTINUE WITH YOUR FORWARD MOVEMENT OF EDUCATION, CULTURE, SCIENCE, AND LET THE REST OF THE WORLD ENVY YOU AND TRY TO FOLLOW YOU.

SALOONS AND BARS ON EVERY CORNER, CRAZY HAIRDOS, SMOKING, DRINKING, AND CRAZY DRESSING MAKE BEATNIK TYPE CREATURES OF HUMAN BEINGS AND TEND TO DEGENERATE AND DETERIORATE ANY COUNTRY, AND YOU HAVE MANY EXAMPLES OF THAT. READ THE HISTORY OF THE ROMANS AND OTHER EMPIRES THAT GOT TOO FAT AND LAZY.

SAMUEL KIPNIS
Dupont Plaza Hotel
Miami 32, Florida


START
1961
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
SAN FRAN.
HONOLULU
WAKE
TOKYO
OSAKA
NARA
KYOTO
TAIWAN
HONG KONG
BANGKOK
CALCUTTA
DEHLI
TASHKENT
MOSKOW
MINSK
VIENNA
AMSTERDAM
NEW YORK
MIAMI



JLK LEAVING HIS HOME IN
MIAMI TO MEET SK IN CHICAGO
ON THE PARTLY AROUND THE
WORLD TRIP IN 1961

STATEMENT TO THE RECIPIENTS OF MY DIARY

To my friends who will read my diary with an open impartial mind and to my friends who will read it with a prejudiced mind, and to those who believe RIGHT or WRONG, my NATION, my RELIGION is always right. Even to those who will just look at the title of it and thank me for remembering them and write me what a wonderful job I did and how much they ENJOYED reading it, or those that will criticize it LIGHTLY or SEVERELY, even if they didn't read any portion of it, and those that may call me names and accuse me of one thing or another. To all of you I confess that I was critical of the foreign policy pursued by the Eisenhower administration and that I am disappointed in the leadership and foreign policy of our present administration. The word Republican or Democrat lost all meaning to me as a TWO PARTY system except for politics.

I was much disillusioned as I travelled into the Asias, and haven't changed my mind or opinion since I returned. There are very few people that run our government who are really sincere in their efforts to do a job honestly and unselfishly to create a world of REAL FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY, not only for our people in the U.S.A. but also for all the developed or underdeveloped people all over the world for whom our government leaders, in chorus with government leaders of other countries, large and small, are shouting one slogan - TO SAVE THE FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE. It's just political lip talk. I haven't seen any FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE of true meaning or practice anywhere I travelled.

Since my return from this trip I finished reading the book "IN PLACE OF FOLLY" by Norman Cousins, also read "A NATION OF SHEEP" by W. J. Lederer. I also read the N.Y. Times every day no matter where I was if I could get it, to make certain that I don't miss any of the spicy editorials, reports, articles by its able staff of editors and correspondents and reporters on NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL POLITICS AND DIPLOMATIC CHESS PLAYING, also about LOCAL and STATE shenanigans by the so-called DEMOCRAT, REPUBLICAN, LIBERAL AND INDEPENDENT political leaders selecting candidates for the next mayor and other candidates for New York City's next election.

I also read in LOOK magazine of June 6, 1961, "THERE GOES ASIA", also in same magazine of July 18, 1961 "ANATOMY OF A FAILURE"; also"LATIN AMERICA, MEXICO FRIENDLY OR UNFRIENDLY". In U.S. News and World Report, July 10, 1961, "WHAT A BILLION BOUGHT IN IRAN, U.S. AID? IT'S DONE NOTHING FOR US", and in the same magazine, "THE CHANCE OF WAR OVER BERLIN". I also watched the analysis over CBS TV - "VIEW OF THE PRESS- ARE THE NEWSPAPERS DOING THEIR JOBS, PUBLISHING MORE BLUFF THAN NEWS", by Charles Collingwood.

Robert Ruark in the World Telegram of July 14, 1961, in his article entitled "THE KENNEDY OBSESSION", among other things he writes - "MR. KENNEDY UNLIKES SUMMITS, BUT HE SUMMONS MACMILLAN

AND FLITS OFF TO COURT DEGAULLE. AS A TRIUMPH FOR JACKIE, THE PRESIDENT'S RESULTS ABROAD ARE STAGGERINGLY SUCCESSFUL. BUT HE CAN ONLY MAKE IT SO FAR ON HAIRDOS, PUBLIC APPLAUSE AND HUZZAS FOR THE DRESSMAKERS". (I mentioned this weeks before some of the newspapers commented on it.) "IN EARNING INTERNATIONAL ACCLAIM FOR JACKIE, WE BLEED IMMEDIATELY INTO ANOTHER OF THE SELF-ERECTED PLEDGES, WHICH WAS - NO TRAVEL. ON NOVEMBER 5th MR. KENNEDY SOLEMNLY SAID THAT TRAVEL WAS NOT FOR PRESIDENTS, AND JUNKETING AN ABOMINATION, YET HIS RESTLESS FOOT TAKES HIM OFTENER TO FLORIDA THAN EVER SPED MR. TRUMAN. HE HAS BEEN TO CANADA, PARIS, VIENNA, LONDON, AND, ONE SUPPOSED, IF HIS BEDEVILED BACK ALLOWS, WILL SHORTLY BE OFF TO BLANDISH THE SOUTH AMERICANS. IT IS TO BE HOPED THAT HE WILL NOT SHORTLY BE SUFFICIENTLY INTRIGUED WITH AFRICA TO HELP THE PEACE CORPS BREAK GROUND IN TANGANYIKA".

Mr. Ruark's article continues - "I DON'T KNOW WHO RUNS THE STORE IN WASHINGTON, WHICH, IN MR. KENNEDY'S OWN WORDS, WASHINGTON IS THE PLACE WHERE THE JOB WILL HAVE TO BE DONE. WHAT I DO KNOW IS THAT DEAN RUSK HAS BEEN IN SUCH ODD PLACES AS BANGKOK, OSLO, ANKARA, PARIS, GENEVA AND VIENNA AND THE VICE-PRESIDENT MR. JOHNSON, HAS BEEN ALL OVER THE INDO-CHINESE AND WEST AFRICAN SCENE, AND MR. ADLAI STEVENSON MADE GIANT STRIDES IN ALL THE MAJOR BANANA DEMOCRACIES AT A CLIP OF ABOUT A COUNTRY A DAY. AND, AT THIS DAY OUR MR. BOWLES IS STARTING OUT TO MAKE THE CIRCUIT".

I also read THE NATION (magazine) special issue June 24, 1961, the C.I.A.

I strongly recommend to all intelligent citizens to read these books and articles more than once. I read many more articles and editorials in other newspapers, and comments on radio and TV mostly colored to fit in with the policy of their editors or publishers.

The barking of the little HITLERS calling for a NAZI MOVEMENT in our U.S.A. which is causing apprehension and disturbances in the minds of many good citizens, a movement that should be stopped by the local and national authorities, and also the activities of various TROUBLE MAKING ORGANIZATIONS and their trouble making PUBLICATIONS that preach HATRED - DEMAGOGY trying to create FRICTION between friendly neighbors here in the U.S.A.

Also, the visit to us by the Pakistanian President MOHAMMED AYUB KAHN, who looks more like a Hollywood playboy than an opponent of NEHRU, who are still fighting for KASHMIR, Moslem against Hindu. He received great honors with full ceremonies from the heads of our U.S.A. and for whom the FIRST LADY made a GRAND OLD PARTY in Mount Vernon (full regalia) at the expense of the taxpayers. Now this good looking PRESIDENT of the 96 million Moslems, whose land is in opposite parts of the one time ONE india (I just can't understand why the partition of India or Pakistan was made this way unless it was the wish of the U.S. and Britain to keep the 500 million people of Moslems and Hindus

divided, which was always the policy of the HOME OFFICE of the BRITISH EMPIRE) delivered a speech to our lawmakers in the Congress and told them in plain words - I AM NOT SATISFIED THAT YOU ARE GIVING NEHRU'S INDIA 405 MILLION PEOPLE MORE MONEY THAN YOU ARE GIVING ME AND MY 94 MILLION PAKISTANIAN MOSLEMS. YOU BETTER GIVE ME MORE OR I'LL GET IT ELSEWHERE (COMMIES). He didn't tell Congress of the conditions and living standards of his people but he did say that IF WE COME ACROSS, HE AND HIS ARMIES(?) WILL FIGHT COMMUNISM SIDE BY SIDE WITH OURS AND HE WILL NOT BE NEUTRAL.

And, lo and behold, from Rome's Vatican came news in the form of an ENCYCLICAL that the CAPITALISTIC AND COMMUNIST SYSTEMS SHOULD GET TOGETHER and help the underdeveloped people all over the world (the first time that COMMIES were asked to become partners with the CAPITALISTS for any purpose) but the CHURCH is still AGAINST birth control.

Hitler was quoted as saying somewhere in MEIN KAMPF that EVEN IF HE SHOULD LOSE THE WAR THAT THE WORLD WAR II ALLIES WOULD EVENTUALLY FIGHT BETWEEN THEMSELVES TO ANNIHILATE EACH OTHER FOR GERMANY. Is his prophesy coming true now? It looks that way.

I am more certain now that the remarks in my diary are correct. Hence, my diary remains as written by me from day to day without correction.

I have prepared this diary in honor of my 75th birthday which will be on October 25th, 1961, and hope that you will enjoy reading it and that I will have your best wishes for many more happy birthdays.

MIAMI: July 23, 1961

Samuel Kipnis



SATURDAY, April 22, 1961

Today is the beginning of my round the world trip with JLK. I have planned this trip a long time but couldn't make it. Something always happened at the last moment that didn't permit me to take off more than just so many days to be away from the U.S.A. In 1959 when I made the extensive trip to the U.S.S.R. even then I couldn't stay away the full time I allocated for that trip and I had to leave out some of the places I planned to visit, because I left some unfinished work that needed my personal attention.

The present trip was originally planned to be for 3 months and take in all of the AMERICAS, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, some of the FAR EAST, NEAR EAST, and S.E. ASIAN countries, including ISRAEL, the BALKAN countries, all of the satellite countries, and some of the BALTIC countries, not many WEST EUROPEAN countries but have changed my mind and decided to make two trips of it, especially since JL asked me to make him my companion for this trip. I wouldn't want him to stay away from his family too long. I would have also included my very close friend Dr. Irving Busch but he died in July 1960 during an operation that he was performing,

at Beth Israel Hospital in New York.

Received all my documents on Monday, April 16th and arranged all my business affairs, including the business of N.K.C.C. I was confident that its affairs is in good hands and that the five people in charge of its operation will do an excellent job in my absence.

Packed my 21' overnight bag and brief case with few things, was driven to IDLEWILD AIRPORT and left on UNITED Flight #539 at 4:15 P.M. Arrived in CHICAGO 2 hours later. Went to O'HARE INN where I had reservations for overnight. A telegram from the SHAPIRO'S awaited me, advising that they are sorry they can't be with me to dinner. The SCHILLING people came and after a cocktail we decided to see first the BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (a RUSSIAN movie) and dine after, because the restaurant here was jammed with noisy, drinking, dolled up monkeys. We enjoyed the show and when we returned to the INN it was still in the same condition as before, so we dined in the coffee shop and really enjoyed the food and the company.

Was glad when I retired at 1:30 A.M., Sunday NEW YORK time, read the CHICAGO TRIBUNE, which didn't have much to read except a lot of FAKE sales.

CHICAGO, Sunday, April 23, 1961

Slept soundly until 9 A.M. I am to meet JL who is arriving from Miami on DELTA #808 at 12:15 P.M. We were to lunch here and then leave on AMERICAN #41 at 3:30 P.M. but why wait - UNITED #845 will leave at 1:15 and arrive 2-1/2 hours earlier in SAN FRANCISCO and have a free meal on the plane, but couldn't make or change reservations until I know that JL will arrive on time, so I loafed a bit, shaved and washed, had breakfast and some fun with the waitress, who insisted that a glass of water must be served even if I don't like water - she is afraid of the boss. Checked out and was driven to the airport, 5 minutes away. JL arrived - we were going for a snack but the place was jammed. I inquired at UNITED AIRLINES for 2 Tourist seats on #845. I asked for this flight in NEW YORK but couldn't get it, but here I got 2 seats. Now we have to get our baggage transferred from DELTA and AMERICAN to UNITED. I still don't know if it was done, but it doesn't matter, it will arrive on time for our departure to HONOLULU tomorrow.

The O'HARE AIRPORT BUILDING was like a beehive and reminded me of the old IDLEWILD BUILDING. This is practically a new airport building and it is already being rebuilt, which proves again (at least to me) that politicians can't afford to do any planning for the future, because they just don't want to do it for personal reasons. The palms of their hands are always ITCHY, so a very big reconstruction job is going on here.

We were hungry when we left CHICAGO and were glad to get lunch on the plane. The most comfortable seats in a jet tourist section is Row 14 or back of the partition that separates first class from tourist, plenty of leg room and room for small baggage.

Arrived at SAN FRANCISCO a few minutes ahead of time. The flight was pleasant even though it was filled to capacity. Didn't know if JL's baggage was transferred from DELTA to AMERICAN and to UNITED. We were told that if it's not on this flight it will arrive on the next flight from CHICAGO to SAN FRANCISCO. When I was reconfirming our flight with PAN AMERICAN to HONOLULU for tomorrow, I was told that the flight on our ticket is from LOS ANGELES and it will take a while to make the change. JL went to check on his baggage which did arrive on our plane and he brought it over. I also discovered that the COMMODORE HOTEL where we have reservations is not at or near the airport, but in the center of the city, so the PAN AMERICAN clerk at the desk cancelled that reservation and made one at the HILTON INN across the road from the airport and had our tickets changed to P.A. #543/24 which leaves at 9 A.M. tomorrow arriving HONOLULU at 12, same time as the LOS ANGELES flight.

Checked our baggage in a locker at the airport and were driven in a HILTON INN station wagon to the INN. Checked into Room 405, $15 rate, rested a while, watched TV and went to dinner in the coffee shop.

The people who had charge of the planning and construction inside and outside of the DUPONT PLAZA HOTEL should have seen this so-called INN - they could have saved a young fortune and have a much NICER HOSTELRY in every respect, including dining rooms, convention rooms for 2,000, and comfortable guest rooms. I now can see why CONRAD HILTON is no dope, not only in picking his female companions but also picking motels and hotels for locations, construction and comfort for his guests. I found the same situation in the other HILTON owned or managed hotels.

There wasn't much to do around the place except to have dinner, walk around, watch the airport across the way, and the jets take off like huge birds. We enjoyed a light meal, bought a 35¢ deck of cards for $1.06, the 6¢ was State or City tax, not Federal. (Now I feel guilty in helping finance the CUBAN FIASCO). We played 6 games gin, I won all 6. Then talked a while and retired at 9:30.

SAN FRANCISCO, Monday, April 24, 1961

Were up at 7 A.M. It was chilly in the room to sleep. There weren't any extra blankets to cover ourselves in bed, and even our light top coats were too light. We checked out and were driven to the airport, checked in, went for coffee and were on the plane at 8:30 A.M. I didn't want to buy a NEW YORK TIMES for 40¢. I didn't think that it was worth 35¢ more than its New York price of 5¢. The local SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE had the same news on the front page. "KENNEDY NOW ADMITS THAT THE U.S.A. PLANNED AND PAID FOR THE CUBAN FIASCO", a repetition of the U2 affair, besides that I have enough material to read and write, and so it was.

The plane was maybe 40% full. It started on time and up in the air in a jiffy. A continental breakfast was served promptly as SAN FRANCISCO disappeared under the clouds that kept on

coming from the West. It's good flying at 31,000 feet altitude. Changed my alarm wrist watch to 2 hours earlier HAWAIIAN time. We changed our seats from 13A & B to 14A & B. There is more leg room and more comfortable to stretch out and relax when reading.

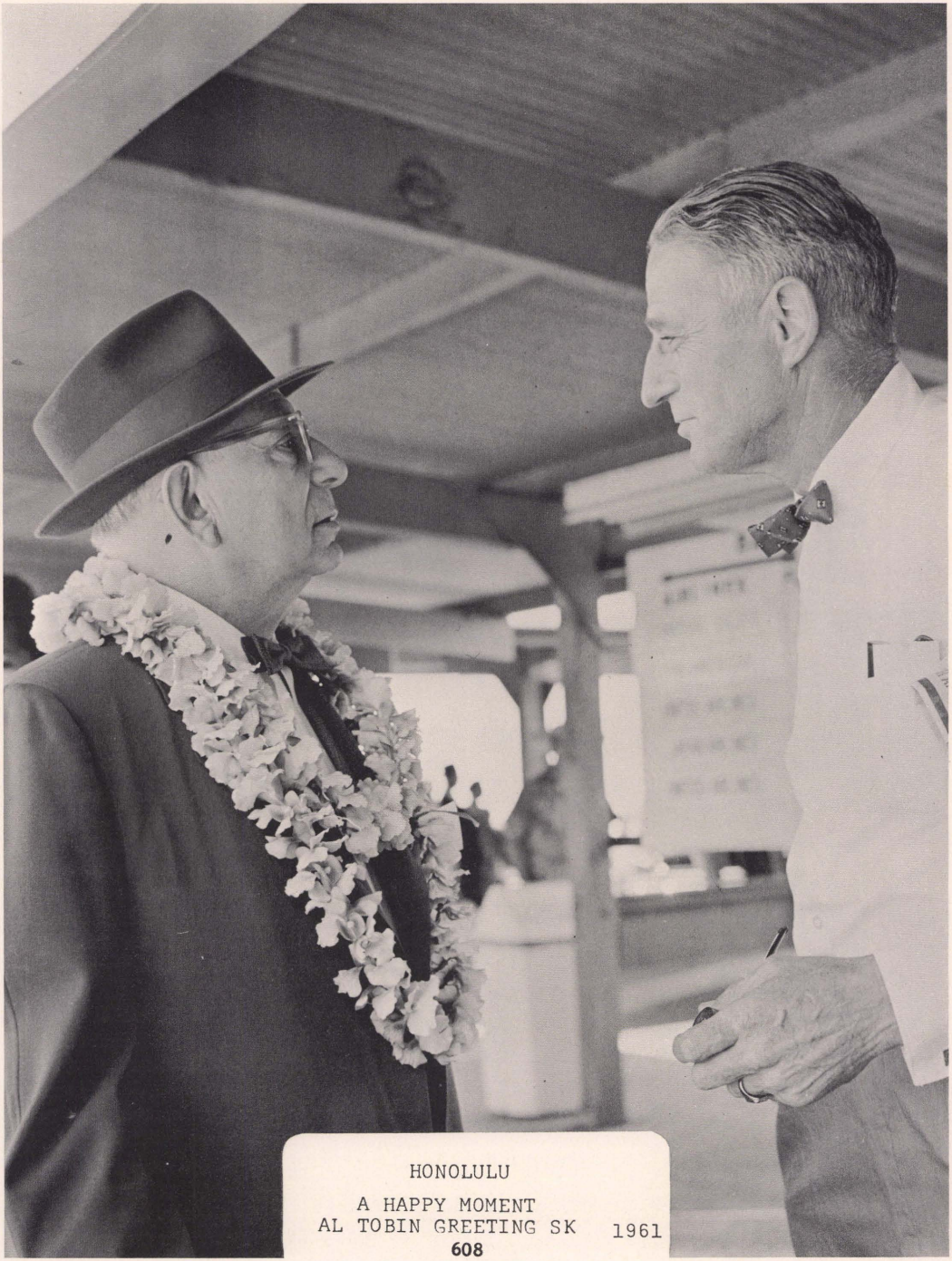
The 5 hour and 10 minutes flying time went by fast and uneventful. JL slept. I read 50 pages of "WHEN F.D.R. DIED" very interesting. The captain announced to look out for certain of the ISLANDS but because of the clouds we couldn't see anything until we got down to the ISLAND of OAHU on which HONOLULU is located. Landed on HICKAM AIRPORT. Flew over PEARL HARBOR which was made famous by the Japs on December 7, 1941 by their sneak attack on this naval base and airport while they were talking peace in Washington. As we were walking to the airport building two Hawaiian dames asked us if we were KIPNIS, and after replying in the affirmative, they embraced us, and kissed us and pulled a LEI of fresh flowers over our heads and were going to take us to the HAWAIIAN VILLAGE HOTEL but at that moment we heard a voice from a distance - HELLO, SAM, YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED IN 20 YEARS, SINCE I SAW YOU LAST. This was the voice of AL TOBIN, purchasing agent of DOLE PACKING in HAWAII, whom I met in SAN FRANCISCO in 1942 with GEORGE SCHNEIDER, and to whom we sold a large quantity of can boxes. It was a seller's market then, maybe he still appreciates it now for he gave us a very friendly welcome, drove us to the hotel and will be with us all day tomorrow driving us around the Island and will advise us what else to see that may be of interest. He is here since 1931 and lived through the 1941 Pearl Harbor Jap sneak attack. He would be with us today but as a Republican he must attend the $100 a plate dinner tonight which is being held in this hotel in the Dome Hal. I was invited to attend it if I want to spend $100. I gracefully declined because I don't like to play with losers besides the fact that I don't care to change my Democratic principles for Republicanism. We checked into Room #860 at $18 per day, plus tax. This is the off-season price for this room that is worth no more than $8. I don't know much about construction but I know that the rooms are very cheaply furnished - much unlike the San Francisco Hilton Inn. This place was built by Henry Kaiser, who controls quite a few things around here including radio and maybe TV too. Conrad Hilton took it over not long ago and up went the rates but not the quality, no radio or TV in the rooms. The towels are cheap quality, so are the beds and lighting, but since I don't expect to take it over from Conrad Hilton or buy any other property here, and will be here only 3 days, why bother criticizing or make them change?

According to local time we were up at 5 A.M. and were a bit tired, but who wants to spend so much money on fare to sleep by day in this ISLE called PARADISE so we started out to inspect the full length of WAIKIKI BEACH, which is right in front of the hotel. I really thought I would see plenty of BIKINIS with SOMETHING NICE IN THE SUITS worthwhile looking at but was dis-



HONOLULU

BEING WELCOMED BY THE BABY DOLL GREETER FROM THE HAWAIIAN VILLAGE HOTEL 1961



HONOLULU

A HAPPY MOMENT
AL TOBIN GREETING SK 1961

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HONOLULU

HILTON'S HAWAIIAN VILLAGE
HOTEL WHERE WE STOPPED 1961

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HONOLULU

GETTING INFORMATION FROM
THE RIGHT SOURCE 1961

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HONOLULU 1961

View from hotel window

appointed in that respect. There wasn't anything worth while watching in any bathing suit. but lo and behold, the Muu Muu sack dress predominates here. It is this type of dress that most of the women tourists slip into as soon as they buy one, which by the way is the uniform that most clerks and waitresses wear. It makes all females look as if they were in CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES. I asked this of the female clerk when we registered and she blushed and laughed and answered WHO-ME?

After watching some of the surf riders try to ride the waves which weren't big enough, we returned to the hotel, looked around and examined the many places for the guests. We walked into the many shops that were waiting for customer SUCKERS. I looked at some of the prices on cheap women's wear articles and was convinced that I am right about SUCKER TOURISTS. Took a cab to drive us to the main street to do some window shopping and were let off at the International Bazaar, something like Hester Street in the old days, but this place was forsaken now, no customers. The only interesting thing that attracted us was a broadcasting station, built on a limb of a curious tree, a giant BANYAN. Walked for about an hour and returned to the hotel.

We were tired and rested a while, then went to see "RAISIN IN THE SUN" at the Waikiki Theatre, but when we got there we discovered that it starts tomorrow, Tuesday, the 25th, so we saw "THE MILLIONAIRESS" with big-busted Sophia Loren as the star. I fell asleep so I don't know what it was all about. I certainly don't recomment it to anybody. We had a snack before we went to the movies which took place as our dinner. JL washed the few things that had to be washed and retired. We talked a lot today, the beds are not comfortable. I didn't sleep good.

HONOLULU, Tuesday, April 25, 1961

Were up at 7:30, breakfast at 8:30. Were picked up at 10 by Al Tobin, drove to his home to meet the Mrs. and see his home and work shop, then were taken for a ride around the whole OAHU ISLAND in which HONOLULU is the main city. There are many towns on this Island. Pearl Harbor is one. Scars of WORLD WAR II are still to be seen in the harbor, some of our largest battle ships are still under water here. There are some very beautiful spots and scenes. Took many pictures. Stopped for lunch and drove through Dole's pineapple groves, picked a few and ate one on the field. Al brought us back at 4 P.M. Rested a while, then at 6:45 Al and his Mrs. called for us. Went to see "A RAISIN IN THE SUN" in the really beautiful Waikiki Theatre, then to dinner at a swanky eating place. Were back to the hotel by 11 P.M. Had a good day even with light rain. The Tobin people are lovely, simple and pleasant. They too had a good time. We saw more in this one day through the courtesy of the unexpected friendship of Al Tobin than if we were to have made arrangements through a tourist office. Al will send a car for us at 9 A.M. tomorrow.



HONOLULU

ENJOYING A COCKTAIL AT THE TOBIN HOME - OUR WONDERFUL HOSTS

613

1961



HONOLULU

SK enjoying a slice of freshly picked pineapple.

614



HONOLULU 1961

Riv, our gracious hostess



HONOLULU

BEAUTIFUL HAWAII

1961

HONOLULU, Wednesday, April 26, 1961

We were up at 7:30, a car driven by a female was waiting for us at 9. Were driven to the office of DOLE PACKING COMPANY, who are the largest pineapple packers in the world. Were treated to a pineapple drink. Al drove us through the plant grounds and showed us the outside operation, then gave us a personal tour of the actual inside operation of canning pineapple from A to Z. Then a visit to the Wyerhauser Box Plant which has quite a history for its being here next to the DOLE PACKING PLANT. It is a fine box plant and could turn out 3 times as much box production. Fiberboard has a large box plant here too, not because it is needed, but only because of senseless competition.

Were sent back to visit the largest and most beautiful SEARS store located in the nicest shopping center anywhere. Lunched in a very nice oriental restaurant in this shopping center where I had pineapple, cottage cheese, coffee with MILK, then back to the hotel. We have a date with Al for 5. We decided that we already saw more here than most tourists that come here except NIGHT LIFE and HULA HULA DANCERS which we can see in the Lexington Hotel in New York. We decided that if possible we should leave on Pan American Flight #1, 1:30 A.M. Thursday, instead of Friday. I called Pan American and got the last 2 seats on this flight. P.A. made reservations for us for a day ahead at the IMPERIAL HOTEL in TOKYO and to have a tourist agency there meet us on this flight. Had the tickets changed while JL rested. Checked out, went to our room to pack and get ready for departure. Went down with the baggage at 4:30. Scrutinized carefully all the females of all ages, sizes and shapes dressed in Muu Muu sack type dresses, that look more like nightgowns ready to go to bed or like maternity dresses. They have no style or shape and most of them, especially the elderly ones that have no shape, look pregnant.

Al arrived at 5, drove us to see some of the swanky suburbs where RACES don't mix much, then to his home for a cocktail. Played some Tchaikowsky and Hula Hula music. TCHAIKOWSKY STILL SOUNDS BETTER TO ME THAN HULA HULA AND ROCK AND ROLL, EVEN IN HAWAII. Then drove up a hill and Al showed us his lot on a slope facing Diamond Head. Invited us to come back soon and he will entertain us in his new home on this lot. Then drove to the Henry Kaiser house built on many acres. He has many horses, dogs, birds and what not, also a pool and private beach. It is a beautiful location, worth lots of money. Then drove on the freeway to the PACIFIC CLUB (exclusive) for dinner. His lovely wife, Riv, was with us. (I would love her if she would not smoke). Spent 2 hours at dinner as their guests. Then drove us to Hickam Airport near Pearl Harbor and invited us to the club there, where we drank pineapple juice and ate nuts. We parted in a way as if we have lived next to each other all of our lives. I do hope we will meet again some day. They left us at the airport at 11:30. I was tired and snoozed off. Flight #1 was called at 1 A.M. Thurs-



HONOLULU BULL - 1961

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HONOLULU 1961
Broadcasting Station
International Bazar

day but left at 2 instead of 1:30. The lights in the plane were put out and all the 116 passengers retired. It's a one hour 10 minutes flight to WAKE ISLAND where we land for refueling for another 4 hours 10 minutes flight to Tokyo.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS consists of 8 islands, the largest area is HAWAII and the smallest is KAHOLAWE. PEARL HARBOR is in WAIKIKI and HONOLULU is the largest city on OAHU Island. More than 1/2 of all population of HAWAII live on this island and most of the people of this island live in HONOLULU and its suburbs. It is difficult to say which are CHINESE or JAPS or POLYNESIANS. I dare say that in the not distant future all people here will look alike because of the intermarriage, one can see how many white men married orientals. Some women are very pretty but most women and men look like ASIANS or yellow race. The HAWAIIAN language is dying out and ENGLISH is replacing it. HAWAII is a real melting pot. I was told that the richest people on this island are CHINESE, next are the JAPS.

There is a large number of new hotels, cooperatives, and apartments being built now. These are very expensive in rent or purchase. I can't understand how local people can afford to live in these new buildings, and this goes for private homes too. The unions here are dominated by lefties.

I couldn't find this PARADISE of any particular attraction and therefore left one day ahead of our schedule.

TOKYO, Friday, April 28, 1961

We lost Thursday, the 27th, when we crossed the DATE LINE. The plane was full and uncomfortable, not ventilated properly especially when we stopped for refueling on Wake Island.

Arrived in Tokyo at 6:50 A.M. It took us about 3/4 of an hour to go through immigration and customs. No one waited for us to take us to the hotel. P.A. counter man gave us the information we needed. The cab drive from airport to Imperial Hotel cost us $2.40 in dollars. The road traffic was much worse than in New York City because of the very narrow streets.

My first disappointment here was the airport building. I imagined it to be a showplace but was far from it. Then the long drive to the hotel, rough, narrow, dirty streets, dilapidated buildings and homes, almost the full length of the drive. It's much further than Idlewild is from the center of New York City. Traffic was at its height, 8:30 A.M. - no order, no cops, few traffic lights, every driver is trying to get there first. The driving is like in England, right hand steering, and this added to my confusion. JL told me not to look forward but sideways only. Most of the roadways are broken up and driving in the small Jap cars shook the KISHKES our of us. I surely don't recommend pregnant women to ride in these cars and streets. We were glad when we got out of the cab at the Imperial.

Our room wasn't ready even thrugh the room clerk knew about the change of our coming. He told us to have a continental breakfast, which is on the Tourist company, the NEW ORIENT EXPRESS,

with whom New York made arrangements for this part of our tour. Another tourist company will take over when we leave Japan for Formosa. We moved into Room 1383, which is actually on the 3rd floor. It's very nice, 2 good beds and nicely furnished. Am glad they put us in the new building, the old section must be 100 years old and smells it too. It may have lots of history and tradition but I don't like to live on that. Called the manager of the Tourist company, who came over to arrange our 8 day stay here, which had to be changed because tomorrow is a holiday, the Emperor's birthday and next Monday is Children's Day. He will bring us a new schedule of activities. We drove to the International Exhibit, and was I glad when I returned. I am still shaken up from this ride and my heart is still in my mouth, and my tongue still sore from holding it between my teeth. No, this is not the Tokyo I expected to see or the one I saw in a TRAVELOGUE not so long ago.

I tried to observe everything on the way, the side streets, which are very narrow, the houses people live in, the stores, especially food stores. The many bicycle repair shops, the general make-up of everything around. The children going to school, girls in black uniforms (sailor suits), and boys also in uniforms with book sacks on their backs. This is not what we came here to see. We better go to see the GINZA which is supposed to be the 5th Avenue shopping street here, and the other sights tourists talk about. We didn't come here to talk shop.

Returned to Hotel, JL made a date with R. H. Furudera, executive director managing the Littman (from Jax) Canada Dry franchise operation here. He will be over soon. Went to lunch in the coffee shop. All the waitresses here are females, dressed in plain uniforms, bobby socks and slippers but in the coffee shop, which is a dinner and dance place at night, the girls are dressed in native Japanese uniforms, socks and sandals, the kind they wear on the beach in Miami (thong sandals). How they can carry that type harness and shoes in the many hours they work is beyond me. They all looked like kids under 20. I asked the headwaiter how much they made monthly since there is a fixed 10% tip on the check, and he told me $40 in YENS, it's not much under the present high costs of living. I was told that many heads of families make that much, but there are other fringe benefits that increases the amounts considerably. No wonder Japan can undersell us in our own States and in markets all over the world. I had many more questions to ask but I'll wait until tomorrow when we meet Bob Furedera at 10.

Went sight-seeing up the Tokyo Towers which is the tallest structure in the world at present. It is used as a TV and RADIO STATION for NIPPON TV CITY CORPORATION. Went up 700 feet to the main platform, it is 500 feet more to the top. From there we saw more bad than good in Tokyo, for like so many cities in Europe and Asia, or all over the world, THEY WEREN'T PLANNED BUT



TOKYO TOWER, JAPAN

THE TALLEST STRUCTURE
IN THE WORLD

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JUST GREW and expanded. We are now doing the same in the U.S.A. in the so-called new cities, or subdivisions, just not planning for the future. Took a few pictures and then back to the Hotel, rested awhile, a snack at 6 and then to see TOKYO ODORI at 6:50 P.M. A dance group doing new and old dances. We could have lived without seeing it except that the imitation of the ROCKETTES in the MUSIC HALL in New York and the CAN-CAN dance wasn't bad. There were about 150 girls in the dance group, all flat chested but otherwise not bad to look at from a distance. The theatre was huge, the center section was reserved for the tourists and there were plenty of standees. When I walked into the washroom, I thought I am already in a remote city in the U.S.S.R. There is just no comparison to any of the good theatres in New York except that nobody smoked in or out of the place, in fact there is very little smoking by men and practically no smoking by females. This show was on the house, or included in the cost of the tour. The theatre was old, the stage was wide and deep. The main entrance was not clean or orderly. The seating is not a U shape but |____| shape, so no matter where one sits he can see everything on the stage. We left before the CAN-CAN dancers finished, grabbed a cab and were SHAKEN back to the Imperial, and after a snack in one of the eating places in the old building, we returned to our room. Wrote a bit while JL did the wash. Retired at 12.

TOKYO, Saturday, April 29, 1961

Bob called at 9, one hour earlier. He is a U.S. citizen and lives here (but a Jap by birth). Breakfast together. I admired the neatness, politeness and willingness to be of help. The Japs are small in size, but look healthy. I asked Bob many questions about the people. Why are all the women flat chested, for I haven't as yet seen one Jap woman that had any to spare of that part of her body, while the rest of her is normal. Why do they have to wear that funny looking harness to be fully dressed when waitressing or going to the theatre, or just stepping out and this goes for their shoes, for I haven't seen a high heel since we are here. Of course, it's easy to answer this - this is their style for as long as they can remember, which includes hairdos. I saw hairdos here on most of the women, young and old, that some of the dames in the States can't hold a candle to. Both sexes looked very clean and some of the females looked pretty too in spite of the hereditary features like flat chest and flat face, wide eyes and sharp cheek bones. I haven't seen a bald headed male. All have a full coverage of jet black hair.

The girls on the stage were no colored up dolls. Very few men smoke, I haven't seen any smoking dames except tourists. Went in Bob's Jealiapi, sight-seeing then shopping in one of the largest department stores, and it actually is large and nice and clean. I was amazed at the politeness of the clerks, male



TOKYO

THE SWEATER GIRLS
IS IT REAL OR IS IT NOT

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and female alike, again I noticed conspicuously the no smoking in the store by anybody. JL bought a few things for his kids to be sent by mail from here. (I am certain that the same Jap things could be bought in many stores in any city in the States for less money with less trouble). Drove by the Emperor's palace, which takes up much ground space. Tens of thousands of people were here to pay respect to the EMPEROR (?) who is now just a figure head but still an Emperor. I think there are more broken up streets here than in any other city I have been to.

Drove to the only Synagogue in Tokyo. Men and women were at prayer. We were invited to do the same and I told them to pray for us too, that we are very busy. They speak the native language, Hebrew and Jewish. Most of them came from other countries. Not a single one looked Japanese. There are about 5,000 Jews here in a city of 10 million. Their main business is import-export. Promised to spend more time with them on next visit to the land of the RISING SUN.

We bid our friend Bob, auf Wiedersehen after lunch at one of the bars in the old section of the Imperial. Again discussed various things about this city, men and women. The wonderful service we got from the flat chested cuties with the harness uniform on them, white socks and flatties. Had tickets for a 2:30 P.M. show to see KABUKI in one of the very nice theatres on a main street 20 minutes by taxi. This time I kept my eyes closed the full time of the ride. Stayed in the theatre only 20 minutes. Didn't care for that type of ancient dancing or music. We started out SHPATSIEREN, (walking) window shopping, peeping into the narrow side streets. We were invited a few times to a side show (that was more of a shady show) already in progress. We stopped to watch pinball players; its different than in our cities. The machines are small and the players must have been practicing for a long time, they are so fast in feeding the small steel balls into the holes that we couldn't even take a picture of it. These places reminded us much of Times Square, many movie places, fake stores, cheap articles, and many, many pinball places, where 100 people or more play at a time. We wanted to try our luck at this game but there weren't any places and didn't want to wait or look for other places. We noticed that there were many small telephone pay stands, not booths, in front of stores (joints). We walked into one of the department stores, very large and crowded. JL bought something. A crowd of clerks were around us willing to serve us and take our money. The head of this department (cameras) spoke English. I was still looking for a BALD HEADED JAP and a good size DOUBLE BREASTED MAIDEN, but there wasn't such a thing around. It was very hot and stuffy in this well equipped store with escalators throughout the place. The food department was immense, every type of food was sold there. The sidewalks were jammed, so were the streets with crazy drivers of all kinds of transportation

vehicles. We made sure to be careful when crossing streets, we didn't care to be bumped off here and by small Jap cars.

We had enough of this sightseeing and shopping. Grabbed a cab, the size of which was too small for a good size person to get into it. Told the driver, Imperial Hotel, but he didn't know where it was or made believe he didn't know. We didn't understand what he asked us and he didn't know our explanation, so out from this cab and into another which we had to run after because he wouldn't stop in a non-stop space, and bumped over to the Imperial. Taxi fare is very cheap on our valuta basis, 33¢ for half hour ride.

We decided while bumping back to the Hotel that we should take in the ROYAL BALLET which is playing at a theatre across the street from the Imperial, so we paid 70 yen for 2 tickets first row balcony, which is about $20 for the two. Went to dinner. The show started at 6:30 and was over at 8:20. The pretty theatre was 60% full, the show wasn't worth the price. There was no comparison between the ENGLISH company and the BOLSHOI BALLET with ULIANOVA dancing GISSELLE. I almost didn 't recognize this GISSELLE. The orchestra was all Jap, many women in it. They all looked like kids except the conductor who was from England. I was satisfied we saw this for comparison between this and the best. We were tired, walked too much today. We went for a snack. JL had strawberry shortcake, the second time today. It's his birthday. He told me that he eats this every birthday. I congratulated him and wished him many more happy birthdays. I never fail to send him a telegram of congratuations on his birthday, this time it was in person and in Tokyo.

TOKYO, Sunday, April 30, 1961

Up at 6 and on a chair in the bathroom wrote my diary. I have been doing this almost every day since we left San Francisco. JL called S.W. WOOLFSON who is here with his wife and the WITTENS to shop in Hong Kong. Ordered breakfast to be served in our room. I can't get my regular food here, they don't have ALLBRAN or COTTAGE CHEESE with SOUR CREAM.

We are on our own time until 1:30 so we went shopping in the Ginza section. The stores are open all day Sunday, SHINTO and BUDDHA don't mind, business is business. Walked into every camera and radio store, looking not buying. Peeked into many narrow side streets where very small restaurants are located, never saw such things. Stopped near a few crowded pinball joints. Wanted to try our luck again but there was no empty space. No wonder delinquency is on the rampage, such places help it along. I am certain that we wouldn't find this TYPE of CULTURE OR CHARACTER BUILDING in the U.S.S.R. The crowds on the streets and in the stores were very large. The air in the stores was stagnant and hot. Returned to the hotel for lunch. The mail we received from the States wasn't important. Lunched in the coffee shop and really enjoyed the food and the service.

The place was roomy and the people that waited on us were clean and pleasant. I noticed that all the waitresses in all eating places in this hotel wear uniforms to lunch or breakfast, and the native kimono and harness (obi sash) uniform to dinner. Some do look CUTE and the hairdo look much better on their heads than on most of the dames in the States. The Jap people here made a good impression on us, kind and well behaved, clean and honest.

The tipping system here is the best, the service one gets here does not depend on the size of the tip one gives. We did see a dame (Jap) made up to kill but this was in a pinball joint. I still did not see as yet a bald headed Jap or a dame with the color hair other than black. Were told that 75% of the men smoke, and the few women that wmoke would never smoke in the street. Of course, there is no smoking in theatres, lobbies, or stores, any kind of store. Things are very expensive to the natives, even cheap stuff is expensive. Optical goods, radios are costlier than one can buy them in New York, except cameras (Jap). A cheap shirt costs them $4 in American money, worth $1.25 in a regular store that sells inexpensive clothes or haberdashery. Shoes, too, are expensive. I didn't get a satisfactory explanation how the multitude here get along on their low earnings. Maybe this is the reason why most people and especially the females wear slippers, THONG or WOODEN SHOES, especially when they are in evening dress (KIMONO & HARNESS OR OBI SASH).

Many people ride bicycles, motorcycles. There are very few privately owned automobiles. A Jap automobile costs more than twice as much here than in New York. I was told that there is a black market in used American cars by our armed forces. No women drive cars, not even as cab drivers. The cab rate is very cheap in our money.

Mr. Akada, our guide from NEW ORIENT EXPRESS, called at 1:30 for a 3 hour sightseeing ride. We drove to Mitsukutchi department store where JL bought a few nylon fish to fly on his boat and then to the Asakusa shopping center. This is a very long narrow street criss-crossed with same narrow streets, small booths, 6 x 6 selling different things. It was orderly and clean in spite of the very large crowds that jammed the narrow passageway (street), so much unlike Orchard Street on Sunday. Auto or bicycle riding is not permitted here.

At the end of this long walk is a huge SHINTO SHRINE where all those walking towards it drop a few yen in a large box covered with a grate, then walk up to another huge box covered with a grate and drop a few more yen into it. They clap once or twice with their hands, then fold hands palm to palm, close their eyes and stand motionless a few minutes, and then walk away. I asked our guide if they are praying and he said - no, they are CONVEYING THEIR THOUGHTS AND WISHES TO SHINTO. As we walked away I noticed back of an iron gate, a priest and 2 girls sitting on

the floor. Again I asked what's going on there and the guide replied that they had come for advice about school or some personal matters, maybe something very personal.

I again asked him about morals of both sexes, because the girls look bashful,and innocent, and some are pretty too. He replied that ROCK AND ROLL AGE FIXED THE MORALS OF YOUTH. JUVENILE DELINQUENCY, YOUTH GANGS ARE RAMPANT AND INCREASING. I was surprised, for the youths I saw didn't look that way.

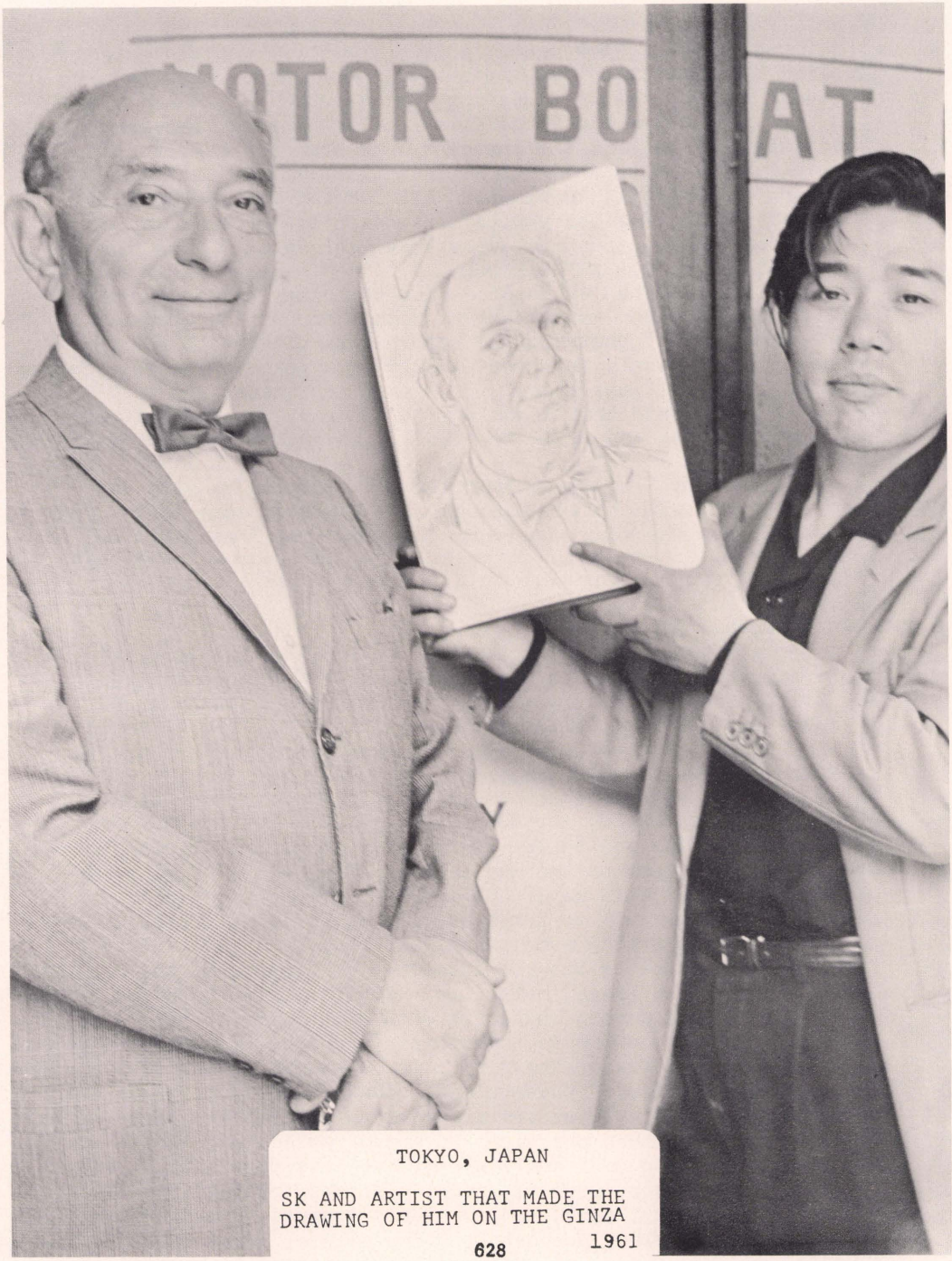
After a delicious meal we started out again. This time JL wanted to see "OPERATION EICHMANN". The theatre wasn't far from the hotel. When we reached this building, we were asked - ENGLISH or JAP? and were shown to a door around the corner. There were lots of photos of Jap girls with big chests fully exposed. If I wasn't so tired I would have gone to see this show for I haven't met a Jap girl with a big chest, and if I did go I was afraid that I would want to convince myself if it is real, not falsies and would make bodily investigation and be disappointed.

We saw the Eichmann picture in the basement theatre and back to the Hotel. Walked through side streets, very narrow and the smell from the very little restaurants (and I mean little) made us walk faster. When we walked into our room we were both played out. So far the trip to Japan is a false alarm.

TOYKO, Monday, May 1, 1961

Up at 6:30, will fly to Osaka, had all our things packed yesterday to check them in this hotel until we return Thursday, May 4th in the evening. Had breakfast and drove to the airport to leave in a DC4 for OSAKA, NARA and KYOTO. All the 60 seats in the plane were taken. Was told that many natives are now vacationing. Now I know where our old planes are going. The 3 and 2 abreast seats were too narrow to be comfortable. Didn't care for the lunch they served. Read my book. Arrive at Osaka at 12 noon. A car waited for us to drive to Kyoto. Visited a corrugated box plant on the way. We would go broke if we would operate our plant this way. The people at the plant didn't expect us, they were all to lunch and the machines were still. We were riding in a Detsun auto, small and bumpy. I have driven through narrow streets but not like these. Stopped at the MIYAKO Hotel, a very nice place, quite busy with tourists, cars and buses at the front door coming and going with sightseers.

After lunch, drove to the shopping center. We window shopped and looked into a few of the many clip joints or GEISHA GIRL places. Inquired the meaning of these places, what do these girls do to or with the guests. There are all kinds of places and girls, and it depends on how much one wants to spend for a show, if its a large tourist group or a small group, and lots more IFS. I was amazed at the places, streets, people, stores, restaurants (holes in the walls) dirty, dark, yet are 2-way streets, where trucks, buses, cars, bicycles, pushcarts, kids, people, crowd these narrow streets that run for miles, never end. I started to realize that


TOKYO, JAPAN
SK AND ARTIST THAT MADE THE
DRAWING OF HIM ON THE GINZA
1961
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I never dreamed seeing such things here. How do these people live in back or upstairs in such HOLE IN THE WALL places? What are the morals of the 4 or more people that live together in such places without furniture, no chairs or tables, or beds or toilets, bath tubs or bathrooms? I didn't want to go further and suggested that the 3 of us go to see Charlie Chaplin in "THE GREAT DICTATOR" and Hitler's "MEIN KAMPF", which is playing in a theatre around the corner. We went and enjoyed the show very much even if the place stunk a mile away and had to wait for a seat 3/4 of an hour. I sure was glad when both pictures were over. The speech Charlie made at the end of the picture was a masterpiece. I lost my colored glasses when I took off my jacket. Returned to the Hotel. Dinner was pleasantly served by the small, cute, and clean looking LIVING DOLLS. JL retired and I washed our shirts. Wrote and retired at 12.

KYOTO, Tuesday, May 2, 1961

The news from all over the world has me worried, especially the uncertainty and disagreements in the International situation, CASTRO, LAOS, and the other countries nearby. The constant meetings in Washington between KENNEDY AND HIS ADVISERS, the FIASCO we pulled off in Cuba, the STEVENSON STATEMENT IN THE U.N. and the KENNEDY REBUTTAL which is being shown on the newsreel in all the movies. The CANCELLATION of EISENHOWER'S visit to Japan, the FIRST OF MAY PARADES, 8 million paraded in Japan alone. All this has my head spinning around, and in the midst of all this our guide called my attention to the reason why most of the Jap FEMALES, AND MALES HAVE BOWLEGS is because they SIT ON THEIR BEHINDS RESTING ON THEIR FOLDED LEGS. If we could only devise something to keep their legs straight, we could make a fortune. I told them I think that I have something but I have to have a little more time to think about it.

Up at 7 and on the way to visit shrines, BUDDHA and SHINTO, and to see a little more of this city. We saw plenty of darkness and I don't see any sunlight breaking through these dark clouds. I expect to see more of these when we drive to NARA at 1:30 P.M. today. Returned to the Hotel at 12:30 had lunch and were on our way to NARA in a small car. It took 1-1/4 hours. Again drove through narrow streets in Kyoto and Nara, the same dirty, filthy narrow streets and hole in the wall stores with living quarters overhead, or in back of stores, no yard space between stores. I haven't seen an animal since we are here in Japan. Drove on a 2 lane highway after we got out from the narrow streets which are MAIN HIGHWAYS. Visited 3 places that will keep me thinking a long time about Japan, BUDDHA and SHINTO. The shrines are rusty with medieval religious ceremonies where millions of people are PRAYING and PAYING to MUMMIES MADE OF WOOD, parasites in the form of priests and holy people. It scared the hell out of me. Ordered the guide to drive back to Kyoto. Had enough of this. Today is children's day to visit these places and there were thousands of them that came from schools with their

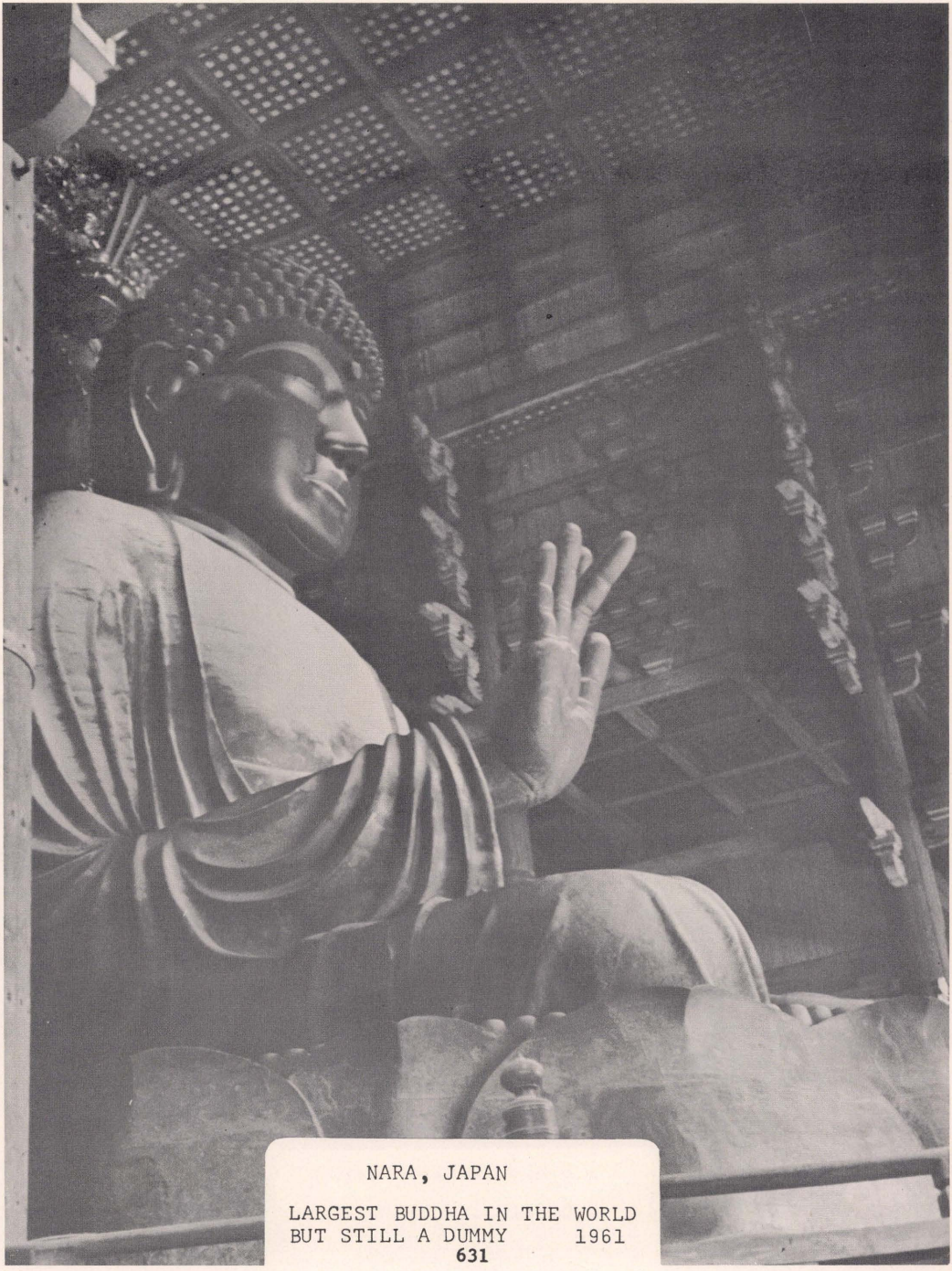
teachers, by buses, from many places or cities not far from NARA, where the largest BUDDHA is looking down on mankind, the flocks of sheep get shorn everytime they come here.

Was tired from thinking about what I saw on this trip in Japan so far. To whose interest is it to keep up this darkness or will it ever end? Will complete light ever brighten up and eliminate darkness?

There is still plenty of religious darkness in all the fully civilized countries in the so-called WHITE MAN'S world. I saw plenty of it in the U.S.A., in New York, Chicago, and in all cities and in all states. JERSEY CITY is a good example of it. I see it every day when I drive to the office on Baldwin Street, or at 50th Street and 5th Avenue, or when I go downtown at Church Street, near Park Place where flocks of young and old drop into Church before 7 A.M. or during lunch or at 4:30 to be blessed or be sprinkled with a drop of water so that he or she can step out in the evening and do anything they please, AND I MEAN ANYTHING. The sky is the limit because they can confess the next visit to Church and be forgiven and keep on repeating. What difference does it make if its a great big BUDDHA IN IMAGE, or some other image of something nobody has ever seen. It may be a picture of MOSES of some 6,000 years ago or some image of B.C. or A.D. that was put on paper or carved from wood or molten of metal or chiseled of rock by people whose imaginations made these things in the form they are now. SHINTOISM, BUDDHAISM, CATHOLICISM, MORMONISM, HEBREWISM, MOHAMMEDANISM and so many more ISMS our world is afflicted with, each ISM is in constant fight with the other ISMS to CONTROL THE MIND, BODY AND SOUL of the poor so-called HUMAN BEINGS, the poor things are always mixed up, even those that are hungry for food are mixed up.

I have witnessed ceremonies in many Churches, where huge crowds come to be blessed by one human being who comes from the same place and goes to the same place all humans come and go, and this is done with so much ceremony that the flocks really believe that these persons are in direct touch with GOD and that they are the MIDDLEMAN between GOD AND THE PEOPLE.

I too get mixed up when I see the corroded ceremonies, the praying to wood or metal or pictures, and throwing money into places where no one has to account for it by people who could use this money for food or clothes to cover their skinny bodies, or medicine to cure their sick minds and bodies. Who is responsible for holding the masses of hundreds of millions in this condition? Take Japan, which is still controlled by a few families (7), with an Emperor whose 60th birthday was celebrated the other day throughout this land, from whose hands the blood is still dripping from the 3,000,000 Japs that were killed in World War II including the many thousands of Americans that were killed fighting the Japs in same war. OUR MR. MAC ARTHUR WAS TOO GOOD NATURED NOT TO GET RID OF THESE PARASITES WHO DOUBLE-CROSSED



NARA, JAPAN

LARGEST BUDDHA IN THE WORLD
BUT STILL A DUMMY 1961

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A SIGHT IN NARA, JAPAN

SHINTO PRIEST HELPING THE ELDER GET SEATED IN THE CARRYING CHAIR (SEDAN)

632 1961



NARA, JAPAN - AN IRONY
MEMORIAL TO WORLD'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER OF WORLD WAR II. ERECTED 6/8/58 BY A RICH JAPANESE CITIZEN. 196]



NARA

To the largest Buddha Temple



NARA, JAPAN

Memorial to World's Unknown Soldier of World War II. Erected 6/8/58 by a rich Japanese citizen.

US WITH THE PEARL HABOR SNEAK ATTACK.

What would the proper kind of education do for all the people on earth? What would one language do if we could only understand each other. I believe that all the people in this world are alike, and our Bible should consist of just a few words LOVE AND RESPECT THY NEIGHBOR and make this a one CODE OF ETHICS for all the people in the world. I am afraid that I am running away with myself dreaming about a UTOPIA that is not in the interest of SOME RULING CLASSES, THE MONEY CHANGERS, those that have so much of it and want more. To whose interest is it to keep the people befuddled and have them live in a fog and to control their governments by hook or crook. I would love to discuss all this with some nice people who can thin and talk without bias.

The MIYAKO Hotel, new section, Room 741, where we stopped, is a modern hotel in this city of 1,200,000 people of which about 90% live in the usual Jap apartment. This I will describe later after I visit one of these apartments in Osaka or Tokyo. The room was large, clean and well furnished, electric push buttons controlled everything that can be controlled in this room. The bathroom is modern and in one instance is more modern than in our good U.S. hotels. The ice water connection can be used to better advantage. There were no radios or TV in any rooms except the main sitting room for guests on the 3rd floor where the main dining room is. The dining tables are far apart so there is plenty of room for the diners and the waiters to give good service. I think that these CUTE LIVING DOLLS do a very good job at their work. I visited the kitchen which is huge in comparison to the one in the D.P. and I must admit that it was fitted out better and looked cleaner than at the D.P. which is supposed to be the last word in modern kitchens. The food was delicious, the way and promptness of service added to the pleasure of enjoying good food. There is here Japanese style apartments if one wants one. I got lost walking the grounds and stumbled into one such apartment where 3 females, in full kimono regalia, were having tea in the Japanese style, sitting on their legs. Akada's explanation why the bowlegs was now demonstrated to me.

Enjoyed today in spite of the places and images and darkness that still prevail all over the world because such places and especially in Asiatic countries, NEAR and FAR EAST, and as the saying goes WE AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET.

The thousands of school children, boys and girls, between the ages of 12 and 16 behaved wonderfully nice, self-disciplined, clean and well dressed in uniforms, the girls in sailor blouses and slacks which they wear when riding a distance by bus, otherwise pleated skirts, bobby socks and sneakers. The boys pants, jackets and caps, all were of blue material. Most of them had a camera. They walked 4 in line following the teachers. No giggling, no loud talking, no make-up, no high heels, no tight

skirts, or LEOTARDS to show everything to attract the opposite sex leaving nothing to the imagination, no dyed hair of all colors. I watched them when the teacher was explaining to them the history of each subject or object. It was such a pronounced difference from the same age school girls and boys I meet in Columbus Circle coffee shop or on the street.

At tea we discussed what we saw today here and in the other cities of Japan. I remarked that if we could move some of the SHRINES and IMAGES to Palisades Park in New Jersey or Coney Island, we wouldn't have to be in the box business and worry about our competitors cutting prices.

JL again remarked WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE IF IT IS BUDDHAISM, SHINTOISM, CATHOLICISM, JUDAISM, HINDUISM, MOHAMMEDANISM, OR ANY OTHER RELIGIOUS ISM, WHETHER IT'S FROM ROME'S ST PETER'S OR FROM ANY OTHER NAMED TEMPLE OR SHRINE OR IN ANY OTHER PART OF THE WORLD WHERE DARKNESS IS FED TO THE MULTITUDES, WHERE IMAGES ARE THOUGHT TO BE THE GODS TO WHOM MONEY AND GIFTS ARE GIVEN WITHOUT ACCOUNTING TO ANYBODY. I DO HOPE THAT SOMEDAY SOON ALL THE ISMS WILL BE CHANGED TO JUST ONE - LOVE AND RESPECT THY NEIGHBOR AS YOU WANT HIM TO LOVE AND RESPECT YOU.

It took us 1-1/4 hours to drive to Nara and 1-1/4 hours to return. We drove by some beautiful truck farms. I got a kick out of driving on the 2 way narrow streets, which are most of the streets in Japan. We are anxiously waiting for our trip to Formosa, Hong Kong, Bangkok and India.

KYOTO, Wednesday, May 3, 1961

Up at 7, had breakfast, settled our account, drove to the railroad station and left on an electric train for OSAKA. Why we didn't ride in a first class car doesn't matter now for it took only 30 minutes against riding 2 hours by car from here to Kyoto the other day. It was an interesting ride looking out the windows watching the beautiful truck farms. It rained in Osaka when we arrived. The railroad station is not the Grand Central type. The railroad cars were clean and there was hardly any smoking. A car waiting for us and were driven to the Osaka Grand Hotel, a modern 14 story, 3 years old hotel, facing a canal. Here, as in the other hotels where we stopped, it was not difficult to recognize the European and Australian (lots of them) and American tourists, especially from the U.S.A. - they are a class by themselves.

Had lunch and at 1:00 were on the way sightseeing. We stopped to repair my sun glasses and I was attracted by the beautiful shops and the overhead glass roof the full length of this mile long narrow shopping street, the best I saw here. This city looks much nicer than Tokyo, has nicer and wider streets. Many canals criss-cross it and it has some very large department stores. It is a city of over 3 million people. I didn't want to see any more of the narrow hole in the wall streets, there must be plenty of these here too. Besides the weather is no good. We returned to the hotel and arranged to go to a night club at



OSAKA, JAPAN

In a corrugated box plant
Plant manager,guide & SK

7:30 and make a night of it, the first time since we left the U.S.A. 10 days ago, time flies.

Rested a while, dined at the hotel, Okada called and we drove to Club Universal. It's a huge and beautiful place that can accommodate 2400 guests. A huge stage for dancing, performance platforms come down from the ceiling for the show, which show I didn't like. Girls are lined up in full regalia to be picked as companions to dance with and sit at your table. It was a pleasure. It's quiet because the girls and tourists don't speak each other's language, so they keep quiet and look at each other and sip their drink and smile. One must come here alone and must pick a companion from the girls. The pleasure cost 70 yen ($20). A place like this in New York, Miami, would make a fortune. No monkey business here, it's absolutely on the up and up.

Returned at 9 P.M. Met the Royal Ballet Group who performed in Osaka last night. I'll still take the BOLSHOI BALLET GROUP if only for the girls in their dance troup. Retired at 10:45.

OSAKA, Thursday, May 4, 1961

Up at 6 A.M. Wrote again until 8, breakfast at 9. Okada met us at 10, went sightseeing. It was raining hard. We paid for this sightseeing, so why waste it. Again we went shopping, not buying, just window shopping. I was intrigued by the narrow streets, dotted with small stores, some stores so small that one had to squeeze through the door to get in, and the eating places were smaller yet. I asked Okada to get us back to the hotel to get ready for the return trip to Tokyo. I started to check on our flight from Tokyo to Taipei on the 6th and discovered that we must get back to Osaka where we are now. I thought it will be better if we stay overnight and catch the plane tomorrow at 12. Why waste 6 hours flying to Tokyo and driving back to a place we are now. This was poor planning on the part of Union Tours in New York but since there was no flight from OSAKA to TAIPEI tomorrow and we have to return to TOKYO, we might as well leave by Jet from Tokyo tomorrow at 10 via PAA and fly 5 hours direct to HONG KONG, and forego the pleasure of meeting CHIANG KAI SHEK, since I can't get back any of my money I invested there indirectly through UNCLE SAM. I tried PAA for two seats for tomorrow or after tomorrow, Friday or Saturday. No dice. JAL told me that I should try LUFTHANSA when we arrive in TOKYO. It took us 2 hours to fly back to TOKYO instead of 1-1/2 hours. Got 2 seats on LUFTHANSA flight #541, 11 A.M. Friday for HONG KONG. Rushed back to Imperial to get our tickets changed but the LH office was closed. Called and was told that they will hold space for us, a 4-3/4 hour flight direct to Hong Kong and 2 days earlier. Sent a telegram to Taipei to cancel their portion of the tour and cabled to HONG KONG agent to advance our arrival by 2 days, and cabled Mrs. Cox in J.C. to notify all that we are leaving for Hong Kong.



OSAKA HOTEL, JAPAN

Mr. Charles J. Manson,
Resident Manager for
foreign visitors.



OSAKA AIR TRAVEL SERVICE

Service with pleasure!

Dined and went to our room. JL washed our shirts. I readied everything for tomorrow, finished reading "THE DAY F.D.R.DIED". It really touched me for I loved, admired and respected the man for his courage to want to improve the lot of all humans in the whole world through PEACE and FRIENDSHIP but the obstacles put in his way by members of his own party and by the opposition party actually killed him. There will never be another F.D.R. and there will never be another LITTLE FLOWER.

During our stay at the Osaka Hotel, I met Charles J. Manson, resident manager of this hotel for foreign visitors. He was my type of guy, full of life. He came here with the armed forces 17 years ago, remained here as a bachelor. Speaks Japanese fluently. We discussed the CABARET UNIVERSAL we visited last night. What a good proposition a place like this would be in New York or Miami, or in any large city in the States. I wanted to get blue prints and specifications of it. He told me that it would never be permitted in the States even if it is absolutely 100% respectable, because no man can come there with another woman, it must be one of the 1,200 girls waiting their turn and even if a foreign visitor would bring a female, he would still have to pick one of the 1,200 girls to sit near him. This is not a GEISHA place, which by the way, is very expensive unless the GEISHA party is for a substantial group of tourists.

I asked him about the DIVES in narrow side streets, the PINBALL joints, etc. He replied that the CITY FATHERS DON'T GIVE A GOD DAMN FOR THE POPULATION, even less than in the States. POLITICS HERE IS AT ITS WORSE, BIG BUSINESS and a few people are running this country. I asked him about the morals of the population especially the youngsters. He looked at me and replied WHY SHOULD IT BE ANY DIFFERENT HERE THAN IN THE STATES, LIVING CONDITIONS ARE WORSE HERE, 6 TO 8 IN A VERY SMALL ROOM, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT? I remarked that what I have observed of the females here, that they looked innocent, bashful, well behaved, polite, etc. Yes, he said, ON THE SURFACE ONLY, BUT WHEN THEY LET THEIR HAIR DOWN, THEY ARE BETTER THAN YOUR AMERICAN GIRLS WHO HAVE THEIR HAIR DOWN ALL THE TIME, and he continued that in the U.S.A. and in other European countries, THE FEMALES HAVE ENOUGH IN FRONT AND BACK TO SHOW AND ACTUALLY THROW IT AT YOU WHILE HERE MOST OF THEM HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO THROW AT YOU, HENCE THE KIMONOS AND SASHES.

I asked him about religion and what I witnessed yesterday in KYOTO and NARA, and he replied, THAT'S WHAT THE RULING CLASS WANTS BUT THE NEW GENERATION WILL RID ITSELF OF THIS SOON. I enjoyed my visit with him and he invited me to come again to OSAKA and stop at this hotel.

OSAKA is nicer than TOKYO. Many more wide streets with nice buildings, modern department stores, but has too many shanties on the main streets and too many hole in the wall stores and dives on narrow shantytown streets. We haven't anything like this in



OSAKA, JAPAN

Narrow shopping street
with glass roof.

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TOKYO, JAPAN

Kids are kids everywhere



TOKYO, JAPAN
Wishing - not praying



TOKYO

A STEADY DIET FOR
BEATNIKS OF BOTH SEXES



TOKYO, JAPAN

A toy in a Tokyo department store.

the States, not even in CHINATOWN or NIGGER towns in the South, or PUERTO RICANS anywhere in the STATES, and this brought me again to the conclusion that there are very few HAVE IT ALL and a very large number of people that HAVE NOTHING, and while the HAVE IT ALL are the TAKERS and the HAVE NOTHING are the GIVERS, and regardless of this inequality, all of us come from the same place and leave this world the same way and go to the same place. Because of this THERE IS A LOT WRONG IN OUR CIVILIZATION AND DIVISION OF THE THINGS THAT MAKE FOR REASONABLENESS IN COMFORT FOR ALL HUMAN BEINGS. It HAS to be corrected and WILL be corrected some day.

I fell asleep dreaming and seeing things. I read a lot of English language Japanese newspapers, good editorials and articles by local and U.S. commentators, for instance, information on the armies that are in existence at present to protect SEATO or SOUTH EAST ASIAN TREATY ORGANIZATION against the ideology of COMMUNISM, or to protect the FREE WORLD or the FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE, or the DEMOCRATIC FORMS OF GOVERNMENTS IN AFRICA or ANYWHERE of which many hundreds of millions of these people don't even know the meaning of these words. They are too hungry and sick to think about such fancy words. This is a list of the countries and their armed burden. (Source Mainichi D.N. May 2, 1961)

Communist Red China	2,500,000	
North Viet Nam	33,000	
U.S.S.R.	35	Divisions
	120	Submarines
	2,000	Planes

U.S.A. - 7th Fleet (about 400 ships)
20 Army Divisions
1 Marie Division
An untold amount of all kinds and sizes of planes stationed on Guam, Okinawa, Japan and Philippines, including personnel and airplanes from mainland U.S.A.

Singapore	100,000	Men
	500-700	Planes
Personnel -	30,000	plus New Zealand and Australian forces.
India	600,000	Men
Pakistan	250,000	Men
Formosa	525,000	Men
	600	Planes
South Korea	600,000	Mens
	2,500	Marines
	100	Ships
	200	Planes
South Viet Nam	250,000	Men
Philippines	60,000	Men

Thailand	- - -	118,000 Men
Burma	- - -	100,000 Men
Japan	- - -	200,000 Men
		1,000 Planes
		405 Ships

I don't know who organized and paid for, or is now paying for these armies, ships, planes and supplying everything necessary for maintenance of all personnel and equipment, but I am certain that we, the U.S. Treasure is deep into this, and that we, the U.S. citizens weren't even asked or told about it, we are the givers. Does anybody take the trouble to figure out the COST OF THIS GAME and what could really be accomplished if this huge sum of money would be spent to help the human side of this game so that the people that live in the uncivilized, underdeveloped, and so-called civilized countries, would understand the meaning of FREEDON FROM WANT, FREEDOM FROM STARVATION, FREEDOM FROM DISEASE, and FREEDOM from a lot of things that makes the present word FREEDOM just a MOCKERY or PHRASE in the hands and mouths of politicians and diplomats.

TOKYO, Friday, May 5, 1961

Up early, checked out, had breakfast and then started for the airport at 9. It took about half an hour to check in with LUFTHANSA. The plane is supposed to leave at 11 and at 11:30 we were advised that because of the strong winds, it will not leave until 2 P.M. We were sent to have lunch on the company. The plane left promptly at 2. We weren't bothered with inspection. The flight to HONG KONG was uneventful. The plane wasn't full, not even tourist, 79 people altogether. It was a bumpy ride. The load of humans was a mixture of all nationalities and colors. Arrived at HONG KONG Airport at 6:10 P.M. which is the same time as TOKYO.

A messenger at the information desk advised us that a man from the local tourist agency will meet us at the exit door. Immigration inspection didn't take long and we were on the way to the HOTEL AMBASSADOR. Our guide, a Chinese, was a friendly talkative fellow and answered questions as we drove through the city of KOWLOON which is on the mainland across the narrow strip of water that separates the CROWN COLONY, HONG KONG, which consists of a mountain built up all around with all kinds and sizes of structures. I will detail this tomorrow when we visit it.

My first impression of KOWLOON was of a different world of different type people from where we came from. I must see a little more of everything here to know where we are. I'll wait. Checked into Room 309, a good size room, facing the HONG KONG district, which is the mountain section. Our hotel and the very large PENINSULAR Hotel, which is across the street, and the many more new and old hotels are located in the KOWLOON section.

We immediately went window shopping. JL has a particular interest in something which I am not interested but dragged along, just curious to get acquainted with the local situation,

the human side as well as the business side.

Walked the narrow streets which are worse than what we saw in the land we just came from. The streets are well lit up with neon signs, lots of new buildings going up, large size structures, mostly by Chinese (rich), nice stores, some had real art pieces in ivory, clothing stores, tailor stores, ladies wear stores, jewelry, shoes and everything under the sun is to be found here. We heard (not seen) people working on scaffolds in the dark (it's now 8 P.M.). Saw the workshops of the ivory and custom-made jewelry stores where people were still at the benches doing all the work by hand, even cutting a thick piece of ivory by hand that took hours to cut in half when it would take minutes to do it by electric saw. Human energy means nothing here and in Asia. This reminded me of an article I read in TOKYO paper about making an 8 hour work day and one union leader said "LET'T MAKE IT A 6 DAY WORK WEEK INSTEAD of a 7 DAY WORK WEEK, AND THEN TALK ABOUT HOW MANY HOURS EACH DAY".

Saw many sights that chilled us. Children running around like worms. One child was running away with a few sticks of wood she stole near a new building, and the watchman was chasing her.

Our guide told us that there are over 3 million people in this so-called CROWN COLONY, mostly poor Chinese. They live like rats, rent is very expensive for them and a 2 room apartment costs 300 Hong Kong dollars, or about 50 U.S. dollars. Many don't make that much in a month - that's why 6 to 8 persons live in one room, even though there is here many multi-floor apartment houses.

The traffic here run in the same direction as in any English controlled lands, even the buses are the same style as in London. Why the currency here is not in English pounds but in Hong Kong dollars is strange to me because when England takes over a land it makes it fully English controlled. The exchange rate is $5.75 Hong Kong dollars to one U.S. dollar.

Returned to the hotel for dinner and looking through the window of the restaurant on the 16th floor across the water to Hong Kong was really a beautiful sight.

Am looking forward to an education here, something I didn't have elsewhere. This is the BARGAIN CITY of the world.

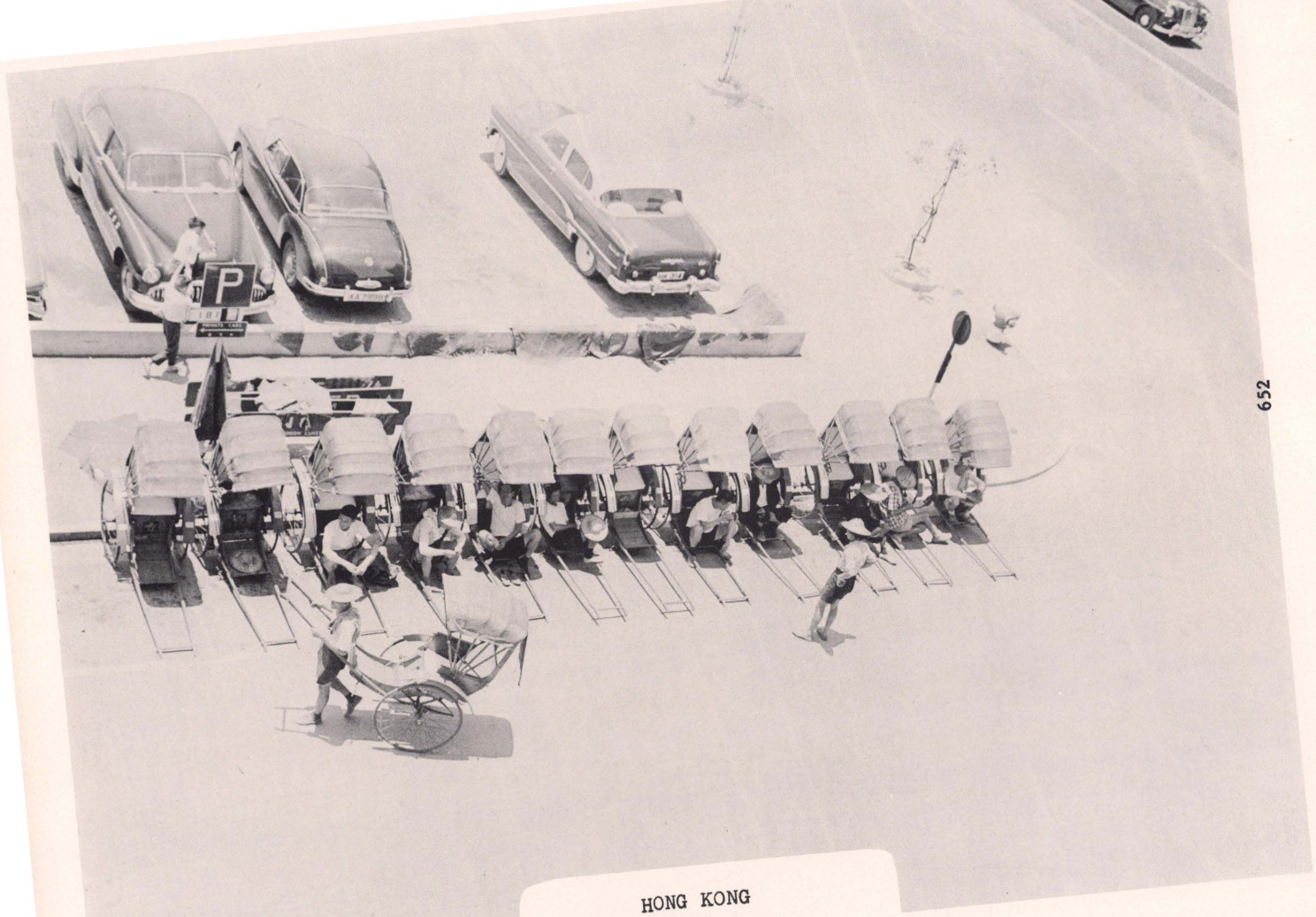
HONG KONG, Saturday, May 6, 1961

It was raining NOW at 8 A.M. but this should not stop us from looking for bargains. Ate a delicious breakfast in our room. JL called the WOOLFSONS. The Mrs. answered and gave him the LAY OF THE LAND about all the bargain stores and the bargains. The people that come here for bargains, or as we call them, BARGAIN HUNTERS, if they would only know how the bargains were made and by whom, and the unsanitary conditions and the age of the laborers that made them, and the sweat in each article put in by the hungry laborers, as I saw them do it last night



HONG KONG

Guide explaining map



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HONG KONG

Rickshaws in front of
Ambassador Hotel.



HONG KONG

WANNA SEE THE TOWN?

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KOWLOON

A BUSY STREET WHERE ONE CAN BUY EVERYTHING FROM SOUP TO SYPHILIS.

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1961



KOWLOON, HONG KONG

A MERCHANT SHIP (SAMPAN) DELIVERING THE GOODS PROPELLED BY THE WHOLE FAMILY

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1961

maybe these BARGAIN HUNTERS wouldn't enjoy much using the bargains, but most of the bargain hunters never see what I saw Some take the bargains along or send them from here but they will never use them. JL told me that one of his friends bought 15 suits from here and gave them away when he returned to the States because they didn't fit him. JL went bargain hunting. I tried to rearrange the trip to save the 2 days I now have. I laid out a new itinerary and gave a copy to the agent of the TRAVEL ADVISERS who came here. He is to contact the various places and agents in CALCUTTA, BANGKOK, DELHI, and INTOURIST of the new itinerary.

Went out to sharpen up on my talent of BARGAIN HUNTING and BARGAINING. Of course, I haven't decided if I am to buy anything for I haven't promised anyone that I would waste time to buy and bring or send anything for anybody, bargain or no bargain, because so far in my life I bought all the bargains I needed right in the States for as cheap or cheaper price than here.

Today is for shopping, looking, walking, bargaining, and that is exactly what we did. JL started out first on his own, he has a big job to do by order of N.K. Wrote up a new itinerary from here to Delhi. May have to skip CALCUTTA and fly Jet from BANGKOK to DELHI. Was ready at 12 when JL returned without accomplishments. Went to lunch, shopped from 1 to 4:30 P.M. Spent all that time looking at watches which I don't need because I have nicer ones rotting in my home that cost much less than the bargain prices here. Stopped and looked at every window display, just looking. Neither last evening or today did we see any customers in the hundreds of stores selling expensive articles. I am certain that most of the local residents haven't the means to buy. Just one look at their faces, clothes, or living quarters, if one cares to take a good look at them, tells the story.

Landed in a camera store where we spent most of our time and bargained and bought 3 still cameras, 2 movie cameras and projectors, films and supplies, and now I will have a job learning a new profession, MAKING MOVIES. These things are much cheaper here than in the States. Most of these things will be shipped parcel post to Miami and should arrive when we return.

Hong Kong is an island by itself and is part of the British CROWN COLONY better known as BCC. The other sections are KOWLOON Peninsula and NEW TERRITORIES leased from CHINA. It is about 90 miles east of CANTON, RED CHINA. The correct way to address is Hong Kong B.C.C., nor CHINA. HONG KONG is often referred to as VICTORIA, the capital is on the peak or highest point on the island. The 1960 population of the entire area was over 3 million, and on the HONG KONG island about 365,000. Most of the population are CANTONESE (South China), the minority are northern CHINESE. Most of these make their livelihood from the many EUROPEAN and AMERICAN TOURISTS who come here searching for bargains.

The area of the island is 32 square miles and the total area of the whole colony, all sections is 391 square miles all bordering RED CHINA. (Authority, New Horizons World Guide, Pan American World Airways, 1960-61).

When I asked how long this will remain a BRITISH COLONY I was told just as long as MATSU TONG wants it to be. At present, he gets a good monetary return from the 1-1/2 million Chinese that came back here from SOUTH CHINA who send part of their earnings back to CHINA'S mainland to their families. CANTONESE is mostly spoken here but it all sounds the same to me, it just slips out of their mouth. This whole territory was ceded by China to GREAT BRITAIN in 1841 the years when BRITAIN GRABBED SOMETHING AND DIDN'T GET SLAPPED BACK FOR DOING IT as was done by all other European countries,large or small. This is why there is such a cry against COLONIZATION and WARS, little and big. The TAKERS don't want to give up and the GIVERS want to take back what they gave.

In paging through the information from the PAA printed booklets one finds at the hotels or transportation lines, NOT ONE SINGLE WORD IS MENTIONED ABOUT THE MISERY AND WRETCHED LIFE OF MOST OF THE PEOPLE HERE AND ALL OVER ASIA, NEAR and FAR EAST. All one finds in these descriptive matters is beauty, pleasure, scenes, night clubs and gambling of all kinds.

130,000 people still live all their lives on boats (sampans) which is called FLOATING POPULATION. There are 3,380 factories here and 50% of the population depend for their livelihood on these factories. No mention is made how many hours are worked each day and for how much, or the kind of factory it is. I saw some of these factories and I am ashamed to call these holes FACTORIES.

Looking through the 16th floor restaurant window facing HONG KONG'S VICTORIA PEAK makes a beautiful picture. Just like a beautifully made-up DAME BUT NOTHING UNDER THE MAKE-UP. Isn't the whole world the same?

Were tired and cold when we returned. Rested a while and then went to dinner. Couldn't see much of the mountain city across because it was drizzling and cloudy. We sat on the west side of the dining room where we saw many boats of all sizes anchored in this very large port made by nature only as nature can make.

KOWLOON, HONG KONG, Sunday, May 7, 1961

It may be a nice day today, I hope. Up at 8, ordered breakfast, read the HONG KONG TIGER STANDARD, Sunday issue, looked through all the ads, checked the stock market in New York. Rumor one day and a denial the next day. Rumor factories are lying as much as ever to get the suckers in the game in spite of the warning given by authorities. THE LAOS PROBLEM IS STILL LOUSY. MR. K. WANTS U.S. TO TALK WITH CASTRO. VICE-PRESIDENT,JOHNSON IS TALKING WITH DIEN OF VIET NAM ABOUT THE TROOP QUESTION. ASTRONAUT SHEPARD IS IN EXCELLENT HEALTH. KHRUSCHEV

CONGRATULATES KENNEDY ON ASTRONAUT FEAT AND WISHES HIM TO DO AT SOME FUTURE DATE WHAT KHRUSCHEV DID IN U.S.S.R then right in the next column KHRUSCHEV RIDICULES U.S. SPACE FEAT. FRENCH KILLING FRENCH IN ALGERIA. K. WANTS TO RESUME PEACE AND ARMS TALK. SPACE RAT HECTOR BECOMES FATHER FOR THIRD TIME IN PARIS. BABY NAMED AFTER SHEPARD. Local news - ARMS LEFT BY TOURISTS ARE CONFISCATED. MATERNITE HOME NEEDS MONEY FOR EXTENSION. FORMER STAR TELLS OF HER NEW LIFE. BOY FLASHED FLICK KNIFE IN 10 A.M. ROBBERY. THE PRINCE WANTS TO KNOW WHERE IS THE LARGEST AMOUNT OF CASH UNDERGROUND, FORT KNOX, THE KREMLIN, OR CHASE MANHATTAN BANK'S NEW BUILDING IN NEW YORK. 2 MISSILES TESTED BY CHINESE NATIONALISTS, QUEEN ELIZABETH SAILS INTO VENICE. GENERAL SEMNITIZER (4 STAR) FLIES IN TO OKINAWA. TORNADO KILLS 15 IN OKLAHOMA. BOUGUIBA, PRESIDENT OF TUNISIA CANCELS TRIP TO TENNESSEE. AUSTRALIAN MODELS TO GIVE SHOW HERE. A PICTURE OF GAGARIN AS HE DRIVES THROUGH PRAGUE. THE DUKE OF KENT DANCING WITH MRS. MUSTOPHA, WIFE OF THE FINANCE MINISTER OF FREETOWN SIERA LEON (I don't even know where it is). COMPOSER RICHARD YARDUMAN HAS 13 CHILDREN (he sure is a good composer), HE CLAIMS HE CAN'T MAKE A LIVING FOR THEM ON HIS TAKE, BUT HAS A PATRON THAT HELPS HIM MAINTAIN HIS 26 ROOM MANSION (any more kids with patron?) A PICTURE OF GOLDI MEIR LEAVING THE EICHMANN TRIAL. MAY FIRST PARADE IN MOSCOW. Editorials by Joseph Alsop and Drew Pearson, and an editorial on space race. Some of the financial offerings here are familiar to me, like 200,000 units at $1.38 Hong Kong dollars per unit. The Movies, "THE RIGHT APPROACH", (about bachelors to get the girls), "WHERE THE BOYS ARE", "VICE RAID", "PICCADILLY", "THIRD STOP", "SPIDERS WEB",etc.

The horse race yesterday was the feature of the day. I was told that 100,000 people were there, and that most of the tourists participate in this national derby.

It's now 12 noon. JL is out visiting with S. Woolfson and Ike Witten. Hope he will learn something worthwhile. Have a date for 2 o'clock to see the town. We better get ready.

The natives here look different than the Japs and I always thought they looked alike, even the men are better looking. They haven't the flat faces of the Japs. The females are much nicer and more modern in dress than the Japanese females, at least those that are dressed, and the good looking ones are PRETTY DOLLS. I saw quite a few of them at the hotel. Of course, they don't smoke and the slit skirt to above the knees looks very good on them. They couldn't walk if there was no side slit in the skirt because it fits too tight but when it comes to hairdo, the American females can take a lesson from them. The real CHINESE habits and make-up is not here. When CHINA'S mainland is opened for travel to the outside world I would like to be one of the first ones to go there, for I love to see and study the real China, not only the ancient buildings, but the human side of the story.

The line up of rickshaws in front of the AMBASSADOR is a

sore sight for civilization. I would be ashamed to ride in one, just haven't the heart to make a horse of a human being. JL asked me what would these people do if they weren't to slave as they do now, STARVE OR JUMP IN THE LAKE? THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT DOESN'T CARE.

Most of the property here and all over the Crown Colony is owned by rich Chinese. The large buildings, hotels and apartments were built by them. Most of the streets here run in a circle and criss-cross each other. It's easy to get lost. We were warned not to stop to talk to anybody on the streets, especially women with kids, picking pockets is a specialty.

The buses are two story type, just like in London, and there are many of them. The Chinese people here, men and women, are small. Frail or thin, the women look best in their native clothes which is a one piece tight fitting dress, high stiff collar, very high slit on one or both sides of the skirt of the dress, low shoes, very high up stockings. Some of them are very cute. The men, like the women, are straight. All have black hair, I am as yet to see a bald headed man here, too.

Had our lunch at 1 and started out on the tour to HONG KONG. Took a cab to the STAR FERRY PIER, it takes 10 minutes to cross the channel. A car was waiting for us. We started uphill to the FUNICULAR, we boarded it to take us up 1300 feet to the top of the hill but not the very highest peak - that is called VICTORIA PEAK occupied by the military, radio and radar. Multi-story buildings are up in many lofty places. The scenery is like a dream. Our car met us and started on winding lofty roads and inlets, shacks or SAMPANS at ABERDEEN, the opposite side of the Island.

What we saw on this trip or the contrast between one sight and another is impossible to describe, even though the beautiful 10-12 story buildings aren't much to rave about the inside living quarters, the view they offer can't be matched. We saw everything there was to be seen and were driven around this entire island. We were shocked and ashamed to believe that such conditions still exist in the 20th century. I saw something like this on my visit to Puerto Rico and Mexico in 1952, and saw plenty of it in Japan, but never expected anything like this in British dominated and controlled land. Insects live in better holes than these people who live on the SAMPANS. Just can't understand how it is possible for humans to exist under such filthy conditions and this goes for the hundreds of houses on this side of the island, that is filled with child prostitutes, rooms 6 x 6 that house 8 persons that sleep in shifts on the floor. Just imagine the unsanitary conditions that exist there. When we stopped for a few seconds near the SAMPAN VILLAGE, in ABERDEEN we were mobbed by kids of all ages. MONEY, MONEY, GIVE MONEY, they all cried. We had to run into the car and lock the doors to escape harm or being robbed of our belongings including the shirt off our backs. The driver and guide saved us from harm.



ABERDEEN HONG KONG

A dried up citizen

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HONG KONG

THE MERCHANT

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1961



ABERDEEN HONG KONG

CLOSE-UP OF SAMPAN WITH
A FAMILY HAVING LUNCH.

1961



ABERDEEN HONG KONG

POVERTY AT ITS WORST

663 1961

On the return side we again saw things unbelievable to imagine - even to one who lives in a world of WHO CARES. There are near 150,000 of these insects in the form of human beings in this great location or bargain seeking hilly island called CROWN COLONY with a VICTORIA PEAK, presently owned by Britain, who spends untold millions of dollars on their QUEEN AND PRINCES and NOBILITY for tradition only, and who at one time had the largest navy in the world to conquer and hold big slices of all Asia and Africa and milk everything it possessed, and if she did anything for these lands, it was 99% for her benefit.

What we saw on this trip doesn't excite me any more than the nice phrases of the POLITICIANS and DIPLOMATS all over the so-called civilized nations like PROTECTING THE FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE, LOVE FOR DEMOCRACY, RADIO FREE EUROPE, FREEDOM FIGHTERS FOR THE LIBERATION OF CUBA AND LAOS, and VIET NAM and the CONGO'S LUMUMBA and TSHUMBAS and BOOMBAS etc.

I read an article in the May 7th Sunday Magazine of the Hong Kong Standard, entitled "HOVELS ARE THEIR HOMES", the following is an excerpt from it ' "HIS MAIN DIVERSIONS APPEARS TO BE HAVING CHILDREN, GIVE HIM A MEAL AND HE HAS DEMOCRACY".

The article was written about the Rajasthan laborers in New Delhi, Indiana, where the husband, wife, and child work on building skyscrapers, each doing the same kind of work. They earn in American valuta 37¢ a day for the man and 21¢ a day for the child and this goes on in the capital of India's 405 million people with the GREAT EMANCIPATOR NEHRU, the great leader of democracy and freedom for his starving citizens. The conditions I saw here and expect to see as we travel further, to see the great wonders of the world in BANGKOK and in INDIA, the TAJ MAHAL and other holy places where one must take off his shoes before he enters, wouldn't scare or surprise me anymore or would it?

WHY DOESN'T OUR GREAT YOUNG AND ENERGETIC PRESIDENT TRY TO GET THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD TO STOP PRAYING TO THE VARIOUS GODS FOR HELP. WHY NOT GET DOWN TO EARTH AND CUT OUT THE RACE FOR THE GREATEST ARMED FORCE - TO EXTERMINATE AND DESTROY, and INSTEAD SPEND ALL THIS WEALTH FIRST TO FEED, THEN TO CIVILIZE AND EDUCATE THE ILLITERATES THAT ARE IN THE GREAT MAJORITY AND MAKE THEM USEFUL TO OUR WORLD, not to the MAIN DIVERSION OF HAVING CHILDREN that I saw on this trip. Maybe it would be best for you, my President, to do what Sukarno does, and that is to travel around the world, see things for yourself, don't leave it to A.D. of the C.I.A. to report to you, let your brother the UNITED STATES ATTORNEY GENERAL put into jail some of the grafters and gangsters who run the U.S.A. to a large extent. You may find other methods to get together with other heads of governments in this world to really distribute the wealth more justly proportioned between the HAVE and HAVE-NOTS. I believe that IT IS JUST AS UNHEALTHY TO LIVE IN EXTREME LUXURY AS IT IS TO LIVE IN EXTREME POVERTY, like I have seen, and don't you forget Mr. President K.



NEW TERRITORY HONG KONG

Discussing the Red China mainland territories - Pointing a finger at it and the rice paddies.



NEW TERRITORY HONG KONG

SOCIETY TYPE LADIES IN WAITING. 666 1961

that we have both the HAVE and HAVE-NOTS in our own U.S.A. and here too, the per centage of HAVE-TOO-MUCH is very small compared to the multitudes of HAVE-NOTHING.

We were both disgusted when we returned to the hotel. Washed, had coffee and decided to see a movie, Harry Belafonte in "ODDS AGAINST TOMORROW" made in 1959. I thought that it was one of the type pictures that will refresh my feelings and wake me up. The theatre was on NATHAN ROAD, the only real wide street in Kowloon lit up with neon lights. The crowds filled the wide sidewalks to capacity. Stores were still open selling from soup to nuts. The show started at 7:30 on reserved seats to each 2 hour show (U.S.S.R. style). This is real CHINA, English is hardly spoken here. A foreigner must be careful not to be picked. I was disappointed when we were through. While the acting of the 3 main actors was excellent, the whole thing had a TINGE OF WHITE AND BLACK DISCRIMINATION. Why do we permit these kind of movies to be shown in foreign lands. Do we have to show that the U.S.A. is a land of GANGSTERS, BANK ROBBERS, THIEVING POLITICIANS, WHORES, PIN-UPS AND DELINQUENTS of both sexes. Can't we leave this to the French and Italians? IS THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR REALLY THE GUIDING SPIRIT IN EVERYTHING WE DO?

Didn't care to have dinner tonight. It sure gave us a lot of food for thought.

Tomorrow is another day. We will sightsee the mainland, the KOWLOON and NEW TERRITORIES that is located 30 miles inland and borders with the mainland of RED CHINA. The local people and the English and Canadials travel from here to the capital cities of RED CHINA. The local railroad, which is called HONG KONG CANTON R.R. runs to the Chinese border and changes to a CHINESE R.R. This is about as close as we will get to RED CHINA on this trip and I fully believe that in the very near future, this too will be part of RED CHINA as one Englishman, who lives with his wife on the hills in one of the apartments said "MAYBE IN TWO YEARS WE WILL BE OUT OF HERE, WISH WE WOULD OR COULD LEAVE NOW". He is working for the armed forces here, we heard the same from an English woman who was kind enough to let us inspect her apartment in one of the new multi-story buildings on the side of a mountain. The view there was a dream. Retired at 11 P.M.

KOWLOON, HONG KONG, Monday, May 8, 1961

Up at 8:30, breakfast in our room. JL again went to solve his problem; to return at 12:30. I got busy on the phone with our agent and arranged to leave this afternoon for MACAO (Portuguese possession), right off the RED CHINA coast. I was told one can almost shake hands with a RED SOLDIER but we wouldn't be able to do it for we don't recognize the 650 million Chinese on the mainland. Wanted to fly there and back tomorrow, so we will leave by boat at 2:30 P.M. today and return by boat tonight to arrive tomorrow at 6 A.M. We can board the boat at 10 P.M.

tonight, and so it was. JL returned disappointed, his problem wasn't solved. We left the hotel at 1:00, crossed the channel to HONG KONG and were on time to board the TAILOY #1 a nice, well constructed boat for this purpose. We were in first class, the boat was plying along the coast of CHINA.

One can get an idea of the size and activities of the free post of HONG KONG as it is known to the world of commerce and bargain hunters. I never heard the name of KOWLOON on the mainland side. Freighters of all sizes from many countries, and a few passenger boats come and go, many tug boats, barges, and countless junks, all sizes operated by the whole family that live on them all their lives, man, woman and child. Some of the women that are paddling the long oars had babies hanging on their backs. What are they doing here, where are they going or coming? I hope to find this out. I doubt if their span of life is too long. I don't remember ever seeing such thin people anywhere until we came here, and especially this morning for this ride. JL remarked as he pointed to a little girl carrying a bundle of umbrellas - I WOULD LIKE TO BRING THIS ONE WITH US TO THE STATES, SHE COULD LOOK LIKE A DOLL IF DRESSED UP WITH THE REAL CHINESE CLOTHES. I agreed with him. Dozens of ferry boats belonging to different companies shuffle back and forth from KOWLOON to HONG KONG. Some ferries are for passengers only. This is the only means of getting from one side to the other. There were many British war ships in the harbor.

We are now gliding along the smooth waters of the off shore of CHINA SEA. It's a pleasant restful trip. Met 2 couples from MIAMI who thought I was IRVING KIPNIS when I introduced myself to them. They told me about P. Palmer, I. Summers, Marion S. and the Jacobs, and if I know them, and how. Silence was my policy. We rested a while. Then read "IN PLACE OF FOLLY" by Norman Cousins. This book is frightening from the very beginning. It's about ATOMIC and HYDROGEN bombs stock piled by the SOCIETY OF THREE. What one bomb can do and multiply it by as many times as you want, and you have no one left alive on our earth, which includes all and everything that is alive, including vegetation and everything that swims and crawls. I could not read much for it's too gruesome even to imagine. We were gliding along between islands until we saw from a distance a radio station and buildings, then one siren and we will soon dock in MACAO, PORTUGAL'S SALAZAR'S peninsular possession in the CHINA Sea bordering with RED CHINA. One good look at the city from the top deck and I knew what to expect to see when we make our tour through the city. The JUNKS that lie in this port are some natives and some from RED CHINA. I was told that they are armed to the teeth and that they could easily take this peninsula that was given to PORTUGAL in the 16th Century as a gift from CHINA for helping fight pirates roaming the CHINESE seas. This Peninsula buys its water from RED CHINA and it is a big customer of CHINESE vegetables, fruits, rice, and other food stuff, so

why take it back from PORTUGAL. I am certain that if RED CHINA wanted to take it back she could do it without firing a single shot, same holds for KOWLOON and HONG KONG and NEW TERRITORIES. All these depend on CHINA supplying them with the things they need for their daily existence, and CHINA gets foreign currency this way.

Arrived in MACAO at 6:30 and started out touring the city and around it. 90% of the population are pure CHINESE, the rest are a mixture by intermarriage between PORTUGUESE and CHINESE and only 1/2% are pure whites. The dirt, filth, human misery, stench, poverty, like animal life, is all over the place. Why tourists come here is beyond me, maybe some people love to see this kind of human animal life. We didn't enjoy it one bit. The CATHOLIC church predominates in this darkness in partnership with BUDDHA. Of course, we had to visit a few BUDDHA shrines that were old and dusty and rusty. The only two nice buildings I saw was the BISHOP'S HOME AND PRIVATE CHAPEL, and the house of SALAZAR'S GOVENOR that sees to it that people that live there remain in the dark. Educated people are no good for SALAZAR, our freedom loving friend, the PREMIER DICTATOR of PORTUGAL. The same condition prevailed in PORTUGAL when I was there in 1956.

Were brought to a hotel for dinner at 7:45. Mott Street or CHINATOWN in NEW YORK or SAN FRANCISCO is modern compared to this. I didn't eat the food. The other Floridians came here too and they REFRESHED themselves at the so-called bar. We left them there and went touring again at 9, visited the red light district where prostitution is practiced by females from 8 years up, in fact here mothers sell their female children to the madams because the mothers have too many and have no room in the one room apartment, or can't feed them. It was a wretched looking neighborhood, worse than the other narrow streets up and down the hills of this hilly PENINSULA. We window shopped in 2 stores for WORKS of ART, then were taken to see a gambling joint for natives, 4 floors of sickly looking, nervous wrecks, males and females, smoking and ? - I don't know what else they do there, maybe dope too. One floor is open 24 hours each day, every day in the year. We didn't want to go to another joint like this in the only swanky hotel here which also operates 3 floors for gambling. How does this fit in with RELIGION? We drove back to the boat where JL and I retired at 10:30, in our so-called private compartment, 2 beds 18" wide, a wash stand, 2 hangers for our clothes, but it was air conditioned.

The streets were full of roaming children; the women do the same work with the men, except that they get paid 1/3 less and have to run home after work to do the cooking, washing and taking care of the many kids, and when the husband gets back from drinking or gambling she must be a wife too on the floor.

The industry here consists of FISHING in JUNKS where the whole family lives on it all their lives, and it goes from



MACAO
MACAO WATERFRONT FACING COMMUNIST.
BUILDING AT TOP IS THE CARDINAL'S HOUSE 1961



MACAO

LATEST MODERN APARTMENTS
AND ROPE MAKING BY HAND 1961

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generation to generation. Sometimes a dozen people live on a junk. Then making matches (stick) and firecrackers, all made by hand and mostly by kids at home, and rope making on empty lots where women do all the work. They bring their kids and chicks and other livestock with them and take them back home when it gets too dark to work. The junks are here from Red China too, but these are communized and Red China now builds these from teakwood equipped with gas engines they buy in Hong Kong from wrecked or used cars, rebuild them and install them in the junks. This is a great improvement over hand paddling, especially by women and kids.

We were spoiled in Japan by not being required to tip, but since we arrived here everybody had their hand out.

HONG KONG, Tuesday, May 9, 1961

Arrived at 6:20 A.M. I couldn't get out of the 18" wide bed until I felt myself if I am still in one piece. The trip to Macao was pleasant, warm and sunny and the return trip was terrible, but it's all over now and complaining about it wouldn't do any good. Rushed back to hotel, ordered breakfast and this gave me a chance to get refreshed with a good size grapefruit (Sunkist) and Allbran with hot milk. It convinces me that people can be talked into do things on rumors. Who wants to ride a rickshaw when one has 2 Cadillac cars at home, or who wants to see much misery and darkness when he lives on an estate in CORAL GABLES or WESTCHESTER, or in some other nice place with all conveniences. I didn't find anything of such great interest to convince me that I have learned something from this trip EXCEPT THAT THERE IS SO MUCH INJUSTICE IN OUR WORLD THAT MAKES CIVILIZATION A MOCKERY. THE SWEET PHRASES BY OUR SO-CALLED WORLD LEADERS IS NOTHING MORE THAN EMPTY WORDS. I haven't seen any 20th century progress in humanity other than ATOMIC BOMBS, SPACE FLYING, TRANSISTOR RADIOS, AUTOS WITH MANY GADGETS, FASTER FLYING PLANES. Soon one will be able to arrive at his destination before starting.

Of course progress in destructive habits has advanced at a terrific pace. CHA CHA CHA, SMOKING, TIGHT SKIRTS, NARROW PANTS, BEATNIKISM, HIGH HEEL SHOES WITH NARROW POINTS THAT CRIPPLE OUR BETTER HALVES' FEET, DOPE, DRINKING AT BARS, HOME COCKTAIL PARTIES IN PAJAMAS, KEY GAMES, WIFE SWAPPING PARTIES, BUYING BOOKS AND MAGAZINES ONE NEVER READS, FILTHY MOVIES AND LATE, LATE, LATE TV SHOWS corrupt the morals and minds of our young and old alike, and delinquency is on the rampage.

Just received word that we will leave tomorrow at 4:30 P.M. for BANGKOK, and then direct to DELHI, which should clip off 4 days from our trip, if we can arrange this with INTOURIST office in DELHI. JL didn't solve his problem yet. I hope he succeeds or he will be disappointed.

The methods of transportation here is tricycle rickshaw, paddled by men, regular rickshaw is pulled by a man horse, cabs all sizes, tramways, electric buses, gas buses, trains, junks,

ferries, helicopters, sea planes for short flights, and walking. BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS signs are seen on all these transportation methods. 2 kinds of toilets are to be found in each public place. I don't care to describe the native toilet. It has to be seen to be appreciated. The contrast between good and the worst is much pronounced. I guess that the only way one can see this is to travel on tours like I do because we don't take the trouble in our homeland to see what's going on, we are too busy with a lot of nonsense to both with this, even if we live in cities like Jersey City, Hoboken, or in many other cities and towns like these in our U.S.A. There are plenty of them.

On yesterday's trip to MACAO I saw many JET BLACK uniformed policemen regulating and enforcing the law. I was told by our guide, a hefty female who looked Jewish, but was a PORTUGUESE CATHOLIC, a native by birth, spoke CHINESE, ENGLISH, and PORTUGUESE, that the SALAZAR government who is strictly Catholic, supply CHINESE girls to these enforcers of the law for their personal use and pleasure so that they do not have RAPE at random. I also noticed that the border between the peninsula and mainland of CHINA is kept closed and that the PORTUGUESE government doesn't recognize RED CHINA. They only recognize CHIANG'S NATIONALIST CHINA even though this population couldn't live the miserable life they do without getting fresh water and vegetables and food from RED CHINA.

To solve JL's problem we crossed the ferry to Hong Kong. It's the first time since we have been here that I took a walk in this teaming financial district, the heart of all big commerce, banks, post offices, telephone and telegraph, and everything that makes for big business. Import and export is here in the tall new and old office buildings. The streets were jammed, I was rather surprised to see this here and not in KOWLOON. After solving JL's problem, we returned to the mainland of KOWLOON PENINSULA, had lunch. Sent away by parcel post the few things we bought so that we don't add to the few things we took with us. On return to Kowloon I noticed a use for the junk and its occupants, every time a steamer comes into this port many of these slobs scrape and paint the ships on the outside. It's much cheaper to have it done here than elsewhere.

We started on our sightseeing trip to the KOWLOON PENINSULA and the NEW TERRITORY which was leased by ENGLAND from CHINA in the 80's for 99 years. I don't know why they wanted it then and why they need it now, true it's a picturesque drive in the steep mountains, until one gets to the Red border, and must turn back, but what dirt, stench, filthy people, filthy places, wretched homes, unfit for humans. The human manure these people save for fertilizing stinks all over the place, a disgrace to humanity. Yet, I am told that these people are happier than our big city slickers, they are happy with their lot because they don't know better. IS IT REALLY TRUE THAT IGNORANCE IS BLISS? We didn't eat any vegetables, raw or cooked after



KOWLOON HONG KONG

THE LATEST TYPE APARTMENT DECORATION - INSIDE AND OUTSIDE AND ON THE STREET.

1961

this ride.

When we returned to KOWLOON PROPER, we were driven through the new housing development which is huge in size but what we saw there really can't be described, rat hole apartments. The people, young and old, all looked like rats running around in droves. The front of the houses were decorated with INTERNATIONAL FLAGS (?) clothes that looked like rags of different colors, were hanging to dry on what looked like flag poles or balconies.

Were glad to return to the hotel after 4 hours of sightseeing. We were tired and hungry, so after a wash up we went to dine on the 16th floor restaurant. It sure was relaxing watching the beautiful view of HONG KONG through the window.

Will leave tomorrow for BANGKOK and will not have time to find out the truth what I have been told about the JAP and CHINESE females, even the slit skirt on both sides up to the hips didn't disclose the true facts. Another walk on NATHAN ROAD and side streets concluded the day here. It's now 9:40 P.M. Felt that I was entitled to lie down and read more of NORMAN COUSIN'S "IN PLACE OF FOLLY". Maybe being only a few hundred feet away from RED CHINA and the 650 million people we refuse to recognize that they exist, will make me want to finish reading this book in one reading.

The perfume smell of the material the females carried in 10 gallon cans over their shoulders (which material is called "goodies"))to store in a hole in the ground to dry and then be ground and mixed with soil and used as fertilizer, isn't out of my nostrils, either is the stench from the human insects we saw at the new housing development, nor is the sight of the WHORE HOUSE districts in MACAO and HONG KONG out of my mind. JL warned me in advance not to eat fresh or cooked vegetables in these parts of the world. We didn't after the ride.

The British have seven warships and a flat top in the harbor. I would like to know what for?

Retired but didn't fall asleep. Somebody kept on calling JL until 12 midnight on something that had to be ready for him tomorrow.

HONG KONG, Wednesday, May 10, 1961

Up early, the doorbell rang at 7, by someone to meet JL. He took care of his problems and returned at 8:30 for breakfast. We went to collect the rest of the bargains he bought in photographic articles only. I too bought a watch like JL's for $5. less than he paid, just to show him that ANYTHING HE CAN DO, I CAN DO BETTER. Now I have a watch on each hand, one for the date and the other to wake me up on time. Packed our belongings and were ready to go. We still have the same pieces of baggage we came here. The bargains were sent by Parcel Post.

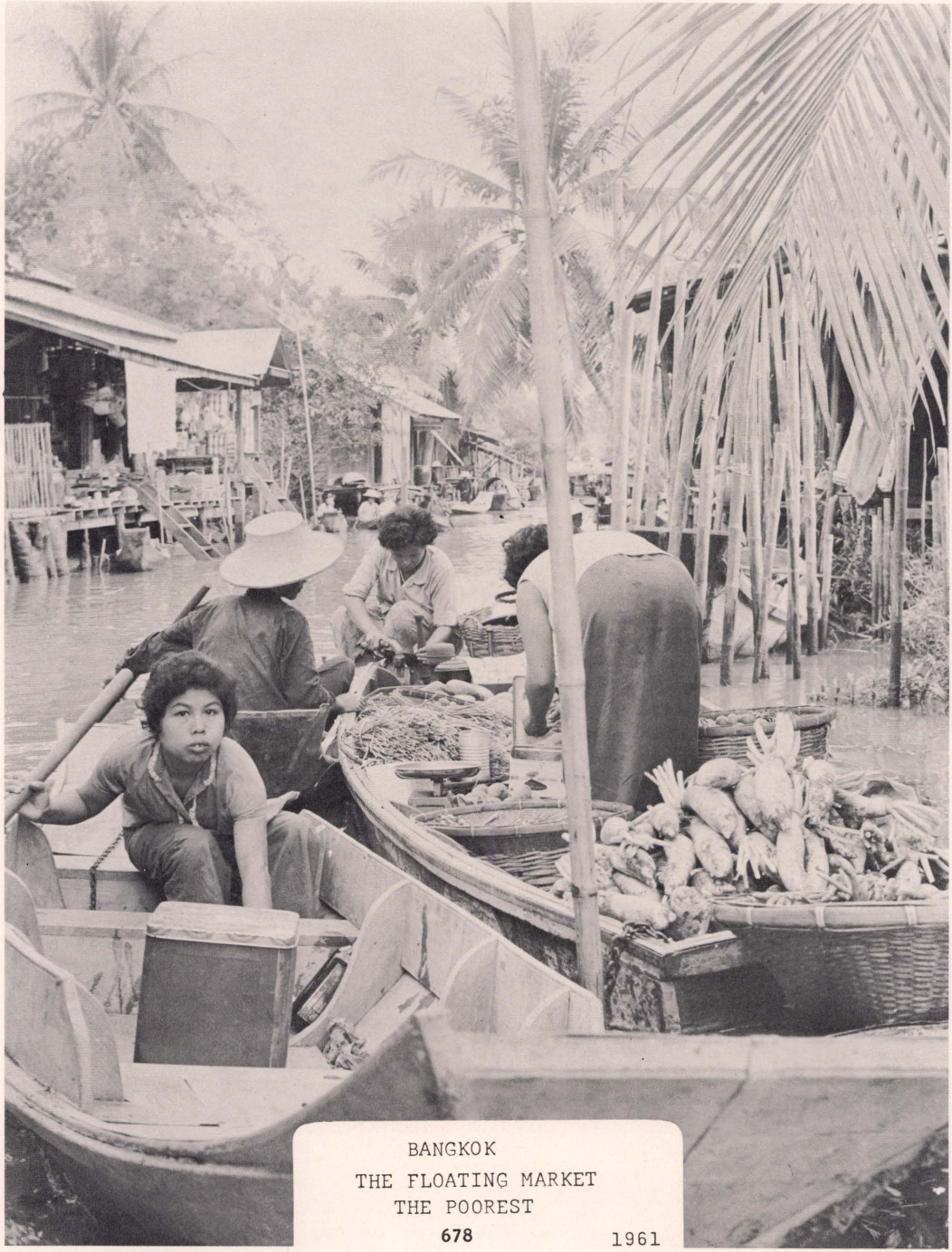
Went to lunch. Our table was at the window facing the most beautiful sight, HONG KONG and VICTORIA PEAK. I remarked to JL that this sight reminds me of a MOST BEAUTIFUL DRUG STORE MADE-UP



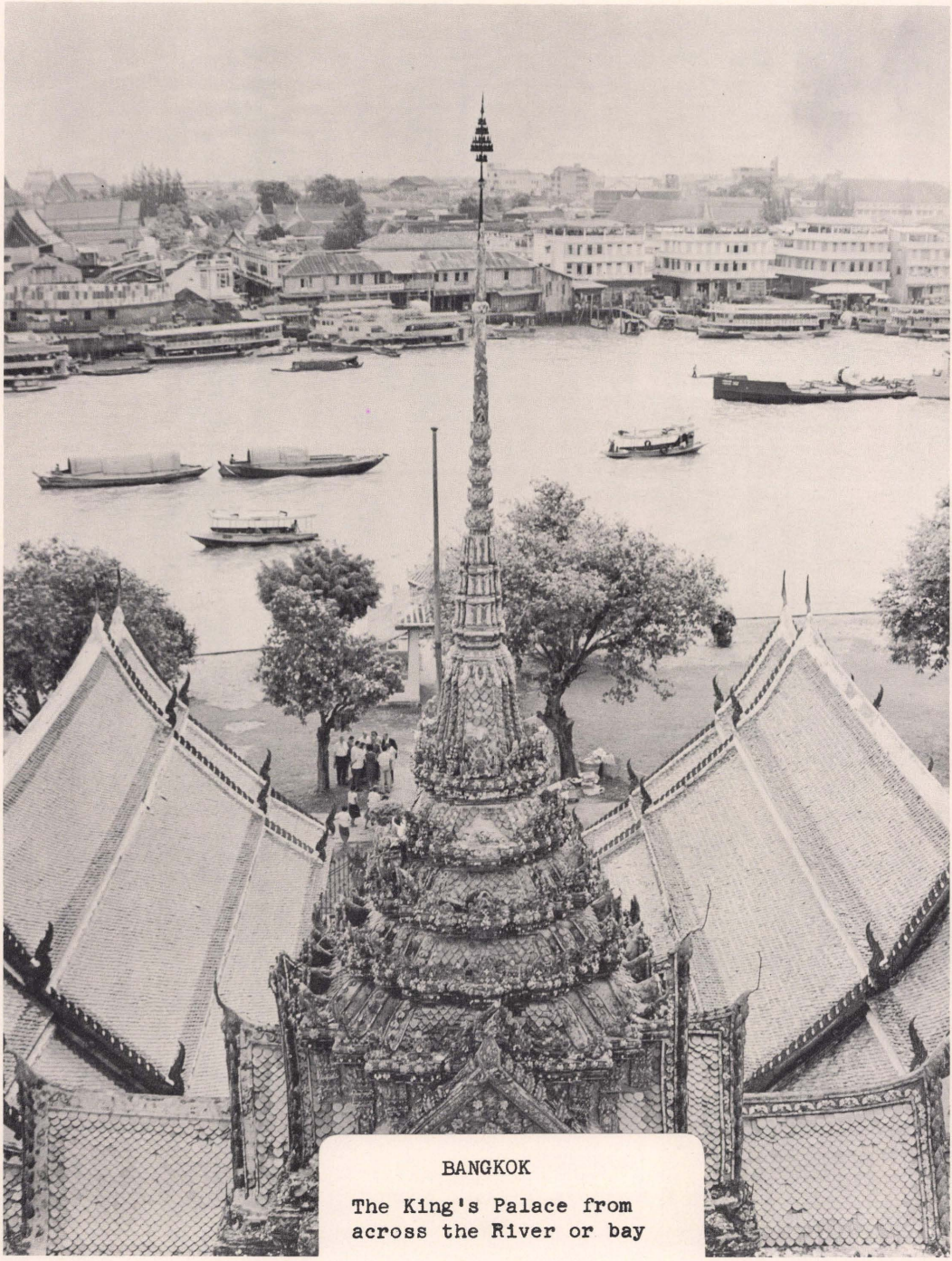
HONG KONG AIRPORT
Leaving for Bangkok on Lufthansa. The hostess was not German.



BANGKOK
A CONTRAST A FEW BLOCKS AWAY
THE RICHEST
677 1961



BANGKOK
THE FLOATING MARKET
THE POOREST
678 1961



BANGKOK

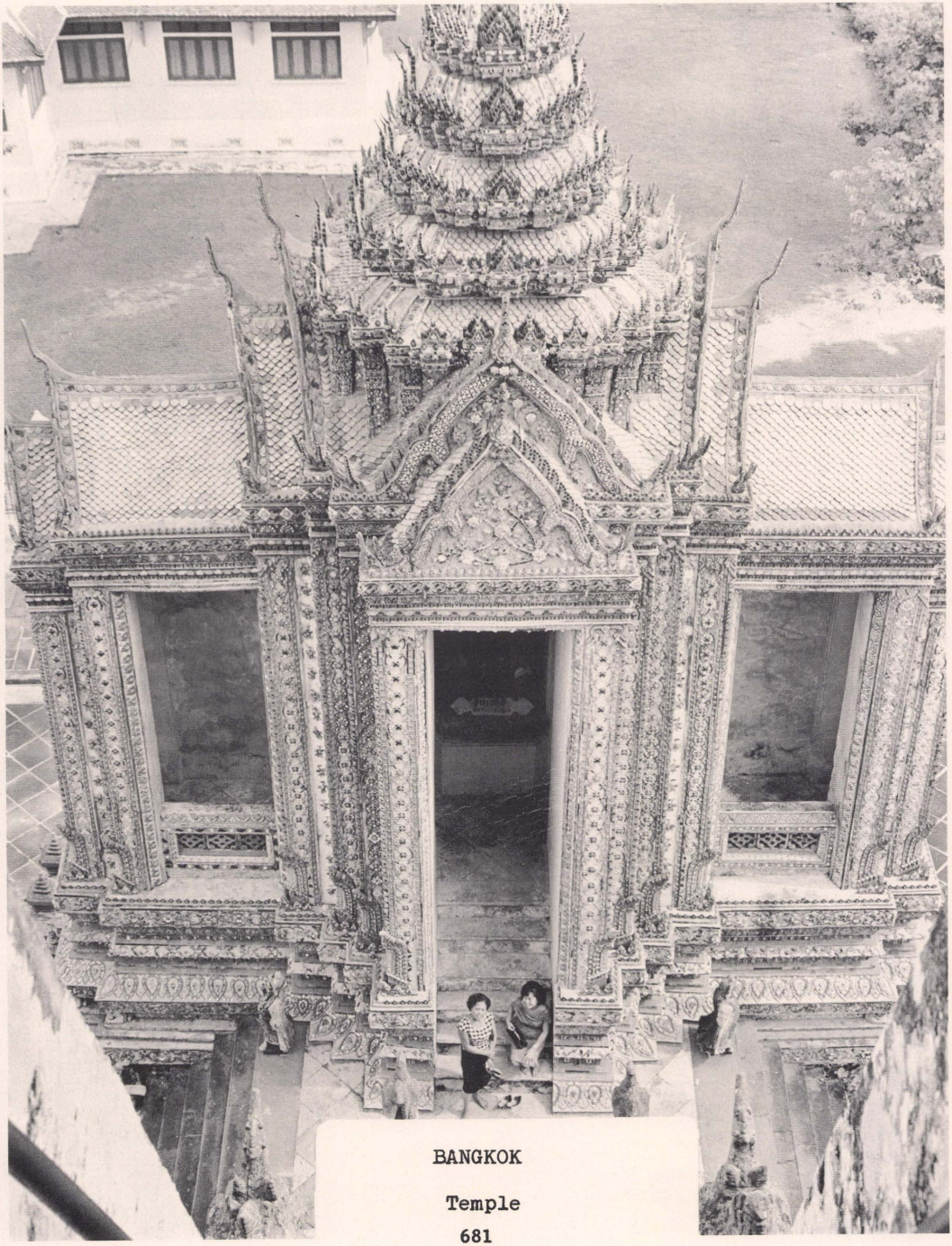
The King's Palace from
across the River or bay



BANGKOK

Royal Family's private church

680



BANGKOK

Temple

681



BANGKOK

The King's Palace special guard.

682



BANGKOK

In the King's Palace.
Some more devils watching
Buddha. 683



BANGKOK

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE DEVIL?



BANGKOK

THE DEVIL - WHO'S AFRAID?



BANGKOK

SK inspecting the old time racing boats used by the Kings and Queens.



BANGKOK

Not bad for youngsters in 110° heat.



BANGKOK

Lunch in front of a department store on the river.



BANGKOK

Perfectly contented



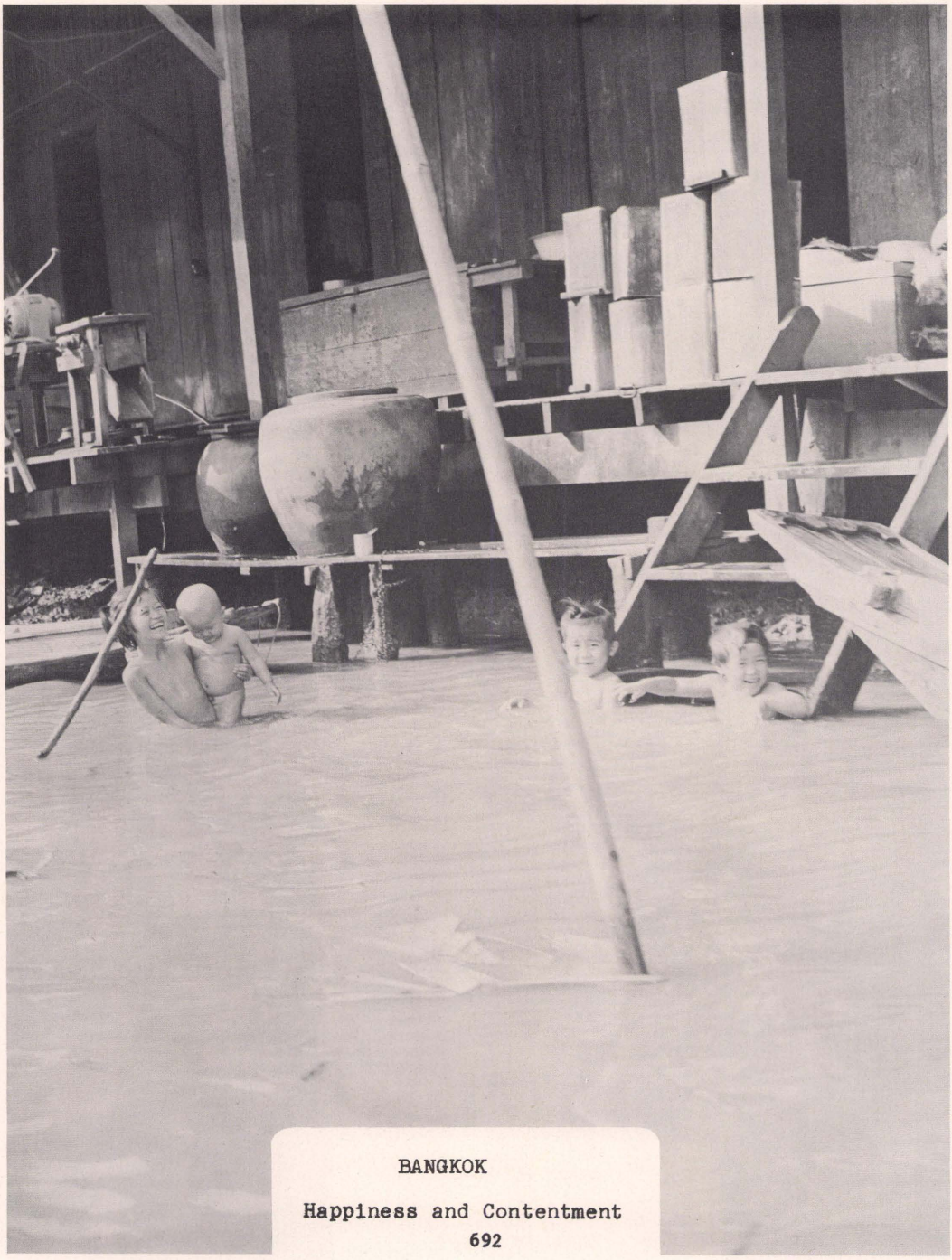
BANGKOK

She just had to stop washing to take a good look at us.



BANGKOK

Living on the Floating Market
River - This is life!



BANGKOK

Happiness and Contentment

692



BANGKOK

Wash and bath day

693



BANGKOK

Swimming between the boats that float to shopping market.



BANGKOK

On a private yacht near
the Floating Market.



BANGKOK

Dish washing under supervision



BANGKOK

This youngster recognized us

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FEMALE WITH A BEAUTIFUL SHAPED BODY, DRESSED UP BEAUTIFULLY, BUT IS DIRTY and SMELLS BAD UNDER THE MAKE-UP. We got into a conversation about what we saw here and JL remarked that IN THE PRESENT TIME OF REVOLUTION AND THE AWAKENING OF PEOPLE IN EVERY PART OF THE WORLD, AND THE COMMIES STIRRING UP THESE PEOPLE TO THINK FOR THEMSELVES, IF THE CAPITALISTIC SYSTEM DOESN'T WAKE UP SOON AND START USING SOME OF THE WEALTH FROM THE HAVE TOO MUCH TO IMPROVE THE CONDITIONS AND STANDARD OF LIVING OF THE HAVE NOTS, INSTEAD OF SPENDING BILLIONS ON ARMAMENTS AND WASTEFUL LUXURY, THEN THE COMMUNISTS WILL GET THEM AND THAT THIS WILL MEAN AND END TO THE CAPITALISTS.

WE MUST STOP PLAYING WITH KINDS AND QUEENS AND NOBILITY, AND MUST ELIMINATE THE HUTTONS AND DUKES, AND THE MONEY BARONS AND MONEY CHANGERS WHO MAKE US LOOK STUPID AND ARE A DISGRACE TO A DECENT SOCIETY. WE MUST ELIMINATE THE SCANDAL SHEETS AND SCANDAL WRITERS AND LIARS OF THE PRESS WHO POISON THE MINDS OF OUR YOUTH AND MAKE BEATNIKS OF THEM, AND EVERYTHING THAT GOES WITH IT. WE MUST ELIMINATE THE SCANDAL MONGERS LIKE W.W. AND HIS KIND, AND THE BIG MOUTH FAT SLOB AND BLACKMAILER AND HER KIND, WHOSE GOSSIPING PARTIES FOR AND WITH PEOPLE THAT ARE CHEAP PARASITES AND RICH PROSTITUTES AND PUT THESE PEOPLE TO USEFUL WORK CLEANING STREETS OR LAYING BRICKS, OR WASHING TOILETS.

It was late and we had to leave for the airport. I paid up and checked out. It was hot, stuffy and muggy. I had enouhg time for a hair cut, $1 paid for the works including a tip for the barber and the girl that helped him with the tools. A barber shop like this would be closed in New York unless it was in Chinatown or on Mott Street or in Harlem, New York or in any other places like these.

Lufthansa Jet #647, started at 4:40 and will arrive in BANGKOK at 5 P.M. It is 2 hours earlier in BANGKOK. Glad we are on our way and wouldn't care if I don't come here again, let the BRITISH keep it or give it back to the REDS. Let KENNEDY and RUSK worry about it.

It was a pleasant flight over hilly country. We didn't feel the difference when we were flying over LAOS, nature covered it up with a spread of clouds. Arrived in BANGKOK 5 P.M. local time. It took about 12 minutes for immigrations ceremony, we are now getting used to it. I can now remember my passport number, date I was born (but not what for) and where and what day the passport was issued, etc. The captain announced in flight that it is 99 degrees in BANGKOK. We were driven by private car and guide to the RAMA HOTEL, 2 years old and air-conditioned. Ordered tickets to see a native dance group dancing THAI CLASSICAL DANCES, arranged by the GOVERNMENT FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT. This is how the program read:-

THAI FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT PRESENTS THAI
CLASSICAL DANCES. FOLK DANCES AND MUSIC
FOR FOREIGN VISITORS. ALL YEAR, EVERY
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY AT GOVERNMENT

AUDITORIUM OF CULTURE (AIR COND.)

How could we miss such a thing, so we washed and dined, changed some dollars into local valuta called TIKOS, 20 to the American dollar and then to the GOVERNMENT AUDITORIUM. When we were driving to the Hotel, the guide told us after he sold us two $2 tickets for $4 each, that it will cost us 80 TIKOS to go by cab one way. We bargained it down to 50 TIKOS THERE AND BACK in a 1950 Buick and a right hand drive. Traffic here is also like in London, right hand. It was quite a distance and the streets and roads are poorly lighted. 3 wheel and 4 wheel small cars and buses clog the narrow roads. I would have quit the show after 5 minutes but JL wanted to get our money's worth so we stayed until the end. The orchestra consisted of 12 people, each barefoot, sitting with their behinds on their feet. The harmony or synchronization of the music, the sound of each instrument will ring in my musical ears a long time. The dancing, also barefoot, but why waste time on this. We were glad to get out at 10:15 P.M. and to the air-conditioned Room 807. It was a pleasure to retire.

BANGKOK, Thursday, May 11, 1961

WE CAME, WE SAW, AND WE LEFT and we will never miss this place. Up at 6, breakfast at 6:30 and sightseeing at 7. Were driven to a special motor boat, long and narrow. The ride on this boat was worth the trip. We were taken to the FLOATING MARKET, which is a market place on water. JUNKS of all sizes, filled with all kinds of vegetables and some fruits like mangos, papayas, and grapefruit. I thought we were in the BORNEO wilderness, naked kids swimming in between the hundreds of JUNKS, families living in one room houses, close to each other. The women and the men and the rest of the family were either washing clothes or bathing in the dirty water of the river. Most of the so-called houses are on stilts. Some of the places on this river were crowded, worse than 5th Avenue in New York at 4:30 P.M. before Christmas. I couldn't believe my eyes what I saw, it took about 3 hours to make this round, then drove by the KING'S palace. Spent about 1/2 hour inside the grounds then drove to see the 5 ton BUDDHA. Was told the story of it. Took off my shoes and walked in my socks. The KING AND QUEEN may have been guests and great friends of our ex-president but as far as I am concerned he could move to Washington and open a swank night club for the DO NOTHING MONEY BAGS of all countries that live in our capital on the fat of the land.

The temples or shrines filled with images to whom they pray are not any different than any other religion to me. INDIA, PAKISTAN, and other RELIGIONS in the FAR EAST as well as in the NEAR EAST, S.E. ASIA as well as the RELIGIONS in our so-called WHITE SUPREMACY COUNTRIES are not any better. IT'S DARK ALL OVER AND the images are a concoction by some people who brought their imagination down to date with the ages, for no one saw MOSES dry up the sea to rescue the JEWS from the EGYPTIAN

PHAROAHS yet I saw a drawing of it in color and so it goes for everything in religion that makes people kneel and pray. To me it's nothing else but a scheme to make money, for I too dropped coins into every box in every such place I went to on this trip. I knew that no account is kept of this money. The story about SISTER PHILOMENA published in Time Magazine of April 28, 1961 is proof to me that the HOLY PEOPLE AREN'T SO HOLY AND CAN MAKE AND UNMAKE SAINTS. She was a SAINT for over 124 years and was demoted by POPE JOHN. No one asked this POPE, WAS YOU THERE CHARLIE?

Maybe it is to the interest of the people that control our world to KEEP THE MULTITUDES IN DARKNESS because TO SHOW THEM THE LIGHT WOULD MAKE THEM MUCH SMARTER THAN THEY ARE NOW, and WHEN PEOPLE GET SMART AND EDUCATED THEY ASK QUESTIONS AND TRY TO THROW OFF THE YOKE OF THE ENSLAVERS, and this is no good for them.

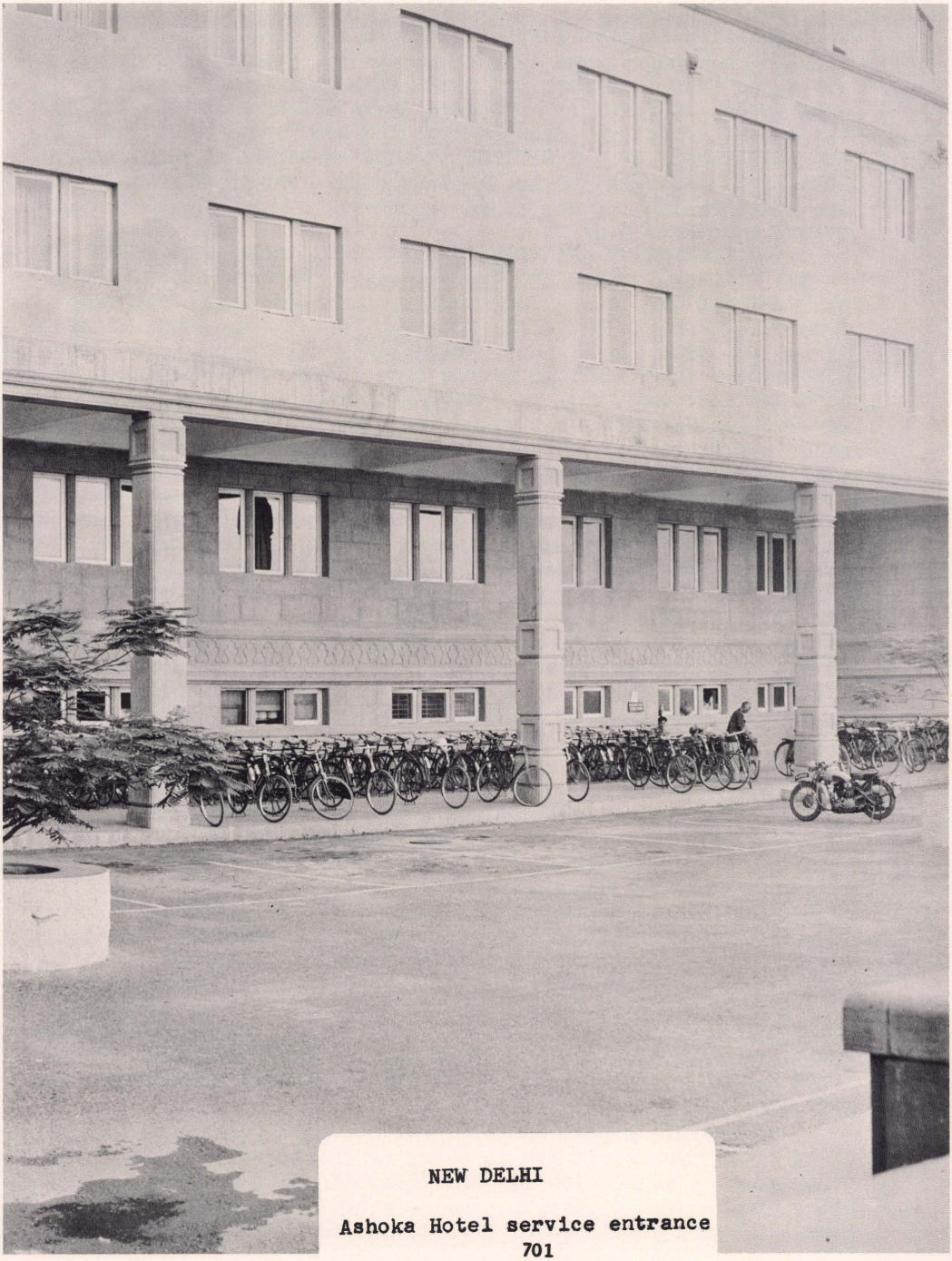
In discussing with some people in this part of the world why the big powers don't try to have the small (old and new) countries unite in a FEDERATION OF STATES and stop creating NATIONALISTIC feelings which is a CURSE to HUMANITY, and which has already cost untold millions of lives and the answer was IT DOESN'T PAY THE PRESENT WORLD RULING COUNTRIES TO DO THIS BECAUSE THEY DON'T WANT TO BUILD UP STRONG COMPETITORS, AS THE SAYING GOES, "DIVIDED WE FALL" as ENGLAND ALWAYS KEPT ALL HER COLONIES FIGHTING EACH OTHER SO THAT SHE COULD DO HER DIRTY WORK WITHOUT INTERFERENCE.

We were hot when we returned to the hotel. Had lunch and made ready to leave for DELHI on AIR FRANCE 707, Flight #173, 3:45 P.M.

I confess that I was anxious to make this trip to satisfy my curiosity but am happy to leave and wouldn't want to come back here again. When I finish this part of the round the world trip I will have a lot of questions to ask even though I know that I will not get sensible answers. THIS POOR LITTLE COUNTRY HAS MANY OF OUR F-85 JET FIGHTERS, 8 WERE DELIVERED A FEW WEEKS AGO. IT HAS MANY TYPES OF WAR SHIPS. IT HAS AN ARMY OF 118,000. WHAT FOR? It's dictator, MARSHALL SARIT THANARAT is arresting many people who do not agree with its leaders and the King. THESE LEADERS ARE OUR FRIENDS, we call them FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE, DEMOCRACIES OF OUR SYSTEM. WE SUPPORT THEM WITH HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF OUR AMERICAN DOLLARS AT THE EXPENSE OF OUR OWN CITIZENS, WHY?

The people we saw here, as in the other countries we just came from, really don't know what FREEDOM means. All they know is that they have a KING and QUEEN and TEMPLES and SHRINES and PRIESTS and IMAGES to whom they pray and thank for their wretched lives, full of disease and always hungry and filthy, with a house full of children, and a DICTATOR PREMIER that does as he pleases.

I wonder when a request is made to our CONGRESS for an



NEW DELHI

Ashoka Hotel service entrance
701

appropriation to give away millions to the LEADERS and to the KINGS of a country like this or others that are as bad or worse, or when a SENATOR or CONGRESSMAN gets up and makes a long speech in favor of giving to these FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE the amount requested, does he mean THE FEW THAT SIT ON THE TOP AND POCKET MOST OF THE GIVINGS OR DOES HE MEAN THE SLOBS THAT DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HE IS TALKING ABOUT? WAS HE EVER THERE to see what's going on, and if he was there, did he ever make the trip I made here today?

We arrived at NEW DELHI on time. It took about an hour to get through the immigration ceremony, the same story, WHERE AND WHEN AND WHY, etc. Our tourist man helped us to get away from this terrible hot airport, 107 degrees. The HOTEL ASHOKA is not far from the airport. We noticed that right at the airport were a few buildings of the type I expected, huts, but we soon got into beautiful wide streets. This is NEW DELHI, a new section of DELHI that was started in 1921 and was built up under 5 year plans. Don't know which 5 year plan it is now. I noticed from up in the air while we were circling the airport that there were hundreds of new single family homes and multi-floor buildings, something I didn't expect to see, but there they were and it was contrary to what I was told, but I later found out that most of NEW DELHI was built up by the BRITISH for the BRITISH government employees and so-called INDIAN PARLIAMENT which it eventually turned over to NEHRU'S government. I surely thought that the huge amount of moneys WE and the U.S.S.R. gave or loaned this and other countries like INDIA was being put in good use to bring and put in practice the 4 FREEDOMS laid down by F.D.R. as a reason for putting all our efforts and resources in WORLD WAR II to win it for that purpose, and for which effort cost 50 MILLION LIVES, forgetting about the property damage. I was really disappointed on this travel so far, it didn't change much for the masses.

On the way to the hotel, the guide pointed out to us the diplomatic buildings on DIP ENCLAVE as this street or location is called. The U.S.A and U.S.S.R. embassies are next to each other, brand new huge buildings, air-conditioned with gardens and swimming pools, all trimmings to make for up to date modern living. All other embassies from large and small nations and their staffs are here already or are now constructing new edifices of the same class. I was told that this will be the CLASSIEST LOCATION OF DIPLOMATIC INTRIGUE AND LIARS IN THE WHOLE WORLD AND THAT EACH DIPLOMAT FROM EACH COUNTRY WILL HAVE ENOUGH SPIES AROUND TO KNOW WHAT'S COOKING IN EVERYBODY ELSE'S POT ALL THE TIME.

The ASHOKA Hotel, where we were brought to, is a huge place only 3 years old and is owned by the government like the other first clas hotels like the Imperial which is also huge but older and is much closer to howling mobs. Were assigned to Room 412 which consisted of 2 rooms and bath. The living room

was furnished with enough pieces to be a dining alcove and living room, with a conglomeration of cheap furniture (modern) and a bedroom. Well, this reminded me a bit of Russia even though the furniture looked modern, the bed I slept in was 38" wide but I actually fell into it, the mattress was about 2" thick. The clothes closet was a separate piece. I had to move the furniture around to make it passable. Now the bathroom, which had a refrigerator in it, a sink and bath tub with an overhead shower and a hand shower, but no shower curtain. The tub was narrow even for me to be comfortable in it. The toilet, well, this I had to repair right away because it was spilling over. I was back to my old trade, repairing toilets.

It was comfortable here with the air-conditioners. Dined in the huge dining room, poorly furnished and not so very cool. It opens at 7:30 P.M. for dinner, and it was full of (you guessed it) - mostly English speaking touring PAPAS and MAMAS, many going to JAPAN to attend a Rotary Convention (International). I really don't know what and why it exists and the purpose of it. I attended one of their luncheons in Jacksonville many years ago with RHL and stood up and sang a few songs from a song book. One song was the rage at that time, it was written by I. BERLIN for KATE SMITH, and she sure made a big hit of it and with it, and lots of money too, GOD BLESS AMERICA. The food there wasn't the kind I like so I never went to another luncheon. I also was a BROTHER MASON at one time but couldn't stand the cigar smoking so I had to quit that, but I still didn't know the purpose for their secrecy, ceremonies, accomplishments and the reason for their existence.

The lobby has many small shops selling bargains and many Tourist and Airline Companies' Offices. Our agencies office the Mercury, is at the Imperial, quite a distance from here. The conglomeration of the make-up of the natives, their dress, and especially the women, make one believe that he is in a different world. We saw this throughout the Orient but not like here, even though when it comes to living conditions of the masses, there is hardly any difference. Here you can see the Sikhs, they don't cut their hair or shave. Their hair is wrapped around as a turban. The clothes varies from pants to sheets wrapped around the body and pulled up between the legs. Hats of different kinds and styles are worn by both sexes.

Retired at 10. We have a job to do tomorrow to arrange our departure from here. May go direct to MOSCOW and skip TASHKENT. It was bad planning by Union Tours in New York, Jet planes fly direct from here to MOSCOW.

NEW DELHI, Friday, May 13, 1961

Up at 6:30 and started to plan the day. Ordered breakfast and went to the Mercury tourist to plan our trip to AGRA and JAIPUR, which will take 2 days if we fly to AGRA, drive to JAIPUR and fly back to DELHI, or drive by car if it is air-conditioned. After a lot of figuring on paper the agent said "$155 and we

don't guarantee that the air-conditioner in the 1956 Dodge will work". He can't get us plane reservations to either place because of our change in itinerary. We arrived here four days sooner than scheduled. Decided to drop the sightseeing trip to both places, it's too hot and the full moon wouldn't be full this month and the only time to enjoy the beauty of TAJ MAHAL is in the full moon. Will leave this for our next trip if we ever make one, which should be in December or January.

Arranged to go sightseeing at 3:30 and try in the meantime to get space on a plane to leave on the 16th. Everybody tried, so did we. The only flights to MOSCOW via Air India is Friday's Constellation and it's too late now. The other flights are Airfloat (U.S.S.R.) on Tuesdays and Thursdays via TASHKENT. Our itinerary calls for leaving on the 19th for TASHKENT and the 22nd for MOSCOW. When we got over to Air India, we discovered that their record for us calls for direct flights to MOSCOW on May 19 with no stopover in TASHKENT. I was told in NEW YORK that this flight is a Jet, and now I found out it is a Constellation which takes 4 hours more time to fly and there isn't a chance for space on any other earlier flight, we have a problem to sweat it out here or fly via EUROPE to MOSCOW. This needs consultation with Local INTOURIST at the U.S.S.R embassy. Made reservations on the 19th because next opening is June 2nd. Had lunch and a good taste of 110 degrees of hot weather. Were at the INTOURIST at 2, had a most pleasant reception; were told not to worry about getting hotel space in MOSCOW, they will take care of us there if we wire them of the change.

Back to Ashoka Hotel, started on our sightseeing tour. First drove around the DIP ENCLAVE which was really a beautiful development. It reminded me much of a high grade residential development in MIAMI except that the buildings are much LARGER, more SUBSTANTIAL and ELABORATE, and have other buildings for personnel on the huge lots. Of course each main building had a flag of its nationality fluttering on a pole high above the roof. Then we drove by the various local government projects. The Presiden's palace, 300 rooms, immense in size and ground space, protected by a high masonry wall, NEHRU'S home, the PARLIAMENT building and buildings for the employees that work for it. All this is NEW DELHI. The main street between this PARLIAMENT building and the SOLIDERS MONUMENT looks like PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE in Washington, from the Capitol to Jefferson Monument, except it is much wider and cleaner and nicer. Maybe 500 feet wide with walkways, driveways (right hand driving), waterways, trees (no flowers. It made a favorable impression on me what Nehru's government and billions have accomplished here(?) Our guide, a very nice young student, told us that ALL THIS WAS BUILT BY THE BRITISH AFTER WORLD WAR I WHEN INDIA WAS STILL A BRITISH COLONY. It started building NEW DELHI in 1921



DELHI
AS THE SAYING GOES -
YOU CAN BRING THE WATER TO
THE GOAT BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE
IT DRINK. **705** 1961



NEW DELHI

MODERN METHOD OF HANDLING
HEAVY MATERIAL

706 1961



NEW DELHI

THE CHISELERS

707

1961



NEW DELHI

MASONS AND BRICKLAYERS
HARD AT WORK IN 106°

708

1961

and took them 10 years to do what we saw.

Then started to drive through OLD DELHI and here is where our stomach turned with disgust to everything we saw. The first place visited was MAHATMA GANDHI'S place where he cremated. Here we saw women barefoot digging ditches with all their jewels on their hands, fingers, feet and noses, where they are now building a simple monument to him. We saw sights here of waste of labor and human energy that was pitiful. 4 men were carrying a big stone to be chiseled to fit into a place in this monument, and the chiselers, had to work in the 110 degrees heat. What they looked like in physique can't be described, it must be seen by one's eyes right on the spot.

Then drove through the main business street. Saw scenes that we didn't see up to now, where animals are respected more than humans, where the cow, bull, and buffalo are the only free and respected creatures. They can roam the streets even near the president's palace, make droppings anywhere, whereas the so-called human beings have to stand up against a fence or something like that for the #1 or #2 functions. The few places they have for personal operation isn't fit for pigs. We saw a STARK NAKED WOMAN WITH SHAVEN HEAD crossing the street where we were driving, SCRATCHING HERSELF IN A FUNNY PLACE, HER BREASTS AS THIN AS FLAT PANCAKES HANGING DOWN ABOUT 10 INCHES that made me cover my face with disgust and shame. I saw humanity at its worst. The filth and dirt on their bodies and surroundings was like the lowest form of animal life.

This reminded me of the travelogue I saw of Beautiful JAPAN,with the lovely gardens, GEISHA GIRLS, cherry tree blossoms, flowers and bridges over pools or brooks. All made in HOLLYWOOD at the order of MADISON AVENUE to lure the SUCKERS from all over the world to see such paradise in JAPAN. Same thing is done by MADISON AVENUE for money paid them by every country who is out to invite the SUCKERS especially the AMERICANS. Of course, I never saw in such travelogues or newsreels any of the horrible things we saw in all the countries we visited up to now and we didn't visit the worst yet, and may never do it. We haven't been to the Arab or African countries where conditions are much worse even if I think that what we saw can't be worse.

I have to laugh at the reports of our ROVING AMBASSADORS and POLITICIANS, when they cry about saving these FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE. Nobody ever asked what was done with the billions of dollars handed out by us to the RULING CLASSES of these countries to improve the lot of these FREEDOM LOVING SLOBS, that are surely the great majority of persons here and elsewhere. The billions we poured into JAPAN was used by the RULING CLIQUE there to build up the large industries that are controlled by a few MONEY BARONS, MONEY LENDERS AND CHANGERS. They compete with us and the other high cost production countries because their standard of living is close to the lowest of animal standards, 7 days a week, 12

hours a day, 6-10 in a room. Yes, they have lots of neon signs on their streets as shown to us in a newsreel release. So has NATHAN DRIVE in KOWLOON and HONG KONG, but these signs do not portray the miserable life of the multitudes who are still living in the dark ages of the lowest type of slavery and religious subjugation and darkness (there were not many neon signs in BANGKOK or in DELHI). What about MOTT and ELIZABETH and ATTORNEY Streets and in BROWNSVILLE in EAST NEW YORK, and in HARLEM, and in so many more places in our own U.S.A. in principal cities, and in LONDON, PARIS, MADRID, LISBON, etc. where there is plenty of neon lights and plenty of misery and religious darkness and hatred. I was sick and played out. physically and mentally. I didn't want to see any more. I told JL that we should try to get away from here as fast as we can get passage to anywhere. I don't want to wait until I hear a MOSLEM MONK OR PRIEST call out at the top of his voice, for prayer from the top of MINARETS. I can't take it anymore. I saw so much in this town and besides this darkness, I can't stand the women here, they are the worst dressed and made-up and physically shaped of any I met in the other countries, including Bangkok.

An example of the local DELHI MADISON AVENUE describing the greatness and accomplishment of India:-

DO YOU KNOW THIS ABOUT INDIA

- ITS TOTAL AREA OF 1,259,797 SQUARE MILES COVERS ABOUT A FIFTEENTH OF THE EARTH'S CIRCUMFERENCE, HAS A LAND FRONTIER OF 9425 MILES AND A COAST LINE OF 3535 MILES.
- POPULATION OF 402 MILLION (1959), IS SECOND ONLY TO THAT OF CHINA AND IF THE WHOLE HUMANITY WERE TO STAND IN LINE, EVERY SEVENTH INDIVIDUAL WOULD BE AN INDIAN. SEX RATIO IS 947 FEMALES TO EVERY 1000 MEN.
- HAS 558,088 VILLAGES AND ABOUT 82.7% OF ITS POPULATION LIVES IN VILLAGES.
- IT HAS A COMMON FRONTIER WITH FIVE COUNTRIES, BURMA, PAKISTAN, NEPAL, TIBET AND CHINA.
- ITS NORTHERN MOUNTAINS (HIMALAYAS)FORM A CONTINUOUS BOUNDARY OF 1250 MILES.
- IS A LAND OF MANY LANGUAGES AND DIALECTS, ABOUT 845 BUT THE CONSTITUTION RECOGNIZES ONLY 14.
- IS THE LARGEST DEMOCRACY IN THE WORLD WITH AN ELECTORATE OF 193 MILLION PEOPLE 45% OF THEM BEING WOMEN. ONE OF THE FEW COUNTRIES WHERE WOMEN DID NOT HAVE TO FIGHT FOR ELECTORAL RIGHTS.
- IT HAD PLANNED CITIES WITH AN ELABORATE SYSTEM OF DRAINAGE AS FAR BACK AS 3000 B.C.
- ITS COASTS WERE OPEN TO THE EUROPEANS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MAY 1495 BY VASCO DE GAMA.
- HAD 552 PRINCELY STATES, WITH NEARLY 60 MILLION POPULATION, ON 15th AUGUST, 1947 - INDEPENDENCE DAY.
- CONSISTS OF 15 STATES AND 6 UNION TERRITORIES.

- ITS FIRST FIVE YEAR PLAN WAS LAUNCHED IN 1951, THE SECOND IN 1956 AND THE 3RD WILL BE IN 1961.
- REGISTERED AN INCREASE 14.8% IN THE PER CAPITA INCOME BETWEEN 1949 AND 1958.
- PLANS TO HAVE COMPULSORY EDUCATION FOR ALL CHILDREN UP TO THE AGE OF 14 BY 1962. IN 1951 ONLY 16.6% OF INDIA'S POPULATION WAS LITERATE.
- IN 1951 IT HAD 25.5 MILLION STUDENTS AND IN 1957-58 38.6 MILLION.
- IT HAD A MORTALITY RATE OF 19.7 PER THOUSAND BEFORE THE FIRST FIVE YEAR PLAN, BUT IT NOW HAS DROPPED TO 8.8 PER THOUSAND (1958). THE AVERAGE AGE EXPECTANCY ROSE FROM 27 YEARS TO 32.45 YEARS. INFANT MORTALITY DROPPED FROM 146 PER THOUSAND TO 92 PER THOUSAND.
- IN 1947 HAD ONLY 3825 MEDICAL INSTITUTIONS (HOSPITALS AND DISPENSARIES) TREATING ABOUT 43 MILLION PATIENTS BUT IN 1957 IT HAD OVER 10,000 INSTITUTIONS TREATING ABOUT 135 MILLION PATIENTS.
- ADDED 10,000 MILES OF SURFACED ROADS IN ITS FIRST FIVE YEAR PLAN PERIOD.
- IT HAD ABOUT 22,000 POST OFFICES IN 1947 AND 64,913 IN 1958-59 HAD 170,000 PLACES WHERE MAIL WAS DELIVERED ONLY THRICE A WEEK: WHICH IS NOW REDUCED TO ONLY 40,000 PLACES.
- IT RECEIVED 8.85 MILLION REFUGEES FROM PAKISTAN AND SPENT OVER 3525.2 MILLION RUPEES TO REHABILITATE THEM.
- INDIAN RAILWAYS COVER A ROUTE MILEAGE OF 35,000 MILES, CARRYING ABOUT 14,500 MILLION PASSENGERS EVERY YEAR.
- INTRODUCED ITS FIRST LOCOMOTIVE IN 1950 AND ITS 400TH IN AUGUST 1956.
- HAS 94 SCHEDULED BANKS WITH 3892 BRANCHES.
- HAS A NATIONALIZED AIR COMPANY COVERING 24,913 ROUTE MILES CARRYING 7.2 MILLION PASSENGERS ANNUALLY.
- IN 1951 - 68,880 TOURISTS VISITED INDIA AND IN 1959 - 199,464.

Not a single word describing the terrible conditions we saw that prevail in the 98% of the population.

There is very little smoking and no drinking of hard liquor, no saloons or bar rooms. Very few book stores, not many can read or write, even if they can trade and count money. MAKING BABIES is a specialty here in spite of the campaign for birth control, which is against their religion. I KNOW HOW THEY DO IT, BUT I DON"T KNOW WHERE. Many sleep outside and many people sleep in one room and maybe in shifts. The same condition prevails in all the countries we have seen.

The work day in DELHI is 9:30 to 1, and 2 to 5, or 6-1/2 hours per day which work can be done in maybe one hour, if it's done in a modern way but as GANDHI said WE HAVE TOO MANY PEOPLE WHY SPEED UP OUR WORK BY MODERN METHODS. The unemployment situation is critical. I couldn't find out the average earnings

per hour or month, it couldn't be much. Traffic in the so-called main streets in DELHI where most of the population lives, is terrible while it is much better in NEW DELHI where there is very little traffic because most privately owned autos are here, and the streets are wide and houses far apart especially in the DIP ENCLAVE.

The method of transportation is mostly bicycles by the hundreds of thousands for personal use, sometimes 2 adults ride the two wheelers. For public use there are streetcars, buses, rickshaws, 2 wheel motorcycle rickshaws, horse driven 2 wheel 4 seater, and 4 wheel carriages (Drozhka type) and small auto cabs. For delivery of merchandise there are push or pull hand carts, horse or cow driven trucks and motor trucks and ON THE HEAD human carriers.

Cremation and into the river waters is the method of disposing of the no more alive human creatures. I don't know if their sould go to heaven or elsewhere. I couldn't find this out from anybody here or anywhere else. Since nobody had returned from the hot or cold place.

We were played out from the sightseeing and from what we saw, and from trying to get us our of here, that we didn't want to dine in the restaurant. Went to our room, washed and into our pajamas, then ordered dinner to our room and retired at 9.

DELHI, Saturday, May 13, 1961.

Up at 5:30 a good time to jot down my experiences. We visited yesterday ivory and jewelry stores. Saw the factory and the way this beautiful art is manufactured and by whom. Met a few AMERICAN BARGAIN SEEKERS and ART CONNOISSEURS tyring to fool the sharp cookie, the owner of the place. What a fat chance they had to do it, but he sure had their number and also the merchandise. If I would want to be a slave to art and had the money, I would have bought everything he had in ivory, even if I did see the slavery in the making of it.

There are no department stores here like in HONG KONG or JAPAN, the ivory place consisted of a few rooms of different elevation located in a very suspicious and dirty street, filled with human insects. JL bought a chess set. I didn't buy anything.

I kept on writing until 9, ordered breakfast and at 9 started calling airlines to get us out of this PARADISE, even if I think that some of my tax money is buried here too. We are supposed to be out again today looking but don't think we will, how much can we take?

Rain, hail, thunder and lightning cooled off this furnace. I know that many people here who sleep in the streets got a free fresh cooling bath which they needed badly. I was told that they used to have public baths here but the government discontinued it. Why? I didn't want to ask. May get a wrong answer. Cab fare is cheap like in HONG KONG,BANGKOK or JAPAN.

Of course, to get in or out of the small cabs one has to be an acrobat or contortionist. Windows in the cabs are generally kept shut to keep the heat out.

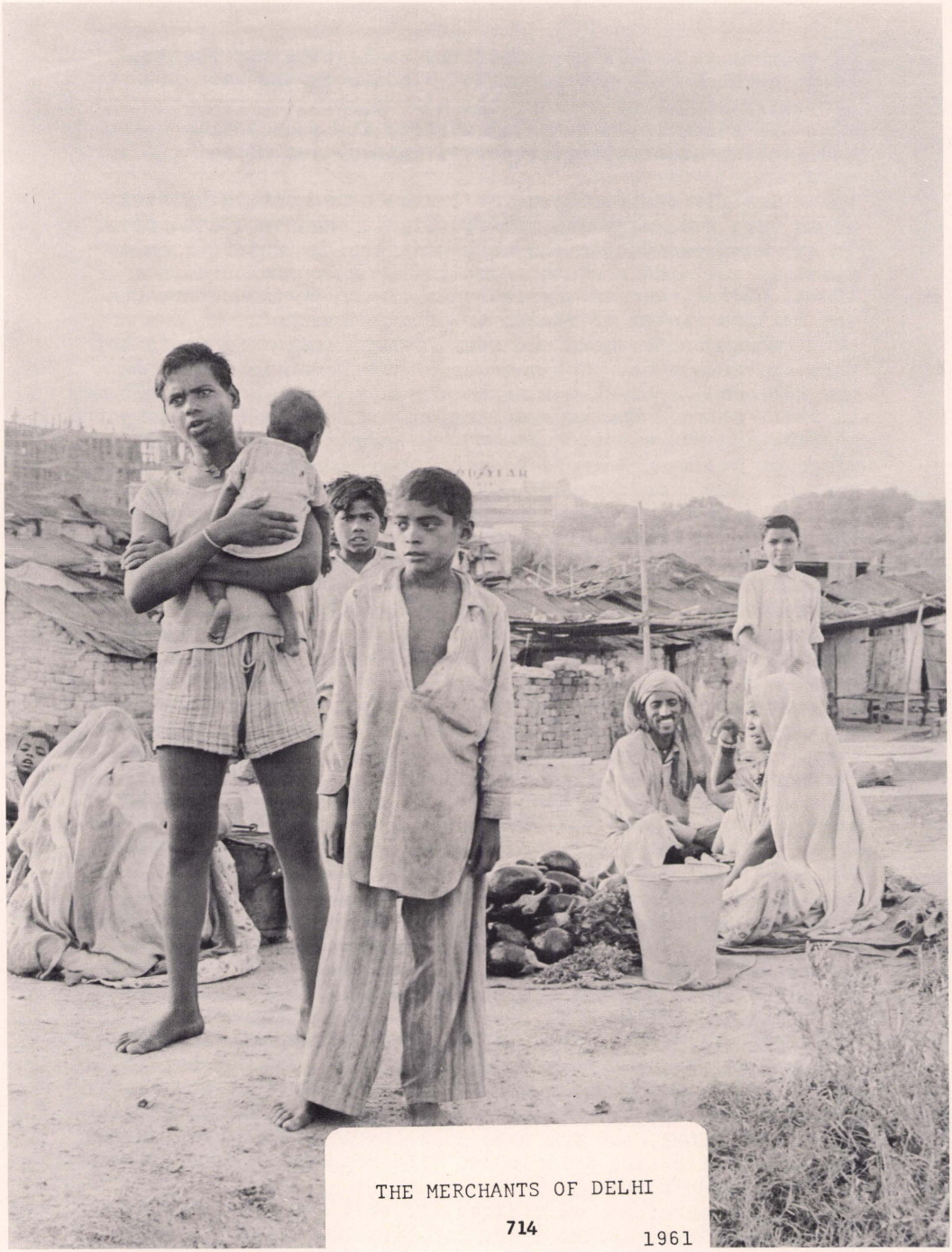
It's now 10:15 A.M. Am waiting for a call from agent and airline about changing our flights to get us out of here.

Traffic control here, as in the other cities we visited is very bad, very few traffic lights even in TOKYO, hardly any cops except the few we saw directing traffic from a stand in the middle of the crossing. Of course here in INDIA, having been in the clutches of the British, they use the British system of street traffic (driving).

Women don't smoke and very few men smoke. I don't think they can afford to. The make-up of the women is mostly on the forehead, a black dot means she is married and the old man is still alive. The younger, or unmarried like to imitate the married and put a dot on their foreheads. Many wear gold rings or stick on gold leaf in the one side of their nostrils. Most of them wear the sari type dress which is something like a piece of cloth wrapped around the body long enough to sweep the floor. It looks clumsy on all of them especially the big fat MAMAS. The variety of men's dress is very much pronounced but the cutest headgear is on the SIKHS, those that don't shave and don't get haircuts and hide their hair in the turbans. I often wonder how many LIVING THINGS are stored in that hairdo. Haven't as yet seen a bald headed man since we left Honolulu. Spent most of 4 hours at the airlines without success. It looks like we will have to wait until the 19th for our flight direct to Moscow which is only 9 hours instead of flying via Europe which is 5200 miles and takes 2 days. Maybe we will still go to AGRA.

Ordered a car to pick us up at 5:30 P.M. to see some more of bolt OLD and NEW DELHI, and also ordered a car to pick us up tomorrow at 6 A.M. to drive to AGRA to see the famous TAJ MAHAL that all the tourists are visiting. We had a very intelligent guide who lost his religion somewhere. I got his number as soon as he opened up. He told us that his religion is HEALTH AND HIGHER EDUCATION. Is single and is studying economics, will get married when he can make a living for two. We talked about NEHRU and his government. He said there's TOO MUCH TALK and LITTLE DONE. 95% of the 405 million people in India are illiterate, only 5% can read and write. I asked him to drive us through the very worst that is here and he did, and it sure was the worst we have seen, right near the swanky places of NEW DELHI. Of the 2-1/2 million people in the city of GREATER DELHI, new and old, only 10% live in decent homes, the others live like animals and this happens to be right behind Mr. NEHRU'S nose.

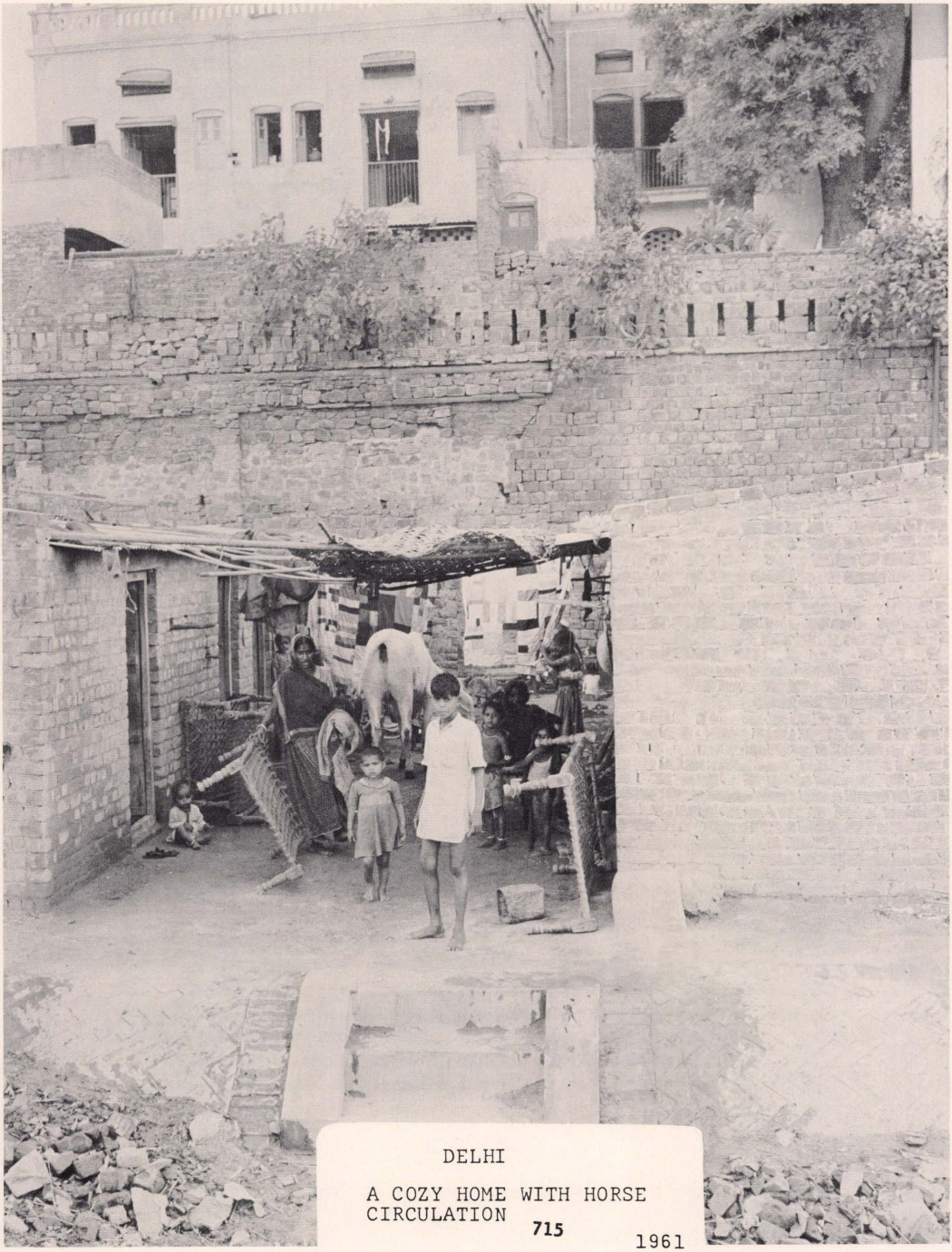
The communities we visited (if they can be called such a name) were huts, without any sanitary conditions or water or



THE MERCHANTS OF DELHI

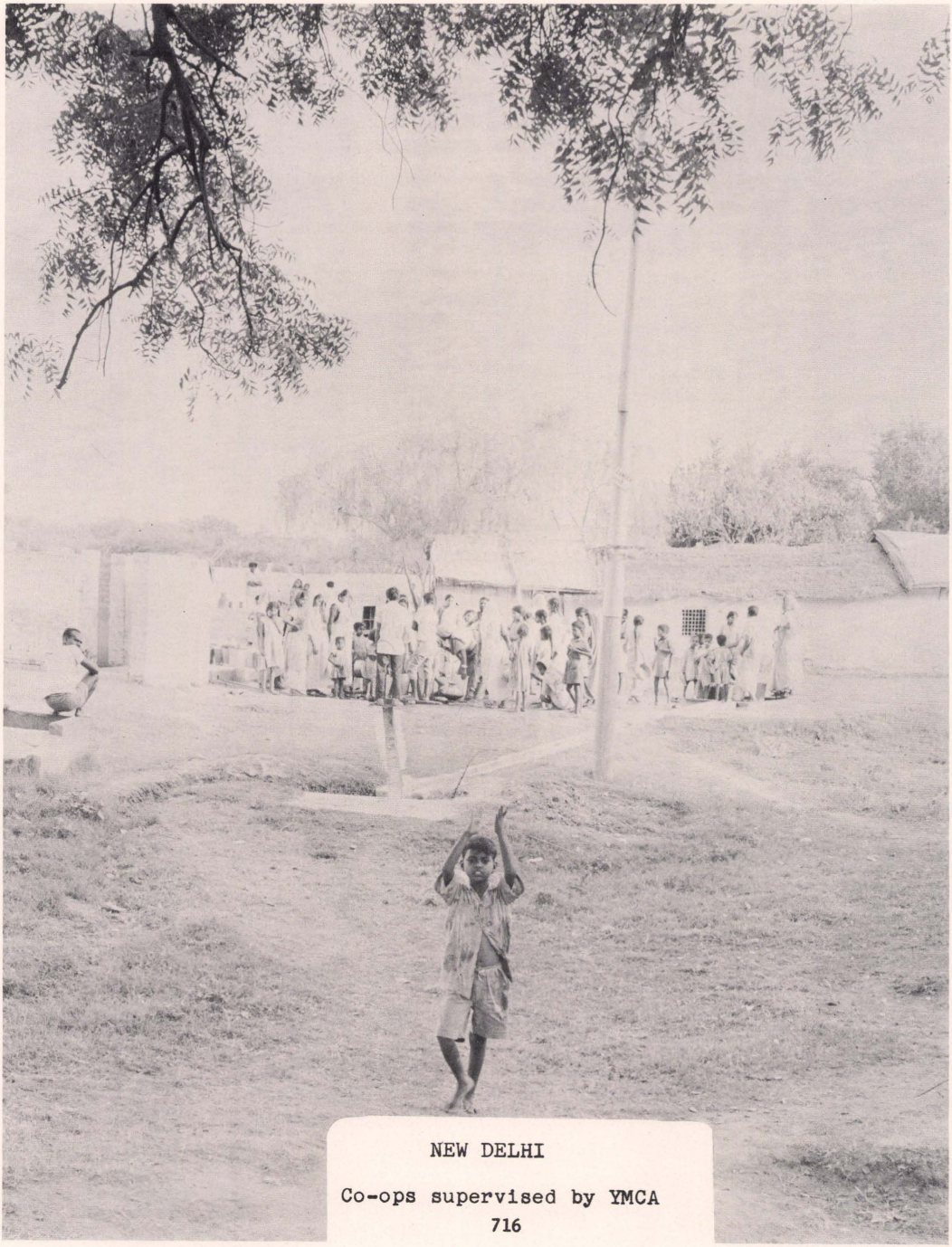
714

1961



DELHI

A COZY HOME WITH HORSE
CIRCULATION 715 1961



NEW DELHI

Co-ops supervised by YMCA

716



DELHI

THE LATEST IN APARTMENTS
WITH ALL CONVENIENCES

717

1961

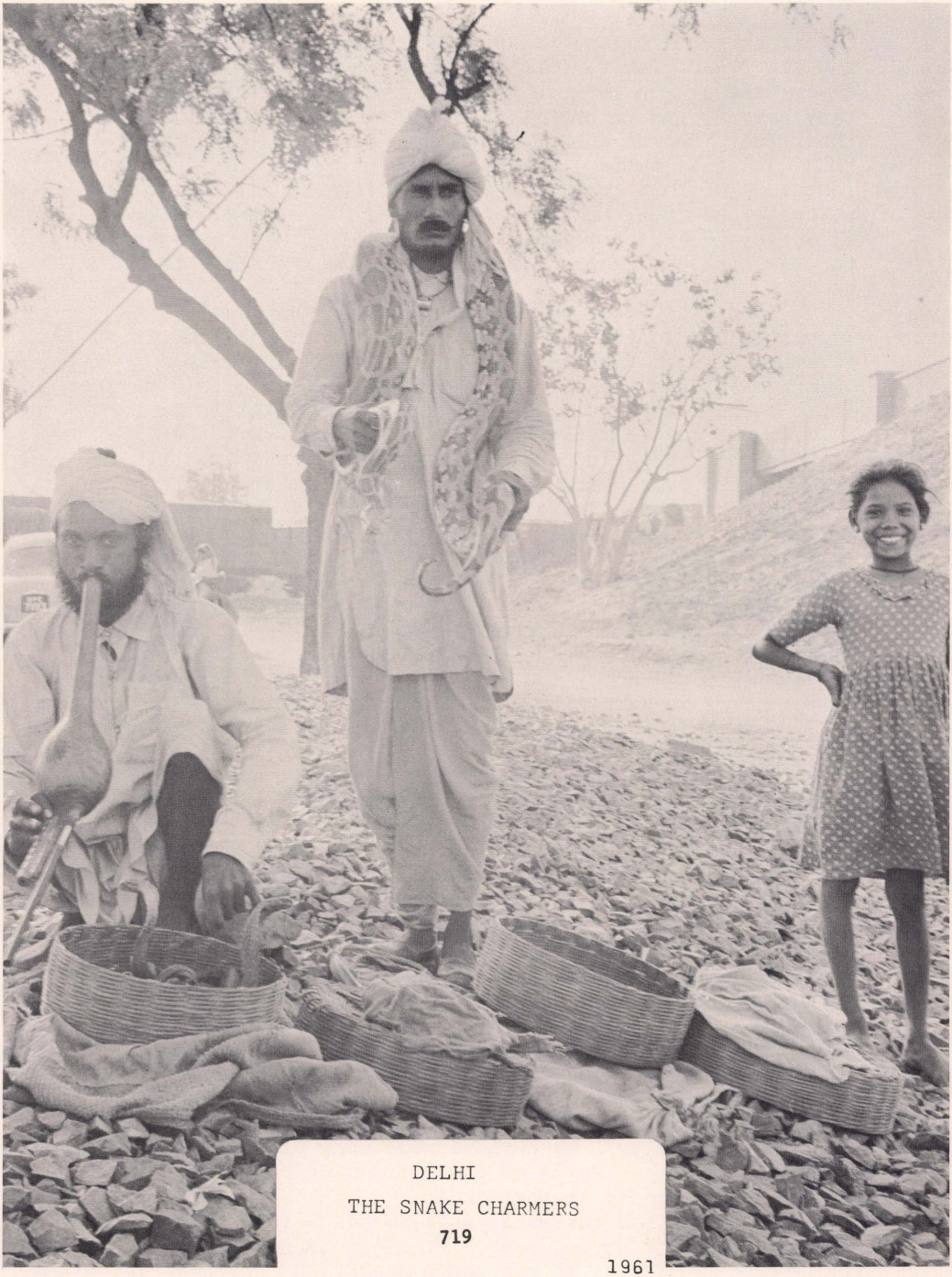


NEW DELHI

THE LATEST METHOD IN LAUNDRY

718

1961



DELHI

THE SNAKE CHARMERS

719

1961

lights or ventilation, solid huts. They use the walls for #1 and the fields for #2 function as a ready fertilizer. They never take a bath because they very seldom change clothes, they haven't any to change. The filth can be seen all over the place. One community which was being supervised by the YMCA was a bit better, one water faucet in the open, a toilet (outhouse without roof) for male and female, without running water, which stunk up the whole place. We were surrounded by children begging to give them something. One can't stop too long in such places for he would lose the shirt off his back.

Then drove back to the main street where most of the stores(?) are located, which is a beehive, a conglomeration of every type of vehicle and people. It is impossible to walk or drive through these hordes of animals and people. We then drove through the red light district. Prostitution is forbidden here so the veiled girls are supposed to be DANCING PARTNERS but the D in dancing is changed to a Y and this is how it works out. Our guide pleaded with me not to come back here again after he leaves us, they may kill me in this HELL. I had to give him my word of honor and shake hands that I wouldn't come back. It sure looked like hell. We saw the PIMPS approaching customers and had we stopped driving we would have been approached too. I could just imagine what the joints look like. As we drove on we saw a nicely dressed couple walking. The guide remarked they just got married and don't want to go home, too many people in one room, they will find a place in some park to have their HONEYMOON FUN. I asked what about that new wraparound dress and he said, LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.

We concluded this educational ride with a visit to the JEWISH CENTER AND SYNAGOGUE, JUDAH HYAM HALL, that serves the 55 Jewish people that live in this city of 2-1/2 million. An Indian (non-Jew) supervises this place (caretaker). He let us in. We read on a tablet the names of all contributors, mostly tourists and also U.J.A. On another tablet was engraved the following "THE FEAR OF THE LORD IS THE BEGINNING OF KNOWLEDGE". It's no wonder that I am an IGNORAMUS because I never had that fear. So ended this Saturday of sightseeing in the city of OLD and NEW DELHI.

DELHI, Sunday, May 14, 1961

Up at 5, breakfast at 5:30 and on the way to AGRA at 6. It was pleasant driving, cool and fresh air. We passed a few hut communities with brown cows roaming the roads. Paused to let trains go by. By 8 there were many riding on all kinds of transportation. Herds of cows and water buffaloes were driven to pasture by shepherd kids.

The so-called business establishments (?) in the cities were open on this day of rest. RELIGION OR NO RELIGION, BUSINESS MUST GO ON AS USUAL. It was worth seeing the business establish-

ments. Arrived in AGRA 9:15 A.M. then to TAJ MAHAL 9:30. It was hot. There were many tourists here, each with a camera. I am certain that better pictures of this place can be bought from the local peddlers who sell everything from a screwdriver, a pen knife to Indian rubies. After giving this place the onceover for one hour we decided we had enough for this day.

It's a beautiful monument to a woman who gave 14 children to a man that had many more wives. It was she that asked him to build it for her and he did but she never saw it. It must have taken 5,000 people to build it about 300 years ago. I don't know the history of it but I shall read it. Now all I know is that many murders were committed here before the old man was buried next to his wife, and it also cost many lives of the slaves that built this huge and beautiful monument. If it could be moved in TOTO from this isolated wilderness and dirty town called AGRA, which has nothing to do with this place, to let's say Central Park or Bayfront or Michigan Boulevard, or to some other place of prominence, maybe TRAFALGAR SQUARE in LONDON, I am certain that an admission fee could be charged and it would be better located and many millions of people would visit it annually. I think it should be moved to the next New York World's Fair. It would be a great attraction and would surely make the Fair a huge success.

We started to return at 3, stopped to take a coca-cola which our driver took along in the car. Offered some of it to some of the skeleton like shepherd kids, but they wouldn't drink it.

Again talked to myself about the amount of money each government is spending on arming, which I saw wherever we went and asked myself - what for? Are we spending 50 billion a year for this purpose to keep our armed forces all over the world to protect the Standard Oil or Goodyear or the American companies that are conducting and operating big business all over the globe. I DON'T GET IT.

The guide promised that he will try today to get us on a flight to Moscow on the 16th. He has comebody that would consider a CONSIDERATION for a favor. We dropped JL at the hotel and went to a few airlines to let him try his pull. He didn't have any better luck. The only thing I accomplished today was a ride on a small 3 wheel motorcycle rickshaw which shook everything out of me. NOW I CAN CALL THIS A MOST SUCCESSFUL DAY. Dined at 7. Tomorrow will be another day.

Read the local English Language newspaper here and enjoyed reading it, it's only 10 pages. It has very little advertising and what advertising it has is only for the tourists (suckers). I doubt if the females (even the class, surely not the mass) have any use for girdles, panties, bras or lifts, (they haven't anything to put in them), and such other gear and SHMINKY MAKE-UP that takes up most of the newspaper space in

our U.S.A., including our serious newspapers and by the time one brushes through a NEW YORK TIMES of any Sunday he doesn't have any time left for serious reading, which it contains very little nowadays.

The Sunday Standard (May 14th), one of the few English language newspapers contained the following articles which we read with serious comments, INDIA PAKISTAN PAY DEARLY FOR PARTITION by Louis Fisher, KASHMIR AND KISMET by Pothan Joseph, SCIENCE TRIES TO FIND A FOOD FOR NUCLEAR WAR by Griffith, other news articles - MORE MEN TO FOLLOW GAGARIN, PORTUGUESE PLANES ATTACK NATIONALISTS (these are the freedom fighters against Salazar) SILVER LINING IN DARK GENEVA HORIZON (Laos), FIVE TOP IRANIAN GENERALS HELD AND ARRESTED FOR CORRUPTION, EMBEZZLEMENT, MISAPPROPRIATION OF GOVERNMENT FUNDS AND MISUSE OF POWER. WHY CHILDREN GO ASTRAY, THE KING WHO WANTS TO KEEP LAOS BACKWARD (our friend), MODERATE RECOVERY IN INDUSTRIALS (stock market), BIG INDUSTRY BIAS, FEAR OF SMALL UNIT OWNERS, COMMUNIST COUNCIL OF INDIA TO MEET NEXT MONTH FOR 5 DAYS, TSARAPKIN AND GROMYKO MEET IN GENEVA ON WAY TO LAOS CONFERENCE, WEATHER 103, KHRUSCHEV'S CONTINUING TIFF WITH CHINA by Isaac Deutcher, PROBLEMS OF TAKING DOGS BY TRAIN OR TAXI, CUBA TAKES OVER SIX FILM COMPANIES, CRUEL TO THE SICK (nobody goes to a Calcutta Hospital unless he must, for its best is unsatisfactory), NAZI BOSSES STILL IN HIDING, by Kurt Singer, this is on Peron's Artentine whom we supported with large sums of money, and I think we knew that he was housing all Nazi criminals. Peron double-crossed us too and ran away with hundreds of millions. A WALK A DAY TAKES POUNDS AWAY, ARE YOU AN IDEAL WIFE? SANCTIONS AGAINST S. AFRICA URGED BY U.S. MASSIVE AID TO VIET NAM BY U.S.A. IN THEIR BATTLE AGAINST COMMUNISTS said President Ngo Dina Diem. RUSSIAN JOURNALIST CONFIRMS GAGARIN FIRST SPACE MAN AND THAT U.S.S.R PRODUCES SPUTNIKS AND U.S.A. PRODUCES SKEPTICS. GAGARIN AND SHEPARD INVITED TO ATTEND SPACE DAY IN PARIS MAY 30 AND THEN THE INVITATION TO GAGARIN WAS WITHDRAWN BECAUSE JFK WILL VISIT DE GAULLE IN PARIS THAT DAY TO TALK THINGS OVER AND TO HELP HIM OUT ON HIS ALGERIAN TROUBLES SO THAT HE CAN THROW IN HIS LOT WITH NATO. MAN HAS PLUNDERED EARTH says Huxley, POPULATION EXPLOSION IS A THREAT TO PEACE at a conference of world population emergency campaign to control and spread knowledge of population control. Scandal of the century is the one of pressure by CATHOLIC CHURCH COUNTRIES WHERE THIS ORGANIZATION WAS NOT ALLOWED EVEN TO CONSIDER THE EFFECTS OF POPULATION DENSITY ON HEALTH. THE WORLD POPULATION IS INCREASING AT THE RATE OF 40,000 EACH 24 HOURS AND IF THE PRESENT TREND CONTINUES THERE WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH STANDING ROOM IN OUR WORLD IN MANY YEARS IN THE FUTURE.

ANGOLIANS PUT RAIDING PORTUGUESE TO FLIGHT (yesterday the Portuguese planes attacked the Angolian Nationalists), in general news. One killed, seven hurt on train wreck. Car knocks down 5 cyclists, truck collides with train 7 dead, 238 killed in E. Bengal. 880 dead in a windstorm here, many homes destroyed.

In today's news THE NAZI BUILT A GLASS PALACE TO HOODWINK THE AFTER WAR INVESTIGATORS, was brought out at the Eichmann trial. U.S. GANGSTERISM IN CUBA ATTACKED, said historian Arnold Toynbee. RUSK ASKS U.S. SUPPORT FOR CUBAN POLICY. CUBAN YUGOSLAV TRADE PACT. N.Y. TIMES PICKETED BY ANTI-CASTRO DEMONSTRATORS. CHEN YI OF RED CHINA IMPRESSES EARL OF HOME THE BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARY IN GENEVA. SOVIET ARMS FOR ANGOLA NATIONALISTS (anti-Salazar). DELHI TO WAR ON COMMUNALISM (a new name).

We are getting educated and discuss many topics. I believe that we understand each other much better than heretofore. We have seen other people travel and what they do and where they spend their time or waste it. I worked until 12. JL fell asleep reading TIME MAGAZINE.

NEW DELHI, May 15, 1961

Up at 7:30 ordered breakfast, Malik, our new guide came at 10, went to airlines to get us to CALCUTTA, BOMBAY, KARACHI and return to DELHI, Thursday. There is no use trying to get to TASHKENT AND MOSCOW BEFORE Friday the 19th. We failed completely in this effort too.

Lunched today at the Gaylord Restaurant, a swanky joint, the first place where we got strawberries and cream. Bought 2 hats for us and 4 hats for the kids to send to Miami. Then went bargaining for something we didn't intend to buy, oriental pearls and rubies. The multi-millionaire owner sat on barelegs, on a chair, which showed all of his dirty toes. They walk around barefoot in the store. His brother will be in New York in July and I made a date with him to meet in New York. JL left ahead of me. When I was driving in a cab to the hotel, there were thousands of bicycle riders going home from work, plus taxis of all styles. The cutest things here in any place are the hooded Sikhs, especially those that take great pride in their curled mustache. They are engaged in every walk of life in INDIA. I just can't understand how they can wear their headgear in such hot weather. They look better with the sheet pulled between their legs to make it look like pants, but many women wear the same style wrap-around.

I wasn't tired today, had a real nice dinner. Was bargaining for a set of picture books of INDIA that would cost $55 but the best picture book I wanted to buy was PAGAN INNOCENCE, pictures of beautiful BALINESE female figures. I remember I once saw a moving picture of a BALI wedding and both male and female were the best looking of the tropical human species, the American picture that they had of half undressed females didn't compare, but didn't buy any, the price was too high even for pictures that were good to look at.

The booklet I bought SEXOLOGY with other booklets describing with pictures the places we visited here had one article that attracted my special attention, it's a SEX GAME for loneliness, when one runs out of activities for a while and has spare time

and doesn't know what to do, indulging in a little sex can help out. I have also learned that there exists a game KEYS that must surely be a lot of fun, something that I didn't know or heard of all my young life, it's never too late to learn. Retired at 10.

NEW DELHI, Tuesday, May 16, 1961

Up at 5:30. It's getting to be boring not to be able to be kept busy and do the things one wants to do even in a world full of trouble. I picked up the International Newsweek Magazine of May 15, 1961. The pictures of CAROLINE IN THE WHITE HOUSE on the front page attracted my attention. WHAT IMPORTANCE CAN THIS BEAUTIFUL 3 YEAR OLD BE IN OUR TROUBLED WORLD, and I soon found out when I turned to pages 39-41 where her many poses in various forms appear, and on page 8, CAROLINE PICKED THE GIFT FOR THE PRESIDENT OF TUNISIA, HABIB BOURGUIBA who was greeted by J.F.K. at the National Airport with our first lady, who flew in by helicopter, greeted and welcomed DAPPER BOURGUIBA and wife with a 21 gun salute and with a military parade, etc., etc. They brought him to Blair House and then to a GLITTERING STATE DINNER at the White House, and this was done in the midst of all the trouble, domestic and foreign that JFK has to solve. The gift CAROLINE picked for the guests was a HI-FI STEREO RADIO-PHONOGRAPH and TAPE RECORDER. The results of this great honorable reception was to get JFK to promise that US. citizens help TUNISIA'S 800 MILLION DOLLAR, 10 YEAR DEVELOPMENT PROGRAM, and maybe help to settle the Algerian question which will eventually mean another visit to us for "HOW MUCH, UNCLE SAM".

I paged through this issue and read all PERISCOPE articles on U.S.A. and PERISCOPING THE WORLD. PARIS AND JFK'S VISIT TO DE GAULLE. LONDON AND DE GAULLE, NEW DELHI AND NEHRU WILL HAVE ITS OWN MISSILES AT THE EXPENSE OF 399 MILLION STARVING INDIANS. BELGRADE END TITOS GLOBE TROTTING ON A YACHT. LAOS REPORTS THAT CAMBODIA'S PRINCE NORODON SCHAISNK IS SAYING THAT OUR FRIEND THE KING OF LAOS SAVANG VATTAHANA IS NOT ONLY INCOMPETENT BUT SLIGHTLY CRAZY MAD. Then comes the SHEPARD space story and how HOLLYWOOD prepared for the shoot off. Then the story FIGHTING FOR THE FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE OF LAOS. "THERE IS NO MORE OF THIS COUNTRY FOR US, THE COMMIES GOT IT BUT WE PREPARE TO SHED BLOOD OF OUR SONS TO FIGHT FOR THE FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE OF THAILAND AND SOUTH VIET NAM". Now for whom are we actually spending billions of dollars and willing or preparing to fight for? On page 28 an article entitled "WHAT WENT WRONG" tells a story worth reading.

WHAT WENT WRONG

EVER SINCE THE END OF THE INDO-CHINA WAR, THE U.S. HAS BEEN TRYING TO SAVE LAOS FROM THE COMMUNISTS. LAST WEEK, SEVEN YEARS AND $300 MILLION LATER, A U.S. OFFICER IN VIENTIANE SAID IN DISGUST: "THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO SAVE". WHAT WENT WRONG?

NEWSWEEK'S veteran Southeast Asia correspondent - Robert

S. Elegant answers:

THE FIRST BIG FACTOR OUR POLICY-MAKERS IGNORED WAS THAT LANDLOCKED LAOS IS VITAL TO CHINA'S SECURITY. ANY ATTEMPT TO TRANSFORM LAOS INTO AN ANTI-COMMUNIST BASTION WAS DOOMED TO FAILURE FROM THE START. YET THE U.S. SOUGHT TO DO THIS WITH THE WORST POSSIBLE TOOL. OUR ALLIES, THE TRADITIONAL RULING CLASS, HAD LITTLE INTEREST IN REFORM. THE POLITICAL METHODS THEY USED - STUFFING BALLOT BOXES AND INTIMIDATING NEUTRALIST VOTERS - SUCCEEDED ONLY IN DRIVING THE MODERATES TO THE LEFT.

It was the same with our aid program: The great bulk of it was used to build up a motorized army IN AN ALMOST ROADLESS LAND, whose enlisted men often had to wait for months to draw their pay, while their generals lived in luxury. Funds for economic improvement were also frittered away. For instance in 1960, only $590,750 out of $7 million was allotted for aid to agriculture in a country 99 per cent agricultural, whereas better than $4 million went for salaries and upkeep of the American-aid personnel.

THE WORST THING PERHAPS WAS THAT U.S. POLICY-MAKERS NEVER CAME TO TERMS WITH ANY ELEMENTS IN LAOS OTHER THAN THOSE THEY CONSIDERED MILITANTLY ANTI-COMMUNIST. This policy led the C.I.A. to back an army rebillion, led by Gen. Phoumi Nosavan, against the legitimate but neutralist government of Prince Souvanna Phouma. The army and the right wingers won but in so doing drove other important groups into a fighting coalition that accepted Red support and now is on its way to power. THE LIKELIEST HEAD OF THIS COALITION, WHICH INCLUDES THE COMMUNISTS, IS THE MAN THE U.S. SPURNED - PRINCE SOUVANNA PHOUMA.

Was U.S. policy then all wrong? NEWSWEEK'S Washington bureau reports these views.

Many officials argue that it is incorrect to assume that the only viable Laotian Government had to be neutralist. The U.S. rejected Souvanna Phouma's NEUTRALIST policy of a coalition with the rebel Pathet Lao as an easy way for the Communists to take over by political means.

Otherwise, there is no mystery about the Pathet Lao victory. Laos follows the dreary pattern of half a dozen other places where a determined guerilla force, with armed assistance from the outside and popular support inside, was able to overcome or hold at bay vastly superior forces.

The Laotians, being Buddhists, are notoriously unwilling to fight. But the Pathet Lao has been led, down to the company level, by North Vietnamese trained Communist fighters who maintained tight discipline. The effectiveness of the Pathet Lao has re-inforced the White House conviction that the free world needs comparable paramilitary forces.

Yet the basic reason for America's failure is bigger than any of these. Laos was an overcommitment. IN THOSE DAYS WHEN THE U.S. POSSESSED UNCHALLENGED MILITARY SUPREMACY, IT COULD

AFFORD TO DRAW A LINE AROUND ANY FAR-OFF COUNTRY, AND DEFY THE COMMUNISTS TO CROSS IT. NOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED. WHEN A NUCLEAR WAR WOULD INVOLVE INTOLERABLE DESTRUCTION IN THE U.S. AS WELL AS RUSSIA, THE PRESIDENT AND THE CONGRESS HAD TO ASK THEMSELVES THE QUESTION: IS LAOS WORTH A WAR?

Last week that question was answered: IT ISN'T.

In our recent trip to some of these countries we observed the way the people live and the way the very few TOP PARASITES live, those people to whom we give billions of dollars in the name of SAVING DEMOCRACY and THE FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE. The few people that live in such luxury that even the CROWNED HEADS of Europe don't dare. The cruelty to their subjects and the indifference to their miserable existence is beyond human imagination and we haven't seen the worst, even in the great NEHRU'S INDIA the same conditions prevail. Now then WHAT ARE WE TRYING TO SAVE? Why don't OUR rulers tell OUR people what there is at stake?

THAILAND with its skimpy KING AND QUEEN AND DICTATOR MARSHALL SARIT THANARAT, whose economy is supposed to be thriving with our aid of 550 MILLION DOLLARS is not free from communism and I can't see why they should be free after what we saw in BANGKOK. The papers there report every day the arrest of suspects of communistic ideology. No one knows what happens to them and someday there will be plenty of trouble in spite of our help in every way, mostly military.

MISTER JFK, you were elected on a NEW FRONTIER PLATFORM, where is the NEW FRONTIER? Your predecessors had the same program but under different names H.T. had a MARSHALL PLAN and CONTAINMENT PLAN. D.E. and D. called it BRINK OF WAR PROGRAM. WHAT SHALL WE PLAIN AMERICAN CITIZENS CALL IT? What are we trying to save and protect in these wild uncivilized slave countries that are ruled by a bunch of THIEVES, GANGSTERS and MURDERERS, WHERE LAWLESSNESS IS THE PASSWORD.

Then a picture of the KENNEDYS AFTER THE PARADE. I must admit that J is a beautiful wife of the President but as a FIRST LADY give me MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

Another picture that attracted me was the POPE with QUEEN ELAZABETH II with her DUKE OF EDINBURGH who drags after her.

There were many articles that I enjoyed reading in this magazine. I decided to subscribe to both magazines, TIME and NEWSWEEK. They surely deliver the goods with a wallop in the proper places.

This morning's breakfast at 8 tasted good, I was hungry. THE STATESMAN, the local paper and CALCUTTA morning paper reports that CASTRO RECALLED HIS EMISSARY FROM THE VATICAN and ARMY COUP IN SOUTH KOREA IS A SUCCESS. THE REVOLUTIONARY COMMITTEE IS HEADED BY LT. GEN. CHANG DO YOUNG. More trouble for JFK and the billions of dollars we stuck in there to save the freedom loving people of SOUTH KOREA and DEMOCRACY. I wonder if the revolution is made BY PEOPLE THAT ARE PRO WEST OR

PRO NORTH KOREAN and will try to unite NORTH AND SOUTH KOREA and be PRO KOREANS. Time will tell. If this revolution goes the way it should that is, to unite all the Korean people into one country, and work out their own problems as LINCOLN said BY THE PEOPLE AND FOR THE PEOPLE, many countries will do likewise. There may even come to be a UNITED STATES of groups of newly created countries to build their own DEMOCRACY, INDEPENDENT OF THE SO-CALLED WORLD LEADERS, and MONEY BAGS, who are trying hard to save something which I don't know yet what it is even if they call it DEMOCRACY AND FREEDOM.

We will probably visit our AMBASSADOR here, and go to see an Indian Cinema. We haven't been to one in quite a while. I couldn't find any BIG BUSTED U.S. PICTURES and I don't understand the names of the local made movies. Will inquire before we go, it's got to be a spicy one even if I can't see how the local females could make a spicy picture, for they haven't the NATURAL BODY RESOURCES. It's flat.

I see in the morning papers that our honorable VICE PRESIDENT L.J. is coming to DELHI for 2 days. He is following our roving AMBASSADOR A.H. who was sent by JFK our President to report to him direct on conditions in S.E.ASIAN countries, now VICE PRESIDENT J. is doing it too. He will study economic problems. Of course, a loan of a billion and a half is involved too.

The following article was taken from the STATESMAN May 16, 1961:-

LYNDON JOHNSON'S VISIT TO INDIA
ECONOMIC PROBLEMS TO BE STUDIED

From our Special Representative

NEW DELHI, Monday - The main purpose of the U.S. Vice President Mr. Lyndon Johnson's forthcoming visit to India was to study India's economic problems and to discuss with the government of India measures to make the proposed U.S. economic aid for the third Plan MORE EFFICIENT AND EFFECTIVE.

The U.S. Ambassador in India, Professor J.K. Galbraith disclosed this at a Press Conference here this evening. He said Mr. Johnson was due to arrive here on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Johnson would have talks with the Prime Minister and call on the President and the Vice President. He was also expected to have formal discussions with the Finance Minister, other members of the Cabinet and the members of the Planning Commission.

Replying to a question, Professor Galbraith said that though the main purpose of Mr. Johnson's visit was to discuss economic matters, he would also cover some political problems, including the progress of Geneva talks on Laos, in his discussions with Mr. Nehru.

THE U.S. VICE PRESIDENT will be accompanied by MRS. JOHNSON, MR. STEPHEN SMITH, a member of the U.S. Development Loan Fund, and Mrs. Smith, who is President Kennedy's sister.

TENTATIVE PROGRAMME

Giving a tentative programme for Mr. Johnson for his two day visit to India, the U.S. Ambassador said that apart from his discussions with the Prime Minister and others in Delhi, Mr. Johnson was also expected to visit the Agricultural University at Rudrapur in U.P. and the Taj at Agra.

Professor Galbraith did not think the Vice President was likely to make any specific proposals regarding economic aid to India. His visit was in the nature of a fact-finding mission he added.

Mr. Johnson, he said, "had been a close associate of President Kennedy and had his full confidence, he was coming with full authorization to conduct discussions of a general nature".

"The Ambassador could not throw any light on the reported move in the U.S. Administration to ask Japan to divert to India sums due as repayments from her to the U.S.A. He said he had only seen some reports on discussions to that effect in the U.S. Congress".

Mr. President I am certain that if Mr. A. H. is as honest as I think he is he will tell you to stop plundering your own citizens to give it to the THIEVING RULERS of this part of the world including the SALAZARS and the FRANCOS.

I see that our Vice President will visit AGRA and TAJ MAHAL. He will get an idea of how many slaves it took to build a mausoleum hundreds of years ago by crazy people, the amount of blood and sweat it took to build the FORT and PALACE in AGRA and in the many cities all over the lands of MYSTICS, SIKHS, POVERTY and DISEASE and if he is honest enough he too will tell you, MR. PRESIDENT, that the KING AND HIS PALACE IN BANGKOK doesn't need any WARSHIPS AND JET WAR PLANES TO PROTECT HIS SUBJECTS, because the people would like to get protection FROM THEIR RULERS and CROWN HEADS, THE DICTATOR PRIME MINISTER MUST GO DOWN THE DRAIN, SOME DAY, AND EVERY DOLLAR YOU TAKE AWAY FROM YOUR PEOPLE FOR THEM IS WASTED and if your AMBASSADOR here PROFESSOR J.K. GALBRAITH, whose books on economy I read, is honest, he will tell you the same and if A.D., boss of the C.I.A. who is responsible to nobody but to himself and HAS MADE SO MANY BLUNDERS THAT MEAN SERIOUS HEADACHES NOT ONLY TO YOU BUT TO YOUR PREDECESSORS TOO. IF HE HAS ANY DECENT RESPECT FOR THE TRUTH AND FOR HIS BROTHER CITIZENS IN THE U.S.A. AND REPORTS THE TRUTH OF WHAT HIS SLEUTHS REPORT TO HIM OF THE GOINGS ON HERE AND IN ALL THE ASIAN AND AFRICAN COUNTRIES YOU WILL DO AS I SAID BEFORE, I am certain that when the honest A.S. got up in the U.N. and made the statement about the CUBAN blunder that put us to shame the world over that A.S. DIDN'T KNOW THE TRUTH OR HE WOULDN'T HAVE SAID WHAT HE DID SAY. EVEN A LYING DIPLOMAT WOULD GET RED IN THE FACE AND I BELIEVE THAT A.S. IS NOT THAT KIND OF MAN.

Now Mr. HONORABLE PRESIDENT, J.F.K., you are in a lot of trouble, the troubles you inherited from your predecessors and the trouble made to order for your NEW FRONTIER policy, and as a GOOD AND HONEST RELIGIOUS CHURCH MAN, when you go to Church every Sunday with or without Jacqueline, and when you kneel and cross your heart, why don't you ask GOD IN HEAVEN, THE SON AND THE HOLY GHOST to help you lead the people all over the world out from the wilderness and the chaos they are in. YOU ARE STRONG AND SMART AND WELL MEANING, start a NEW FRONTIER for the needy and sick, and hungry all over the world. A MESSIAH is needed right now and you can be the one, but MR. PRESIDENT, I am afraid that PRAYING wouldn't help and that the HAVE IT ALL wouldn't let you even if you would want to, because even in our democratic U.S.A. many of the elected BY THE PEOPLE FOR THE PEOPLE'S representatives are not for the people who elect them. MONEY TALKS and the DOLLAR IS STILL KING with some very important people in our world of today.

Some more news in today's paper - U.S. SUMMIT MAY BE IN THE OFFING, U.S.S.R. WARNS THE WEST ON THE FRENCH TEST. CASTRO DID NOT USE MIGS. U.S. SENATOR REJECTS CHARGES. U.S. JUDGE TESTIFIES AT THE EICHMANN TRIAL AGAINST EICHMANN. LYNDON JOHNSON ASSURES CHIANG KAI SHEK THAT WE HAVE NO INTENTION TO RECOGNIZE RED CHINA. (my own comment, "this statement alone is worth the Vice President's trip"). BUS CARRYING NEGROES SET ON FIRE IN ALABAMA. CONFIDENCE IN THE DOLLAR RETURNING, LONDON. COMMUNISTS IN S.E. ASIA REPORTED BY U.S. JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF GENERAL LYMAN LEMNITZER. CLAIM TO CZAR'S FORTUNE LOST, BEN GURION TO MEET JFK May 29. 290,000 TOURISTS DURING FEBRUARY TO APRIL QUARTER. SITUATION IN CONGO IMPROVING, TSHOMBO TO BE TAKEN TO LEOPOLDVILLE. He is the one that killed Lumumba and assistants. FULLER REPORT ON VENUS AWAITED FROM U.S.S.R. U.S.S.R. MAY SEND A WOMAN INTO SPACE. (what next will the Russians do?) BOB HOPE ON HIS 58TH BIRTHDAY WILL RECEIVE A MEDAL FOR FREEING MANKIND FROM HATE THROUGH HUMOR. U.S. MOON SHOT SOON. RUSK AND GROMYKO IN GENEVA SHAKE HANDS, LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND SMILE. A MEETING BETWEEN JFK AND K IN VIENNA OR STOCKHOLM AFTER JFK MEETS DE GAULLE. The best statement on this subject was made by Senator H. HUMPHREY. "THRE PRESENT WORLD SITUATION IS TOO SERIOUS AND TOO DANGEROUS FOR ANYONE TO STAND ON GROUND RULES OF OLD FASHIONED NORMAL DIPLOMACY", etc. (my thoughts). RUSSIA THREATENS TO WALK OUT ON NUCLEAR TEST CONFERENCE IF ANY OTHER NATION RESUMES NUCLEAR EXPLOSIONS. THE CONFERENCE ON LAOS SEATS ALL PARTIES INCLUDING RED CHINA.

World population is about 3 billion and the statistics are very interesting. Europe excluding U.S.S.R. is densely populated.

Australia	2	people	per	sq.	kilometer (or 0.621 mile)
S. Pacific	2	"	"	"	"
Asia	60	"	"	"	"
Americas	9	"	"	"	"

Africa	8	people per sq. kilimeter (or 0.621 mile)
Oceania	2	" " " "
U.S.S.R.	9	" " " "
Netherlands	350	" " " "
Hong Kong	2820	" " " "
Ceylon	147	" " " "
China	70	" " " "
Malaya	51	" " " "
India	123	" " " "
Indonesia	61	" " " "
No. Korea	65	" " " "
So. Korea	246	" " " "
Pakistan	92	" " " "
Philippines	82	" " " "
Thailand	43	" " " "
Turkey	34	" " " "
Macao	13438	" " " "
Singapore	2719	" " " "
Ryukus	389	" " " "
EUROPE		
Austria	84	" " " "
Belgium	298	" " " "
Denmark	106	" " " "
Finland	13	" " " "
France	82	" " " "
E. Germany	151	" " " "
W. Germany	213	" " " "
E. Berlin	2692	" " " "
W. Berlin	4597	" " " "
Greece	62	" " " "
Ireland	40	" " " "
Italy	163	" " " "
Monaco	15000	" " " "
Norway	11	" " " "
Portugal	98	" " " "
Spain	59	" " " "
Sweden	17	" " " "
United Kingdom	214	" " " "
Gibraltar	4280	" " " "
NORTH AMERICA		
United States	19	" " " "
Canada	2	" " " "

Population by Continents in 1959 was:-

Asia	1,624,000,000
Europe	421,000,000
Americas.....	236,000,000
Soviet Union.....	210,000,000
Oceania	16,000,000

Other facts listed in the yearbook for 1959 include:-

The world had 365 million radios and 86

million television sets.
Advanced nations had roughly one doctor for every 1,000 inhabitants but in some less developed countries the ratio was one doctor for every 50,000 inhabitants.
There were three copies of newspapers for every ten people in the advanced nations, while there was only one copy for every 1,000 people in less developed States.

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SOVIET SPACE SHIP TO BE UP IN 10 DAYS. 22 DIE, 36 HURT IN HONG KONG BLAZE. OUR VICE PRESIDENT IS IN HONG KONG - (unofficially) I wonder what kind of bargains he came to buy there (since this is still a British Colony and when we should want to give Hong Kong any money it would have to be in London.) INDIA DRAMA TROUP TO TOUR U.S.S.R. WORLD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES WILL MEET IN NEW DELHI FROM November 17 to December 5. 1500 DELEGATES INCLUDING THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, ONE OF THE POINTS ON THE AGENDA WILL BE IF THE RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH SHALL BE TAKEN IN AS A MEMBER. THE BRITISH SECTION IS FOR AND THE U.S.A. HAS CONDITIONS. Same old story, TO WHOM DOES GOD BELONG? Now, if the Russians become a member, THE AMERICAN UNACTIVITIES COMMITTEE WILL SURELY ACCUSE THE WORLD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES OF BEING TINTED RED.

We hoped maybe we will be able to get away the 18th. Our agent called, he will be at INTOURIST Office to work with the manager. He is still trying to get a return flight from JAIPUR since we have seats to fly there 7 A.M. Wednesday the 17th. So I read all the newspapers. JL read Sherlock Holmes. It was comfortable in the air-conditioned room, it is very hot out, 105 degrees. Were called at 4:30 P.M., no change in either situation. We decided to see a movie today at the air-conditioned DELITE THEATRE. The attraction as advertised "BEST LAUGH AND SONG PICTURE IN TOWN WITH WATER BALLET BY AMERICAN BEAUTIES AND 5 REELS IN COLOR, 6TH CROWDED WEEK".

Ordered tea and went by cab to this Cinema, it took us about 20 minutes to get there. The aroma and the people and animals and open market added greatly to the environment. We had about 15 minutes to spare so I ran after any subject I thought interesting to shoot at with my Minox. Some subjects ran away, many ran with me, not because they admired me but admired the Minox and were willing subjects to be photographed.

We were in our seats at 6:30, first row balcony. This place was much nicer looking and more convenient inside than outside, fully air-conditioned and in many respects nicer than many theatres or movie houses in New York City, even the toilets were spic and span but smelled terrible, the live stock market of water buffaloes across the side street added to the perfumed aroma. The seats were comfortable and of the sliding type. The place was about 20% full throughout the first half of the



AGRA
UNLOADING AND BUNDLING
SK TEACHING AGRA CITIZENS
MODERN WAY OF DOING THINGS
1961





AGRA

PULLING TIGHTER AND LOADING
SK TEACHING AGRA CITIZENS
MODERN WAY OF DOING THINGS
1961





AGRA, INDIA

MODERN METHOD OF HIGHWAY TRANSPORTATION.

734 1961



AGRA, INDIA

At a water hole.
Not plain bull - but water buffaloes.



ON WAY TO AGRA

A small shepherd trying Pepsi

showing. We would have left after the first half hour but were waiting for the WATER BALLET by the AMERICAN BEAUTIES.

We left at intermission and there was our cab man waiting for us, he wanted more far for waiting. The whole affair cost us 8 R. or $3.00. I still don't know what it was all about on the screen but what difference does that make, time means nothing here, human beings mean nothing, less than animals.

The ride home was a treat, the streets are poorly lighted and driving on the wrong side with dim lights in the dinky cabs and the terrible choo-choo noise from the small wheeled motor rickshaws, which are here in the thousands, and the thousands of bicycle riders without lights, can wreck anyone that is not used to this type of pleasure riding. We were happy to thank the bearded and turbaned cab driver for the buggy ride. Went for a dinner snack in a small restaurant in our hotel which is the nicest eatery I have been to here. Then to our room to retire. It's now 10:30 P.M.

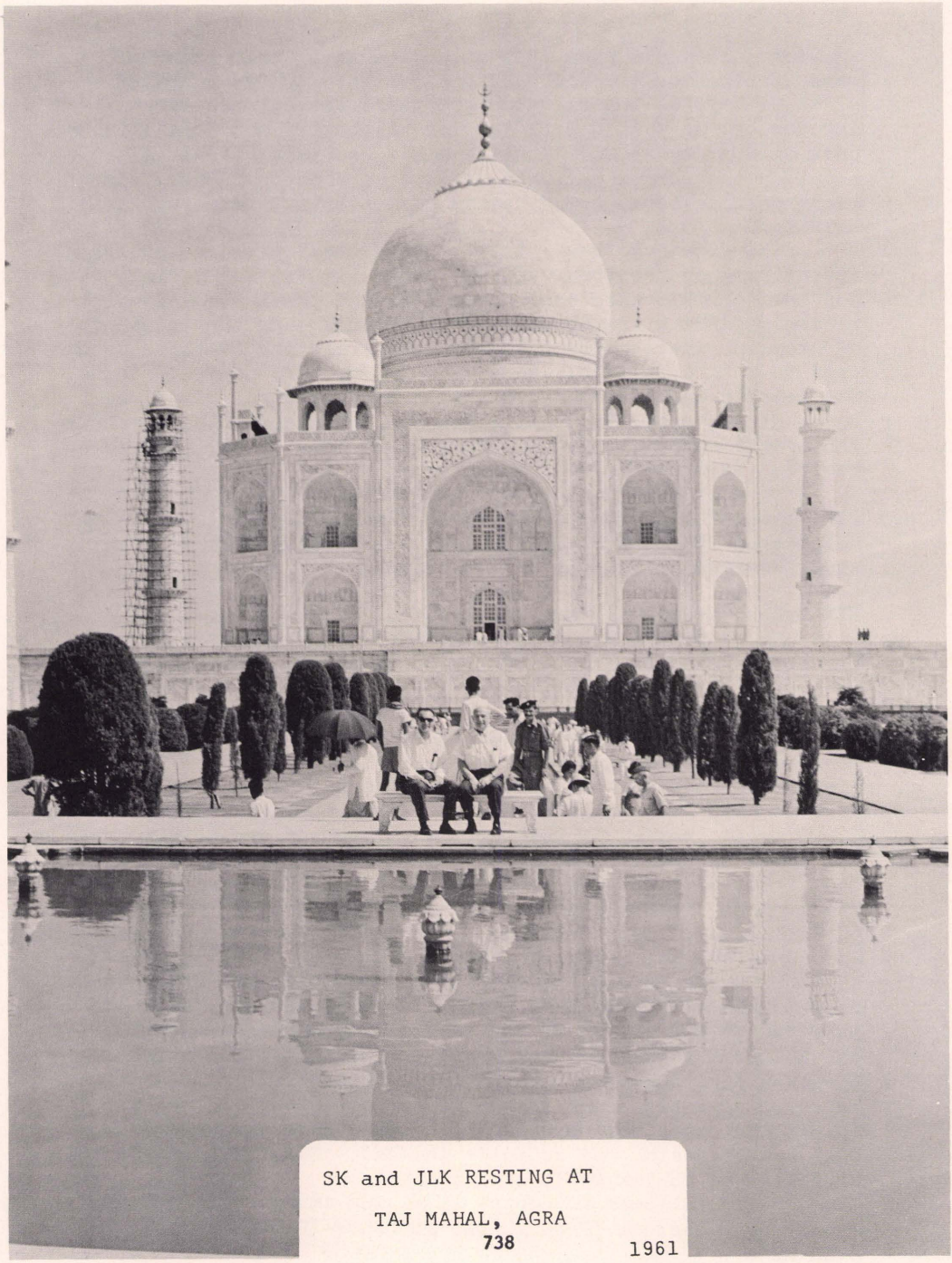
Of course, we still have more booklets to read. I didn't finish reading all the subjects in SEXOLOGY. I am now on the chapter on PRE-MARITAL PETTING and the next subject will be WIFE SWAPPING. This must be interesting.

NEW DELHI, Wednesday, May 17, 1961

Up at 6:30 A.M. Read about AGRA and the TAJ MAHAL or as the writer describes it A VISION OF PARADISE, a mausoleum built by a King to his wife who asked him on her death bed not to remarry and to build for her a mausoleum which she never saw because she died before it was finished. She gave him 13 children and died at giving birth to the 14th. There is a lot of history to this love affair, it must be because he was buried next to her. It's a grand piece of art in every respect. 5,000 people worked on this project, I should say SLAVED, and who knows how many lives were lost building it. It must have cost a lot of sweat and blood before the project was finished. The grounds are not kept befitting it. It took 14 years to build the TAJ. The story goes like this - Just before her death she addressed her despairing husband thus -- OH KING, I HAVE LIVED WITH YOU IN JOY AND IN SORROWS, GOD HAD MADE YOU A GREAT EMPEROR AND GIVEN YOU MANY WORLDS TO RULE, AND NOW THERE ARE ONLY TWO THINGS I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU - DO NOT TAKE ANOTHER WIFE AND BUILD ME A TOMB TO MAKE MY NAME MEMORABLE. The grief stricken King answered that he would build her a tomb as none had ever seen and which should be the most beautiful of all things, but this nor anything else could save his wife from the jaws of death, and he built the TAJ - TAS BIBIKA RAUZA the Mausoleum of MUNTAZ MAHAL of TAJ MAHAL.

A Mrs. Sleeman is quoted as saying among other things about the Mausoleum "I WOULD DIE TOMORROW TO HAVE ANOTHER SUCH OVER ME".

If anybody has plenty of time, money and patience and is



SK and JLK RESTING AT

TAJ MAHAL, AGRA

738 1961



TAJ MAHAL, AGRA

A MONUMENT TO A GREAT LOVE STORY

739

1961



TAJ MAHAL

Looking for her shoes.



TAJ MAHAL, INDIA

SK MAKING FRIENDS

741

1961



TAJ MAHAL, AGRA

My new pals.



TAJ MAHAL

Two babes smiling while being photographed.

interested in ancient history like INDIA and all HINDU, MOSLEM, BUDDHA, SHINTO religions, should first read all books on it and travel to these lands to see. There is much of it here, it would take years to see every tomb or temple or shrine or fort, palace, etc. The people were always kept in misery and ONLY THE VERY FEW ENJOYED PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING THERE WAS TO BE ENJOYED, INCLUDING WOMEN, DRINKING AND OPIUM. These rulers eventually killed off each other, robbed and plundered to their hearts content.

Decided to take another ride down the country. Maybe we will find something we didn't see yet. Started out at 9:45 A.M. and it was the same story, HUMAN DERELICTS, ANIMAL LIFE, FLIES, DIRT, STENCH, HEAT, HUNGER, TEMPLES, MOSQUES, FORTS FALLING APART. Returned overheated. The cool air-conditioned room was a welcomed place. Went to lunch, then rested a while. Our agent called, we are flying tomorrow at 7 to JAIPUR, which means we have to be up at 5:30 A.M. and will return by plane 6 P.M. There's lots to see, JAIPUR'S history goes back hundreds of years. AGAIN PALACES, TOMBS, FORTS, WITH MURDERING OF KINGS BY THEIR SONS AND VICE VERSA. KINGS WITH 1,000 WIVES SOME OF THEM WHO JUMPED ALIVE ONTO A PILE TO GO TO HEAVEN WITH THE KINGS,etc., we will see.

Decided that we will fly to TASHKENT on Friday and stay there the allotted time, maybe see BUKHARA and SAMARKAND, and go to MOSCOW on the 22nd by Jet, follow our original itinerary.

I asked our buide while driving today if there is a chance for INDIA and PAKISTAN to UNITE and work out their problems even if they are of DIFFERENT RELIGIONS, HINDU - MOSLEM, they can be STATES in ONE UNITED STATES, and stop fighting about KASHMIR and NAPAL because others benefit while they are fighting (China.) He replied IT WILL NEVER HAPPEN because when Pakistan was part of India, the MOSLEMS were killing the HINDUS and destroying their property and vice versa, only because EACH WAS SICKED ON THE OTHER BY OUTSIDERS AND SOME INSIDERS TOO, WHO ARE INTERESTED TO SEE THAT THERE IS NO PEACE HERE. This situation holds good now too, where small countries and the new ones created should hate each other. PEOPLE HERE AND ALL OVER SOUTH EAST, MIDDLE EAST, ASIS AND AFRICAN COUNTRIES ARE MOSTLY ILLITERATE AND FALL EASY PREY TO PROPAGANDA, ESPECIALLY RELIGION. ITS A CURSE THAT CAN'T BE CURED SO EASY AS LONG AS THE BIG POWERS WANT IT THAT WAY. (Britain and now the good old U.S.A. too who is fighting so hard for the FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE and DEMOCRACY all over the world).

Most of the guides we had here think the same way but are careful in expressing their thoughts. After all they have to make their $50 per month salary, which is very meager earning. They have to be dressed decent and look decent. I wasn't feeling good when we returned. Think it was the hear

in combination with the stench and filth and also because I wanted to be helpful to the women and kids who gathered twigs near a private yacht club and I showed them how to tie a bundle with a loop as I used to tie bundles of corrugated boxes which also was easy to pull open. Each bundle must have weighed between 30-40 pounds. Every one of them watched me, including the guide, and he and I loaded the bundles on the heads of the small and dried up human creatures. Now I feel that I have done my share for civilization in NEHRU'S empire. As we were driving on the road, a dried up little girl (that is what she looked like to me) was trying to tie up her bundle which fell apart. I stopped the car and the guide and I were showing her how to make the job in a civilized way. She started to cry but we finished the job and loaded the bundle on her head. I was satisfied that I did a good deed today.

The tourist agent brought us a bill up to May 19th when we will depart from this land of milk and honey. I wasn't hungry. Went to see an MGM movie "NIGHT OF THE QUARTER MOON" with AGNES MOOREHEAD, NAT KING COLE, and JULIE LONDON, and a few more. I never heard of such a movie in the States. This is the second picture about race discrimination that we saw on our trip. The other was "ODDS AGAINST TOMORROW" in Hong Kong, with Harry Belafonte as the star, which I didn't care for, but I did enjoy tonight's picture, it did deliver the PUNCH LINE.

This theatre, like the others, was nicely constructed and well air conditioned. It was too cold where we were sitting and I think that I caught cold. The streets, the people, the peddlers on the ground or stands selling mostly vegetables and fruit are the same as anywhere. Kids chased after us and didn't let go. NO is not in their dictionary. I don't know where they get so much dirt on themselves. Was impressed by the applause this picture received from most of the people who don't understand our language. I wasn't feeling good enough to pick up a conversation with anyone. Got back to the hotel, JL went to order dinner, I didn't feel like eating. Packed things ready to leave for TASHKENT Friday, and retired. Couldn't stand on my feet. We have to get up at 5 A.M. tomorrow to fly to JAIPUR.

NEW DELHI, Thursday, May 18, 1961

Had a terrible night, didn't sleep a wink, terrible dreams from gas in my stomach. My alarm watch woke us up at 5. Got shaved but couldn't stand straight, took my temperature, it was near 103. I told JL to go alone or call the airline and cancel our seats. The guide called at 6, JL told him the situation. I was actually scared. Who know what disease I caught from the people or women I tried to help with my U.S. efficiency and modern method of doing things. My bones ached, my head was hot. All I need is to get sick in NEHRU'S land. I fell asleep, the

first nap in the last 8 hours. JL doctored me with some pills, took my temperature, it's now 100. Decided to stay in bed until I feel better. We have to leave tomorrow.

If we could have left DELHI on the 16th we would have clipped 5-6 days from our itinerary, and would have missed TASHKENT as we missed TAIWAN (Formosa) and CALCUTTA because we wanted to fly in JETS only, but now we will fly a CONSTELLATION from DELHI to TASHKENT which takes 4-1/2 hours against 2-1/2 hours flying time by JET. So we decided since we stop in TASHKENT also to visit BUKHARA and SAMARKAND.

NEW DELHI, Friday, May 19, 1961

Felt much better this morning, the temperature was normal, but no appetite for food. The best news in this morning's paper is the rumors about the SUMMIT MEETING between the two K's in VIENNA the first week in June. All our big and important leaders are on the run, JFK in CANADA - VIENNA - PARIS. RUSK is in GENEVA, he just came back from a few other FOREIGN COUNTRIES and SEATO MEETING. Our V. P. JOHNSON had his face with NEHRU on the front page of all local papers and maybe in the papers all over the world. He too is a busy man and an EXPENSIVE MESSENGER to deliver a letter from K to N. He just made the rounds of all the countries WE ARE GOING TO PROTECT, that is protect the FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE OF FORMOSA, THAILAND, HONG KONG, LAOS, S. VIET NAM and now in INDIA and our Mr. S, AMBASSADOR to U.N. will soon make the SOUTH and CENTRAL AMERICAN rounds and of course, Mr. K himself is not sitting in one place either. We have to protect the FLP AND DEMOCRACY EVERYWHERE. I also wonder how much of our citizens money will be turned over to the heads of these governments to help protect their citizens FROM FREEDOM AND STARVATION. This is a big question and I don't even expect an answer.

In the picture on the front page of the INDIAN EXPRESS Mr. JOHNSON looks like a giant compared to NEHRU. I wonder when NEHRU will put on a paid of MEN's PANTS and JACKET and look civilized and teach his 400 million people, men and women to do the same.

In my travels HERE I noticed something I didn't know what it was, in every hamlet or village or town near the so-called homes which LOOK and SMELL more like PIG STIES, there were piles that looked like HUTS, but it wasn't There was no entrance space in it. So I inquired and was told it is **PANCAKES MADE** FROM ANIMAL MANURE MIXED WITH STRAW AND MADE INTO PANCAKES (dung-cakes) dried and piled up, (resembling a hut). This is sold in stores, and is used for cooking instead of wood or coal which they haven't got. THE AROMA FROM THIS BURNING MATERIAL ADDS TO THE TASTE OF THE FOOD. I wonder why some of our WALL STREET PROMOTERS don't pick this up to float a large stock issue. There is plenty of MANURE in the states and there are lots of SUCKERS that would fall for this type of MANURE.

In this morning's paper appeared 2 columns, an article

"NO DISPLAY OF GIRLS' PERSONAL LINEN". New Agitation in DELHI.

"NEW DELHI, May 18:-

FRESH ON THE HEELS OF THE BAN THE OFFENDING POSTER CAMPAIGN, ANOTHER MOVEMENT - OF A MORE MILITANT NATURE - HAS NOW GRIPPED THE CAPITAL. THIS TIME THE CRY IS FOR BANNING THE DISPLAY OF WOMEN'S UNDERGARMENTS IN NEW DELHI'S SHOP WINDOW.

THE MOVEMENT WAS LAUNCHED TODAY BY A GROUP OF WOMEN SOCIAL WORKERS.

UNIVERSITY GIRLS, BELONGING TO THE SMART YOUNG SET DESCRIBED THE CAMPAIGN AS VICTORIAN PRUDERY AND 18TH CENTURY PRIMNESS.

UNDETERED BY THE OPINIONS OF THE SOPHISTICATED, WOMEN, SOCIAL WORKERS HAVE DRAWN UP AN ELABORATE PROGRAMME FOR THE MOVEMENT.

SOON THE CITY WALLS WILL BE PLASTERED WITH POSTERS URGING SHOP-KEEPERS NOT TO CORRUPT THE MORALS OF THE YOUNG IN THEIR IMPRESSIONABLE YEARS BY EXHIBITING UNDERGARMENTS IN THEIR SHOP WINDOWS.

THE POSTERS WILL ALSO URGE UPON THE WOMEN TO DRESS SIMPLY AND NOT TO BE CORRUPTED BY THE WESTERN WAYS OF LIVING.

SOBER DRESS

THE WOMEN SOCIAL WORKERS WILL MEET THE VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE DELHI UNIVERSITY AND IMPRESS UPON HIM THE NEED FOR MAKING UNIVERSITY GIRLS DRESS SIMPLY AND AVOID THE USE OF COSMETICS. THE SUPPORT OF THE MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT WILL ALSO BE ENLISTED AND PUBLIC MEETINGS HELD, TO MOBILIZE OPINION IN FAVOR OF THE MOVEMENT.

THE SOCIAL WORKERS WILL ALSO VISIT HOMES IN DIFFERENT LOCALITIES AND URGE UPON PARENTS TO SEE THAT THEIR CHILDREN ARE SOBERLY DRESSED AND IN KEEPING WITH THE INDIAN TRADITIONS.

SHOPKEEPERS WILL ALSO BE ASKED NOT TO DISPLAY UNDERGARMENTS AND ARTICLES NEEDED FOR MILADY'S BOUDOIR IN THEIR SHOP WINDOWS.

A CONNAUGHT PLACE SHOPKEEPER DESCRIBED THE CAMPAIGN AS A BIT OF MADNESS. IF WE ARE TO GO BY WHAT THE WOMEN SOCIAL WORKERS SAY AND DEMAND, WE WILL LOSE OUR BUSINESS".

This appeared right under a picture of our V.P. squatting and surrounded by a group of INDIA'S FINEST STUDENTS from the ROLGHAT, (school).

Of course in a city like DELHI with as big a RED LIGHT district as it has, DISPLAYING WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR IS A SIN.

KOTEX? They don't know what it is and if it would be displayed the people would probably use it in their ears to keep the DUST AND SCHMUTZ AWAY.

NEWSWEEK, May 22, 1961

U.S.NATIONAL AFFAIRS HELPING THE RIGHT PEOPLE

FOREIGN AID WAS FINE WHEN IT WAS FIRST RECEIVED AS THE MARSHALL PLAN WAY BACK IN 1947. IT WAS SENSE-MAKING AND HUMANITARIAN - AND IT WORKED. SINCE THEN, MANY AMERICANS HAVE COME TO THINK OF IT AS A WASTEFUL BOONDOGGLE WHICH, AT BEST HAS SHORED UP THE POLITICAL REGIMES OF DOUBTFUL ALLIES. TOO OFTEN THIS WAS TRUE.

THIS WEEK PLANS ARE UNDER WAY TO REVOLUTIONIZE THE WHOLE CONCEPT OF U.S. FOREIGN AID. THE REVOLUTIONARIES: A STATE DEPARTMENT TASK FORCE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF VETERAN DIPLOMAT HENRY R. LABOUISSE. THEIR GOAL: TO MAKE SURE THE AID GETS TO THE RIGHT PEOPLE FOR THE RIGHT REASON. THEIR TASK: DRAFTING A MESSAGE FOR PRESIDENT KENNEDY TO SEND TO CONGRESS NEXT WEEK.

THE REFORM WILL BEGIN WITH THE VERY NAME FOR FOREIGN ASSISTANCE, WHICH IS NOW ICA - INTERNATIONAL COOPERATION ADMINISTRATION - BUT UNDER THE KENNEDY PROGRAM WILL BE CALLED AID - AGENCY FOR INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT. LABOUISSE, THE PRESENT DIRECTOR OF ICA, WILL ALSO BE THE NEW BOSS OF AID.

BUT THE REAL HEART OF THE KENNEDY PLAN IS A BASIC SHIFT IN THE DISTRIBUTION OR FOREIGN AID - WHO GETS IT AND WHY.

IN THE ADMINISTRATION VIEW, U.S. AID IN TOO MANY CASES HAS GONE TO BOLSTER FOREIGN REGIMES SIMPLY BECAUSE THEY WERE AGAINST COMMUNISM, REGARDLESS OF WHETHER THOSE IN POWER WERE CORRUPT AND REGARDLESS OF WHETHER THEY LINED THEIR OWN POCKETS WITH THE MONEY OR USED IT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PEOPLE.

OR ELSE..... TOO OFTEN, SAID ONE TOP ADMINISTRATION OFFICIAL, WE'VE HELPED ONLY THE RICH, AND TOO OFTEN WE'VE BEEN BLACKMAILED INTO DOING THAT. THE BLACKMAIL HE REFERRED TO WAS THE FREQUENT BLAND ASSERTION BY SOME FOREIGN POWERS THAT IF YOU DON"T GIVE US THE MONEY WE'LL HAVE TO TURN TO THE COMMUNISTS.

THE KENNEDY PROGRAM PROPOSES TO CHANGE ALL THIS BY APPLYING A DIFFERENT YARDSTICK: HOW MUCH DO THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES BENEFIT, RATHER THAN THE RULING OLIGARTHY, AND HOW MUCH IS THE COUNTRY DOING FOR ITSELF? NO LONGER, SAYS ADMINISTRATION, WILL THE U.S. YIELD TO BLACKMAIL. REGIMES THAT THREATEN TO RUN TO THE COMMUNISTS WILL BE TOLD TO GO AHEAD, WHILE.THE U.S. TURNS ITS ATTENTION TO HELPING THE PEOPLE OF THOSE COUNTRIES, BY OFFERING MONEY TO DESERVING TRADE UNIONS, FARM COOPERATIVES, OR UNIVERSITIES. IN ESSENCE, THE ADMINISTRATION HOPES TO WAGE WHAT AMOUNTS TO ECONOMIC GUERILLA WARFARE WITH FOREIGN AID, MUCH AS PRESIDENT KENNEDY HAS TALKED OF USING GUERILLA FIGHTERS TO COUNTER THE SOVIET PARAMILITARY THREAT. WITH THESE NOBLE GOALS, MR. KENNEDY HOPES IT WILL BE SUCH PEOPLE AS THE SOUTH KOREAN WOODCUTTER AND THE TURKISH PEASANT WHO ARE THE PRINCIPAL BENEFICIARIES OF U.S.AID.

A FORERUNNER OF THE KENNEDY PROGRAM CAME LAST WEEK WHEN THE SENATE COMPLETED THE CONGRESSIONAL ACTION ON THE $600 MILLION AID-TO-LATIN AMERICA BILL, WHICH LAYS HEAVY STRESS ON SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC PROGRESS IN THE RECIPIENT NATIONS. (AS IT IS NOW BEING

HAMMERED OUT BY LABOUISSE'S MEN, THE PRESIDENT'S FOREIGN AID MESSAGE WILL ENLARGE ON THIS THEME). IT WON'T ATTEMPT TO BROWBEAT RECIPIENT NATIONS BUT WILL STATE VERY CLEARLY THAT THE U.S. INTENDS TO FAVOR THOS COUNTRIES THAT DEMONSTRATE PROGRESS - IN GOVERNMENT REFORM, LAND REFORM, AND TAX REFORM. THEY'LL HAVE TO PRESENT EVIDENCE THAT THEIR HOUSE IS IN DEMOCRATIC ORDER, SAID ONE OFFICIAL. NO ORDER, NO AID.

TO FIGHT WHOM? - MILITARY ASSISTANCE - WHICH IS A SEPARATE AND DISTINCT ARM OF FOREIGN AID WILL BE HANDLED BY THE PENTAGON AID - WITH THE ADVICE AND CONSENT OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT. BUT HERE AGAIN THE ADMINISTRATION SAYS IT INTENDS TO BE TOUGH - THERE WILL BE NO SUPPORT FOR THE ARMIES WHOSE MAIN PURPOSE IS TO KEEP THE RULING REGIME IN POWER OR THE PEOPLE UNDER CONTROL.

ILLUSTRATING THAT KIND OF SITUATION, MINNESOTA'S SEN. HUBERT HUMPHREY, A CONSISTENT CHAMPION OF FOREIGN AID REFORM, TELLS THIS STORY:-

> DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE HEAD OF THE IRANIAN ARMY TOLD ONE OF OUR PEOPLE? HE SAID THE ARMY WAS IN GOOD SHAPE THANKS TO U.S. AID - IT WAS NOW CAPABLE OF COPING WITH THE CIVILIAN POPULATION. THAT ARMY ISN'T PLANNING TO FIGHT THE RUSSIANS. IT'S PLANNING TO FIGHT THE IRANIAN PEOPLE.

NOT ONLY HUMPHREY BUT OTHER LAWMAKERS - ON BOTH SIDES OF THE AISLES - HAVE EXPRESSED GROWING CONCERN OVER WASTE OF FOREIGN AID. SENATE MAJORITY LEADER MIKE MANSFIELD OF MONTANA, WHO HAS MADE THREE TRIPS TO LAOS, RECENTLY SAID OF THAT COUNTRY....THERE WAS WASTE, THERE WAS GRAFT, THERE WAS CORRUPTION.... IN HIS LATEST NEWS LETTER TO NEW HAMPSHIRE CONSTITUENTS, REPUBLICAN SEN. NORRIS COTTON:WROTE: OUR FOREIGN AID PROGRAM SHOULD NOT DIE, BUT IT NEEDS REBIRTH. WHY? BECAUSE WE DRIFTED INTO THE BELIEF THAT MONEY ALONE CAN BUILD THE BASTIONS OF FREEDOM.

Finished reading Newsweek of May 22, and prepared a letter to its Editor. (Copies to Senators Hubert Humphrey, Minnesota - Mike Mansfield, Montana - Norris Cotton, New Hampshire.)

EDITOR NEWSWEEK
444 Madison Avenue
New York, New York

Dear Sir:

I picked up today May 19th your Newsweek Pacific Edition of May 22, 1961. I have been reading Newsweek since I left on my partly around the world trip, April 22, 1961. Please permit me to confess that I have enjoyed reading each issue which I bought in different parts of our little world, in Honolulu, Tokyo, Osaka, Macao, Thailand, Hong Kong, Bangkok and now in India, (Delhi). Please enter my subscription for one year, check will be mailed to you promptly.

My reason for writing this memo to you is your articles

HOLDING SOUTH EAST ASIA, and HELPING THE RIGHT PEOPLE. Pictures of a South Korean woodcutter (should be picker) and a Turkish peasant next to the heading of the articles, each of them carrying a load of twigs on their backs beyond their ability. This is what I saw near Delhi yesterday when 6 dried up little women and kids were carrying bundles of twigs on their heads. Each bundle must have weighed from 40 to 50 pounds. These twigs were gathered from trees being trimmed near an exclusive military yacht club. One of the women, her face covered, ashamed to show her beauty, didn't put the bundle on her head yet because it was loosely tied, I asked my guide to tell her, for the benefit of all present, to permit me to tie this bundle, which I did, and made a good job of it, so said my guide while the others smiled. I tried to lift the bundle to put it on her head but couldn't do it and my guide had to help me. When I wanted to do the same to a little girl she started to cry and ran away. I have been to all places and visited every noon and corner in Delhi and New Delhi, on the way to AGRA and back by car, stopping in many hamlets and villages.

I wanted to visit a few more lands in the Far East and South East Asia where my beloved friend H.T. and his Containment Plan and Marshall Plan have given away many billions of dollars taken from us U.S. citizens, by hook or crook (taxes) and at the expense of our own needy citizens, under the guise of helping the needy in the underdeveloped countries everywhere. Now Mr. Editor, please tell me whom did we help with the countless billions we gave away in South America, Europe, Far East, Near East, Asia and South East Asia and Africa? Was it to the poor people of Japan or was it to the few who already have it all and want more? Of course South Korea is a must to us not only in spending money but also sacrificing young American lives. We just had to save it from the Communists so Syngman Rhee grabbed all he could lay his hands on and skipped after he was thrown out and as the stories go he had only two valises full of large U.S. currency and wouldn't let anybody else carry them, but the South Korean people still live like animals and look it too.

The same holds for Formosa except that darling Chiang Kai-Shek is not very happy with the billions we already spent to keep him as the duly elected president of free (?) Formosa and we are ready to plunge into a World War III if necessary to protect our darling. But the citizens of Formosa live the same way as in South Korea. I have seen enough in Kowloon and Hong Kong to turn my stomach, but it's a great port for bargain seekers who don't give a damn to know the sweat and blood that goes into making the articles for the bargain seekers and the wretched way they live. I was up Victory Peak looking down on the Red Light Districts and the wrecked holes most of its citizens live in the New Territories leased to the British. When driving

through the scenic road one must hold his nostrils not to choke from the terrible smell of human waste which is gathered near each hut. The same holds true for Macao, where our friend Salazar's Colony on one of China's peninsulas where gambling, murder, rape and just plain common cheap prostitution of the worst kind is the life of that land.

Why not have one of your honest reporters write up the true story of our friends in Thailand? The king who couldn't work for me as a clerk in my office even though I could give his baby doll wife a job as my private secretary, and the freedom loving dictator Premier of Thailand who runs the wild country and its people as he wants it to be run, and if anyone has a different opinion the crude prison and the firing squad is the result.

I just came from there. I have been everywhere in Bangkok and saw how the FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE who don't even know how to pronounce it live. I have been to the palace, the temples, the tombs, the forts and everything that is beautiful and worth while making a colored post card of and sell it to the tourists.

I saw a 5 ton pure gold BUDDHA. Did your reporters take the attractive and famous ride on the rivers or canals to see the FLOATING MARKET and the people that live on both sides of the water. The rat infested homes (holes) (this boat ride is an attraction for tourists.)

Maybe you ought to write up the Batista story, the Peron story, the Jiminez story, and other stories of the gangsters from all over the world who have been stealing most of the billions we gave under the Marshall Plan to help the underdeveloped countries. Why don't you write an article in Newsweek that would give us American citizens a break and help us teach the so-called FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE of the world what freedom means? Do you know, Mr. Editor, that the most important point of the four Roosevelt Freedoms was FREEDOM FROM WANT. How many people in our whole world are suffering from not having this freedom?

Thank you for your valuable time you spent reading this memo from your new subscriber who will leave Delhi tomorrow for Tashkent and Moscow and back to the good U.S.A. to be bullied by our yellow and lying newspapers.

Very truly yours,
SAMUEL KIPNIS

So again WE WENT, WAITED, AND RETURNED. This time it was from the Ashoka Hotel to airport, checked in, passed inspection, got into the waiting room and met some Americans (couples) that are going to Moscow. Some are mad because their tourist agents didn't know how to make the proper arrangement for their trip. There were many Russian men and some women going back from their jobs in India, building factories and dams. We were supposed to leave at 11:30 and at 12:30 we were told that the flight is postponed until tomorrow at 6:30 A.M. No use getting

excited. Since I feel better I suggested to JL that we attend the reception given in honor to our V.P. at the American Embassy, after all I may be paying for some of the expense not only for the reception, but also for his trip to AGRA, where he will be photographed at the TAJ MAHAL in color. It will make a good post card to be sold by the peddlers here and all over INDIA. Were told to get into a bus, to the HOTEL JANPATH. Were assigned to Room 229 and as usual had to walk all around the building to get to our room. Why describe the room, we will be here only one night. I don't know if TASHKENT has anything better, we will see. Called the AMERICAN EMBASSY, made reservations for two, to be there at 6:45 after all it's OUR OWN V.P. and this means MINE too.

Haven't taken a drink since I left the States and don't miss it any more than I miss people that smoke, which proves to me that if people want to quit doing certain things they can do it and WILL-POWER is not necessary.

Was disappointed that I didn't receive any mail in DELHI, from anybody, but I'll wait. Maybe in TASHKENT or MOSCOW.

NEW DELHI, Saturday, May 20, 1961

Yesterday we started out by cab from the JANPATH HOTEL at 5:15 for the U.S.A.EMBASSY only to be told that the reception for the V.P. JOHNSON will be at the AMBASSADOR'S home. We had a chance to examine our real estate investment here, OUR EMBASSY BUILDING, and it sure is a nice piece of work. There wasn't anybody there to tell us in detail the cost of it. When we finally got over to the AMBASSADOR'S residence there were quite a few cars parked outside and quite a few males and females inside the AMBASSADOR'S home ALL DRESSED FORMAL. The reception committee, (some high officials of the Embassy) welcomed us and introduced themselves to us and so did we introduce ourselves to them. We were ushered into the garden where the flies made themselves at home without introduction. The very fine gentlemen from the Embassy was near us most of the time we were there. One of them was a New Yorker but both of them were old experienced roosters at the diplomatic game. I in turn introduced them to every fair looking dame that came in after I introduced myself first. Hard drinks of all kinds were served. I took my usual SCOTCH ON THE ROCKS, got into a conversation with the older one about INDIA and other countries in S.E. ASIA and elsewhere. ASSUMING THEY WOULD BE PUT ALL IN ONE PACKAGE AND GIVEN TO US AS A GIFT, WHAT WOULD WE HAVE, HOW MUCH WOULD WE HAVE TO PUT IN FINANCIALLY AND HOW LONG WOULD IT TAKE US TO ONLY PARTLY CIVILIZE THEM AND ASSUMING THIS WAS DONE, WHAT WOULD WE DO WITH IT? He replied, WELL, WE CAN'T AFFORD TO GIVE AWAY SO MUCH LAND. He didn't say to whom, but I knew what he meant, I got the drift of it. IT ISN'T THE BILLION PEOPLE THAT MATTERS TO US, THEY CAN ALL DROP DEAD OR ROT IN THE LAND THAT WE AS A NATION OF CAPITALISTS NEED OR HAVE IT ALL PEOPLE NEED, and we are willing to shed the blood of our youth in the

name of these FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE, and to hold and control these lands through the THIEVING HEADS OF THESE GOVERNMENTS. He didn't agree with my reasoning which I didn't expect him to do anymore than I would expect ADLAI STEVENSON to say anything different on the floor of the UNITED NATIONS about the CUBAN FIASCO.

DIPLOMATS everywhere must act within the policy of their government even to the extent of DELIBERATE LYING. I call diplomats by their right names PROSTITUTES. I walked around the gardens, the Indian orchestra entertained the guests, the flies annoyed me but I had more important work than chasing flies.

The dignitaries or the representatives from other governments who have EMBASSIES here started coming. Most of the ARABIAN and S.E. ASIAN government representatives came fully dressed in their formal national attire. NIGHTGOWNS and PAJAMA STYLE CLOTHES for the men with TURBANS on their heads. The women wore the SARI type costumes which to me means "ZIP IT DOWN AND HOSTESS" without much trouble. I didn't see any of them take a hard drink, maybe their light colored drinks were Vodka, but I just don't think so. The RUSKY AMBASSADOR didn't come yet neither did the HOST OR THE HONORED GUEST. I noticed one particular tall slim man wearing a white suit (tunic type) with a RED CAP on his head. I inquired who he is and was told tht he is the representative (cardinal) of a certain religion who have their headquarters in ROME, whose chief is in very close contact with GOD, HIS SON AND THE HOLY GHOST and always prays together with his assistants (whom he permits to wear red caps) for all his flocks all over the world and even sprays a few drops of plain water (not even purified), and BLESSES them with all his might and that's it. Our AMBASSADOR walked into the garden, he is the tallest man here, even taller than the RED CAP CARDINAL, who by the way will never make CATHOLICS of the MOSLEMS AND HINDUS, (maybe just a few).

I recognized THE AMBASSADOR from the photographs I saw of him during the last PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN and the picture on his latest published book, MR. JOHN K. GALBRAITH. I brought JL over to him and introduced ourselves, told him that I enjoyed reading his last work, and hope to meet him in New York, someday soon. He replied I HOPE SO, I AM A GREEK AT DIPLOMACY. We wished him luck in his efforts in whatever JFK sent him here to accomplish, but MR. AMBASSADOR please don't give away everything we have, leave a little bit for us too. It was 8 P.M. we bid our receptionist or welcomers, SHALOM, AUF WIEDERSEHEN, GOODBY, DOSVIDANIE, BUENAS NOCHES, ARIVEDERCI. We just couldn't wait any longer for the guest of honor, our own V.P., Hope he will forgive us. We have to get up at 4 A.M. to make a 6:20 flight and we are tired from running around today, it was quite a job to get a cab because most of the autos that brought the

crowd to the reception were American cars and the diplomats from the other countries don't drive anything but the FINEST AND LATEST MODELS OF CADILLAC CARS, for if their countries haven't enough money to buy for them the best cars made in the U.S.A., OUR GOVERNMENT HAS ENOUGH MONEY TO GIVE IT TO THEM FOR THAT PURPOSE. As my friend DOCTOR told me once when I asked him why did he drive a big expensive Cadillac car when he doesn't even know how to drive any car, he replied I MUST MAKE AN IMPRESSION ON MY CLIENTS, OTHERWISE THEY WOULDN'T PAY THE BIG BILLS I SEND THEM. Maybe he was right, I used to pay him for his service not for the size of the car he drove.

The UGLY AMERICAN is not meant only for some people in our diplomatic fields in foreign countries, WHO DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE LANGUAGE, POLITICAL AND LIVING CONDITIONS, HABITS, HISTORY, OF THE PEOPLE IN THOSE COUNTRIES THAT THEY ARE SENT TO REPRESENT THE RICH UNCLE SAM THAT gives away billions because of his BLIND HATRED TO COMMUNISM and wants to increase the HATE COMMIES CLUB, and even this they don't know how except SCOTCH - RYE COCKTAIL PARTIES, but the UGLY AMERICAN tourists who travel in all lands displaying vulgarity in every sense of the word, drinking, smoking, dressing, make-up, noise, loudness and criticizing everything they are displeased with, especially in countries where its peoples are the poorest in every respect and I don't mean Paris or any Riviera.

An article on this subject appeared in a Saturday Evening Post in 1960. I also mentioned it in my 1956 diary. I found it more pronounced on this partly around the world trip. THE WHITES IN THE FRENCH AND BELGIAN CONGO AND IN SOME OF THE ENGLISH COLONIES HAVE PAID A PRICE FOR ACTING AS UGLY WHITES. WE AMERICANS, ESPECIALLY THE FEMALES, MUST NOT AROUSE JEALOUSY AND ENVY ESPECIALLY DO THINGS THAT ARE CONTRARY TO THE HABITS AND RELIGIOUS BELIEFS AND PRACTICES OF THE NATIVES, no matter how primitive and obnoxious it may be or look to us, UNTIL SUCH TIME WE HELP THEM GET OUT OF THE TERRIBLE RELIGIOUS DARKNESS AND PRIMITIVENESS, BY PROPER EDUCATION, and we need a little of this ourselves.

Up at 4, left for the airport at 5, and after waiting and watching the many dogs roaming the airfield and monkeys roaming the fences of the airport,(both animals are included in the SACRED type and can't be molested, there are places in our world where it pays to be a DOG OR MONKEY.) The plane left the runway at Delhi Airport at 6:45 and are now up in the air. What was the result of our V.P.'s visit here? Here is the news as it is reported in the STATESMAN, DELHI issue, "HOPE FOR GREATER U.S. AID FOR 3RD PLAN. Two major points emerged from a joint communique issued today on the talk between U.S. V.P. L.J. and Mr. NEHRU, FIRST-AID TO INDIA TO BE MADE BY PRESIDENT K. IN SUBSTANTIAL AND EFFECTIVE FORM. SECOND - MR. NEHRU EXPRESSED HIS FULL APPROVAL OF THE GOAL OF A TRULY NEUTRAL AND INDEPENDENT

LAOS ENUNCIATED BY MR. V.P. JOHNSON". (and now my good friends in the U.S.A. you can get ready for it.) Next is the best news, K & K will meet in Vienna June 3rd and June 4th and a visit to LONDON is also planned. NOW THE FIRST LADY WILL HAVE A CHANCE TO MEET ROYALTY ON THEIR OWN GROUND. CONGO WILL BE A FEDERATION OF 19 STATES. TYPHOON RAVAGES HONG KONG. S. KOREAN PRESIDENT RESIGNS. GENERAL CHARGES VICTORY A BLOW TO U.S.A. (our billions invested for S. Korean FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE going down the drain.) BAN ON MEETINGS IN S. AFRICA. LONDON LABOR PARTY LOSES MOTION TO CENSOR GOVERNMENT TO BUTT INTO THE ANGOLIAN SITUATION IN FAVOR OF SALAZAR. RUSSIA REPEATS THREATS TO RESUME ATOMIC TESTS. 79 CARAT DIAMOND ON SALE IN U.K. MAY BE BOUGHT BY AN AMERICAN BUYER (H.W.) RUSSIAN MESSAGE ON THE AIR AGAIN, MAY BE ANOTHER SPACE SHOT. And now to the most important news. CAMPAIGN AGAINST OBSCENE POSTERS, bugle sounded to attract an audience to a meeting at the circus. OBSCENE POSTERS WERE THE SOURCE OF MORAL DEGRADATION ACCORDING TO THE SPEAKER. OBSCENE POSTERS WERE THOSE IN WHICH COUPLES WERE SHOWN KISSING OR EMBRACING IN WHICH WOMEN WERE SHOWN IN PROVOCATIVE POSES AND OTHERS WHICH TENDED TO EXCITE PEOPLE. Madison Avenue be careful, your very existence is at stake. What will you do without the PROVOCATIVE and EXCITING BIG BUSTED GIRL ADVERTISEMENTS in which you try to sell anything and everything from soup to nuts, to help JUVINILE DELINQUENCY BECOME MORE DELINQUENT FOR YOUNG AND OLD ALIKE, and by the way you smarties on Madison Avenue, your "WHAT'S UP FRONT THAT COUNTS" is not meant for cigarettes but for the INDIAN BETTER HALF. You should see the mark on their forehead and the mark on one nostril makes it "WHAT'S UP FRONT THAT COUNTS".

In a recent speech before our T.V. MOGULS in the State our 35 year old communications commissioner told them what's wrong with their shows which is also a product of MADISON AVENUE and tends to accomplish the same result as above.

Now again to you my dear and honorable NEW FRONTIER PRESIDENT. I give you my sincere and best wishes, for a successful meeting with your opponent also named K. Don't limit your stay for one or two days. It's more important to the whole world UNDERDEVELOPED, OVERDEVELOPED and just plain DEVELOPED, that you two K's get together on a plan that ONLY IDEOLOGY SHALL COMPETE AND MAY THE BEST IDEOLOGY WIN, because no modern nuclear war can win or convince one side against the other about IDEOLOGY except the complete destruction of humanity. Leave your trips to the others for a while and call back your SALESMAN DIPLOMATS and ADVISORS to come to you to VIENNA or wherever else you may want to be with Mr. K. and TRY, TRY, TRY hard AGAIN and AGAIN to live together with all the people all over the world. Forget DIPLOMACY FROM STRENGTH, there is no such thing today. ONE DOESN'T NEED THE BIGGEST ARMY OR NAVY OR AIR FORCE, JUST A FEW I.C.B.M.'S CAN DO THE TRICK. Read Norman Cousins' latest

"IN PLACE OF FOLLY", read every word carefully to remember what they mean, and also remember that PEOPLE WHO HAVE GREAT GRIEVANCES WILL BE IN THE MARKET FOR REVOLUTION UNTIL THE GRIEVANCES ARE MET, THE QUEST FOR INDEPENDENCE AND YEARNINGS OF THE MAJORITY OF THE WORLD'S PEOPLE WILL NOT TAKE AN INDEFINITE HOLIDAY. BASIC FORCES SUCH AS THOSE WILL BECOME VIOLENT IF THE MEANS FOR EFFECTIVE PEACEFUL CHANGE ARE LACKING. THE U.S.A. WILL NOT KEEP COMMUNIST OR OTHER IDEOLOGIESTS FROM EXPLOITING THOSE FORCES JUST BY CALLING ATTENTION TO ITS NUCLEAR DETERRENT. IF IT (U.S.) WANTS TO BE EFFECTIVE IN THESE SITUATIONS, IT WILL HAVE TO COME UP WITH SOME RELEVANT IDEAS. So my dear Mr. President, you should and must live up to your NEW FRONTIER pledge and on which pledge I voted for you, you were elected to the highest honor in our country. You must try to make peace prevail the world over.

Some more important news in this morning's paper, KANPUR INDIA, 70 PEOPLE WERE STRUCK WITH HEART FAILURE OF WHICH 10 DIED BECAUSE OF HEAT OF 113 DEGREES, DRINKING WATER BECAME SCARCE, SOME OF THE WATER PUMPING STATIONS ARE IDLE BECAUSE THE LEVEL OF THE RIVERS HAVE FALLEN AND OTHER CANALS ARE DRY. DR. PRASAD GREETS CUBAN PRESIDENT ON THE OCCASION OF CUBAN NATIONAL DAY. 325 BRITISH PROFESSORS PROTEST U.S. ACTION AGAINST CUBA. THESE CAME FROM LONDON, OXFORD, MANCHESTER, EDINBURGH, BRISTOL, LEEDS, LIVERPOOL, AND GLASGOW. The resolution reads, WE EXPRESS DEEP CONCERN OVER THE RECENT ATTEMPT BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT TO OVERTHROW THE LEGITIMATE GOVERNMENT OF CUBA BY AN ARMED INVASION. THIS ATTEMP FAILED BUT THERE REMAINS THE THREAT OF FUTURE SIMILAR OR EVEN STRONGER AGGRESSION AGAINST CUBA. WE URGE HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT AND THE OPPOSITION TO CONDEMN THE RECENT ACTION BY U.S. AGAINST CUBA AND TO PLAY THEIR PART IN PREVENTING REPETITION. MOUNTAIN NAMED AFTER GAGARIN IN THE ANTARTIC BY SOVIET GEOLOGISTS. NINE SOVIET SPECULATORS ARRESTED FOR SPECULATING IN FOREIGN CURRENCY AND GOLD COIN. ATTORNEY GENERAL ROBERT KENNEDY ESTIMATED THAT ORGANIZED LEGAL GAMBLING IN THE U.S.A. YIELDS A GROSS OF $7 BILLION A YEAR.

We left NEHRU's INDIA, there were plenty of empty seats in the plane. I couldn't understand why the plane was parked a few thousand feet away from the airport building, there weren't any planes near it. Why make people walk with packages in such hot weather? This plane too, has first and economy class, but I couldn't find any difference except the cost. Rested, napped, arrived after 5 hours of good flying at 1 P.M. TASHKENT time which is 1/2 hour later than DELHI time. The weather here is refreshingly cool. We were delayed in checking through customs because people coming from S.E. Asian countries must remove everything from the plane including all baggage to be rechecked. Transient passengers have preference.

Those that stop in TASHKENT, besides waiting, must also take a dose of anti-cholera in liquid form, 2 kinds. Here is

where I have again convinced myself that I am right in travelling light and not to buy a lot of junk to bring gifts to people, even to kids. The local inspector after reading our declaration found quite a few things that JL, who made out the declaration, thought wasn't necessary to declare, so the inspector went through with a fine comb and asked me to explain every article and when he got hold of a long package of films, he said AH, CIGARETTES. I told him that we don't smoke, there was a package of 4 elephants wrapped in paper. We had to open this, then a box full of toilet articles, a regular drug store and finally he looked at me and my belt looked to him as if it was padded. He made me unbutton my pants and show him why it looks so full. I happen to wear a support belt which wasn't pulled tight. If this scene would have been photographed, it would have been worth the trip, even if I was getting peeved. Were glad to be on the way to TASHKENT Hotel, to Room 29, a suite of rooms typical to what I had in 1959. It was over the kitchen and we weren't asked to pay extra for the aroma of all kinds of cookings. The lunch was the first good meal since we left S.F., BORSCHT, BLACKBREAD, STRAWBERRIES, TOMATOES, CUKES AND MINERAL WATER. Our rooms were changed to single rooms, the toilet was the same type, the same smelling soap, and coarse towels, high bath tub and one hand operated shower and one overhead shower, no shower curtains. The floor drain takes care of the spilled-over water, as usual.

It was 2 P.M. when we went for lunch. The restaurant was jammed. No air, but plenty of champagne, wine, mineral water, the people, men and women, haven't changed. Same drab clothes and shoes, loose but maybe comfortable. I don't think anybody in the U.S.S.R. knows or thinks of the words CLASHING COLORS. I think that the most comfortable ladies' clothes here is the dress of many colors that looks like a night robe. Only one Russian woman wore shoes with high heels, she came with us from Delhi with her husband and kid. Ordered tickets for a native opera (even though we knew that we will not sit out the full time) that will be sung tonight at the OPERA-CONCERT AND BALLET HOUSE facing the hotel in a beautiful setting of a large square, a large fountain spraying water illuminated with different colors, flower beds of various colors and sizes adorn this setting and it acts as a place for people to congregate and settle world problems as used to be done in HESTER PARK on the East Side in New York in my young days, except that we didn't have the same decorations or staging. Got into an argument with our guide Mr. Bargh. We wanted to go tomorrow to Bukhara and he said WE CAN'T, two delegations have reserved all plane seats and we can sightsee until 4 this afternoon and 3 hours tomorrow. We then told him to get plane reservations to leave for Moscow tomorrow, WE CAN'T, NO SPACE, said he. I was getting peeved again. JL started asking him questions that I could answer much better. Our people in Kiev

could answer questions better than the guide and I put together. Returned to the hotel and to service bureau. Got plane seats for Moscow for tomorrow, Sunday 8:10 A.M. to be in Moscow before 12. Washed, packed, and rested.

Left for the opera, walked around a bit, looked at the people, and they gave us the once over too. We went without jackets, the orchestra was dressed the way we were except they didn't have any ties on while we did.

The orchestra leader who was also the composer of the opera, was dressed in tails, white tie, very good looking and wore government decorations on his chest as all the ARTISTS OF THE REPUBLIC do. It started at 7 and we were out at 8. Went for dinner on the roof restaurant which was delightful, a bit on the cool side. The food was very good, the service too. The style? Well, why talk about it. The word CLASH in colors is not in the Russian or U.S.S.R. dictionary. It looked as if everybody there was happy eating and drinking champagne and wine and of course mineral water and eating SASHLICK on the stick. The orchestra (3) started out with a Straus Waltz and some other dance music that sounded like Tango and Cha-Cha, and everybody had a good time.

The real slap in the face and shock to the bone was when I changed 50 dollars into rubles and received only 45 rubles. I said to myself, ECONOMY - U.S.A. - vs. U.S.S.R., what next? I was glad we were leaving early tomorrow instead of staying here 3 days as our itinerary called for. JL wasn't feeling well and we couldn't make BUKHARA or SAMARKAND anyhow. No plane reservations, too many delegations.

TASHKENT, Sunday, May 21, 1961

Up at 7:30 A.M. Almost got on the wrong plane even if it was a MOSCOW flight too. It was cool and raining. The top coat came in handy. What a contrast in the weather a few hours by Jet can make. Left in a I.L. 104, which is a one class plane fitted out pretty nice and convenient. Packages are stacked on the racks overhead. These planes are never as nice as our deluxe Jets, even tourist class. We were rather surprised that so many Jets were on this airport, but as the guide told us that 5 Jets fly from here to Moscow each day and many to other parts of the U.S.S.R., and to the S.E. Asian countries. TASHKENT is a CENTRAL AIRPORT.

The lunch or breakfast served one hour after take off wasn't what I eat, so tea was good enough. There were a mixture or melting pot of people on this plane, their baggage consisted of a variety of different kinds of things, not only to wear but to eat too. One fellow had good strawberries, (fresh), radishes, cukes and other vegetables, maybe eggs too. The Hostesses were BABY DOLLS except they had too much front and back to be put into the tight (supposed to be modern style) uniforms worn by hostesses that fly to MOSCOW on European air lines. Their HAIRDO was an awful IMITATION of an AFRICAN

HAIRDO worn by some New York dames, like the dame that sat next to our table on the roof restaurant in TASHKENT. She wasn't bad to look at but her imitation make-up around her eyes and her hair bleach and hairdo was so pronounced as a bad imitation that JL called my attention to it. Of all the women we met only one COUGHED and SMOKED and COUGHED. This was the second floor supervisor at TASHKENT Hotel. Even the men didn't smoke much. Drinking wine and champagne is much better and they sure do this. We noticed that the door man at the ground floor TASHKENT restaurant threw out a man who looked drunk and didn't let him in again.

Landed at 12:30 P.M. or 9:30 A.M. MOSCOW time. An INTOURIST guide met us and it was 1-2-3 and we were on the way to the UKRAINE HOTEL, Room 1906 overlooking the MOSCOW River, away from the center of the city. This 27 story hotel was really refreshing except that there wasn't any soap, and had only a few sheets of toilet paper. Never enough of it for one day for a person that is full of it. No waste basket or writing paper of any kind, and it's loaded with people, tourists from all over the world and the INTOURIST clerks are still running this huge business on pieces of paper, hand written records, in the dark. It's a wonder how everything they say is with a smile and appreciation. After cleaning up we went to lunch, it's 5 hours since we were served on the plane, which I didn't touch, even if it's only 10:30 here now. Went to the main dining room which is huge and nice with many inexpensive chandeliers hanging from the ceiling, a large platform for a 10 piece orchestra and a mike for a singer. Ordered herring and salad of cukes and tomatoes, strawberries, coffee with hot milk, blackbread. But no strawberries, or tomatoes, so it was SMETANA and BLINTCHIKES, and mineral water (the national drink) all for $2.60, made everybody happy.

Floors 12 and 21 are missing from the elevator indicator and the explanation by the well filled female operator that they don't have a 12th or 21st floor. I'll have to write to their building department or to the Kremlin for an explanation. If I don't get a satisfactory answer from the first to clear up this mystery. Tried to get the service bureau of INTOURIST to rearrange our itinerary to get back to the U.S. on the 28th, but it's Sunday and I'll have to go to GLAVNI KANTOR (main office) tomorrow. I asked what's playing each night we will be here, EVERYTHING SOLD OUT was the answer. Let's drive to the circus together, I told the BABY DOLL at the theatre service counter, and so it was. Now we have 2 seats for tonight at 7 for the PUPPET show. Tomorrow at 3:30 P.M. for CINERAMA and tomorrow at 7 P.M. for the CIRCUS. It took DIPLOMACY to work it out with the managers of the theatres where I went with the BABY DOLL. The results were satisfactory. JL rested, I drove to National Hotel for mail, it was closed, then to deliver a letter to a Mr. Boris Metrick. His son was in, the old man is

visiting his sick wife. The entrance to the building that runs 500 feet long, is in the yard, no front entrance. All ground floor space is taken up with stores. I returned disappointed because I wanted to complete the job and bring back a letter and photo from this man to his brother in New Jersey, as I promised. Returned at 4, will have tea with lemon, rest awhile and go to the KOOKLA (puppet) Theatre at 7.

Who said that the people here and further S.E. aren't getting civilized. They have traffic lights, not as many as we have. I saw a few PIN POINT SHOES, (heels only) but the pin point toe, and heel shoe, that is crippling our young and old womanhood feet will get here in quantity. TIGHT SKIRTS and DECOLLETE dresses are not popular here because the females have too much FRONT AND BACK, TOP AND BOTTOM. The pedestrians stole our habit of running against lights a long time ago. Now they have here in a few places signs that change with traffic lights, warning pedestrians not to cross against red light. One gent dared to do it on one of such crossings where I was driving and there was a chase between the cop and the pedestrian back and forth. Traffic was held up for a while but the cop caught the culprit and took him to jail, another cop took his place, and everything went back to normal. This reminded me of FLAGLER STREET, and MIAMI AVENUE, except that this happened here today in one of the biggest squares and widest streets I ever saw, and there was plenty of room here still for the chased and chaser to exercise their legs. JL was still in bed resting. A car took us to the theatre. I have been here a few times before. Walked around this place for a few minutes to give the surroundings the once over then visited the Muse, where the different characters are portrayed in this little PUPPET Theatre, which is known all over the world for its artistic work. The show began promptly at 7:30 with a bit of ceremony by the few live persons and the two rubber dolls. It's too bad that we couldn't understand all the talking because the audience roared. We left the place while the applause was still going on. The whole first act was about GENESIS, the creation of the WORLD and the second act was how EVE fooled Adam into eating an apply. Of course, the snake did his share of showing EVE how to put it over on ADAM. Now I know why the women always get the best of the men. This SNAKE sid his dirty work up a tree. I don't know where the saying of a SNAKE IN THE GRASS originated. The hat checking system here should be studied by our large restaurants, theatres, and other assembly places. The racks are made so that each hat and coat hang on one hook. When the show was over only a certain amount of people were let to the checking place at a time, then another group etc., no crowding or pushing, no smoking, so much unlike the FIRE TRAP night clubs or theatres in New York.

Tried to have supper at 10:45, but the large restaurant was jammed. A big crowd waiting in line, same was at the buffet

where coffee and snacks are sold. JL went to our room, I bought a pineapple, tea, crackers and this was probably better than the meal we would have gotten in the restaurant. JL isn't well and doesn't look good. Maybe it's best to let him leave for home (U.S.A.) tomorrow if he doesn't get better, but in any event we should leave for Minsk Tuesday to return to the States on the 28th. I left orders with the travel department to change our itinerary accordingly. This finished our day's work.

MOSCOW, Sunday, May 22, 1961

The weather here is cool and the top coat is a welcome garment to have around. JL is in bed, tea and toast is his meal. I ate breakfast the leftovers from yesterday. We decided that since we travelled so many thousands of miles around the world to see Sima and our other relatives, it would be a crime to have JL not meet them. Wrote a note to travel bureau and left it on the desk at 8:30 A.M. to change our tickets to leave Tuesday for Minsk and advance our other departures one day ahead. I got no satisfaction from the overworked attendants. I don't see how they can take so much guff, a terrible mismanaged place. Only a government operation where profit is not important can operate this way. The place is overcrowded with tourists each one would like to get attended first, specially the SMOKING AMERICAN-WEAR-THE-PANTS LADIES, whose husbands sit on the side afraid to open their mouths. I didn't want to depend on the local travel bureau or wait for their car so I grabbed a cab and drove to the home office of INTOURIST, 1 GORKI STREET, in the NATIONAL HOTEL, 60¢ for 20 minutes riding. (Taxi riding was very cheap in all countries we have been to outside of our U.S.A.). Of course riding in a cab in Moscow is quite an experience until a cop gets the driver. When I got out near the Hotel MOSKWA, which is in the heart of the city, I was looking for a place to cross the street to the INTOURIST office. I saw all corners railed off, a sign indicating PEPEXOD (underpass) and lo and behold there wasn't a single person on the streets. Since I was here in '59 they built this underpass on this main thoroughfare, where hundreds of thousands of people used to chase each other trying to beat taxis and other vehicles. The UNDERPASS is for all 4 corners and to Metro (subway). To get it built for the convenience and safety of the people they didn't have to wait for the appropriation and for the approval by the Board of Estimate and for the DIVISION OF THE SPOILS BETWEEN THE POLITICIANS and the approval of the real estate speculators and rent gougers and store keepers. IT WAS GOOD FOR THE CITY AND SAFE FOR ITS CITIZENS AND THAT IS WHAT COUNTS. No more street crossings, a thing that the New York MAYOR and CITY PLANNERS of all big cities in our U.S.A. should do likewise, Build over or under passes on busy crossings as they are doing here in MOSCOW. For this I forgive them here a lot of other things because I know

that they are trying hard to serve the people.

After 1 hour trying, I was successful to get reservations to leave today at 16:50 (4:50 P.M.) for MINSK. I chased back to tell JL the good news, he was still in bed. I ordered tea for him, bit a little into the leftovers, the telephone rang and it was Anna Mednikov. She wired me to Tashkent to let her know my plans so that she can make arrangements for our party in KIEV. I couldn't reply to her because I didn't know of our plans, so she was worried and came here from KIEV. I was supposed to arrive today the 22nd in Moscow, but our plans were changed. We had a nice housewarming and got rid of some of the things which I had in our baggage. I got tickets for Minsk and wasn't told to which airport we are to drive and didn't have a guide to take us so to the WNOOKOWNO Airport we went. The INTOURIST agent there told us that we are in the wrong place and that we are too late to make the other airport. We can go back to hotel and leave tomorrow, 3:50 P.M. for Minsk. I didn't get mad, for it wouldn't have done us any good. After coaxing this INTOURIST man we will leave now for Kiev on the 20:50 which is 8:50 plane, non-stop, 1 hour 20 minutes. I sent a telegram to SIMA of the change. Were sent to the dining room for dinner. This is a specially decorated place for tourists SPECIAL SERVICE AND SPECIAL FOOD that neither JL nor I dared eat.

Left on time in a Jet IL 104 and arrived in Kiev 10 P.M. A new airport for Jets only. Were glad there was nobody there to meet us for we both were too tired. It took us 45 minutes to drive the 20 miles from the airport to the hotel. JL was in bed in a few minutes. I ordered tea for both of us and that was the end of a perfect day for me. There must have been 50 Jets and jet props at the MOSCOW WNOOKOWNO Airport when we were there today. Very few of the old 12 and 14 I.L.'s.I understand that they don't do much flying at night

The misfit airport surely isn't becoming this city that its LEADERS and CITIZENS believe to be the center of the world in EVERY WAY, except a STOCK MARKET and a few more CAPITALISTIC METHODS OF KIDDING THE PUBLIC. Maybe they think that the hundreds of millions of dollars that is being spent in the U.S.A. on airports, SEPARATE BUILDINGS FOR EACH AIRLINE, THE DUPLICATION OF LYING ADVERTISEMENTS TO THE PUBLIC, HIGH SALARIES TO VARIOUS OFFICERS, WHO ARE MILKING THE COMPANIES AND WHO ARE LIVING LIKE LORDS AT THE EXPENSE OF THE FLYING PUBLIC, is not necessary and it is much better to build SCHOOLS, LIBRARIES, HOSPITALS, HOUSES AND WIDER STREETS and OVERHEAD and UNDERHEAD PASSES so that their citizens are well protected from traffic accidents and many other things of the same nature and a few more SPUTNIKS and LONG RANGE MISSILES and PARKS, PLAYGROUNDS, and FLOWERS, and at the same time keep the AIR, TRAIN, BUS CAB FARE DOWN to less than half that it costs to fly in the U.S.A. and NO EXTRA CHARGE for JET flights. Maybe the people look shabbily dressed, maybe some of the girls are adopting some of the crazy ideas of the West and



KIEV

Sister and Brother
SK and SIMA
WHO IS THE BOSS?

1961



SK TELLING SIMA A
RADOMYSLER STORY

764 1961

look more African in their imitation hairdo's because they haven't the time, the means, and the experts, but I know they are not HUNGRY FOR FOOD and surely NOT HUNGRY FOR KNOWLEDGE and good EDUCATION.

KIEV, Tuesday, May 23, 1961

JL felt better. Ordered breakfast for him, had mine in the restaurant, took care of our departing reservation, Friday the 26th from U.S.S.R. Didn't hear from SIMA. Phoned ANNA who came at 11 with her son. We talked and arranged to go sightseeing at 2, lunched with her at 1. Ordered tea, eggs, toast for JL. Started out to visit the U.S. exhibition of plastics in one of the buildings of the Kiev exhibition grounds. From there we drove to see 2 newly constructed projects (multistory housing) in opposite sections of Kiev. It does one's heart good to compare these planned houring developments with the old broken down homes people are moved from and it is all done by the government for the people without ceremonies. I don't care to criticize quality of construction or size of room. All I can say is that it made a wonderful impression on JL and me. There is nothing like it anywhere else. I sure would like to see this city in 10 years from now, or MOSCOW. It's now 6:35 P.M. Am waiting for visitors. I didn't yet hear from Sima. Anna, JL and I went to dinner in the restaurant below. A large group of Americans were getting ready for dinner. They were from different parts of the States. I called their attention that they are being cheated. The AMERICAN FLAG ON THEIR TABLE HAD ONLY 48 STARS, that they should take it up with our STATE DEPARTMENT in Washington, or with our MOSCOW EMBASSY. We discussed our get together party which will take place Thursday at the NEW MOSKOWSKI RESTAURANT. Anna said everything is in order. There will probably be 65 relatives present. Called SIMA on the telephone in MINSK, she will arrive tomorrow at 8:30 A.M. Many relatives came and went. It was 10:30 before they left. I sure feel sorry for our J.F.K. because he has to receive many visitors each day with PROTOCOL - a tedious job.

The first thing I had to do when we arrive in Room 6 was to fix the flush tank, the water was running all the time and made too much noise. Then examined everything in our room and discovered that while the Moskow Hotel room was more modern, it lacked soap-toilet and writing paper, but this room had soap, writing paper, envelopes and good crinkled toilet paper in roll better paper here than anywhere. One single sheet is enough to make a clean job without soiling the hand fingers.

KIEV, Wednesday, May 24, 1961

Breakfast with ARCADIA MEDINKOF, at 9. He is my nephew and a retired ADVOKATE (Lawyer) on pension. We discussed many matters concerning life here like EVREI (JEW ON THE PASSPORT), MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE, WHICH NAME CAN A CHILD ADOPT, HUSBAND'S OR WIFE'S, CHRISTIAN OR JEWISH, WHO HAS CARE OF CHILDREN

AFTER DIVORCE, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF NATIONALITY ON A PASSPORT SINCE RELIGION IS NOT RECOGNIZED AND #5 ON THE PASSPORT APPLICATION IS WHAT NATIONALITY AND IF ONE IS OF JEWISH EXTRACTION FOR GENERATIONS EVEN "THOUGH BORN A UKRAINIAN OR WHITE RUSSIAN, THE ANSWER IS "EVREI" NOT "UKRAINIAN", ETC. IS JEWISH A NATIONALITY? WHAT IS THE ANTI-SEMITIC SITUATION HERE IN HIGH GOVERNMENT CIRCLES AND IN PROFESSIONS, IN LABOR AND LABOR SUPERVISORY. WHY AREN'T ANY JEWISH BOOKS, MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS PUBLISHED AND JEWISH THEATRES PLAYED HERE. Received satisfactory answers to each, and a set of books in YIDDISH will be brought to me tomorrow by ISAAK KIPNIS, my nephew who is a JEWISH writer. The books he will bring will be the works of BERGELSON, SHOLOM ELEICHEM, PERETZ and MENDILE MOCHERSPHORIM, published here in Jewish and also in Russian. My nephew's work is now published in Russian, translated from his Jewish writings. A large volume of his works has been published in New York in JEWISH.

Sister SIMA with her husband ITZIK, arrived. She took up all of the morning until 1. She sure was a WELCOME STRANGER and it was good that our meeting was this way without flowers and ceremonies. Visitors came to greet us. It is a pleasure, but tiresome job. Lunched, and were supposed to leave for a ride at 1:30, I cancelled it and JL and I went for a walk on KRESTCHATIK, window shopping. Walked for 1-1/2 hours admiring this beautiful walkway, lined with chairs for resting also lined with beautiful trees. The buildings on both sides of this wide BOULEVARD are majestic and have an air of ARISTOCRACY, BEAUTY AND STRENGTH. The flower beds add to the beauty, why look in the back yards to find fault? It's LIKE MEETING A VERY BEAUTIFUL DAME DRESSES WITH THE FINEST TASTE THAT LOOKS LIKE A REAL LIVING DOLL, WHY ASK A LOT OF QUESTIONS? Went down the Metro, maybe 300 feet deep by escalator. The uniformed female at the ticket taking place permitted us to visit the station and train platform free. We were dizzy when we reached the bottom and then up. A 3 lane escalator (continuous) kept constantly clean by women with rags wiping the rails. The cleanliness in every nook and corner, not only on the train platforms, but in every street we walked or drove by car is to be admired. Our New York city fathers should come here and learn how to keep our city and everything about it clean. If I didn't have a date to meet other of my relatives who are coming to thank me again and again for all I have done for them, I would have sat down on one of the benches, ordered Ice Cream cones, and watched the crowds go by. Yes, they are dressed SHABBY, in our way of measured SHABBINESS, compared to the well dressed (crazy dolls) in our cities, NOT THOS THAT WE DON'T WANT TO MEET ON 42ND STREET, BETWEEN 6TH and 8TH AVENUE, OR IN HARLEM OR EAST AND WEST SIDES OR IN OTHER PLACES. The slow walking hand in hand, the quiet and pleasant conversations, makes one believe that they are not as unhappy like some of our 100% Americans believe them to be.



KIEV RESTAURANT MOSKWA

THE PLACE WHERE SK's
STARVED RELATIVES WERE FED

767 1961

Returned at 4. More relatives came. Had no time to rest. Left for ANNA MEDNIKOV'S House for a party. She lives in one room with her son. They are RICH people. They have in FEE SIMPLE, a short wave RADIO, A T.V. SET, AND A REFRIGERATOR, plus 2 SOFAS, a CLOSET FOR CLOTHES, TABLE AND CHAIRS and TOOLS FOR EATING. 16 people piled in this one room. Flowers, 4 different kinds of cake, 4 different kinds of meats, herring, salad and other kinds of salads. Vodka, wine, mineral water, tea, coffee, cheese and cottage cheese and cream for me, trimmed with kissing and hugging and tears of joy and thanks and best wishes.

I didn't say goodby or kiss anybody except SIMA when we left. This we will do tomorrow after our party in one of the main restaurants on KRESTCHATIK, where we expect to have about 65 relatives attending.

Food is inexpensive here compared with some of the prices in our inexpensive restaurants. Some of the food here is excellent and delicious. Their blackbread, herring and potatoes and salad made from cukes, tomatoes, and chopped scallion is out of this world, our lunch today consisted of 8 items, cost $1.93, the price of a dinner is 3 rubles, breakfast is 1 ruble, tea is 30 kopeks, supper is 2 rubles based on our coupons we got from INTOURIST.

Who can eat a full meal, a plate of Borscht with meat is a big meal by itself. Taxi fare starts with 10 K and moves by the Kopeks. AUTOMATS of all kinds are all over town. A glass of milk is 3¢ and a piece of danish is 5¢, one can buy almost anything in an AUTOMAT, but clothes is expensive. Flying is cheap and in good Jet planes, much cheaper than in the States.

One thing more I found out today, that ANTI-SEMITISM is not a NATIONAL affair but strictly an individual matter, it is not a mass organized movement like we have in some of our swanky places in the States or in Europe, where signs of discrimination are displayed. We also discussed today while driving without a guide, (I didn't use a guide in MOSCOW or KIEV), about the education system. (This came from the common people). THE GOVERNMENT IS PAYING FOR ALL EDUCATION. YOUNGSTERS STUDYING FOR HIGH EDUCATION GET 40 R. A MONTH STIPEND, WITH PREMIUMS FOR PREMIUM STUDENTS. Where the parent earns a salary over 400 R a month they have to pay their children's expense with CERTAIN EXCEPTIONS FOR PREMIUM STUDENTS. SO EVERY STUDENT IS TRYING TO BE A PREMIUM STUDENT. Didn't want to go to the Opera we preferred to be at ANNA'S PARTY. Retired at 12.

KIEV, Thursday, May 25, 1961

Had a date with ANNA to visit some of our sick or bedridden relatives, BLUMA and ANUTA. Then about 12 inspected the restaurant we are to have our party. SIMA came along. We dined in the famous new restaurant MOSKWA, to get a taste of the food and service. Wanted to inspect the kitchen and was told that I must put on a white robe. It will be brought to me soon, it never



KIEV 1961

The Noochim Kipnis elders



KIEV RESTAURANT MOSKWA

FEEDING 55 STARVING RELATIVES

1961



THE THINKER AND LISTENER

771

1961



KIEV 1961

My starved niece and her daughter.



KIEV 1961

Two of my starved nieces



KIEV 1961

Some more of my starved relatives.



KIEV 1961

My grandniece - a comsonol

came. Walked back to the hotel by way of KRESCHATIC again admiring this beautiful boulevard. It is a beautiful setting of very large uniform buildings, trees and flowers. JL and I returned to the hotel to rest a while and get ready for this evening's party which is going to be an event to be remembered by all, but rest was impossible, a constant line of visitors to thank me for PAST FAVORS, FOR COMING, AND TO COME AGAIN AND NOT FORGET THEM, and what WILL THE TWO K'S DO IN VIENNA, will they accomplish something for PEACE and IT ISN'T AMERICA THEY ARE AFRAID OF, IT IS THE GERMANS. WHY ARE WE ARMING THEM, DOESN'T ENGLAND REMEMBER WHAT GERMANY DID TO HER LONDON, EVEN IF AMERICA WAS NEVER TOUCHED BY THE NAZIS? DO THE AMERICANS KNOW HOW MANY MILLIONS OF RUSSIANS WERE KILLED BY THE GERMANS AND HOW MUCH RUSSIAN PEOPERTY WAS DESTROYED ETC., ETC.? It was time to leave for the party. DINA from Boyarka insisted that we surprise ITZIK KIPNIS the writer by a visit for 5 minutes only. We did and found him in his pajamas. He wanted to show us his library. (He lives in one room with his wife) but we had to go. Took a few stills and movies and left for the party. (This Itzik is the one that was arrested in 1952 under the Stalin purge of Jewish Doctors and Writers, he was sentenced to prison and barred from living in Kiev. When K came to power the government made retribution to those alive and to post mortems, paid them cash for all past years, put them on a pension for life and a free apartment.)

The party was served in one of the large private dining rooms in the restaurant MOSKOWA. 55 people all related. Who can describe this party and the shining bright eyes of SIMA, who was to all intents and purposes the HONORED GUEST, she is young at 78, talks more than anybody and acts as the REAL HEAD and LEADER of the KIPNIS KLAN. She commands respect and love from all. At least I can't describe it for I haven't enough words to master the situation. ARCADIA MEDINKOV was toastmaster, then SIMA had her piece to say, then I delivered my piece, it took me about 25 minutes to say it. I spoke mostly in Yiddish, intermixed with Russian words. I don't remember what it was all about, but JL told me that it was the best one ever. The cousin who sat next to him spoke,Russian, Yiddish and English fluently and he translated to JL each word that came out of my mouth. JL remarked on the way home, DAD I ENJOYED THIS PARTY AND YOUR SPEECH TO MY HEART'S CONTENT. NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WANT TO COME HERE ONCE A YEAR FOR A FEW DAYS ONLY. The party broke up at 12. My face was full of all lipstick colors. We parted with the words MIR and DROOZHBA, PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP. I was presented with 2 silver sets for my 75th birthday. SIMA and a few more will come tomorrow from 9 till departure time 10:15 to say again AUF WIEDERSEHEN. Packed the few things we are taking back which is practically zero except the few things we have on us. Retired at 1 A.M.

KIEV, Friday, May 26, 1961

ANNA came at 9, SIMA at 9:30, a few more came just as we were leaving to drive to the airport. We gave away almost everything we had. KISSED AND HUGGED but no goodby, only DOSVIDANIE (AUF WIEDERSEHEN) and drove off to the new airport. Had a thorough going over on our baggage and currency. JL had 127 Kopecks for souvenirs, they allowed him only 27 and confiscated the 100. ITZIK KIPNIS gave me a hand written manuscript THE SMALL CITY for me to read and maybe I can have it published in New York. They took it away to read it first and if they approve it will be mailed to me, it didn't have an approval stamp on it. I left my address in U.S.A. and ITZIK'S address in Kiev. They can return it to either one of us, let them be the judge. Then they withheld one small set of silver, they gave me a receipt for it. The two of us are allowed 420 grams of silver each. They were much more strict than before. They counted my money very carefully and I watched them so that none of it sticks to their fingers.

Left on time, 1:05 P.M. Here when departure time calls for a certain time it means from the runway, not from the airport building, and no one walks to the plane no matter how near it is. A passenger is always driven over by bus to plane and this ended our stay in SOVIET UNION.

Kiev is just one big beautiful park with nice buildings, (on the surface) streets, trees, flowers, overlooking the Dnieper River. It doesn't pay to search for faults to spoil the natural and man-made beauty of this setting. It's worth a trip for a few days in June or July.

Arrived in VIENNA in 1 hour 40 minutes. It was warm and lovely, and what a contrast between the MOSCOW WNOOKOWNO or the KIEV Airport to this new and most modern airport, clean everywhere. It was a pleasure to get back to European civilization even with the tight skirted crippled feet girls that can hardly walk straight on the hard concrete surfaced floor of this beautiful airport building. Checked the washrooms, in fact I gave the whole works the onceover, and gave it my O.K. This is where the INTOURIST in KIEV fooled me. They were supposed to wire to VIENNA to change our flight from the 31st to the 26th. K.L.M. didn't know anything about it here. I shall report it to INTOURIST headquarters.

We observed when inspecting the construction of apartment buildings in KIEV, that no more scaffolds are used since most of the buildings are prefabricated, even the windows are set in the sills on the ground in the brick or concrete sections, then a whole section of a wall is set in place. This must save a lot of work in scaffolding and brick laying up in the air.

The first class flight from VIENNA to AMSTERDAM in a Viscount was a pleasure even if there was too much space wasted between the seats. It's a 2 hour flight. The captain announced that it's raining in AMSTERDAM.

I noticed the difference in making maximum use of an air-

craft between U.S. Airlines and maybe by European Airlines too. For instance E.A.L. will push an airliner to the very maximum limit of flying hours in 24 hours. The Russian Jet that brought us to Vienna at 3 P.M. will stay over until tomorrow to return to Kiev. A flight of only 2 hours each way or flying 4 hours in 24 hours, I just can't understand this any more than the fact that the WNOOKOWNO Airport in MOSCOW probably flies or handles more passengers in one day than Vienna does in two weeks or more, yet Vienna Airport must cost 100 times as much as WNOOKOWNO. Is it really possible that U.S.S.R. cares more for a successful SPUTNIK SHOT than for the best looking airport? We saw more Jets at the WNOOKOWNO than at the New York Idlewild. I am certain that passenger traffic in Idlewild exceeds WNOOKOWNO by many times, therefore, why the assembly of so many Jets at this airport, even if they don't fly at night as I was told.

Didn't have time to see in Moscow some of the things I wanted to see because JL wasn't up to par. I was anxious to see the new and the latest housing construction since the method used in building is by prefabrication from brick or concrete, I also wanted to see how modern the apartments are. I also wanted to see the huge swimming pool and recreation park in the heart of the city, built to accommodate 5,000 children and grown-ups too, new subway stations, and new schools. I was amazed at the change of looks and beauty of the main street or boulevard coming from WNOOKOWNO Airport and on LENIN HILL near the UNIVERSITY which is known all over the world for its size, number of students from various parts of the world, and the quality of students it graduates. I could have used the 5 days of my itinerary in MOSCOW to good advantage. I wanted to get into their JUSTICE department (courts). IF THEY HAVE LAWYERS THAT SPECIALIZE IN JUST LITIGATION OR TROUBLE MAKING OR BLACKMAILING WHO LIE UNDER OATH TO MAKE A POINT, AND ALSO MAKE THEIR CLIENTS DO THE SAME, which is just as unfair as our tax system that makes a liar of almost every honest citizen. I wanted to get that knowledge knowing that they have NO USE FOR LITIGATING LAWYERS, SINCE THERE IS NO NECESSITY FOR FABRICATING EVIDENCE FOR DIVORCES OR REAL ESTATE OR ANY OTHER TYPE OF LITIGATION BECAUSE THERE IS NO STOCK MARKET, NO FAKE REAL ESTATE BROKERS, NO MORTGAGES TO RAISE AND THEN FORECLOSE, NO TIME PAYMENTS, NO AMBULANCE CHASING, NO RICH WIDOWS TO RUN AFTER OR FABRICATED RAPE CASES, etc., etc.

I did see the completed over and under passes and those being built, which is a great improvement in a city of six million and growing

I was disappointed in lack of improvement in the Hotel accommodations and service by INTOURIST for the thousands of foreign tourists they handle, too much chaos, too much duplication, too much running around, too much indifference especially to the tourist who doesn't make an effort to learn the few

Russian words absolutely necessary to get along. These are lost and bewildered and are forever complaining. Irving Levine's TRAVEL GUIDE TO RUSSIA would do these tourists a lot of good. The tourist agencies should give each tourist this guide book. Most of the clerical work is still done in the dark on pieces of paper, no system, no order. I shall write my criticism and suggestions for improving their service to Headquarters, #1 Gorki Street, Moscow.

Received a gift from my nephew, Itzik Kipnis, 4 new published books in Jewish, the works of 4 famous Jewish writers, D. BERGELSON, E.L. PERETZ, SHOLOM ALEICHEM, MENDELE MOCHER-SPHORIM. Brought them with me to show some of the KNOW ALL ABOUT THE U.S.S.R. that the U.S.S.R not only permit such publication, but are actually published by the government and sold in all government book stores. These books were published 25,000 each in Jewish and 200,000 each in Russian.

Landed in Amsterdam in 2 hours, before we got through checking and getting ready for a soft drink, flight #643 K.L.M. was called ready to depart at 6:30 P.M. Hope to arrive at Idlewild 9:40 P.M. this evening, not bad in such short time from Kiev to New York. Yes, the world is shrinking. (Some day it will take 3 hours from New York to Moscow, we will arrive before we leave, if we don't change our WATCH time.)

NEW YORK, May 26, 1961

It rained hard when we landed in Idlewild almost 1-1/2 hours late. Immigration ceremonies were fast. We didn't have much with us since we left everything in Kiev. Drove JL to E.A.L. to make a flight to Miami, he didn't heed my advice about not calling Miami so that they didn't have to stay up all night and call for him at the Miami airport at 4 A.M. I couldn't drive to Jersey City on account of the rain. Stopped at the Mayflower for overnight from 2 A.M. to 8 A.M. Couldn't sleep longer than 2 hours. Was anxious to page through the 3 newspapers I bought, N.Y. TIMES, TRIBUNE and NEWS, and also the INDEPENDENT MAGAZINE. There was nothing of interest in the NEWS except the usual WASH WOMEN SCANDAL reports and UNDERWORLD, BEATNIK and DELINQUENT goings on, and in large type that took up almost the full front page ALL THE WAY WITH J.F.K. and JACQUELINE TOO.

The meeing with DeGaulle and K is not as important as what our FIRST LADY wears and whom she will meet and her NEW HAIRDO which was displayed on the front page of all the respectable and not so respectable newspapers in this largest city in the States, called NEW YORK.

The EICHMANN trial is now in the background, buried somewhere in inside pages. The greatest crime in the history of the world, committed by a few people that went BERSERK with power, which power the leaders of other world governments permitted them to acquire, by helping through DIPLOMACY, BANKERS and BOND SALESMEN SOME WHO ARE EVEN NOW IMPORTANT COGS IN OUR GOVERNMENT WHEELS

IN WASHINGTON, ARE DOING THE SAME THING RIGHT NOW TO BUILD UP THE SAME PEOPLE THROUGH THE SAME MEANS AND METHODS. WHO KNOWS WHEN THE NEW LEADERS of the SAME COUNTRY THAT WENT BERSERK BEFORE and DECLARED WAR ON THE WHOLE WORLD AND MADE SNEAK ATTACKS AND ALMOST DESTROYED MOST OF EUROPE AND THE NEAR EAST and PART OF ASIA, PLUS DELIBERATE BURNING ALIVE, CREMATING AND SHOOTING OF SIX MILLION INNOCENT, NON-COMBATANT JEWISH PEOPLE, FATHERS, MOTHERS, CHILDREN, BABIES AND OLD HELPLESS FOLKS, and as unofficially reported in a local newspaper. Just to get an idea of what has happened in the NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMPS during World War II, which I believe COULD HAVE BEEN PREVENTED IF THE ALLIES IN WORLD WAR II WOULD HAVE WANTED TO:

THE NUMBER OF JEWS EXTERMINATED IN EACH COUNTRY BY THE NAZIS

AUSTRIA.....59,000	LUX 5,000
BELGIUM ... 27,000	NETHERLANDS. 104,000
CZECH 238,000	NORWAY 700
FRANCE ... 60,000	POLAND ... 2,500,000
GERMANY .. 170,000	RUMANIA ... 210,000
GREECE 58,000	SOVIET UNION 725,000
HUNGARY .. 190,000	YUGOSLAVIA .. 57,000
ITALY 9,000	

Now that the Germans are going to get atomic weapons from ex-enemies, now friends, and are permitted to train their armies and navies on lands and waters in ex-enemy territories. Now suppose some of these FRIENDLY VANQUISHED people who run to WASHINGTON and LONDON to ask for PROTECTION and MONEY and WHOSE ECONOMY is HEALTHIER THAN THOSE OF THE VICTORS IN WORLD WAR II, and for whom we are ready to FIGHT TO OUR LAST SOLDIER to save and protect a CERTAIN DIVIDED CITY THAT LIES 100 MILES behind a certain border line, suppose they run BERSERK again and push just one button, the right or wrong button, then what? It wouldn't be anymore just KILL THE JEWS TO SOLVE THE JEWISH PROBLEM according to HITLER, EICHMANN, AND CO., but it will be the DESTRUCTION OF ALL MANKIND. Of course, we actually don't like these people any more now than right after World War II, BUT WE HAVE TO SAY NO TO KHRUSHCHEV'S YES AND VICE VERSA.

And so goes on the HORSE PLAY today. Our PRESIDENT and VICE PRESIDENT and their wives who will wear the latest HAIRDOS AND MODES, gallivant around the world parading in form, making speeches, calling for protecting the FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE and asking UNCLE SAM - COME ACROSS. All this HORSE PLAY is because of the lies we live by as fed to us by our C.I.A. and other MADE-TO-ORDER lies by others and by our PROSTITUTED PRESS in order to BRAIN WASH OUR GOOD CITIZENS TO HATE COMMUNISM BLINDLY, not even knowing what COMMUNISM, FREEDOM, LIBERTY, OR THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS means.

MY OBSERVATIONS
OF THE 1961 PARTLY AROUND THE WORLD TRIP WITH JLK

Hawaii is much over-rated and like any other part of the world, THE FEW HAVE IT ALL, and THE ALL HAVE NEXT TO NOTHING OR THE LEFTOVERS. The best part of our stay in Honolulu was meeting our friends the TOBINS, whose friendship we will never forget.

JAPAN, I couldn't find the beautiful places I saw on travelogues, there are lots of neon signs and many, many more rat holes. The BUDDHA and SHINTO religions have the people by the throat and is choking them that it is coming out of their ears. The rich use that religion to milk the people and keep them in the dark. HIROHITO and his GANG of PARASITES are kept as a tool in the hands of the MILKERS, same as in the other so-called DEMOCRATIC MONARCHIES or where the PRESIDENTS or LEADERS OF CERTAIN DEMOCRACIES usurp the power for themselves as DICTATORS and milk the people worse than the others.

As we flew further into SOUTH EAST ASIA, we found conditions getting worse. We weren't in CALCUTTA or LAOS or SOUTH VIET NAM, or CAMBODIA, or other countries supported by U.S.A., because we have been told by other travellers not to go there because conditions there are worse than in DELHI. I haven't met any of the FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE in whose name we are ready to fight. 95% of all the people in these countries live a primitive standard of living beyond imagination. As I was told in DELHI at the reception of our V.P. we don't want to LOSE GROUND, to hell with the people so it's the REAL ESTATE we will fight for.

We saw a tremendous amount of progress in the U.S.S.R even if the everyday life for the people hasn't improved to match our reasonable modern standard. Housing is being pushed more than I saw anywhere. New cities are being built around the old ones, magnificently planned even if the workmanship is crummy and drab. Their system of construction is improving. I saw improvements made in the heart of Moscow, that a city of New York needs badly.

J.F.K.'s NEW FRONTIER has lots of rocks in its path. It has a bumpy road ahead. CIVIL RIGHTS struggle in the States is the talk of the town by FRIENDS and so-called FOES alike. It's the first time since the 19th that we saw an English language newspaper on this flight and the news is not so hot. The Daily Telegraph, London reports, BIG ARMS ORDER FROM GERMANY, TANKS, GUNS, DESTROYERS, AND MORE TO COME, (building for peace), SPAIN MAY ENTER NATO. THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND IS WAVING TO THE CROWD. JORDAN'S BRIDE TO BE CALLED HER LADYSHIP. SOUTH AFRICA WHITE SUPREMACY GOVERNMENT ARREST 10,000. PATHET LAOS TO RULE LAOS. CAMBODIA IS PESSIMISTIC. MR. TSHOMBI IS VERY ILL. A THIRD OF A BULL SOLD FOR L.35,700 (expensive bull) NEAR ANARCHY IN CONGO. N.Y. TIMES May 26, 1961 - INTERNATIONAL EDITION

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA IS HAVING LOTS OF FUN WITH FREEDOM RIDERS. NEGRO IS SHOT. MOON TRIP BY '67 PROJECTED BY U.S. J.F.K. ASKS FOR 1,800 MILLION TO SPEED UP SPACE EXPLORATION. EICHMANN TRIAL INTERRUPTED BY SPECTATORS OUTCRY. ROYAL FAMILIES MAKES NEWS, MUNSA AL HUSSEIN, PRINCESS MARGARET, PRINCESS BERGETTA, FIRST IS BECOMING A BRIDE, SECOND EXPECTS A CHILD, THIRD IS TO WED. ROCKET PLANE SETS RECORD 3370 M.P.H. SOUTHERN BAPTIST NOW HAILS KENNEDY. U.S. PRICE INDEX REMAINS AT TOP. THE STOCK MARKET MANIPULATIONS PUSHED THE SUCKERS UP TO A NEW HIGH. THE DOGS ARE ON THE RUN. O.I. DROPPED 3 POINTS, AND ST. REGIS HOLDING PRETTY GOOD. PIERRE SALINGER IN VIENNA TO ARRANGE FOR THE K & K SUMMIT MEETING. SOUTH KOREA DOESN'T WANT U.S. TO BUTT IN AND RESISTS U.S. ARMS. CHINESE NATIONALIST RULE OVER FORMOSA ASSAILED. And so goes on the news of the day by day for the FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE of the world, for peace, for arming Germany, all for MANKIND, for CHIANG KAI SHEK, FRANCO, SALAZAR, SARIT THANASAL, dictator of THAILAND and so many more of the THIEVES that steal every penny they can lay their filthy hands on which we give in the billions to save UNDEVELOPED or UNDERDEVELOPED people who REMAIN THAT WAY.

I have acquired a lot of knowledge on this part of the round the world trip with J.L.K. I saw what's actually going on, what OUR GREAT LEADERS of the NEW FRONTIER do and what they are SHOWN and how they are ENTERTAINED when they go or are sent GALLIVANTING in the underdeveloped countries. I now understand what the UGLY AMERICAN means and how the poor U.S. citizens are being milked, not only by the local politicians in their home towns, but also by the NATIONAL LEADERS in the name of FANCY PHRASES and LONG SPEECHES.

JL bought TIME MAGAZINE of May 26, 1961. (We have learned to enjoy reading both magazines, Time and Newsweek). And as usual he laughs out loud when it strikes him in the right spot, when he reads certain comments about things we saw. I asked him what he is laughing at now while flying between Vienna and Amsterdam and he showed me the following statements by our V.P. and certain people he met and some other matters reported in TIME of May 26. Page 4 - ECHOES OF CUBA. Page 13 - PUBLISHERS LETTER. Page 16 - TROUBLE IN ALABAMA. FREEDOM BUS ON FIRE, MONTGOMERY RIOT VICTIM, SAID GOVERNOR PATTERSON I CANNOT GUARANTEE PROTECTION. And many more statements by the city fathers and law enforcement officers of that State and BOB KENNEDY'S action. All this made the world sit up and take notice about protecting our own FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE. Page 18 - THE HORSE PLAY ABOUT MELTING THE CANADIAN ICE. The statement our V.P. made to the great freedom loving and freedom protecting DICTATOR, PREMIER OF THAILAND, SARIT THANASAL,(from whose hands the blood of thousands of his own FREEDOM FIGHTERS is dripping every day). "WE WILL HONOR OUR COMMITMENT FOR THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM, WE WILL STAND BY OUR FRIENDS, WE WILL NOT

FALTER MR. PRIME MINISTER, WE WILL STAND BY YOU". The V.P. reassured another great friend of ours as long as we dish out billions of dollars to him and protect him with OUR ARMY, 7th FLEET AND AIR FORCE, "THAT THE U.S. HAS NO INTENTION OF RECOGNIZING RED CHINA AND THAT WE WILL STAND FAITHFULLY BEHIND OUR COMMITMENT TO DEFEND FORMOSA", and the 78 year old SIMA said about the V.P., "HE IS A GOOD MAN, I TRUST HIM", and this went on in the six nation tour of ASIA the V.P. made as an EMISSARY of our PRESIDENT, J.F.K. While I too was touring the same countries and we finally caught up in DELHI. (I paid for my trip and surely contributed a small part for his trip too) PRESIDENT CARLOS GARCIA of the PHILIPPINES had another story and is worth reading to the last drop, which includes the V.P.'s trip to the TAJ MAHAL. Page 19 - GO IT ALONE (to hell with the U.N.) by the V.P. to the Premier of Thailand and the lie about the greatness of this great PEACE LOVING MAN who's killing his subjects by the thousands and who is worse than BATISTA. (Page 24, THAILAND, STRONG AND POPULAR) I really wonder what kind of a real estate deal we are cooking up and for whom. JL and I are still laughing, even at the great fighter for democracy, Mr. Nehru, because how many of his 405 million people know what FREEDOM or DEMOCRACY means. It's also worth reading on page 28 - THE AMERICAS, THE ORPHAN POLICY, it is about the CUBAN AFFAIR.

MR. PRESIDENT: Is this the NEW FRONTIER DEAL you promised us before election? Is this how you are going to COMPETE WITH THE 20TH CENTURY REVOLUTIONARY IDEOLOGY THAT WILL ENGULF ALL THE UNDERDEVELOPED PEOPLE WHICH THE DICTATOR GANGSTERS, who are being supported by OUR MONEY and BAYONETS and PREHISTORIC RELIGIONS? Is the policy of BUYING OFF THESE GANGSTERS as it is done with CORRUPT UNION LEADERS going to continue blindly or under some hokus pokus tricks just to kid ourselves that WE CAN STOP THIS ONCOMING WAVE OF A DIFFERENT KIND OF IDEOLOGY. You don't really believe that, or do you? If you don't believe it then you better take a trip to the lands where you sent your V.P. and others, as your EMISSARIES BUT DO IT INCOGNITO, don't have the red carpets spread out for you or have DIPLOMATIC RECEPTIONS made for you. Just get into the places I went and see what I saw and write your own report. Maybe you will see things different altogether. Maybe you will divorce yourself officially from some of the so-called OUR FRIENDS including the MAC MILLIANS AND DE GAULLES and others. WE CAN GO IT ALONE, if we have to, unless we help make the U.N. a real ONE WORLD UNITED NATIONS in the full sense of the word. We have enough stockpiled ATOMIC and HYDROGEN BOMBS, and MISSILES that we can fire from the AIR, UNDERGROUND, UNDERWATER, and ACROSS SPACE TO DESTROY THE WHOLE WORLD IN A FEW MINUTES and SO CAN SOME OF THE OTHERS. There will be no FIRST or

SECOND. No VICTOR or VANQUISHED, no INNOCENT or COMBATANT, WE WILL BE DEAD ALIKE, BLOWN UP OR POISONED OR BURNED OR JUST PLAIN COOKED WELL DONE. So why not talk sense and stop (all of us) playing SMART YOKELS and make this world a place worthwhile living, for all people, there is enough for everybody. THE FEW THAT HAVE IT ALL DON'T LIVE FOREVER AND CAN'T TAKE IT WITH THEM. Let's start planning ahead for a world of EQUALITY AND BROTHERHOOD. What do you say, MR. PRESIDENT, let this be your and our and everybody's NEW FRONTIER. Why not teach our developed and underveloped people the true meaning of FREEDOM and DEMOCRACY IN EVERY RESPECT, and the difference between IT and COMMUNIST IDEOLOGY and also teach the underdeveloped peoples the world over the same since they don't even find it in their dictionary.

Having seen what I saw with my own eyes, where human life and limb has no value, where animals are of greater value than human life, where poverty and starvation is rampant, where sickness and disease ravages without check, where religions of dark ages plague the so-called animals in human form, where every SO-CALLED PEACE, FREEDOM LOVING AND INDEPENDENT COUNTRY IS ARMING or BEING ARMED BY OTHERS (for selfish motive) at the expense of the starving sick and fanatically religious masses, whose span of life has already reached an average age of 33 in our world of the SPUTNIK AGE, MODERN MEDICINE AND SCIENCE.

I, Samuel Kipnis, promis myself to work together with others the world over to blot out this crime and shame of our civilization to stop the BIG SHOT POLITICIANS and WORLD DIPLOMATS from pulling the wool over the eyes of all the people all over the world with nice PHRASES AND SLOGANS that have no PRACTICAL meaning to those who do the SUFFERING.

Good meaning people all over, let's stop TALKING FROM STRENGTH and keep on spending billions to ARM EVERYBODY TO THE TEETH. THE ATOMIC CLUB HAS ENOUGH DESTROYING MATERIAL STOCKPILED TO BLOW UP THE WHOLE WORLD WITH ITS CIVILIZATION INTO SMITHEREENS BEYOND RECOGNITION. LET'S TALK PEACE ON EARTH AND GOODWILL TOWARD ALL HUMANITY BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE. Let's stop them crying WOLF to distract from the purpose they are after. Let's stop them from crying FREEDOM while they are STRANGLING THE PEOPLE WHOM THEY ARE SUPPOSED TO FREE. Let's do something NOW, TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE.

MR. PRESIDENT, we all must get together and work for a lasting peace. ALL ARMED CAMPS WITH ALL ARMS FOR WAR PURPOSES MUST BE DESTROYED, EVERYWHERE AND ANYWHERE. ALL ARMIES MUST BE DISBANDED and put to useful work to improve life and living standards all over the world.

FORGET PROTOCOL, stop the horse play or the diplomatic chess moves. MAKE THE U.N. THE IMPARTIAL STRONG ORGANIZATION with strong TEETH. TO HAVE A STRONG ARMY EQUIPPED WITH THE LATEST ARMS INCLUDING ATOMIC AND HYDROGEN WEAPONS THAT WOULD

COMMAND RESPECT FROM ALL MEMBERS AND NON MEMBERS. A U.N. that treats all with JUSTICE and ENFORCES IT. A U.N. that would guarantee real freedom to all mankind, FREEDOM OF SPEECH, FREEDOM OF EDUCATION, FREEDOM FROM WANT. JOBS FOR ALL, PROTECTION FROM HUNGER OR SICKNESS, OLD AGE WORRIES, AND A UNIFORM PLAN OF SICK BENEFITS - OLD AGE PENSIONS AND INSURANCE. BUILD A WORLD OF BROTHERHOOD FREE FROM HATE AND BIGOTRY AND FREEDOM OF RELIGION, but relition must stay out of politics.

Propose to our Congress a plan to control honestly, our MONEY CHANGERS, OUR STOCK MARKET MANIPULATORS, AND FINANCIAL ADVISORS, HOW TO GET RICH QUICK. A plan to limit the ACCUMULATION OF WEALTH BEYOND THE MEANS OF SPENDING IT. Control the large companies from squeezing the small fellows out of business by all kinds of ILLEGAL SCHEMES. Enact laws to punish the THIEVES AND CROOKED POLITICIANS who rule the citizens. MR. PRESIDENT, each living person is entitled to a break, a decent home, a healthy meal everyday, a steady job with all the trimmings or fringe benefits to make our U.S.A. and others immune from the necessity of looking toward ANOTHER IDEOLOGY to give them all the above reasonable comforts in life and security. IT SHOULD BE THE DUTY OF THE U.N. AND OF EACH U.N. MEMBER to carry out such a program. We saw some of this behind the Iron Curtain. WE AS A SUCCESSFUL CAPITALISTIC COUNTRY SHOULD LEAD THE WAY. Not to build a few more millionaires and a lot more citizens in need of the very meager things to hold body and flesh together. MR. PRESIDENT, you are young and smart and energetic, you have enough will power, you are also a liberal, (I think) go to work. I am certain you have the masses of our citizens and also the people all over the world with you.

JUNE 1, 1961

This morning's newspaper reports of the great hit our first lady made with the French people and she is displayed in full regalia with the tall DeGaulle and "THAT THE FESTIVITIES ARE OVER THIS AFTERNOON WITH A FORMAL DINNER", etc., etc. NOW THE HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF STARVING PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD CAN BE HAPPY.

JUNE 3, 1961

This morning's news as taken from the N.Y. Times, KHRUSCHEV IS GREETED IN VIENNA BY MOLOTOV on page 7, practically on all 8 columns.

Page 2 is taken up by Mr. J.F.K.'s speech at Allied (NATO) Headquarters in Paris, which begins with the statement "I AM THE MAN WHO ACCOMPANIED JACQUELINE K. TO PARIS AND I HAVE ENJOYED IT". (a great joke).

She sure made a hit with the French people. Her new HAIRDO, FRENCH DRESS AND COAT, her smiles were enjoyed even by those French people who didn't bother to see or couldn't come to Paris to see her.

MR. PRESIDENT, your NEW FRONTIER has made a great hit

with WHATS UP FRONT THAT COUNTS. Do you really think that your trip TOWARDS THE SUMMIT up to now has helped toward making peace for our troubled world, and will it help you to get along with your opponent Mr. N.K.? OUR FRIENDSHIP FOR THE GREAT BENEFACTOR OF THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC didn't stop his own citizens from hating him and finally sending him to the angels (?).

All the millions we poured in that little country just because he was our ally in HATE COMMUNISM didn't help him. Just one good look at those people that CRIED AND FAINTED at his funeral tells a story of ILLITERACY and A STANDARD OF RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE DARK AGES. What now? How many more lives will be snuffed out by the DICTATES OF THE YOUNG PLAY-BOY WHO HAS TAKEN OVER THE REINS OF THE OLD MAN who will pursue the same policy of RULE BY TERROR and which of our dictator friends is next on the list to take or be taken for a long ride. Did the C.I.A. prepare something for this unfortunate country too?

More news and pictures on page 3 of the N.Y. Times, REDS EXECUTED IN THAILAND AT THE ORDER OF PREMIER SARIT THANARAT FOR LEADING COMMUNIST CONSPIRACY (a picture of a firing squad of 5 and a captain shooting 2 blindfolded men) $2,225,000,000 AID PLEDGED FOR INDIA. TRACTORS READY FOR CASTRO, COME AND GET IT. Large type heading in the NEWS, "KENNEDYS TO WALTZ IN VIENNA (will this be with the Khrushchevs?) CHINA GETS LATIN TRADE". SOUTH AFRICA LAYS HYPOCRICY TO N.Y. TIMES FOR HAVING CRITICIZED THE HANDLING OF COLORED PEOPLE THERE WHILE WHITES ARE ATTACKING NEGROES IN THE SOUTH OF U.S.A. VIET NAM CLASHES GROW. SOUTH V.N. LIVE FOR TODAY: TOMORROW MAY BRING RED ATTACK. KENNEDY SOUGHT TO ASSURE ARABS BEFORE VISIT BY BEN GURION. TOKYO LEFTIST RIOT. GEORGE S. KAUFMAN DIES AT 71. SURVIVOR DEPICTS NAZI DEATH CAMP. LAWYERS SEEK 8-1/2 MILLION FEES IN UNITED FRUIT DISPUTES. STOCKS IN LONDON CONTINUE TO DECLINE. BRITISH STERLING UNDER PRESSURE. And so goes the news of the day from day to day.

Many people I met since I returned from the trip asked me what do the outside, behind the IRON CURTAIN PEOPLE, think of the grand stand display of our first lady and THE EFFECT IT HAS ON PEACE IN OUR WORLD. When I asked them what they thought of it, they replied DISGRACEFUL.

Now again before I sign off, I address myself to you, MR. PRESIDENT, of our GREAT U.S.A., MR. GOVERNOR of the greatest STATE in our U.S.A., and MR. MAYOR of this greatest and most populated city of our GREATEST STATE and in particular MANHATTAN ISLAND and the other 4 BOROUGHS, how long are you going to play with the lives of the millions that live on this Isle, and the lives of the millions that come to or from it everyday of each year, Sundays and Holidays included. What is your CIVIL DEFENSE that costs the citizens untold millions each year, doing to relieve the congestion of getting in and out of this TRAP

CALLED MANHATTAN ISLAND and to eliminate the great danger of being choked or annihilated. I have been driving back and forth, N.Y., N.J., and L.I., since I returned and I can't understand how you can tolerate such danger and waste of hundreds of millions of dollars each year waiting at the bridges, tunnels, busy cross streets, etc., which if adequate facilities were built to relieve the present congestion and danger, which is getting worse, would save enough money to build enough tunnels, bridges, and over and underpasses to save your citizens from a CATASTROPHE THAT HAS TO HAPPEN SOMEDAY, IF NO RELIEF IS PLANNED AND BUILT SOON. I am not speaking anymore about relief for the millions of our citizens who need food, medicine, clothes and housing in spite of the fact that we do have 80 million automobiles that choke our streets and highways.

Your faithful and obedient citizen,

Samuel Kipnis

MIAMI, Sunday, June 4, 1961

I didn't want to say FINI to my 1961 trip to partly around the world until the 2 K's have concluded their talks at the Summit in Vienna. I, as a third Mr. K., and all the civilized people in this world, those who can read, hear and see, were terribly interested in the results of this meeting. I didn't go to sleep yesterday until 12 and then couldn't fall asleep. I had the radio on the whole night and the whole day maybe I will hear word of an agreement for a beginning of an understanding to discuss world peace. I finally got the Monday issue of the Miami Herald (80 pages - 5 cents) and in large letters on the front page announced, K & K WARN OF WAR BY ERROR and OUR JAH'KEE IS A SMASHEROO AS VIENNESE CHEER FIRST LADY.

This news knocked the appetite out of me and while the FIRST LINE news is not disappointing to me because I knew that would happen after K met DeG. and the promises all our roving diplomats made to all our so-called good Allies and not such good Allies, that we will fight for them with all we have and to our last dollar, but what now, is this the last straw for peace, but who cares? It's the SECOND LINE news that is most important, and now I too became a firm believer that WHATS UP FRONT THAT COUNTS. After I read the news I went to see the movie "THE YOUNG SAVAGES" with Burt Lancaster, the latest portrayal of JEVENILE DELINQUENCY. Now I feel better.

Mr. President, I would strongly suggest and urge you to think of the following recommendations I make to you:-

First, try to educate all of our citizens in this great U.S.A. to understand the true meaning of our BILL OF RIGHTS, FREEDOM, DEMOCRACY, BROTHERHOOD, TOLERENCE. Let all of our citizens understand our CONSTITUTION and the AMENDMENTS to it. Let the world know that our BIG BUSINESS in not running

our country and that they can't do anything they want anywhere to embarrass us. That our ARMY, NAVY and AIR FORCE is not to protect their wrong doings anywhere. Then Mr. President please forgive me for telling you this again, that the hundreds of millions of people all over the world can't live on WARSHIPS, AIRPLANES, and ARMIES, which we are supplying and maintaining all over the world to protect the few individuals because they help us to HATE THE COMMIES.

Progressive education, decent homes, nourishing food, in reasonable quantities, so that they can have the physical and mental ability to understand the true meaning of DEMOCRACY of FREEDOM AND OF BROTHERHOOD. Only this way will you beat the COMMUNIST IDEOLOGY. Good luck to you and I am certain that all good meaning people all over the world are with you.

SAMUEL KIPNIS

P.O. Box 6697
Journal Square Station
Jersey City 6, N. J.

Dupont Plaza Hotel
Miami 32, Florida

On board K.L.M.
From Amsterdam to New York
May 26, 1961

Dear Dad:

I am writing you during the last few hours of our trip around the world.

It has been thrilling and educational. It has been an eye opener.

We have travelled through the 10th century and the 20th century all in one month.

I have had an opportunity to learn your thoughts and deliver what I consider one of the finest talks on common sense in relation to peoples and peace. I also believe this was your best speech and I have heard you deliver many good ones. It is too bad that so few people heard it. Thousands should have heard you. Your thoughts were brilliant and delivery excellent. I am glad at least I heard it.

I was also pleased to find out on this trip how much we agree on the many facets concerning humanity. Surely we have never had an opportunity before to discuss and see so much together.

I hope that as time goes on I will be able to impart some of the understanding and compassion you have for the human race to my children, so that they too can derive more from life as you have by being closer to humanity both in presence and thoughts.

As you approach your 75th birthday I would look for something to give you of value and meaning. If I could I would wish for you to live to see the time when man strives to truly understand and help his fellow man. But it is not in my power to ordain either event. However, if it was for me to do, I feel that this would be the one thing that would give you the most joy and satisfaction.

Dad, the longer I know you the more I respect you for as time moves on I learn more about you and your thoughts.

The more I respect you, the more I love you and this I hope you derive as much pleasure and satisfaction as I.

Please keep well and take care of yourself first. You have done enough for others, but don't stop. Let me help you where I can, I want to.

And finally thank you for allowing me to accompany you on this trip.

Most respectfully,

Your son J.L.K.



MEMBER
AMERICAN SOCIETY
ASTA
OF TRAVEL AGENTS

My 8th trip to the U.S.S.R.
My 2nd trip to Warsaw
My 1st trip to Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Hungary, or to Bucharest, Sofia, Belgrade and Budapest, the Capitals

. . . . . .

NEW YORK - Sunday, August 12, 1962

I am making this trip primarily because I promised Sister Sima last year that as long as I am alive, and well enough to travel, and as long as she is alive too, that I will visit her each year in about the same time of the year, which is always around the beginning of May. The years are creeping up on both of us slowly but surely. She is nearing 80 (although she denies it) and I hope to celebrate my 76th birthday this coming October (people tell me that they don't believe me, especially the Better Half, or the opposite sex). I had made plans and reservations for departure in May, but the D.P. matter has been dragging slowly and I didn't want to be accused of obstructing the deal by running away, so at the beginning of August, I decided not to wait any longer and began the new scheduled tour.

I came from Miami to New York on Thursday, August 9th. Had dinner with our customer jobbers in the evening. Had a meeting in the Jersey City office with management on Friday, August 10th. Arranged all details to be handled during my absence, including some of a personal nature. Dined with 14 of my friends and relatives in the evening at Sigels. Spent all day Saturday, August 11th, in the office. Wanted to leave everything in shipshape, and on Sunday, August 12, packed the two small handbags I purchased for this trip, and another bag containing films, a Minolta EE camera, tape recorder and tape, shaving paraphernalia, Kleenex tissue, soap, etc... Dined at the airport with two friends who wouldn't stay away but came just to see me off. At 9:30 P.M. left via Sabena Jet #548 for Brussels, Belgium. It was now 2:30 A.M., August 13th there.

The flight was uneventful, the plane was exactly 1/4 full. We arrived in Brussels at 9:30 A.M. After 1-1/2 hour wait at the airport, we left for Warsaw, Poland on a Sabena 779 plane. The flight took exactly 2-1/2 hours. Was sent in a private car to the Bristol Hotel where I stopped last time I was here. The hotel didn't change one bit in three years. Same room, same bath, same bed (24" wide), and the same furniture. Went for a snack of grapefruit juice, eggs, coffee and toast - no fresh fruit. Shaved, took a bath and went by car with a guide to give the town the "once over." Drove on the Marshalkowsky, which is the main street here. Drove by the "Dom Colture" which is the tallest and largest building in all Poland. It was a gift from Stalin's U.S.S.R. It houses a few cinemas, a theatre, a few clubs and libraries. It is still an impressive building with fine surroundings.

I wanted to make contact with the leaders of the local Jewish community. Was anxious to find out the lay of the land with what

was left from the many millions of Jews that inhabited Poland before World War II. What are they doing for a living, their religion, their synagogues or temples, Jewish culture, books, newspapers and theatre; how is the present government treating them; how strong is anti-semitism here. I couldn't find any one of the leaders of this minority. It was recommended that I have dinner in a certain Jewish night club (not Kosher). I did exactly that and the so-called president of this Jewish Club ordered for me everything from soup to nuts, including fefilte fish and real compote. We spoke "Zhargon" and he told me that presently the Government is kind and considerate to its Jewish citizens, it permits them to publish Jewish newspapers and books, theatres which are owned by the Government, even the salaries to the artists are paid by the Government. The Jews can be counted by the few thousands, and that this community represents all the Jews in other parts of Poland. That there are more Jews in Lodz than in Warsaw, that many non-Jews eat here because the food is the best. He told me that when a non-Jew asks another for a good place to eat the answer is, "LET'S GO TO THE ZSHID (JEW) PLACE." He told me that while anti-semitism is strictly prohibited here, most of the Poles hate everybody and they hate the Jews more than everybody. They are great "shovenist." 90% of the population are ardent Catholics, they pray to GOD, HIS SON AND TO HOLY MARY in all details. Only 10% are Communists. The church is trying hard to bore from within and are tolerant to the Regime because of the big brother to the East. There will be a clash some day soon because FIRE AND WATER can't mix.

The exchange rate officially to the U.S.A. tourist is 24 Zlotas to the dollar, and to natives (if they have it) is 72 Zlotas to the dollar. I was told by my guide that the reason for the difference in the exchange is because they don't care much for American tourists. Taxi fare is cheap. The people are dressed fairly nice.

Visited a super market a la U.S.A., it's called SAMSUPER, which means self-service. Things are expensive, except some canned goods. Had an interesting day. Dined at the hotel.

WARSAW - Tuesday, August 14, 1962

Up at 8 A.M., breakfast at 9:00 A.M. Again grapefruit juice, 6-minute eggs, toast and coffee. The lady guide didn't know much and couldn't answer all my questions. We went to the Nalevki Street, which at one time was the main street for Jewish business.. and big business at that...gold, diamonds, silver, textiles,leathers, furs and pickpockets, too. It was a real Jewish ghetto without a WALL or GERMAN NAZIS but plenty of POLISH NAZIS or JEW-HATERS openly practicing.

We then drove to see the monument erected by the Government in memory of the Jewish martyrs of the great Ghetto wall history. It was erected on a large plot where many thousands of Jews were murdered and thrown into one pit, which wasn't covered until the Russian Army chased the Nazis out of Warsaw. A large partly

destroyed building is a mute witness to the tragedy. I was told that it will remain this way as a memory and reminder to HATE the Germans. This is in the center of the city with many new housing developments all around it. Lots of new building is going on here.

Returned to the hotel, lunched and decided to visit a new kino theatre...the show starts each two hours on the hour. I couldn't sit through the full length of the show. This theatre was built in a small park, so I sat down on a bench and picked up conversation with many. I thought that maybe I could find one to speak with me in English or Jewish, but no luck. The taxi that brought me here promised to call for me at 6:30 P.M. He didn't want to take any money when he brought me, but since I got out at 5:00 P.M., I wasn't going to wait until 6:30 P.M., so I got another taxi and this ended the day. Maybe the first taxi driver is still looking for me. The dinner wasn't hot. Took a walk to the Post Office around the corner, which is open until 9:00 P.M. Retired at 11:00 P.M.

WARSAW - Wednesday, August 15, 1962

Was up at 8 A.M., breakfast at 9, and on way to airport to depart for Moscow on an IL 118 Turbo Jet plane. Left Warsaw behind us fast. I am not sorry for not having stayed longer. I understand the set-up and situation there very well. We in the U.S.A. can plan and make figures on breaking up the satellites, but it wouldn't do us any good, the Uncle in the East is more important to them. Besides, I am not so certain that the Poles would be happy with the kind of democracy or freedom we are talking about for them. They aren't ready for it, or for our kind of "hate" freedom - some of our leaders and lawmakers are preaching.

The customs ceremony didn't take long. The few "zloties" I had left over from my coupons for food couldn't be changed for U.S. money.

We left at 11:45 A.M. The interior of the plane is like our planes, except that the service and wash room are in the center of the plane. The flight from Warsaw to Moscow took two hours. Slept most of the way, didn't want any lunch. The plane was full.

MOSCOW - Wednesday, August 15, 1962

The customs in Moscow took a little longer because of my own fault, but everything is well that ends well. I had two extra watches for give aways that I should have declared, but didn't. The inspector was very nice about it. He took away both watches and told me to pick them up on leaving Kiev for Bucharest (which I did).

The big surprise at the airport was that Anna Mednikow from Kiev was waiting for me. She is a great help to me here. Stopped at the Ukraine Hotel, room 1622. There was a mob in the hotel ahead of me, from all over the world. Anna and I dined and went for a ride in the Metro, then to see Moscow at night. Tried to get into the dining room for a late snack, but no space. Hope tomorrow will be an interesting day. Anna stayed with me until after dinner and ride. She is stopping with her brother here.

He holds a high position in the army.

It is cool here today (it was very hot yesterday, so I was told). I had to wear a heavy raincoat. Moscow is lit up very well and is as clean as ever. The subway cars were crowded, but it was a pleasure to note the cleanliness everywhere including the streets, and especially the subway stations and cars; and to note the behavior of the riders. Retired at 12:00 A.M.

MOSCOW - Thursday, August 16, 1962

Up at 3:00 A.M., read a while and fell asleep again. Tried to use my recorder, something went wrong with it, tried to fix it but couldn't. I will not be able to use it on this trip, so I began using pen and paper. Up at 8 A.M., got dressed and met Anna at breakfast at 9. A car was waiting for us and our first stop was at the Zum Department Store where we spent a few minutes. The place was mobbed and the odor from some of the finished goods, like luggage, was too much for our smellers, so we left for the GUM store opposite the Kremlin. Spent about half an hour there looking, feeling and smelling. I don't know where the crowds come from, not only inside the store, but all about this part of Moscow.

The Lenin mausoleum wasn't open yet. The line forming was in progress. Same as ever, people from all corners of the globe are in line. I'll probably be one of them tomorrow. I want to see how Saint L sleeps all alone, since Saint S was removed. I also want to be convinced that Lenin wasn't moved to the center as H. Salisbury mentioned in his recent book. Maybe they are holding the second place ready for the present Saint K. The name of Stalin was removed and Lenin's name is now in the center of the marble slate in front of the mausoleum.

Then drove to Lenin Library and after a little coaxing the chief librarian, we were given a special tour through the most important part of it and the largest reading room here or maybe in any university in the world. We had two African students from Moscow University follow us. I explained to them the goings on here more than the guide did, and they thanked me for it ....so did the guide.

From here we drove to the University on Lenin Hill, overlooking all of Moscow. The building was called a "monstrosity" by some correspondents of the so-called yellow newspapers in the States yet, it makes a wonderful impression on us common people. It is located in a beautiful setting, with the flower beds in front of it and the wide walks to it giving it an aristocratic atmosphere. I took many photo shots and then drove to the "new Moscow" that was, and is, being built around or in this new "beyond imagination" housing development. It sure is a planned and beautiful piece of work, even if it is constructed with cheap materials, and without the best "know how." It's certainly the nicest thing the Moscovites ever dreamed about. There is still much destruction and reconstruction to be done in this fast growing metropolis. New York City hasn't the ground space to spare to plan such housing, so I was told. I don't believe it for if we were to

plan such things as a government project, not as a private undertaking, and with the "know how" and the quality materials we have, we could have the most beautiful city in the whole world to live in.

I was immensely impressed with this, but was taken by surprise when we visited the immense swimming pool that has everything a pool, built by the government for the people, should have, and it is right in the heart of the city. I wanted to see this last year, but because JLK was not feeling good, we didn't see anything then. It was also an eye-opener, to see the under and over-drives in the main streets that have been built and are being built all over Moscow. Such things would surely be a blessing for the busy and congested sections of New York City, and other cities, too.

Returned to the hotel for a snack and a rest. Anna came back at 6:30 P.M. We drove to the Dvorets Sporta near the Lenin Stadium to see a Checho Slovack ballet on ice skates ($1.00 a ticket). I'll remember this evening even if the seats were hard and uncomfortable. It was a beautiful exhibition of youth and talent of the very best.

I was here once before watching the Austrian skaters perform but the Checho Slovak group is the best. We came here early as I wanted to examine the place, the equipment and the people. Had coffee and "zakoosky" (cake) before the show. This place is immense in size, and very clean. The checking racks have 14,000 places, and the arena has room for 14,000 people. The cab that brought us here was supposed to come for us, but didn't. Another American got into a waiting cab. We asked him to take us to the Hotel Ukraine and the driver answered, "Pochemoo net" (why not). He was driving an Intourist car. We were terribly disappointed when he refused to take a tip that I and the other American offered him.

Anna and I were hungry and cold, so on to the restaurant we went. It took a while to get a seat which was next to the American we met and we enjoyed this dinner session. I had ordered a vodka and gave him a taste of it. He didn't like the vodka until after the first sip and then he doubled the vodka order for both of us. He drank all of it. It was near 12, I had to do some work in my room.

MOSCOW - Friday, August 17, 1962

Again up early and to breakfast at 9. A car was ready at 10. Anna came late as usual. We drove to the Kremlin where Anna left for airport to return to Kiev. I went looking again to see what has happened in this centuries old place since I was last here. Many of the churches were roped off for repairs, and for painting the gilded domes. The whole place was full of visitors, mostly groups led by a guide who was explaining in detail everything pertaining to each building. I couldn't see the building where the 22nd Congress was held because this is just being finished now. I must have walked many miles to get back to my car. Red Square was packed with many people and laborers who were preparing the

square for tomorrow's holiday, the welcoming of the two astronauts, by the people of Moscow. Mr. K is returning from Sochi for this occasion. I was glad to get into the car. Drove to Lenin Hall again, then to Novo Devnocheski Monastir church cemetery, but it didn't impress me. I don't care for cemeteries, old or new, even with famous dead names. I was frozen by then and went back to the Hotel and welcomed the hot meal which was refreshing and warming. I ordered tickets for tonight's ballet at the Zelini Theatre in Gorki Park. Arranged for a car to take me both ways, then took a bath, shaved and took a nap.

Left at 7:30 for the theatre. Its name ZELINI THEATRE is like Tavern on the Green, because it is located on the bank of the Moscow River, surrounded by green vegetation and trees. It is an open air amphi-theatre, bowl-like, and can seat 5,000. It's tremendous in size, and the last rear seats must be at least 25 feet above the front seats. The lighting arrangement is very good for the huge state. It took me longer to walk from the entrance to the park than to come from the hotel. It's a 25 minute walk. This walk back and forth gave me a chance to take a good look at what was going on here and how it is kept, and the lay of the land. It is beautifully laid out with flower beds, planted tree lanes for walking, and lover's lanes. This convinced me that love is made the same way in any language, or under any ideology, capitalist or communist.

There were restaurants, cafes, kiosks, ice cream vendors and amusements of all kinds; movies (kinos), legitimate theatres, ballet, ferris wheels for young and old, and sport games but no gambling paraphernalia of any kind except chess and dominos. No cops, no mugging, no molesting. It's absolutely safe to be here until closing time, 12 midnight, and people don't have to be chased out to go home. The teenagers, the delinquents, the beatniks, as I know of them, and as I see them so often in New York City and elsewhere, are seldom seen here. Surely many here would like to imitate our Western culture and civilization in that respect, which includes the twist, rock and roll, and other crazy innovations. I was told yesterday that while the Government was lax up to now permitting imitating and adopting these Western habits, it is now putting a stop to it directly and through the youth organizations. Poor girls, they too are trying hard to imitate the Western civilization of hair-dos on their heads, but they don't know how and it doesn't look good on them.

The ballet started at 8:15 with a part of Swan Lake, then other solos. It was very good but it got too cold for me, so I left at intermission. I enjoyed the skating ballet much better. Was driven back in an Intourist car. The restaurant in the hotel was still crowded but was offered a seat near two Polish people who spoke English as good as I speak Polish, but somehow we understood each other. Language is no barrier to friendship, if people want to understand each other.

It was 1 A.M. when I retired. I tried to jot down about today, but my eyes refused to function.

MOSCOW - Saturday, August 18, 1962

Will not be able to drive anywhere in town today because of the reception for the astronauts. All of the heavenly quartet; Gagarin, Titov, Nikolayev and Popov. I wanted to be on Red Square to watch this spectacle, which will begin at 2 P.M. and end at 5 P.M. I would have to be there at 8 A.M. to get a standing seat. This would be too much for me. I am certain that Mr. K will kiss them all and pin a Lenin Medal on the two new heavenly twins, and make a political and diplomatic speech that our people in the White House will read over many times to make comment, denials or call names. I'll have to wait until I get back to the States and pick up back numbers of the New York times to read the explanations and comments. I decided to spend 5¢ and ride the Metro from end to end and around too. Took a cab (50¢) and got into the Kiev station of the Metro and stopped at each station. I again admired it and everything about it. Why couldn't we have something like it in New York where people could come to a station to relax, instead of wishing they would never have to go there. There sure is no comparison between our subways and this new, or old Metro.

Today was a busy day for Metro, every station and car was crowded, yet everything was orderly. No pushing, no shoving, no rough work, no guards to pack the people into the cars like sardines. I finally got out of one of the main stations by escalator about 250 feet up, and came right out in front of the PRAGUE RESTAURANT. I wanted to be here on last year's trip but couldn't and here I am unexpectedly and have nothing to do, or can't do anything. I can't even get a taxi to go back to the Ukraine Hotel. So, what could be better than visit this famous eatery, inspect it from top to bottom and have lunch. This was exactly what I did. As did many other tourists and natives for I noticed many Intourist cars parked in front of this place. It is a place with real Russian atmosphere, clean, light, food is good and very reasonable. It reminded me of Club 21 or other sucker places in New York where one needs an arm and a leg to pay for one meal, and a guy like me, who can't stand smoke, walks out from such places, dizzy from the smoke and noise. Spent 1 and 1/2 hours relaxing. Was unable to get a taxi, so had to walk over one hour to get back to the hotel.

Arranged for a car to take me to see the puppet show and to bring me back. Also checked on my flight to Minsk tomorrow at 11:10 A.M. This means that I have to leave Hotel at 9:10. A car will wait for me and take me to the airport.

Moscow is quite a busy city with close to six million residents plus many people from other parts of the U.S.S.R. and from other parts of the world. Every hotel and restaurant is doing a land slide business. The following news article from the Moscow News, and English language paper published here, tells of this:

"Moscow New Hotels. Near the ancient Kremlin there will rise the biggest hotel in Europe. Six thousand

people will be able to stop there at one time. Construction has already begun. More new hotels are now under construction, one of these on Gorki Street, 10 stories, 350 single and two room suites, with all hotel facilities. The Warsaw Hotel is being doubled. A new hotel will replace the famous National Hotel, a full block size. The features of all new hotels will be the modern design."

During the four days that I am here, I didn't hear a train whistle, a fire engine, ambulance siren or police motor cycle noise that scares hell out of everybody when they come along anytime during day or night. I don't know why, for I am certain that there must be fires and sick people that need ambulances, or that cops on bicycles or motorcycles are chasing somebody or something, and there is pretty heavy motor traffic here. Maybe they get along without the necessity of making noise, nobody blows horns here. Neither did I see beggars, blind or otherwise, with accordions or other musical instruments, or cripples holding cups with a sign "I am Blind," etc...I didn't see any brawls between people anywhere, drunk or sober, nor did I see drunken Russians. I did meet a few drunken people but they were foreigners in the restaurant of this hotel, and one of them was a Polack I met at dinner. I am certain that there must be drunken natives somewhere.

Met a lot of Americans here, but they do not dominate the tourist situation. Lots of Chinese, Asians, Africans and Japs too.

The puppet show tonight at the Armitage Park was something worth seeing. There were signs in English leading to this small theatre. Many Americans attended the show, also many Jewish speaking people from New York and Miami. I believe that S. Hurok will bring this show to the United States this year and I am certain it will be a big success.

I came to this park early for two reasons: (1) to give it the once over, (2) to have tea and a snack. I was here once before with JLK to see the legit operetta "The Merry Widow." I froze then, it was in May of 1958. I liked the set up of the park then and I liked it much better now. It is cozy with many restaurants of different sizes, kiosks, dance hall, movie house, legit theatre, open dance place with large jazz band, puppet show, and amateur school or factory entertaining groups. It was clean and wholesome. The tea with lemon and muffin was delicious. I enjoyed the whole evening.

A car brought me back to Hotel where the restaurant was too crowded so I got in line at the coffee bar in the lobby for coffee (black) and another muffin. Then got into a crowd of Somalian students who are attending the University here. These came from Italian and British Somali, which became an independent nation recently and both have united into one Somali...and don't know what to do with it, for there are very few people there able to

run and manage a government. They are being helped by both U.S. and U.S.S.R. with much propaganda from both sides and they would like to remain independent from both. Quite a problem for a helpless, poor, illiterate people. I was amazed at the intelligence of the few students. We could have stayed up the whole night discussing their problems and salvation but I have to get up early tomorrow to leave for Minsk and have to pack. I had a perfect day unexpectedly.

MOSCOW - Sunday, August 19, 1962

Was up early, breakfast at 8. Checked if there was any telegram for me from Miami. Picked up all my belongings and into a car that was ready waiting for me and was driven to the new airport. This ride was a la Moscow, which means a wild chase, a bit too fast for me. An Intourist man was waiting for me. I didn't have to do a thing more except to get on the plane. He checked my baggage and ticket. Got a seat number and put me on the plane, a Ukrainian 110 overhead wings, 4 motor prop jet. It is immense on the inside, 3 & 3 seats across, with wide center walk, wide reclining seats. Push buttons on hand rest for radio, light and steward...also, a novel arrangement for reading light - a goose neck type of rubber. I also noticed that there were very few IL 14 and 12 planes at this airport and that the runways were very long. This plane was loaded to capacity.

I didn't use a guide in Moscow and got along much better, even if niece Anna wouldn't have been here, as I have been to and saw everything I wanted to see and enjoyed everything. The only thing I didn't have was a TV in my room which I was entitled to have as a deluxe tourist.

The most important moments of my trip will come soon on my arrival in Minsk where Sister Sima will be awaiting me at the airport and will be with me for six days. She is the reason for my present trip. It was two cold and wet days in Moscow, but it was a beautiful day yesterday in honor of the heavenly guests. I thought that I would warm up in Minsk, but while high up over the clouds the Captain announced that it is cool and raining in Minsk. I napped during the flight. We were over Minsk at 12:10.

MINSK - Sunday, August 19, 1962

As I got off the plane I spotted Sister Sima with her daughter and grandchild, but didn't quite recognize her. She shrunk into a small, skinny person. After kissing and hugging all of them, the daughter motioned to me with her head as if to tell me not to talk much or ask questions but Sister Sima told me that today is the 30th day since she buried her husband Isrulik, and tears were streaming down her cheeks. She is near 80 years of age and was wearing the pants all the time, but now she is completely lost, alone and lonesome. She has no one to boss. I told her not to cry, it wouldn't help, as the saying goes "everything the earth covers will be forgotten"...and life will go on.

The baggage was taken care of. We piled into an Intourist

car, drove to Hotel Minsk, Room 636 wasn't strange to me, I stopped in this hotel before. It is a nice room with closet in wall but no hangers, no soap, no toilet paper, no envelopes or writing paper (which wasn't in the Ukraine in Moscow either), cheap plumbing. Bath tub is too high and had to use a step up to get into it. Cheap modern furniture, but this time there was an extra blanket in the closet and I needed it for it rained since I got here and it is cold.

We sat in my room and talked about the packages I sent last May (all were received). We planned for our Kiev trip and decided to have dinner at Hotel tonight and at Sima's home tomorrow night. They left. I unpacked and took out the few things I will leave here with her. Shaved, took a bath and laid down to relax. It's a hard job to control myself, for I know what it means to lose a dear one in the family, that all good talk doesn't heal the sorrow. We met promptly at 8 in the restaurant. There were 7 of us at a table reserved for us. Wine, vodka, mineral water, fruit soda water, fruit, candy, champagne, herring, salad, chicken, coffee and muffins. All for $21.00 including tip of $2.00. Danced three times and all had a good time. I dislike brooding for things that tears can't help. We returned to Room 636 again and talked some more, and parted at 12.

The interior decorator who plans for decorations of the hotels should come to the States for a lesson or two. Same goes for everything pertaining to apartment building and everything that goes with it. Of course, same goes for many countries in Europe unless the buildings are put up by Americans or for American's money as in South and Central America and some of the Middle East Countries which have the latest in hotel construction and conveniences. These were surely done with either legitimate or illegitimate American money. For instance, in Havana (before Castro) most of the new construction of apartments, gambling joints, night clubs and houses with women baby dolls for the American tourist to play with were built and operated by the U.S. underworld characters with, or in, partnership with local government from the top down. Some day East and West will stop wasting the taxpayers money on so-called National Defense and spying and unpatriotic activities. Maybe then, the people the world over will benefit from the knowledge and experience in everything from reaching the moon to good plumbing.

Discovered this morning that in spite of the fact that the Ukrainsky Hotel in Moscow had toilet paper and soap, and this Hotel Minsk didn't have either, that the Minsk had a shower curtain and wall hangers to hand up things while taking a bath, and a full length mirror on the closet door that kept the door open all the time because of its weight. When I return to the U.S.A., I will write to Mr. K or the planning commission in Moscow and suggest they invite Weber & Knapp for consultation and maybe have W & K do some work here on a cost-plus basis. Maybe then their stock on the N.Y. Exchange will go up more than 1/16 at a

time.

MINSK - Monday, August 20, 1962

My watch woke me at 8. It rained all night and still is, the skies are gray. Was down at 9 to Intourist Office to find out why I must fly to Moscow to get to Kiev and waste 5 hours in the air when I can make it in 1 hour from here to Kiev and planes are flying between the last two cities. The manager gave me the glad hand and complimented me for speaking to him in Russian. I shall come back in one hour and he will try. He knew well there and then that I must stick to the Minsk-Moscow-Kiev arrangement, but one hour later I was told he was sorry. He called Moscow and it can't be changed. Tourists can't fly from Minsk to Kiev; only natives can fly direct from Minsk - so this was it.

Had breakfast and then met with Sima's grandchildren. Went to see the town, rain or shine. I must get my money's worth. I paid for this 4 hour ride. We saw quite a lot of this once 90% destroyed capitol of White Russia "Beorusia." If it was only a nice day, it would have been an enjoyable ride and tour. I was getting cold, so they suggested we take in a 12 o'clock movie, which we did. I think the plot of the movie was as follows: It was during the war days, a good looking dame was caught wandering near local military headquarters. She didn't have any kind of identification, so she was put to work to cook and clean and do other rough work. One day she found a white dress in a closet and washed and cleaned herself up and walked into a room where a military party was going on while planes were dropping bombs and cannons shooting from all directions. She looked so good that even the leader fell for her and sat her near him. She volunteered to go for help. She was awarded with a medal and made a captain. The Reds finally chased the Nazis from this point and she helped in Red Cross work and finally found the man she loved, so everything is well that ends well.

Was back at the hotel at 3, took a light snack. Got everything I didn't want, and when I asked the waitress why, she replied that it is all in one dish and can't be separated. Ordered noodles with hot milk, but couldn't find the noodles. The herring natural was full of mashed potatoes with lots of butter and so was everything else.

Took a nap and packed everything ready to leave tomorrow. Shaved, took shower, the first shower since I left N.Y. Wrote a while. Sima' son-in-law called for me at 8 and took me to his home to dinner. They live in the same house since they came here. No change. The approach to the house is as muddy as before, especially today in the rain. The only difference is the hallway was lit up better. There were 8 people in the house awaiting my arrival. The table was set with different kinds of food and drinks fit for a king's feast, wine, vodka, mineral and fruit water, tomatoes, cucumbers, mixed salad with sour cream, hard boiled eggs, meat, chicken, cottage cheese, swiss

cheese, sour cream, apples, pears, plums, cherries, black and white bread, raisin muffins, raisin cake, sugar, coffee with hot milk, tea with lemon; dishes, cups and eating tools; and herring, sardines and gefilte fish cooked by Sister Sima.

This service was in the dining or combination dining and living room. It was almost impossible to eat for lack of space. There would have been enough room in this very small room but in it was a metal bed all made up a "shaffee" (closet), a stand for phonograph and TV (which they have), a sofa and a china closet. We managed to get around the table, ate, talked politics about "Mir and druzhba" (peace and friendship), about the last trials in Minsk and other places for black-marketing and the liquidation of the offenders and the closing of synagogues and prosecution of the Jewish leaders (religious leaders) as published on the front pages of the U.S. newspapers. Sister assured me that there is no such thing about the synagogues and there would be new such religious places opened if there should be a need for them, that the black marketeers deserved the punishment they got (Jew and Gentile alike) and that there were many more Gentiles than Jews found guilty.

A cab called at 11 and our host drove me back to the Minsk Hotel. It was a priceless, joyful evening for all of us. It was still rainy and chilly when I retired at 1, having finished all packing and ready to go. Set my alarm watch for 6:45 A.M.

MINSK - Tuesday, August 21, 1962

Was up at 5:30 to hear my watch go off at 6:45. Was down at 7:20 and at the airport at 7:30. It was still raining and cold. Was chilled to the bone. Again inquired why Minsk-Moscow-Kiev route - why not direct Minsk-Kiev. I was told that only natives can fly the Minsk-Kiev route, that tourist must fly Minsk-Moscow-Kiev. Left at 8. Arrived at Moscow new airport at 9:30. The plane was full to capacity. It was an IL 18 Jet prop - very noisy. The Intourist yanked me out fast from the plane into a car to drive to the Wonuka Airport 60 kilometers away. It was raining and cold. The roads were crowded, especially through town. I was certain that we wouldn't make the plane for Kiev, but we did, by a hair. The Intourist Agent in Moscow grabbed the bags and ran and I ran after him. Was out of breath when I sat down in my seat in an IL 104 Jet plane. Fell asleep, hungry, wet and cold. Arrived in Kiev in 70 minutes, 10 minutes ahead of Sima who came direct from Minsk. If it wasn't for the mix-up in Intourist cars I would have missed Sima and the group of 10 who came to welcome me with flowers. Kissed everybody, men and women alike. Arranged to dine in Brushka's one room home at 7 P.M. this evening.

KIEV - Tuesday, August 21, 1962

Was driven to the new Moscow Hotel on Krestchatic Street. Checked into Intourist and into room 611. Found two single beds that would make one good double bed. Went to breakfast, lunch and tea at one time. Was terribly tired and sleepy. Fell asleep

for 1 & 1/2 hours - until 6. Got up, shaved and took a shower. I have just a shower in bathroom, no tub, no shower curtain. I was amazed at the neglect in this hotel even if it is new and clean, and is set in the most beautiful setting I ever saw; 50 steps in sections, flower beds and trees. I could say here for hours admiring it. The hotel looks beautiful from a distance but on the inside? It's clumsy-big. 4 small elevators, manually operated. The furnishings, decorations, window trim, colors, plumbing and everything else is of the cheapest. Water is leaking through the bathroom ceilings, and so is everything else about it evidenced by lack of "know-how." What a beautiful spot for a Hilton Hotel. I am certain that there would be up-down escalators, underground from street to hotel, for those people who can't or don't care to walk up or down the many steps in order to appraise the beauty of the setting. Sima was with the others (6) who called for me at 7. Nephew Arcadia Mednikov tried for over 1/2 hour to get a taxi but couldn't, so we walked a mile to Brushka's one room home. I don't know how Sima made the mile walk plus the walk up 4 floors to Brushka's home where 12 more relatives waited our arrival. Here too, like in Sima's home in Minsk, the table was full of all kinds of desserts, beverages, and other foods. We all drank to "Mir and Druzhba" (peace and friendship), good health and that I promise to come again in 1963. We got into a discussion about politics, anti-semitism and synagogues, religions and ideologies. Again I was amazed at how much they know of what is going on in the world and especially in the United States such as the Birch Society, Dr. Schwartz, Cyrus Eaton, the Nazi leader in the United States and rightist groups in the U.S., discrimination against minorities, NATO, U.N., politics and lobbies in Washington, the CIA, Viet Nam, Laos, Cuba, and in all Europe and South America, missles and disarmament and many, many more subjects that left me speechless. We all had a most wonderful and enjoyable time. We parted at 11. I retired at 1.

KIEV - Wednesday, August 22, 1962

Up at 6:30, wrote until 8:30, breakfast at 9. A car was ready at 10. Anna came late as usual. Drove over to the Intourist main office to check if I received a telegram from Kovner. No - was the answer.

The first visit was to the now famous BABI YAAR in Kiev. I was told that the Nazis (we in the U.S. are trying so hard to save their democracy) during their occupation and destruction of this city, built a so-called registration barn (camp) on top of this large ravine. Here they registered over 200,000 Jews and some non-Jews too, undressed them, drove them to the edge of the ravine and mowed them down with machine guns. Men, women and children alike. The corpses were piled high for about a mile long. The present administration is filling in the ravine to a level ground and will make a park of it. They are afraid to uncover it and see what is there now. the famous

poem by the Russian poet, EVTUSHENKO, made this place famous all over the world.

Went shopping on Podol for fruit in the open (farmers) market. Bought apples, pears and plums for a third of Moscow open-market prices. Then went to see the synagogue. It looked better than the last time I was here. It is in better order and repair. The Shames met me, the Assistant Shames and a few elderly women were there too. I greeted them in Jewish and they replied "Noo noo err redt doch besser idish fin inz" (he speaks Jewish better than we do). I told them about the Harrison Salisbury story in his recent book about this synagogue. They replied that "your American correspondents make us a lot of trouble because they lie about us. We have no trouble. We pray every day, 7 days a week." Nobody is destroying any synagogues or interfering with their activities. They took us through the place and showed us all the books and scrolls, and how they keep everything registered with the authorities. I asked him if I could buy a very small Torah to take to the States and he replied, "I'll have to take this up with the authorities in Kiev or Moscow." I read a sign on the wall of the synagogue in Jewish and Russian that donations can only be deposited in the box (Pishkeh) and not given to any person. I inquired if I could make a donation, the reply was "potchemo net" (why not), "but put it in the pishkeh (box)." I put in a 10 R bill. I wished them "Shalom" and as I walked out of the yard, a couple followed me. I asked if he wanted to talk to me and that I would like to talk to him. He couldn't, he said with an expression of sorrow on his face, he said religion is sitting on a powder keg and may blow up any minute. Then he went away. He came here from Bucharest, Rumania for a while. I wasn't able to get more information from him. He was clean and neatly dressed, wore a goatee and looked like a certain professor of a Jewish Yeshiva in New York that I know. Drove from there back to Hotel where I had a telegram from Kovner reading "P here. No departure date yet. Kovner."

Wanted to rest a while but the relatives came in groups without calling. So did the Winokurs. I couldn't take a rest. Six of us piled into a taxi and drove to Poula's home (one room) for dinner. It was the same story as last night, 18 in this palatial apartment, two beds, two shafee, one commode, TV, radio. The cooking is done in the area of the hallway for six tenants - but what difference did it make - for everybody present was happy, the kind of joy that comes from within one's heart - no artificial stuff.

A taxi was called. We parted and when I got downstairs the cab was gone. It was quite a job to get another cab. Wasn't tired when I returned to Hotel. Had lots of genuine pleasure today. Retired at 1 A.M.

KIEV - Thursday, August 23, 1962

Up early. Put up a curtain in my shower and now I am safe

not to drown outside of the shower stall. Breakfast at 9 and at 10 went sightseeing in an Intourist car. Anna was my guide, Sima went with us and we drove to see the monument to the Unknown Soldier. Every country has such a thing. What will they all build to the next "unknown soldier" - or won't there be anyone left? After the next war maybe everyone will be an "unknown soldier." We then drove about the rest of this garden spot above the Dnieper River. It is a beautiful spot for some Miami developers to build co-ops or expensive private homes.

Went to visit Olivensky, who now lives in a new section of Kiev. Five minutes was too long for this visit. Anuta O. would be better off dead than suffering as she does with blindness and cancer. Yet nobody wants to die.

From there we drove around for about half an hour looking over this new development. I was here in 1960, but didn't recognize it now. It is four times the size it was then. It surely is a planned housing development with stores, movies, schools, parks, playgrounds, so much unlike our housing developments. If the local people would build apartments the way we do, this would be heaven. These developments are not built for profit but for the people and by the people. Here one can truly say that everything "is done in sweat and blood" at the expense of all.

From there we drove to Anna Mednikow's to look over the things I sent. Was supposed to be there only 1/2 hour but it took us from 2 to 7 P.M. I was afraid to go back to the Hotel because there was surely a crowd waiting for me, so we decided to go to a Panorama show (cinerama) that starts at 7:45. Went into a coffee bar for Turkish coffee and keck (cake). The place was crowded and promptly at 7:45 the panorama went on. It started out beautifully and I was going to snooze off but the noise of the picture was too great. I still don't know what it was all about. I would have walked out, but couldn't. No one walks out during the show which takes 1 hour and 45 minutes. It was raining when we got out and would have taken a kingdom for a cab. We finally got one and returned to the hotel where we waited for dinner for two hours. It was one o'clock when I returned to my room.

KIEV - Friday, August 24, 1962

Was going to take it easy today. Wanted to finish my diary to date, and go over it. Intourist hotel checked on letters or telegrams, buy a few records, a book to read, have lunch at the Intourist because the service and the food in this new hotel is terrible compared to the old Intourist. In fact, everything about this place is terribly neglected. No one here gives a tinkers damn for anything or anybody - native or tourist. Today is the fourth day that I am here and there wasn't a thing changed in my room, including the towels. The floors are still being polished by a woman standing on a wax rubbing brush and rubbing the floor while walking on one foot even though there is an

electric vacuum cleaner and one electric waxing machine. There are 4 elevators here, only two are for passengers, one is for freight and one is dead. They are very slow and the operators sometimes stop on a floor just to chew the rag disregarding the call bell or signal. I waited as much as 15 minutes for a car because I didn't want walking up the stairs - don't mind walking down. This is a 12-story hotel with a roof cafe, on a hill overlooking a most beautiful flower garden and the famous Krestchatic Street. It's a mess here.

Attended to everything and was back to hotel at 3 to start writing my diary. Wrote 5 postcards to the States, got shaved and a bath.

Sima came at 5:20, Liza came at 6 with someone who is in trouble. Time was ticking away, it is 7 and we have to leave for our party at the Ukraine Hotel.

The party was held in a large room, a "U" shaped table was ready with many different kinds of food, fruits, candy, wine, vodka, fruit water, mineral water, black and white bread, 4 different kinds of fish including gefilte fish, crab salad, 3 other different kinds of salad, also cold cuts, boiled chicken, Ukraine cutlets with trimming, cake, coffee and cookies. We got started at 8. Arkady made the toast to their guest SK and to "MIR AND DRUZBA." Sister Sima sat at my left and Arkady at my right. She kept on saying "Ess, Schmilik, ess," (eat, Sam, eat). We all drank to the same slogan and to health and that I come again next year and many, many more years to come.

I made a short speech highlighting on politics and diplomacy. I compared the situation between the nations to the gefilte fish Sima cooked for us in Minsk and the gefilte fish served tonight. Her fish contained the ingredients to make it taste just right and delicious. The fish here tasted like some of the government, large and small alike, no salt, no pepper, and no taste. I was applauded. Most of those present tonight (all relatives) are engineers, architects, electricians, geologists, lawyers and the younger ones will or are studying for the same professions.

At 11, I announced that I wanted all of them to remain, finish the food, talk, play the tape recorder, dance rock and roll, and do the twist (dances which some of the younger generation are wild about). I am certain that in this they will equal or overtake us in much less time than Mr. K expects to overtake us in the standard of living; and that I will leave, kiss each and every one of them once, kiss Sima four times and leave with "auf wiederseien" until next year. And so it was. It really was difficult to part. Time flies and age creeps up on us. No one knows what tomorrow may bring yet as the saying goes, "Starost ne Radost" (getting old is not a happy thought). I do hope that age will not move on me too fast and will not work undue hardships on me, but will permit me to be able to keep on making these trips. One of the things I enjoy most.

A taxi was ready for me. It wasn't far from the Moscow Hotel. Finished packing and was ready for 6:30 A.M. tomorrow. Didn't have a good restful sleep and it wasn't the food.

KIEV - Saturday, August 25, 1962

Was down at 7:45 A.M. Left in a private car for the airport where I received most courteous treatment. The package I left at the Moscow Airport on arrival was returned to me. Anna came over and brought a snack from the restaurant. I couldn't go there because I had already passed customs. I had Intourist coupons left worth $41 and 6 rubles in cash, which I couldn't take with me so I bought $5.70 worth of perfume. Gave Anna the coupons. She can use them. She bought 2 small bottles of vodka for 2 R and kept the rest. The plane, IL 18 left 1/2 hour late for Bucharest, Rumania. It is a 4 motor prop jet plane traveling 450 miles per hour. So far, on every flight I have made since Brussels the planes were jammed to capacity while the flight from New York to Brussels was 66% empty. The lunch served on this plane was excellent and the flying was good. Even the hostesses tried to look Western. We arrived in Bucharest at 1:40. Wasted some time here because nobody waited for me.

BUCHAREST - Saturday, August 25, 1962

Was treated well in the Custom House here. Was driven to the Lido Hotel where the service office of the government-owned Carpatian Tours is located. Some red tape. Was driven to Hotel Anthenee Palace, Room 516, where I will stay during my trip here. Was much surprised immediately on arrival at the airport. It was much more modern and larger than either the Vnukovo or Sheremyevo Airports in Moscow which surely have the largest number of daily flights than any other airports in this part of the world. Was more surprised at the nice buildings on the main street and the pronounced difference in the hotels and service.

The hotel where I stop has elegance and class, though old. So have the Lido and the Ambassador. Was tired so I rested for 90 minutes. I am getting along pretty good with my Russian, German, and English.

This hotel surely was not built by the present Commy regime, for while certain features of it are the same as all over Europe, like the showers, the closets (sheffas), furniture; this hotel has modern plumbing fixtures and pipes. All plumbing installations as well as electric wiring are hidden in the walls and ceilings. The bath tub, the tile on the walls and floors are well done by experienced people. The place is clean and all floors are well carpeted though old and worn. There wasn't any soap in the bathroom but I got a large piece of perfumed soap a day later after asking for it. The restaurant and main foyer reminded me of the Biltmore Hotel in New York City. This hotel is located two blocks from the Lido and Ambassador Hotels. After a clean up, I took a walk on the main street. Did some window shopping, comparing prices with New York and Moscow. Tried to size up the people, male and female. It is very warm

here - like Miami. Everybody is dressed light, most men, women and children are wearing sandals of many types and colors, just like in Moscow or Kiev. So was the clothes the people wore, even though it looked a bit more stylish. Maybe because it's much warmer here than in the other cities in the U.S.S.R. that I have visited. A few more women smoked here, but not many although the men smoke a lot. The streets and squares (plostschad) are very nice. The squares are beautifully beflowered and so are the long flower beds on some of the main streets. The government buildings and apartment houses are mostly new and huge and look very nice.

Walked enough today. Decided to have dinner at 6 at the Ambassador (across the street from the Lido). This is a new hotel. The waiter spoke only German and Rumanian but I did get what I wanted and enjoyed it. On way back to hotel I noticed near a Kino a sign "Airplane #713" and decided to see it because it has the #13 in the title, so I stood in line for 15 minutes (something I never did in the U.S.A.) was pushed into the theatre when the newsreel started. It was about the latest feat of the Russian Cosmas flight. Then intermission. I wasn't sitting in the right seat so I was asked to move. I didn't know what to do but a lady in black came to my rescue and showed me to the right seat. I didn't understand the picture until the end. A german spy in the plane somehow put the plane's crew to sleep and the plane was flying by an automat. The different characters of the passengers in the plane were exhibited, each expressing his or her desperation in a different way. Some were panic stricken afraid they would die in the plane crashing. A young electrical student tried to work the radio, another student tried his luck at the wheel. The spy didn't want to die this way, so he tried to revive the pilot and succeeded a few minutes before landing. The emergency field crew rushed to the plane, which landed safely. Everybody was happy and the spy gave himself up to the plain clothesmen, who were waiting for him. I think this was it.

It was hot and stuffy in the theatre and I was happy it was over. Walked back to hotel, refreshed myself with coffee and compote. Dined in the open garden restaurant and enjoyed it.

BUCHAREST - Sunday, August 26, 1962

With my small radio I picked up the world news from Washington over the "Voice of America"...all about Algeria, Cuba and V.P. Johnson, who is making another trip to foreign lands; then some rock and roll, cha cha and twist music. I am certain that if the voice of Radio Free Europe and the Voice of America could fully penetrate the Iron Curtain and get in full force to the youth of the Communist world with this type music, Mr. K and Co. would have plenty to worry about their system of slavery (as we call it). We will free every one of their youth and they will all twist and rock & roll and cha cha for breakfast, dinner and supper and will not have any time for anything else. So go to

it, Voices for FREEDOM and TRUTH, you have already partly penetrated the Iron Curtain. One can now buy (in stores behind the Iron Curtain) records and tape music that will play the very latest of this type of music. I wouldn't be surprised if Moscow radio will one of these days have dance sessions not only for the delinquents and teenagers, but for the grown-ups too, and the sponsor will be "Mineralski Voda" (Mineral Water) or "Pepsi-Cola" and the blaring speeches and classical music that go on all day will stop.

Was up at 7:30, breakfast at 9. A car was ready at 10. Went sightseeing and the first stop was to get a ticket for the circus for tonight where a Chinese Circus is the feature. Will call for it at 1 P.M. Then to a very small and ancient Greek Orthodox Church. What I saw there was enough to strengthen my opinion about religious darkness. Then to another church of the same religion. This was worse than the first and it turned my stomach inside out. It was crowded and hot to suffocation, the air was absolutely foul. The people, mostly elderly and the very old that seldom take a bath, added to the smell in the air. The heat and smoke from the hundreds of burning candles didn't help any. Many were kneeling, praying and kissing the floor and tombstones of the dead buried there. Many were kissing the metal or painted picture frames that were hanging in certain parts of the walls. This scene didn't help me change my belief.

From here we drove through the slums and there are plenty of them here as in the cities in the U.S.S.R. Then on to see a synagogue, one of 38 in this city alone. I was lucky to meet the Secretary to this synagogue who was kind enough to take me through it. Then drove to the Jewish community center that represents all the Jews here in Bucharest. I met the President and the Chief Rabbi, who was in the U.S. last winter. I got the low down of the situation in an indirect way which didn't differ much from what I learned in Kiev.

My opinion is that the leaders of the new ideology are actually afraid to take stern measures to cut out the cancer of religion of their system of society, they hope that by the slow process of indoctrinating the youth, and let religion die a natural death with the elders, even if it is a slow process, they are sure that religion is opium for the people. I don't believe in their slow process. I had a guide who knew less than I did. I asked her a lot of questions. We saw many beautiful places, parks, new buildings in so-called private or residential streets, where the centers of the streets were planted with beautiful flower beds as monuments to the heroes of the underground fighters and to the Russian soldiers who liberated Rumanians from the Nazi. There is a monument to the Unknown Soldier, but it was far out of town.

Returned to hotel, picked up the circus ticket. Went to have lunch, got everything I didn't like except the cold chicken. Now for a rest and then to the circus. A car will take me there

and back, all for five American dollars, including the ticket. One thing is certain, they know how to make a sucker of the American tourist. For instance, in Warsaw I got 24 Zlotas for the dollar where the native gets 72 Zlotas for the same and he can change if he has the dollars. Here it is the same.

Bought fruit here which is abundant; grapes, pears, apples, plums, vegetables of all kinds. It is very cheap compared to Kiev and Moscow - if one can get any at all there. Drove around town through some very beautiful planned streets with flower beds which were even nicer than in Moscow or Kiev. Lakes and a sandy bathing beach right in the heart of the city. This is the capitol of Rumania. All the big shots live here and all the government and administrative offices are here. At the approach to the circus there is a tremendously large and beautifully planned and planted boulevard leading to a grand building built especially for a circus. I haven't seen anything like it in the U.S.S.R., maybe they have new ones too, but I haven't seen any.

I was wondering why a country like the U.S.S.R. who accomplishes so much in science, literature, culture, music and in many other fields, didn't as yet learn how to build decent buildings for homes, offices and factories. Or learn to make toilet paper in the rolls, napkins, towels, soap, or how to run a hotel, how to give service in restaurants and a thousand and one small things that a satellite like Rumania has all over the U.S.S.R.

Returned to hotel, lunched and rested. Cleaned up and to the circus to watch a show given by Chinese performers. To make it short I have never seen anything more artistic and beautiful than the show I saw tonight. I enjoyed it to my hearts content and these performers are some of the 650 million Chinese we don't want to recognize.

A car brought me back to hotel. Dined in the open air garden dining room. Met a Miami-Tampa couple who invited me to their table to help them finish a bottle of champagne. I let them have some of my toast. Discovered they are well to do and are in the orange growing business and another business also. They tour every year. They have been to Russia a few times and are now going to Odessa, Yalta, Sochi, Tbilisi, Tashkent and Alma Alta. I gave them a few pointers since I have already visited all of these places. They also made an around the world tour last year. We had something in common now. We will meet in Miami to compare notes about our experiences. It was 11 when I retired.

This is a very nice city, much more modern than Kiev and Moscow even if there is a similarity in the home construction. The two main streets frun from North to South and East to West and is the dividing line. If they would only remove the tramways from the streets. They make a lot of noise even if they are low and have the rubber type wheel. Public transportation, such as tramways, electric and gas buses, is very much in demand

here because there is no other method of getting around except by walking. There are no subways, and very few private cars or taxis. These various kinds of transportation clog the streets, much more than the Fifth Avenue buses. The taxis and other cars run wild and make much horn blowing noise (something they don't do in the U.S.S.R.). The pedestrian has no preference in the streets and the autos keep on chasing them. The taxi driver who took me to and from the circus was wild and I kept my eyes shut until we reached my destination. The cop who sits in a corner booth directing traffic lights in certain places only doesn't bother with actually regulating it. Many traffic lights do not operate.

I tried to compare this city to Moscow, not in population but in looks and up-to-dateness. The center of this city is built up with most modern up to 12 story apartments, buildings unlike Kiev and Moscow where whole new cities are being constructed uniformly in accordance with plans, outside and away from the center of the city which is now being laid out for eventual rebuilding after the so-called suburbs are completed. The type and quality of construction is much superior here.

The system of government is the same here as in the U.S.S.R. except that the people in the U.S.S.R. are more disciplined than here. The church surely is much more controlled than here. I haven't seen one single person there wearing a cross on their chest especially young persons, they would be ashamed to do it assuming they would want to, but I saw such things here.

Except for the two Main Streets that are long and wide, all the others are in circles and corners, many squares of all sizes, not round nor square, but all shapes. The streets are well lit but there are many completely dark in-between narrow, short streets with unfinished yards. The stores here are much better arranged and lit up and have a larger assortment of goods, and maybe of better quality. No saloons, but confectionery, bake and coffee shops dominate the stores. Many book shops in which Lenin dominates the shelf or stand space and people buy books - serious books. I didn't see any religious book stores. Canned food stuff is cheaper than in the States. Men and womens' wear of all kinds, ready to wear or piece goods is very expensive. Women are less made up here than in the Soviet Union, but look chippier. Most of the people wear sandals that sell in the States for $2.95. No high heel shoes except in the windows. Most of the autos and buses and tramways are Russian make, some from the other satellite friends. No German, except those that are used by German people from their legation. I saw maybe a half dozen Chevvies, one brand new Chevy Impala which attracted a large crowd. There are many motor cycles and it's nice to see the sweethearts hang on the rear seat.

The Hotel where I stop, the Athenee Palace, as well as the other two I visited, got it all over any hotel in the U.S.S.R. in every shape and form. Food is very reasonable. Most of the

hotels are located only 1-1/2 blocks from King Carol's palace which is now a museum. It must have over 100 rooms and is most impressive, especially the Presidium Building that was built in the rear of the palace. The approaches to these buildings are very beautiful. Lots of new workers apartments were built all around this historical place. I imagine that nobility used my hotel during the rule of the King. If they would see the crowd that had supper tonight in the magnificent open garden restaurant they would surely turn over in their graves.

It was hot since I got here. It was nice to warm up from the cold weather in the U.S.S.R., but it got too hot now, it must be in the 90's, so here I am basking in the sun 5,000 miles from Florida.

Today was a mixed-up day for me because Union Tours didn't arrange my time correctly. It was a wasted day. Went to see "Comedy was King," a lot of "oldies" put together with famous stars like Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy and others. I would have enjoyed it if not for the hot and stuffy theatre, the Maxin Gorky.

Made ready for departure tomorrow morning at 7:40 for Sofia, Bulgaria. As I lay in bed and observed the things around me, the material in the room which is the same throughout the place, the non-squeaking doors (as was not the case in the New Moscow Hotel in Kiev), the carpeted floors instead of the so-called parquet floors that were slippery and smelly, the service in the restaurant, the set-up in every place I visited which was very much unlike a first class organized, smooth-running organization. Yet this city has surely a much better responsible housekeeping and supervising personnel and system than that of the Soviet Union. I expect to write to Mr. K in the Kremlin of my observations, and tell him that it is about time to look a bit more after his people on the ground than sending them up to the moon even if the traffic is better regulated and noiseless than here. They sure blare the horns and chase the pedestrians - they scared hell out of me here.

BUCHAREST - Tuesday, August 28, 1962

Was up at 6:45, down at 7:20. Ordered the baggage down and wanted to change the few lei "Shmatis" (local paper currency) I had left but the cashier didn't want to do it. As I was about to depart for the airport I was told that the hotel cashier wanted to see me. I was handed a bill for 2 pieces of soap, 10 lei, or about 66-2/3 cents. I refused to pay and had to sign the bill saying that I refused to pay. Soap was included in the cost of my stay here. Left for the airport with a hefty guide who saw me through as far as the customs. From there I was on my own to collect my passport and board the plane. As I was waiting for the plane to be called a dame walked over to me and asked if I was Mr. Kipnis and handed me a package from the hotel with a note that read, "Mr. Kipnis - We send you the soap you have received at our hotel, perhaps you will need it

in other hotels and don't want to be in the situation to pay for it again." So what? Is it my fault that I was put up in a hotel where King Carol used to entertain royalty and it doesn't belong to the "Karpate Tourist" and doesn't furnish soap? I shall have Union Tours adjust this misunderstanding. I don't want a diplomatic rupture between Rumania and U.S.A. or have the matter brought up before the next U.N. meeting. One thing I am proud of, when I left the hotel the clerk hollered after me "Americanski." They sure can't put it over on me.

At the airport I cashed the few lei I had left over for U.S. dollars (the satellite countries do not accept each other's currency). My baggage was given the once over and we left on an IL 14 on time. The flight took 60 minutes.

SOFIA - Tuesday, August 28, 1962

The custom inspection in Sofia took a few minutes. No one came to meet us. I later found out why. Union Tours changed the departure date from Bucharest to Sofia from 27th to 28th because there is no flight on the 27th, but Union Tours didn't notify Balkan Tours in Sofia of the change so not only didn't they call for me, the hotel cancelled my reservation. It was 12 noon by the time everything was corrected. Made date with guide from Balkan Tours to pick me up at 3 for a 4 hour ride. While flying from Bucharest to Sofia I had a chance to make comparisons. The Warsaw Hotel was a dump, the service and food not even a low standard, Moscow with its meatless Thursdays. The best food Moscow had was borscht with meat, black bread, cutlets natural and herring natural. Butter and eggs were plentiful but no fresh fruit and no milk at night meals. The service of the waiters and the room service was awful. The new Ukraine Hotel in Kiev, located in a beautiful setting, was the worst managed hotel I ever stayed in, in the U.S.S.R. It's 1-1/2 years old and is cracking at the seams. The three days in Bucharest was a revelation to me for I expected worse accomodations than in the Soviet Union, but lo and behold, it was fully 100% better than in the Big Brother's land. Surely the small satellites didn't make the front pages of all the newspapers in the world (I don't mean the Billy Estes or Marilyn Monroe type news), and surely they don't have a fraction of the tourists from all over the world that the U.S.S.R. has but isn't it a good reason why this Big Brother should have the best for the accommodation of the tourist, especially the fancy tourist from the U.S.A., not only in subways, music, culture, ballet, science, etc., but the best for the every day needs for these poor tourists who are not much interested in the above, but in a good bed to sleep in, soap, towels, a shower with a curtain, a mat on the bathroom floor, a good light over the mirror to shave by, toilet paper that does a good job, a light near the bed to read, a door that doesn't squeak and elevators that run more often up and down or just run, dining room service and clean waiters that are interested in serving the guests and many more

little things that make for good taste and appreciation by the tourist. Is it possible that the leaders don't care for the tourist, especially the American Yankee tourist, or don't they know what is going on. There has been lots of improvements in building whole new cities on the outskirts and inside the cities too. Built with a plan, the streets and sidewalks are planned beautifully, but the inside of the apartments isn't becoming a great people like the Soviet Union, especially the way people live in the old dilapidated houses even if the streets are spotless and even if one understands the condition Hitler left them in after WW II, and the great cold war that has been going on between the big two, U.S. & U.S.S.R., with France and England saying "me too" to the policy of the United States.

Lunched at the Balkan Hotel (5 years old) and was assigned to Room 321. A typical Russian room and bath except it is more modern, high ceilings, one overhead shower, but no curtain. Natural light colored furniture, a rug on the slippery floor. If one is not careful he could slip and break his neck. I got sprayed with water all over when I walked into the bathroom to wash, the faucets (hot and cold) were set high above the wash basins and when I opened the faucet the water shot back up in the air. I had to change clothes.

The guide called promptly at 3. Told me to change some money. I got 1.17 lev for the dollars. This too was a surprise because I got 24 zlotas to the dollar in Warsaw, and in Bucharest I got 15-1/2 lev for the dollar. I have to change money in two more countries. I don't know what the price of the dollar will be there.

This is another great question on my mind. Why didn't the Soviet Block make one valuta for them since they still have to use valuta as a means of exchange for the things they need for every day necessities. I'll have to find this out some day.

We started to drive about town. The main streets are paved with polished fire brick which lasts forever since they don't dig up their streets as often as we do in New York. The other streets were paved with small cobblestones in designs. Some streets are very pretty, especially the new developments and they are plentiful here too. There are plenty of flower beds and beautiful large and small parks. Saw a large swimming pool in a park in the center of the city. Drove by many old and new monuments, especially the one set up to their hero George Dimitrov, who was tried by the Nazis and they didn't care to convict him. He lies embalmed like Lenin with a constant military guard. Visiting hours after 3. Visited 2 churches, 1 synagogue, then drove up to the tallest peak of a mountain nearby. This city lies between 2 mountains. This site was prettier than the one overlooking Tblisi. The great wonder here is the "Golden Bridges," a mass of boulders that accumulated for centuries by sliding down from the very top of the mountain now wedged together so that the water from springs atop the mountain runs down

under the rocks. It was worth coming up here to see what a government can do for all its people if it wants to. Many new workers' sanitariums and vacation homes were built there. I was told that 60,000 students voluntarily built the road to the very top. It was 7 P.M. when I returned to the hotel.

Cleaned up and went to the American legation 2 blocks away, where I was invited by the 3 young couriers (who came with me from Bucharest and who were delivering 3 diplomatic pouches) to see the showing of an American picture at 8. John Wayne and Dean Martin in "Rio Bravo." I quit after the second reel. I was practically ashamed of us for showing such artistic (?) films in strange lands even for the people that work for our legation.

It was very warm to walk back the 2 blocks, and more uncomfortable to dine in the nice but very hot dining room, but I had to get my money's worth. Retired at 1 A.M.

SOFIA - Wednesday, August 29, 1962

I was to meet the guide at 10. Had breakfast at 9. I eat the same breakfast every morning, 2 six-minute eggs, toast and coffee with milk. When Visia, my guide, met me she informed me that I used up all my car time yesterday by measuring kilometers, not hours. I couldn't change her mind, so we walked around the corner to visit the Alexander Nevsky Church, built by the Bulgarians to the Russians for freeing them from the Turks. It was started in 1882 and finished in 1914, just before World War I. This didn't stop the Bulgarians from being on the side of the Germans in both wars. Now the Bulgarians have built an impressive monument to the Russian soldiers who freed them from the Germans in World War II. I wonder if this is the last time the Bulgarians will be freed and stay free even if under Communist rule. The walk around the corner took 30 minutes. I refused any more walking. She got a car that drove us back to hotel, then went to visit an apartment next to hotel, a 5 floor walk up (there will be a lift operating next year). This apartment consisted of 3 rooms and bathroom. Small but neat. Two parents and son live here. It is much nicer than the brand new apartment in Kiev my niece, Anuta, just moved into. We spent about 1-1/2 hours discussing the world problems, the Berlin situation and their independence. They seemed to know more and better about all world problems than our average citizen, old and young alike. We were treated to a Bulgar drink and sliced tomatoes. We parted with Mir and Druzba, and I should come back and be their guest and see all of their beautiful country, especially on the Black Sea. Dosvidanie.

Visia will meet me at 6:15 to drive me to airport for Belgrade to depart at 7:30 local time and arrive 7:30 Belgrade time. Went to lunch and took my time. I have a few levs (money) left. I will exchange at the airport for a receipt. They will mail the dollars to my bank in New York for me. We were a bit late leaving. My baggage wasn't touched. Had to buy chocolate for

the few extra levs.

BELGRADE - Wednesday night, August 29, 1962

It took only 60 minutes to reach Belgrade. We taxied to the airport building which was alive with lights. When I stepped into the building and looked around I almost fainted and was surely flabbergasted. It is a very large building for a city like Belgrade and surely the most beautiful airport building I ever saw (on this tour). The design, the material, workmanship, decor, location was of the very best. The Idlewild buildings, though much larger, were never as pretty as this airport building, and this one has all the latest conveniences and accommodations for the flying public. I don't think that there is 1% of flying people as compared to Idlewild but how much of my tax money was given by our dispensers of money in Washington toward this magnificent structure. I just couldn't get over it.

When I arrived at the Metropole Hotel here after the baggage was released without even looking at it - I almost keeled over again. It was the nicest in every respect of all the places I have been on this present trip. The approach to it, the many autos parked in front of it, the magnificent structure, the large foyer, dining rooms, the first and second floor dining terraces, the up-to-the-minute table service, good napkins, water glasses, the assortment of food, desserts, melons and compotes, beverages, good dinner music, etc...

Dined on the upper terrace overlooking a park. Took my time. I wanted to take it all in and it was cool and refreshing. I don't know anything that is like this in the States especially in New York, and $2.50 was the price for a full bottle of white wine, salad of tomato and cucumber, boiled beef and horseradish, toast, coffee with hot milk, delicious compote, bread, butter and sugar. All this was served in first class style in Tito's communist Yugoslavia. Mr. K should come here and take a lesson from his friend Tito as to how to treat tourists. Everything in my room 510 is shipshape, not an open wire or pipe anywhere. There was a writing desk and wall lamp, 42" bed with high side to ball, night table, telephone, lamp, shaffee, a place in the small lobby to hang coats and umbrellas. Carpeted floor, nice bathroom - spotlessly clean (still no shower curtain), hand shower, soap, 3 towels which were changed next morning, and good light over sink and washstand. It was a small but cozy room with a balcony, double large glass doors. The only thing I saw, heard and disapproved of was the many street cars of different varieties that passed in front of the hotel. It was very noisy in front of my room. I couldn't arrange for tomorrow as to where to go or what to do. I'll do it before breakfast.

Noticed in Bucharest and Sofia that there were a gew gas stations in the heart of the city but no S.O. signs or any other sign on the gas pumps, which are like ours. There were also quite a few garages and underground toilets, something that I didn't see in the U.S.S.R.

BELGRADE - Thursday, August 30, 1962

Lightning, thunder, and rain didn't let me sleep. I also forgot to turn my watch back one hour so I got up at 5:30 local time, or 6:30 Sofia time, or 7:30 Kiev time. I had two hours for myself to think about our capitalistic system...and...the Tito system and the other systems in the Communist controlled countries. The Commy governments own everything. The 10 Commandments are supposed to be the same yet one can feel a great difference between each one and I have, or will have been in each one after this trip except in China, North Korea, Mongolia and North Viet Nam, which countries I would like to visit but can't now, the attitude toward religion varies. In the Soviet Union religion is much more on the decline whereas in Poland the church is patronized by over 70% of the population, next is Rumania and so on. Now how can fire and water mix? What kind of a game is being played by the Godless leaders of these countries? Do they really believe that full Communism will prevail over the new generation after all the older people die a natural death and take their religion along with them, and that the new generation will be indoctrinated enough to hate or forget religion? Or do the leaders purposely keep some of the old and dark places of religion to show the youngsters how dark and backward religion can be and draw examples from these places against the myth of religion?

I didn't have anyone to explain it to me. Maybe I can meet Mr. T. here or maybe I'll wait until I get back to the States. I know some people there that can do some explaining.

Went to breakfast at 8. Arranged for sightseeing car and guide for 10. Went to confirm my flight for tomorrow to Budapest. Discovered that the plane leaves 7:50 A.M. and not 2:30 P.M. This can permit me to leave for U.S.A. on 9/2, but no one here can help me on that. Changed some money. For $20 I got 15,000 dinaras, 2-5,000, 4-1,000, 10-100. It's a good thing that the paper size is small and new. Went window shopping to check prices, things are much cheaper here than in Moscow and there is plenty of everything. There are lots of autos in the streets, hardly any U.S. cars and no U.S.S.R. either. There are many people touring this country by car. There are hardly any paved streets here, all cobblestone. I saw immense size trucks from Bulgaria, of course Italy isn't very far, quite a lot of Mercedes. It seems to me that there is not yet any Common Market between Yugoslavia and the S.U., as the other 3 satellites I have been to on this trip use mostly Soviet Union trucks and cars but there are more cars here than in the others in proportion. So far Bucharest is my choice except for airport and the Metropole Hotel in Belgrade.

Started at 10 to see the City where Tito made his home, the capitol of Yugoslavia. I was disappointed when I saw the zig-zag streets compared to the two things I admired so much - the Airport and the Hotel. Then drove to the section where the so-called

rich live. This is the diplomatic row and the higher ups in the government including Tito, who has a summer home and a palace, also a meeting place for the Ruling Group. Of course, he also has a palace on an Island, and a yacht and his wife wears jewels, so much unlike Mr. and Mrs. K. is this Mr. Tito who fought the Nazis to a standstill in World War II as a partisan and underground and who was supplied by plane by the British, French and Russians...with ammunition and food, and who is now the head of the 18 million people of different races, religions and his word is law.

The guide was not a "devoted to the cause" person but to the contrary - he didn't want me to ask him anything in the car which was a very old Mercedes. He had good reasons for not being one, so he said. Drove to the old Turkish Fort where the Turks kept many thousands of Mecadonians in dungeons as political criminals, which of course is still being done in our civilized world under other pretense or reasons. Then drove by a monument to 20,000 Serbians the Germans shot at one time and put them in one grave. Then drove to the monument of the Unknown Soldier of World War I which was built in 1938 on the very edge of a mountain. The Germans used this place as an anti-aircraft position to shoot down Allied planes flying across from or to the Adriatic. It's 97 steps to the base of the monument, I made only 90 steps - my feet refused to make the other 7. There are scars on this monument of shots fired by the Russians who finally dislodged the Nazis. It was 1 P.M. when we returned to the hotel.

I needed a rest. Lunch at 2 - wrote a while....Couldn't fall asleep because of the street car noises. Took a walk window shopping. Talked to myself about the synagogue I visited today. The Moslem man who is married to a Jewish woman is the shamos (keeper) of it. He took me inside and told me there are only 700 Jews here, only 30 come to Sabbath service and many more come to the holiday services, but it is dying out slowly. So it is with various other churches here. Again I convinced myself about the prices here of everything compared to Moscow - but this is for dollars. The people here earn much less than in the Soviet Union. Walked into a furniture store - same thing about prices. Had a most delicious meal for $1.75. Paid my bill and got ready for departure tomorrow at 6:30 A.M. Walked too much today in this city of short and crooked streets. I believe I have seen everything I cared to see.

BELGRADE - Friday, August 31, 1962

Didn't sleep a wink because of the terrible noise from the electric tramway that ran the whole night. I just don't know why they have to run so many trolleys and buses during the night on the narrow and noisy tracks. Maybe its the bottle of wine I drank at dinner that kept me from sleeping. Was up at 5:30, shaved and cleaned and down at 6:15. The porter told me that he will take me over in the hotel's car to the airline station. "JAT" is the government company that controls all air travel in

this country. No other airline that flies here can sell tickets or make reservations even if they have offices here. This goes for all satellite countries. The porter wasn't there and someone else from the hotel told me that I'd have to take a cab for 500 D and pay 400 D at station for going to airport. I didn't have a single kopeck with me so I changed a dollar for 720 D, 30D for changing the dollar. A cab brought me to the bus station for 300 D. Checked in and on the bus to the airport we went. It was a full load. Gave the porter the 200 D.

When I got over to the International side of the airport building, I was told politely that my plane, SU 106 for Budapest, leaves tomorrow and that somebody made an error. Keep cool S.K., I said to myself. You'll work it out somehow. The plane for Paris leaves in one hour and for Frankfort in 20 minutes. I decided to get on the first plane and fly from there to New York and skip Budapest, but no seats. So I tried to get on the Paris flight and maybe I will be able to go through direct to New York today. The desk clerk got a seat and by the time he rewrote the ticket or tried to write a new one where I would have to pay here for this flight and get credit in New York for the cancelled ticket, the Paris plane left without me. He gave me a ticket for a bus ride back to the Jat main office. There one clerk said he can't do anything for me about a hotel or visa extension. I had only 2 American dollars and plenty of American Express checks but here as well as in Sofia they take 30% discount on those checks. I was in a bad fix. Talked with the General Manager and as a result was given a ticket for 3 meals and room and bath at the Excelsior Hotel and a free ride to the airport tomorrow. I was happy that I didn't get excited like other people in such a predicament. I would have had plenty of dollars but when I settled my bill last night the office manager asked me to take Union Tours $20 deposit check back and pay him in full with denarias. I was exhausted when I reached the Excelsior at 11. Had breakfast - ate like a hungry wolf. When I got the bill the total was more than I was allowed for 3 meals. I was again in financial difficulties. I was sure I'll manage it as I've managed bigger financial problems and I did. I borrowed $10 from a tourist and I was rich again. Went to room 403, made myself at home and stretched out on the narrow but clean bed and fell asleep until 3. Then cleaned, shaved and a hot bath helped to refreshen me. Took a walk through nice streets and saw a movie "The Devil's Disciples" with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas and Laurence Olivier. I was again surprised at our movie barons for sending such pictures out of the U.S.A. It even hasn't any propaganda value. I was bored with it and still don't know what it was all about. Walked the streets again, window shopped and observed the people who look somewhat better than those in the Soviet Union, or maybe I imagined it. Here too, most people wear sandals. No ties or jackets anywhere except when it gets cool. The movies are operated the same way as in the Soviet Union.

The movie house I went to today, "The Idiom," is a brand new building. Good chairs placed in zig-zag rows so that no front sitter can obstruct the rear sitter's view. The screen is set high so that no one could obstruct the view no matter where one sits. The rows of seats are straight, not half circle. I haven't seen a place like this anywhere in the Soviet Union or in the other neighboring countries and it was pleasant to sit in it during the show. I sure envy them here for the cleanliness in any of the public places. No popcorn, bags, boxes of any kind anywhere in such places and no one crunches during the show. I felt good, in fact I was glad I came back for the day as I wanted to rest. I have been on the go too much and too fast. This country is more Russified than the other satellites. Its language has about 60% Russian words in it but I still don't know why more French is spoken here and in the other satellites than Russian. There aren't many churches here which are mostly Greek Orthodox, and one can see a few of the priests walk in the streets, but no many, and nobody bothers with them. The big church near the hotel was open, but I didn't see anybody inside neither did I feel that the people are enslaved here. Motorcycles and autos are plentiful here but I didn't look up the registration office to find out how many are privately owned. The cars and buses are crowded. Lots of new building is going on here but never of the magnitude as I saw in Kiev and surely not as in Moscow. I haven't seen a single street like Lenin Ploshtchad in Moscow, which in my estimation is the widest and best planned boulevard anywhere. Maybe the houses aren't built as nice as here or in Bucharest, or some other places, and surely not as in the U.S.A., but it sure made an impression on me as far as planning a street is concerned. It's all brand new, 400 feet wide, 10 car lanes, trees and flowers, wide sidewalks, 10-12 story houses for miles. Many blocks on both sides, stores, schools, parks, playgrounds, movies and clubrooms. All this is on the way to Vnokovo Airport.

I believe that there is a market for us in S.U. into the billions of dollars of what we have a great surplus of, and large production capacity, like plumbing fixtures and supplies, pipes - water and heat radiators, paper - toilet, napkins and print. Fruit - citrus and other, and many many more items that we can easily spare. Items that are not strategic materials, and buy from them on a barter basis items we can use. Their governments now have plenty of our money that they can afford to underwrite big deals for their large manufacturers who deal with Communist and other countries, where we at one time dominated the business.

Returned to the hotel for dinner. It was a neat dining room. A group of U.S.S.R. tourists were dined, wined and toasted - Mir and Druzhba and to the great friendship between the people of Soviet Union and Yugoslavia. I was going to join with a toast to Mir and Druzhba to all the people all over the

world but didn't. This ended this extra day here in Tito land where at one time he was on the brink of war with Italy on account of Trieste or Fuma. Retired - set my wrist-alarm-watch for 5:30.

BELGRADE - Saturday, September 1, 1962

Was up at 4 waiting for my alarm watch to ring. Was up at 5:30 packed, ready to go. The "Nosilschick" (porter) was waiting to carry the baggage to airline bus station 2 blocks away. Will check in at airport. Got on the bus after paying the porter 300 D (40¢). The woman conductor asked for fare but I didn't answer and took a seat. She came over, asked again for fare. I said - tourist-hotel pay. She looked at me and I looked at her. I didn't know what she was thinking of me and didn't care, all I know was that she tore a bus ticket into two. She went after me again at the airport but the airline clerk told her I was right. Checked in, showed my passport and this was the end of my trip to Belgrade.

Boarded a SU IL 14, 24 passengers, 2 motor-plane, only 8 passengers are making this trip. The plane was clean, newly painted, good seats. No sign lit up for take off "Fasten Belts," or "No Smoking."

Arrived in Budapest in 65 minutes. Recognized the airport, the new wing is now completed as a hotel. Nobody waited for me. Nobody looked at my baggage except at my passport and money. Had my baggage put into a bus again, to drive to bus station. Again was asked for fare and I said tourist, hotel will pay. Got into a cab and to the Gellert Hotel where I walked over to the "IBUZZ" (tourist office for all Hungary). Complained why somebody didn't wait for me. She said, "You were supposed to arrive yesterday." I told her of the trouble I had. She paid the cab, gave me coupons for food. Ordered a guide for 2 P.M. Checked into Room 417. The bathroom was the nicest part of the room. This hotel was destroyed by the Nazis and rebuilt a few years ago. It's the best here and it really is. It has everything including a swimming pool. Had lunch. My guide was ready at 2:30. A letter from H.R., New York and 2 calls from his 2 friends were waiting for me. I called both. A.M. had lunch with me and the other will see me at 7. Mr. A.M. went with me sightseeing Buda, the West side of the Danube River. Drove through many narrow streets and up to the Fishers Bastian or Fort, overlooking the other side of the river or the city of Pest, which makes up Budapest. This had been partly destroyed by the Nazis only a few days before their defeat or the liberation of Budapest by the Russians. This is opposite the parliament building which is a replica of Westminster Abbey. The only thing missing is Big Ben. From there up the hill where the monument to the liberators of Hungary, the Russians, an impressive monument high above everything, beautifully done. The inscription of the names of all the Russian soldiers that fell in liberating Budapest. 50,000 Russian soldiers fell in liberating Hungary from the Nazis which were surrounded in Buda

and Pest. The Nazis used the caves under a large fort and church as their fort to shell the on-rushing Russians. The church is also now being restored. The names of the Russian heroes (then) were engraved and lettered in gold, but is now neglected. We drove through many beautiful parks where modern swimming pools and baths are open to all, especially on the island between Buda and Pest named Margaret, which is mostly a park and one hotel. Many restaurants and snack bars. The swimming pools and mineral baths surely attracted me. Everything here is very old, not much new except the houses that are built on an experimental ground. Different type houses are constructed to prove which type or style that will be best adaptable. We visited an apartment by invitation of the one that lives there. 2 rooms, bath, and kitchen. Small but much better constructed than the one I saw in Kiev. We were treated to a Hungarian whiskey drink. Of course, Mir and Druzhba was the subject of the conversation. I thanked them and invited the husband and wife and child to America, but he said he is please here. He makes $70 a month as a railroad conductor, and she makes $65 a month as an office worker. I asked her what does she do without a husband while he is away (she was young and good looking) but this question was not answered.

Returned to hotel. Mr. J.B. was waiting for me. We talked for one hour in German about Mr. Kador, the Jews, the Church, the general situation of the party, Mr. Rakoshi, etc. I will write about this later. Mr. & Mrs. Alexander M. came at 8. Mr. B left to be back tomorrow at 4.

Went to dinner in the elegant dining room in this magnificent hotel. The dining rooms were crowded with nicely dressed people, including a wedding party - bride, groom, and all. We dined until 11, talked about everything and everybody. The service was a la Waldorf Astoria. A gypsy orchestra played gypsy music only, much too loud for me. Enjoyed very much. I recited to them my meeting with the Tanganyika man I met in Belgrade who told me when I asked him if there will ever be peace in Africa between the newborn states and between Katanga and Congo. He replied "Yes, when the large and strong governments will want us to live at peace. England has large interests in Rhodesia, Belgium has in Katanga, and Moshe Tshombo is only a tool in the hands of both, and America is playing an innocent game, a make-believe game and the U.S. isn't doing a good job there because the large powers don't let her do it, and that the truth about Katanga and the murder of U.N. Secretary Dag Hammarskjold and Lamumba is not told to the world because it doesn't pay for the big powers who know the truth, to let the world know who is responsible for it. Mr. A.M. replied, "This not only goes for Africa but also for every country in Europe, lots of dirty politics and underhand work is being done to sick one country against another even in the Communist countries, but it wouldn't work. They dislike us very much for building up West Germany to a strong

position. She is now as much Nazi as ever before and will some day prove it." We parted at 11. Will try to meet again tomorrow.

BUDAPEST - Sunday, September 2, 1962 and Monday, September 3, 1962

Up at 7:30. Breakfast at 9. Helen, my guide, was on time at 10. We started out in a cab to see Pest. First visit was to the largest synagogue here. Met the gentleman who acts as Shamas, cantor and supervisor for the government. It is a huge and beautiful building, seating capacity 3,300 and on holidays 5,000. Only a few (10) come daily and 300 on Friday night. He runs the Hebrew school for about 30. There was a ghetto here of about 3 square blocks, walled in. Many died in the ghetto for lack of food and medical care. 600,000 Jews were destroyed in Hungary by the German and Hungarian Nazis in concentration camps by shooting, cremation and starvation from hunger and disease. Only 70,000 Jews are in Hungary now and mostly in Budapest.

This synagogue takes up a large space. In the yard is a monument to the Jews that lost their lives in the ghetto and here is also a Jewish museum exhibiting the history of the Jews and what happened to them in World War II. Also Theordore Hertzel, the father of Palestine homeland was born in a house that was on this corner, now a museum. They also have a small school for every-day prayers. Religion is dying here, Christian and Jewish alike. Most of the people that attend are the older generation. The younger generation don't come for many reasons. There are about 12 synagogues here but soon there will not be any need for them. The government doesn't butt into religion, it knows it's dying a natural death. The building was saved by a miracle, it was supposed to be blown up with all people in it but the Russian army arrived too soon and saved all remaining Jews in the ghetto and the building.

Was then driven about town, the two nice avenues, the avenue of the Republic and the Boulevard, the only two nice and wide streets that are reasonably long. The rest of the city runs in a circle. Plenty of nice parks, Turkish baths and pools with warm spring chemical water. Old and historical buildings and churches galore. Stopped at the largest Catholic church at 12 noon and what I saw there chilled me to the bone. People were coming to Mass, children with young parents, young people of both sexes, and many, many old folks. I didn't believe that so many young people go to church and indulge in this type ceremony. Each dipped a few fingers in a bowl of water, crossed their chests, kneeled a while, and walked to a seat. Helen explained that the people have full freedom of religion and while religion and government doesn't mix, yet parents can teach their children at home to do anything they want, but no new churches have been built since the revolution, and that religion will be eliminated by natural process - why force it. Talked about the long robed Red Cap Cardinal Mindzenty, who wanted to take over in 1956 and was to be arrested with Neggi but he ran away to hide in the U.S. Embassy, where he is still hiding under diplomatic

immunity, but is watched every minute not to escape. He is now very old and will probably be removed from there direct to heaven. He was a big Jew hater and approved every act of atrocity by the Nazis - so was the story recited to me by people who were born here in Budapest who went through hot and cold and only miracles saved them.

The Hungarians were always friendly with the Poles and up to this date, they are the two friendliest neighbors of all the satellite neighboring countries. And up to this date they dislike very much the others.

It's true that no new churches are being built and lots of the older people are going to heaven and the younger generation are being indoctrinated against religion. New schools, new houses of learning are coming up all over these countries and while it will take a long pull to accomplish the elimination of religion, it will happen - slowly and surely. The Soviet Union is doing it much faster and is in existence much longer as a Communist country. Here too, all and everything belongs to the government except stores or shops where only one person is employed besides the owner.

I believe that only in the U.S.A. is being built lots of churches, temples, and houses of worship and religious learning, more than anywhere in the world, in spite of the fact that religion is also on the wane (my own opinion) and many religious institutions have difficulty maintaining them in spite of the tax free privileges they enjoy.

Neither are any new forts being built for they are useless against one atom bomb or missile.

Education in the States by the government separated from church should be a must and a first must, and when it comes to spending for educational institutions, all lobbies and private interests should be eliminated. The same goes for decent and rent controlled housing for the working class and control over the greedy money changers and so-called big business, if we want to keep the U.S.A. immune from the new ideology called Communism.

Returned at 1, lunched at 2 on the beautiful terrace overlooking the city (but not as beautiful as the one in Belgrade).

Mr. and Mrs. J.B. came at 4. We again reminisced. We will go to the circus at 7:30 this evening. In the great excitement I lost my Minolta camera while lunching.

This is a large city of over 2 million people. It is very old compared with Bucharest, even the hotel is very old (1914) but it has been remodeled and is the best here. The Danube River cuts this city in two, Buda and Pest. It is lots of history of wars and noblemen. Wars and more wars in the early centuries when the Mongols were over-running Europe. The streets are clean and the 2 main streets, the street of the Republic and the Boulevard are straight and wide and lit up very nice. The best shopping is here. Otherwise the buildings look old and dirty. There are many bridges across the Danube, the transportation is

a mixed up affair that I didn't see in the other cities I've visited. The railroad trains run direct to Moscow, Leningrad and to all the European and satellite capitals.

Street cars (narrow gauge)one low hung rubber tired, the latest model, then two of the same and also 3 together. Then the very old Totenville Trolley type, also 1-2-3 together. These make a lot of noise. Then come gas buses, two four-wheeler together, one 4 wheeler and one 2 wheeler hooked together with an accordion permanently, and just like buses we have. Then electric buses, same as trolleys 1-2-3. Then cabs, small cars, a conglomeration of different makes and styles. Much more expensive to ride than in the Soviet Union. Each method is crowded to capacity most anytime, not many private cars. The average salary is $60 to $70 a month, yet people, especially females, look neater and more European than in the Soviet Union. Some of the females are even trying to out-do the latest in styles, the tight skirts are above the knees and the hair-dos are also rising above the head and partly covering the face. Very few high heels, many sandals are worn by both male and female. Smoking - most men do and the women are trying to catch up to them. I suppose that all will get Westernized soon and we will then have one world, at least in smoking, tight skirts, also very short, and pointed shoes that will cripple all good feet.

The circus wasn't what I am used to seeing in these countries. It was a very old building and smelled a bit. The best act was the monkeys doing an acrobatic act and 3 young natives imitating them. Returned from circus by car with the J.S's. They are Harry R's friends.

Dr. A.M. is a professor of Dynamic Science, retired, and is the head of the local Engineers Society. Writes books on dynamics in collaboration with some Germans. His latest book was recently published in England and is being sold in the States. J.B. is the Chief Engineer of a government company manufacturing packaging material in the paper and cellophane line. Both are Jews and went through the Nazi wringer. Both are soft spoken intelligent intellectuals. The first spoke English and the second German. They told me the story of the 1956 revolt, the people responsible for it, the people that were in the fight, as we call them "the freedom fighters" and the adventurers who were the underworld and prisoners gone wild. Raping, robbing, destroying and hate was their business. Kadar, the head of the present regime is smart and kind. He is very tolerant of the church because he knows it's on the way out, and he surely doens't fear Cardinal Mindzenty, who is locked up in the U.S. Embassy and will never come out alive. The 70,000 Jews in Budapest feel secure as Jews even though most of them don't want to be known as Jews but only as Hungarians, except for those few that cling to the few synagogues that still function. Anti-semitism is outlawed but still exists under cover. Nazism isn't dead yet. The Nazis here were too long in "Anshluss" with the

German speaking people. Everybody works, there are no rich people, but there are classes here. This hotel is mostly for tourists. As A.M. and I were having lunch, the last meal in the land of the Magyars, and discussing the good and bad here in the Communist world and in the States, which is the only capitalist country worth while talking about for the others are only stooges that follow the leader, the U.S.A.; a dame at the next table, young and good to look at, butted in and said, "Haven't you got anything good to say about our U.S.A.?" (now we are partners, it's OUR U.S.A.) I asked her to join us at our table and we will have a free for all discussion and that I will be glad to tell all the good things about OUR U.S.A. We introduced ourselves to each other and I started out with "U.S.A. doesn't owe me anything and that as an immigrant from Russia in the early days of the 19th century, I owe a lot more to my new adopted country than I'll ever be able to repay. I have paid directly and indirectly, close to 50 million dollars in taxes, which I was happy to be able to do. It wasn't my fault that this with other billions of dollars was wasted on adventures all over the world...that ended in failures. I wasn't asked what to do with my tax money or anybody else's. That I love the U.S.A. It has everything. Natural resources, autumn leaves, spring blossoms, winter snow and summer pleasure the year around. That I believe in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States as framed by our forefathers with all the amendments interpreted by our great and honest legal minds and by our Presidents like Lincoln, Jefferson, Wilson and Franklin Delano Roosevelt. That freedom of speech means exactly that, not as it is interpreted by the extreme rights or lefts, and that it should not be abused by anybody, right or left....and that to preserve our rights and freedoms as laid down by our forefathers we must have honest people in our government to run our country for the benefit of all citizens alike. That we must not tolerate the crooked politicians who get elected with the help of thieves and gangsters. That our unions must be made to respect the law and the will and the comfort of the people in every way. That a man like Quill or Hoffa and hundreds like them can't keep on doing as they please, jeopardizing and endangering the lealth and safety of the people. That we must eliminate the slums, the congestion, as even our young President said this Labor Day, "OUR CITIES ARE DARKENED BY THE BLIGHT OF SLUMS, THREATENED WITH TRAFFIC CONGESTION, ENDANGERED WITH PARALYZING SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND INCREASING UNEMPLOYMENT." That nothing is being done about it. That the beatnik age is multiplying. The delinquency of our teenagers is increasing. That our Health Department doesn't do much to enlighten us on the dangers of smoking, drinking, eating the wrong food, wearing the wrong clothes and footwear, and the necessity for proper exercise, and legalized birth control.

That the population of a city like New York is actually

endangered by not having enough tunnels and bridges and too many autos to be able to get in or out of it in case of danger and most of all is the danger of having corrupt politicians; and that Communism thrives on misery and that we must do something to clean up this mess to save us from Communism. That I don't want to live anywhere else. That we must wake up all our people to the danger of the ideological competition facing us, especially the new generation that will eventually take over, and they better know what to take over. That we do have the best of everything: roads, trains, planes, homes, cars, household equipment. That we almost live by push-button. That we have the best gimmicks, the worst prostituted newspapers and the worst front page scandals that create juvenile delinquency, gangsterism, rape and murder. That we have the highest living standards, the finest apartments and the worst too. That we need more honest and upright people to fight for the elimination of the blights, all of them. I recited the case of Edward R. Murrow, in the days when he was tops in informing the millions of TV listeners of the true facts that wxisted wherever he went or saw. He was independent enough to give up a multi $100,000 job because he refused to be muzzled, he insisted upon telling the truth until one day when he made a presentation over TV of the plight of the American migrating farmer that shocked all good Americans. He was stopped there and then and since has become the Chief of U.S. Information Bureau. He just has to play the game as fits the times we live in, PROPAGANDA AND COLORING FACTS.

I could have gone on for hours but it's nearing 2 P.M. and I had to leave this communist citadel of Catholicism and fly to another capitalist citadel of Catholicism - Brussels, Belgium. So goodby my patriotic but unsophisticated lady, maybe we will meet again someday, somewhere, soon and I will be able to tell you that we are correcting our shortcomings and that I love the U.S.A. more than ever, and that I am helping along to the best of my ability.

Left Budapest on an IL 18 for Brussels. Only a few passengers. Checked in with "Malev" the government owned airline about my flight from Brussels to New York. The cutie with a French twist hairdo advised me that she couldn't comfirm a seat, it is the busy time of the season. I left her with a very unpleasant thank you for the good news. Changed the Florin into 90 dollars.

The flight took 2-1/2 hours. It was hot at Brussels airport and hotter in the airport building. My seat was confirmed with pleasure. Accommodation was made for me at the Metropole Hotel, the swanky and expensive place here. Railroad tickets and taxi to and from hotel was also arranged, also supper and breakfast, all at Sabena's expense.

Had a good meal and window shopped a while. The exchange rate is 50 Belgian francs to the dollar but I didn't need any francs. Retired at 11, slept good in a wide bed with a bad mattress.

BRUSSELS - Tuesday, September 4, 1962

Was up at 6:30, breakfast at 8:15. Was driven by a cab to main Sabena office where I checked in, and again by one car train to airport. Left at 11:50 for Manchester, England, a 60 minute flight. It's one hour later here. We left at 12:30. I set my watch for New York time which is 5 hours earlier than in Manchester. Will arrive in New York 4:30 P.M.

I was starved for news and for a good U.S. newspaper. I looked at one from Brussels to Warsaw, but this was long ago. The "Moscow News" in English didn't give me what I wanted to read in a newspaper. I wanted to know what the bears and bulls did to each other in the last 3 weeks. What happened to the 100,000 shares of IBM that I haven't got and to the other few shares that I do have. So here in Brussels my hunger for newspapers was satisfied and my thirst for a little scandal in the States was quenched.

The New York Times and the Herald Tribune, both published in Paris, are on sale here each day, in the morning. I bought one of each as soon as I walked into the Metropole last night and this morning, too.

The news in the September 3rd Times - "Arthur Goldberg resigned as Secretary of Labor to be appointed by J.F.K. to Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court in place of Felix Frankfurther who resigned because of health and age." I believe that the only reason for the appointment is because J.F.K. can rely on his devotion to J.F.K.'s policies. He surely doesn't measure up to F. Frankfurther, Wendell Holmes, B. Cardozo, H.F. Stone, W.O. Douglas, R.H. Jackson, Tom Clark, Earl Warren, L.D. Brandeis and a few more in that class. It's quite an elevation from being a lawyer for Unions and Union Leaders, whose hands aren't so clean, and sometimes unpatriotic, but who am I to judge or question our President's wisdom.

Then the news about Soviet and Cuba, and the urging by some of our lawmakers to invade Cuba and JFK's answer "Now is not the time yet."

The analysis by H. Schwartz on "The Soviet Pressure on the Economical and Political Fronts." "The New Berlin Danger." "Cambodia is becoming a factor to Asia," a cartoon entitled Congo Times being read by the president of a Congo Republic to his Minister, "SHOTS AT DeGAULLE, SHOTS IN BERLIN, AND THE REMARK - DEAR, DEAR! IT'S OBVIOUS THESE EUROPEANS ARE NOT YET READY FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT." "3 Die in Shooting in Coney Island." "A debate between Teddy and Eddy in Boston." "Algerians are now free to kill each other and are actually doing it." They don't need the French secret army to do the killing, and DeGaulle is having a good time watching it and the other nations are crying with crocodile tears for the poor Algerians, but don't do anything to stop the killing. Where is the U.N? "KKK is active again in New Orleans, La. and Georgia." "A very fine analysis of the COMMON MARKET vs THE COMICON (Communist countries) and

the SIX and the SEVEN."

"U. Thant report to U.N. on his recent visits to communist countries. Lots of trouble all over the world - 20,000 dead in a one minute quake in Iran, and lots more of this kind of news but didn't find a port on Wall Street. "Gamblers are modernizing Macao's gambling houses." "Strangler terrifies Boston women." "The Yanks and L.A. Dodgers are still leading both baseball leagues." "Food rationing makes life in East Germany harder." "Anti-religious opinion by Mark Twain coming out." "Wife slips heroin to husband - held on dope charge." "Syrian Israel Firing reported." "World population passes 3 billion." "English urge one world language." "Soblen is appealing again to Britain." "British Facist' are fighting in London."

Maybe it would be better if I didn't spend 16 francs on papers.

The bigger the scandal the more priority it gets. Even the nonsense of our top rulers and their friends and kids and their wives and playthings...get front page priority in our prostituted daily press and periodicals describing in detail and with pictures what is happening with or to them each minute of each day. Even the horse or pony they ride on is described in detail, how long his tail is, the color of the hair, etc. Every single move of the "big boss" is watched and described when he walks, rides a bike, a car, a plane, a boat, to church, in church and out of church. A good piece of Madison Avenue service, well paid for. Read "The Kennedy Cult" in the 8/11/62 issue of Nation, reprint U.S. News 9/10/62.

I love our great U.S.A. and do not want to lose it to the Commies or to the other extremists to the right or those who call themselves 100 percenters, OR THOSE WHO FOREVER CLEANSE OUR SOULS IN THE NAME OF GOD AND KEEP US UP TO DATE ON THE BIBLE BY READING IT FOR US OVER THE RADIO FOR 15 MINUTES EACH EVENING BEFORE THE LATE, LATE MOVIE.

I want to participate with others who want to save our U.S.A. from the above and from those who speak in the name of the FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE in the wilds of Africa of South America or Asis, that the following be done:

1. Eliminate poverty - that all people in our U.S.A. young and old alike, shall have enough food and decent clothes and homes. Poverty and misery is fertile ground for communism and revolutions.
2. Respect for our government, law and order and the dignity of all men.
3. Honest elections and honest candidates will make for an honest government. There has been too much corruption in our government. This too is fertile ground for Communism.
4. All freedoms as laid down by our forefathers should be respected by all alike.
5. Education shall be done by the goverment under a planned system and supervised by liberal educators. All schools and universities shall be government owned, free to all, adequately

staffed with the best teachers who are adequately salaried.

6. Freedom of religion but separated from government. Religion must not mix in politics. It should account for its income and it should pay taxes on all its income - as any other business.

7. Equality and opportunity for all people of all colors and creeds. There should not be any minority or second class citizens.

8. Absolute government control of fair trade practices and fair prices to stop kidding the public with fake sales.

9. Government shall own all public utilities, such as telephones, telegraph, railroad, bus lines (electric street car lines to be eliminated), airlines, gas and electricity, hospitals and all natural resources.

10. Control and regulate business in a way to stop the SHARKS from swallowing the SARDINES and stop the BULLS and BEARS from fleecing the SHEEP. Control and supervise the "GO PUBLIC" business.

11. Control the unions and union leaders by making them keep a complete account of their income and expense like any business that has to do, so that the billions of dollars now accumulated in their treasuries from dues and pension funds, shall not be controlled by the shady characters who disregard their responsibility to their members, the law, and the welfare of the public. Strikes at the will of a leader, jurisdictional strike or strikes of any kind must be eliminated. An impartial court for settling labor management must be set up and their decisions strictly adhered to. These so-called union leaders can't or don't want to see any right or wrong of the public or their members. THEY ARE ALWAYS RIGHT.

12. Our government should stop lobbying of any kind in Washington. Our lawmakers should serve our country as one united country, not each state as a separate country and private interests. It should prohibit big business from hiring retired generals or any military man as employees because this is done for sinister purposes to create a JUGGERNAUT, A WARFARE STATE to eventually run the government.

13. True freedom as given to us by our forefathers should be respected, not abused as is being done now by the RIGHTS and LEFTS, the KKK, NEO-NAZIS and other groups who are trying to PROTECT OUR FREEDOM BY TAKING IT AWAY FROM US and who are telling us that only they know what freedom means.

14. Our leaders should stop using fancy phrases and double talk when informing our citizens of the important things concerning the well being of our country, our people, and the whole world, and not to blow a smoke screen so that our so-called free press can make their own interpretations and thereby mislead the people all over the world.

15. Our country shall not be in on any secret or "under the table" deals with any other country, thereby creating friction

between our own people and the peoples of other countries.

16. We should do everything possible and work for a strong U.N. We shall not do anything of an international nature without the approval of the U.N. We should strive to take in as members every old or newly created nation into the U.N. and together disarm completely and spend the 200 billion dollars we now spend annually for arming, to eliminate misery and improve the standard of living in every part of our globe.

17. Complete control of TV, radio and Madison Avenue who, for the almighty dollar, will corrupt, indoctrinate, poison and prostitute the minds of all teenagers of all ages from 2 years to the last breath of life.

18. We must be ready to provide adequate medical care and old age support for all our people in the states and do the same for all the people all over the world through the U.N.

19. Stop the rule of GANGSTERISM of all kinds - young and old, not only by the people in our own U.S.A., but also by the RULING HEADS of other countries whom we are supporting WITH BILLIONS OF DOLLARS AGAINST THE WISHES OF THEIR OWN PEOPLE. A strong U.N. properly supported by its members can accomplish all this and make this world a safe place to live in for the present and future generations. We must find a way to live at PEACE and FRIENDSHIP with all the people all over the world.

MISSILES WITH WARHEADS OR HYDROGEN BOMBS WILL NOT DO IT.

Arrived in New York Tuesday, September 4, 1962 at 5 P.M. Went to Jersey City Office, worked until 11 P.M. and there ended my 1962 trip to the few "behind the Iron Curtain" countries I haven't been to before and which countries pleasantly surprised me.

Samuel Kipnis

RESUME

1962 Trip

Moskow Taxi, air, tram, subway, bus and trolley fare is very cheap. Rent is less than 5% of salary. Fruit is expensive. I paid $3.33 for 2 kilos of apples, plums and pears in the open market (Farmers Market). Minsk is the same, except food and fruit is cheaper. Kiev is the same as in Moskow, except fruit is 1/3 the price. One can have a better meal in Moskow than in New York for the same price, but not as convenient, as prompt or the same atmosphere.

When in the U.S.S.R., do not expect good or any toilet paper, soap, towels, good and wide beds to sleep in or good service in the Hotel restaurants, except at the Praha or Peekin. After one places an order for a meal, he will get the whole order at one time. The good food to eat is black bread, plain or toasted, eggs, herring natural, vegetable salads, cutlets intourist or cutlets Kiev, Kaviar, black or red, and butter. Good soups of different kinds, good coffee with hot milk and good cakes of many kinds, chocolate covered candies of many varieties is plentiful and other good meat dishes. Clothing and household goods are expensive. The paper napkins one gets at the dining table are not big enough to sneeze in. One can get good cotton or linen napkins in the better eating places. I got cotton napkins in Kiev at our party. Most of the things one buys are wrapped in old newspaper, except in a few top stores. No writing paper or envelopes in any of the Russian or Polish Hotels. The keyholder in Warsaw must have weighed 2 pounds and was like a prisoners ball and chain. In Moskow, Minsk and Kiev Hotels the key was also attached to a heavy piece of metal, also too big to put into a pocket to carry along. In all these hotels, are floor clerks on each floor and the keys must be returned or picked up there. Elevator service in the old and new Hotels are misfits and operate very slowly by women. Some elevators will take you up only. It's faster to walk down unless your rooms are above the 6th floor.

I saw only 2 dogs in the 4 days I was in Kiev, but did not see any dogs in the other cities in the U.S.S.R. and the other countries I was in. Tipping is not permitted in Russia, and some actually refuse tips, but some will take it; this is not the case outside Russia where people actually expect a tip, even if there is a service charge on the bill. I had to laugh at the head waiter at the Ukraine Hotel in Moscow, where he walked around in the dining room in tails, morning, noon and night. The suit was a mile too big on him. Trying to imitate Western civilization is the fad here and in the Satellites too, hair-do's, shoes, clothes, rock and roll and twist dancing, and records, especially by the few so called beatniks, delinquents and teenagers, but they are being curtailed by the Komsomoltses (youth organizations). Kaffir (Yogurt) is used very much in Russia, especially by tourists. So is Smetani, with other dishes. The dining service in Bucharest, Sofia, Belgrade and Budapest was excellent, so was the

food. Fruit was plentiful and cheap in these cities. The pears that I paid 333 R per Kilo in Moskow was 30 Kopeck in the other 4 countries. Travel is very cheap on all methods of transportation in all Satellite countries as in the U.S.S.R. While clothes and other articles for home life are expensive, Moskow and the other large cities are in a race in building new living quarters, but nowhere in the places and countries I have been to, including the U.S.A. have I seen such a race in housing developments of the same magnitude as in Moskow and Kiev. I am certain that the quality does not compare with quantity, for I have inspected the new homes in both cities as well as in Bucharest and in Budapest. The front or street view of these developments make a wonderful impression on the one that does not care to see the back (rear) street side. It is like meeting a dame that is done up to kill and looks enticing, so why look what is under the makeup or under the dress. Moscow will look best in 20 years from now, after Moscow proper or the center of the city will be completely rebuilt. Maybe they will nave the KNOW HOW and have the material soon to do a good job. Maybe by then, there will be no more an arms race and all that are trying to reach the moon will have reached it and made it an International heaven for political refugees for politicians including a homeland for Castro's Cubans in Miami and other minorities.

I did not see any drunks, beggars or litter in any of the countries I have been to. Neither did I see any starved or starving. The stores, restaurants, cinemas, theatres, parks, are all filled to capacity, so are the houses of learning, book stores, libraries. People walk, eat (too much), drink, dance and enjoy good music and enjoy all their sports. I saw many people smile (not giggle) and happy and I believe that love-making is done there, as anywhere else, regardless of scarcity in room space. Culture is surely flourishing there, because it is a government project for all and not only for profit for the investor, stockholder or "angel." Warsaw sure is a much nicer city, now then it was in its early days of prewar I or II. Many new buildings for housing and manufacturing were built even since my last visit in 1958. The Catholic religion is very strong there, but give the government leaders time and they will control or eliminate it. New houses of worship are not permitted to be built and the new schools for learning are REPLACING the churches.

World War II will not be forgotten for a long time and the scars of that war will also remain for a long time, even in Berlin and in West Germany, as well as in all lands where the German Hitlerism overran them. Some of these scars will be kept on purpose to remind people that THERE WAS SUCH A HOLOCAUST AS WORLD WAR II AND A HITLER, because people forget things and WORLD WAR II MUST NEVER BE FORGOTTEN.

The surprise of my trip was Bucharest. The Hotels, the service in the Hotels, food, the streets, the stores, the houses and the people. The circus and the other places of amusements

which are all practically new except the Opera House, State Theatre and the magnificent churches by the hundreds, and the synagogues by the dozens. All very old. No new ones. The same as in Sofia and Belgrade but not as nice as Bucharest. Budapest is a much older looking city, not much new for it was not much destroyed in World War II because it was on the side of Hitler and an ally of Germany. It still is a very religious (Catholic) city with many churches, some very beautiful and some very ancient and all filled on occasions. Here too, time will tell the result of the anti-religious drive by the leaders of Communism for FIRE AND WATER CAN'T MIX TOGETHER FOREVER.

The people in the last four countries looked better than in the U.S.S.R., but are not as serious or self-disciplined. Yet none of the other capitals can be compared to Moscow with its over 5 million population and one million visitors from within and without. Moscow has the air of a CAPITAL over all the other capitals. It's forever on the go. IT'S AN ACTIVE GIANT WITH PLANS AND IT KNOWS WHERE IT WANTS TO GO AND WHAT IT WANTS TO ACCOMPLISH. WILL IT?

I didn't mingle with the big shots in any of the places I went. I didn't have a guide or interpreter except my niece in Moscow and Kiev and my sister in Minsk. I saw everything I wanted to see or could see during the short time I spent in each city. I wasn't molested anywhere nor did anybody surround me to look me over. I was dressed plain and didn't attract anybody anywhere as a tourist, especially as an AMERICAN TOURIST. I took over 400 pictures on my Minox and Minolta in and from any place or building or persons I cared to photograph.

I ate well and tried to sleep well in the beds that are not as comfortable as in the D.P. Hotel or in any other first or second class hotel in the States. I just didn't expect it, I was in perfect health throughout the trip. Discussed politics with my relatives while alone and when we were at our party in Kiev 50 strong. I couldn't have discussed it any plainer if it was done in New York or Miami except that those present were more interested in every answer I gave to their questions, as I was interested in their answers to my questions. I was pleasantly surprised in what they know what's going on in our small world. I don't curse anybody in the States OR anywhere else and dont' want any one to drop dead like some people tell me "let them all drop dead" when we talk about Russia. Everybody, without exception, wants peace and friendship with all the people all over the world and especially with the U.S.A. They all say that there would be peace in our world if the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. would become friends and stop spite work which we call the "COLD WAR."

Lots of work was done in Moscow and it will be a magnificent city someday. If War #3 will not destroy them and the rest of the civilized world. Their biggest fear is OUR DARLING GERMANY whom we are, or will eventually arm with atomic weapons.

The old game of "NOCH OSTEN" is again being prepared by us with the conniving of England and some of the others who are living off our BRIBES. I believe that we will eventually be the goat and be double-crossed by our allies in NATO and elsewhere too. Our prostituted press, which is out for sensations to increase circulation, will some day be sorry for trying to create a war hysteria by publishing fabricated stories and lies not only about other countries but about our own good old U.S.A. too.

Moscow as well as Kiev looks better each year as I visit there. There is always something new built by the government for the good of the people. The beautiful subway "METRO" is being extended each year, new beautiful stations, new comfortable cars, better service at no extra cost. Same goes for the buses and street cars where ever there is still a street car. Every place is spotlessly clean. I enjoyed the visits to the parks, the amusement places: the people aren't dressed as drab as others describe them. I saw more drabby dressed people on 42nd Street in New York and surely on the east side of New York and in Harlem and on Mulberry Street, in the largest and richest city IN the world and the same goes for most of the large cities in our U.S.A. and surely in our smaller cities and villages. Never mind Central Park where people are afraid to walk after sunset.

I hope and pray that someday the two Giants from East and West will stop to find fault with each other and open their borders wide for millions of visitors to each other's country. Let the common people meet each other, get befriended and discover that the devils in both lands are not as terrible as they are painted to be by certain people and newspapers in both countries who can't live in a peaceful world. Let us all together work together for peace and friendship between all the people all over the world. Let's see to it that there should be enough for everybody, not too much for the few and very little for the many.

My advice to our Americans in the U.S.A. that when they plan a trip to the U.S.S.R. to do it through a recognized and experienced travel agency whose personnel are thoroughly acquainted with INTOURIST, which is the only tourist agency in U.S.S.R. and are familiar with the various plans, rules and regulations through actual experience. The best plan is LUX if one can afford to pay for it, it is the most expensive. It costs at present $35 per day for one and $50 per day for two in one room or $55 per day for two in separate rooms. This price includes a private car with English speaking guide or interpreter who will take care of your baggage. Service in the hotel for amusement tickets (tickets have to be paid for at regular box office price.. No sharks). A private car will take you and bring you back from theatre free (but you must order one). You may invite your guide to a meal or to the theatre, but don't be disappointed if you receive a refusal in a very polite way. Most of the guides are clever and good debaters, but don't ask too many political questions for you will get a vague answer. Most of them are true Communists.

They may ask you a few questions that will embarrass you or you wouldn't or couldn't answer. Most of the guides are sweet and polite, especially the women. Some of them are really pretty (ask Mr. and Mrs. John Gunter and many of our important people that made the trip) for I happened to meet these guides. You may talk or ask questions from anybody you meet anywhere. They are very friendly, especially to Americans, but don't embarrass them by telling them how poor they look, and how many autos you have at home and how rich everybody is in the U.S.A. and many statements like this, and don't tell them how enslaved they are and about how free the people of the rest of the world are, for they believe that most of the people in the USA are slaves to one thing or another and they will tell you that the almighty dollar is our God. The people there are honest. I never locked my room or my bags or belongings and I never missed a thing. I was never afraid to walk the streets anytime, day or night. I didn't see many policemen or uniformed militia except in the Kremlin when there is a change in the Guards. I saw everything there is to be seen in the Kremlin in all the buildings and churches with thousands of other tourists from all over the world. Native tourists and local people. I photographed anything that was worth while in the Kremlin and everywhere in that country wherever I went.

When you decide to visit the USSR try to make arrangements in advance. Try to make up your mind that you are going to see, NOT TO SHOW and NOT TO SPEND your time in night clubs, gambling joints, etc., as we know them to exist in our USA, Las Vegas, Paris or in the gambling joint Monte Carlo where her Highness Grace Kelly reigns...you wouldn't find such things there, but if you are looking for CULTURE, LIBRARIES, HOUSES OF LEARNING, OPERA, BALLET, THEATRE, MUSIC, CIRCUS, PUPPET SHOWS, PARKS, ART TREASURES, HISTORICAL PLACES AND HISTORY IN THE MAKING and many, many other things of interest, then go there and give yourself plenty of time. Take along good walking shoes, paper and pen, and a small camera with plenty of black and white and color film. You will have the opportunity to make good use of it. You will also have plenty to eat and drink. There is quite an assortment of it. You may not have it served the way it is served in a high class eatery in the States or in the sophisticated places in Europe, but you will enjoy it even if you will have to wait quite a while to be served. Try to sit at a table that a woman waits on. They are generally more attentive and prompt. Same goes for a guide and don't mind the poor plumbing anywhere.

I highly recommend (1) Leningrad, (2) Moscow, (3) Kiev, (4) Karkov, (6) Yalta, (7) Sochi, (8) Volgograd (Stalingrad), (9) Tblisi, (10) Teskkent, (11) Samorkan, (12) Burkara, and (13) Alma Ata. If you have enough time, but if you are in a hurry then take in the first 3 and 7-8-9 and back to 2. The best time to go there is to be in Moscow on May 1st and watch the parade. It is a spectacle worth seeing. Don't expect to stop at the best

hotels because their best don't compare with our second rate even if their hotels are new, but you will enjoy your sleep no matter in which hotel you stop, because you will be tired after each days workout, mostly walking. I prefer the National in Moscow, the Astoria in Leningrad, and the Old Intourist or the New Intourist in Kiev. When you are in Leningrad you must see the Metro, the Kazan church across from the Astoria, the cemetery where all the great Russian composers and other greats are buried. Walk the Neva Street by day and late in the evening and visit the Armitage, Kirow Ballet and Kirow Park, the Circus, the Fortress of Peter and Paul, etc., Dietskoi Celo and Peterhuff and other interesting places. Leningrad is considered an aristocratic city. It too, has much history since it was built by Peter the Great, it has pretty parks and flower beds. It was under German siege for over 900 days (read "The Siege of Leningrad").

When in Moscow visit the Kremlin, Lenin's Tomb, Bolshoi Theatre, Tchaikowsky Music Hall, Stanislawsky Theatre, Puppet Show, Lenin Museum and Lenin Library, ask to be shown the reading rooms and book storage, spend one evening in Gorki Park and in Armitage Park, a boat ride on the Moscow River, spend 2 hours riding and inspecting the Metro trains and stations, visit the GUM and ZUM stores, walk the center of the City, dine at the Praha and Pekin Restaurant. Go shopping in the open market and take a long ride in a taxi, it's cheap and you will get your money's worth, and make certain to take the full ride on and through LENIN PLOSCHAD (a new housing development) and the University on Lenin Hill (get a ticket for this from Intourist), take a Shpatzier on Gorki Street and don't miss the AGRICULTURAL exhibit (one full day), and in Kiev, try to stop at the Ukraine Hotel for it's in a beautiful setting, or at the New Intourist Hotel (now being completed), walk on Keistchateck Street, visit some book stores, the opera house, the circus, and the Contrast Suburb Podal Shop there in the open market. Visit the Katacumbs, and the two main churches, the main post office and the main park on top of the hill overlooking the Dnieper River and the monument to the Unknown Soldier. There are many good eating places with good dance music. Visit a children's home, a shoe factory, a kolchoz and the new housing development on both sides of Kiev. A visit to these 3 cities should take at least 2 weeks to see some or all of that is to be seen there.

Travel light. Women should take 2 pair good walking shoes (flats preferred), stockings are not necessary, but 4 pair non-run or sup. nylons is enough. 2 plain suits or 4 dresses, or 4 skirts and blouses (dacron-cotton), 2 girdles, 2 bras, 3 panties, a lightweight coat (in summer) and a rain coat, a few babuskas - no hat, a few hankies, no jewelry and not much makeup. Don't dress up to kill. The simpler you are dressed the better you will feel and you wouldn't embarrass anybody or be embarrassed. Leave the MINKS home. You will also need 2 boxes of facial tissue, 2 cakes soap, aspirin, and Alophen pills. A neat string

of pearls (cheap or imitation) wouldn't hurt, also a small alarm and wrist watch. For the men, 2 pair shoes, 3 pair socks, 3 pair pants, 2 jackets or 2 suits and one extra pants (you wouldn't need tails or tux), a few long or bow ties, 4 wash and wear nylon-cotton shirts, 3 pair shorts, 3 pair undershirts, 4 hankies, a topcoat and a raincoat or combination rain-topcoat. A hat which you may not use, a shaving kit, needle and thread, aspirins, Alophen pills or any other physic, a box of chewing gum to give to the kids in exchange for pins they will give you, pencil or ball point pens, writing paper pads and a small tape recorder. I returned from my last trip (22 days) with two pair stockings, two shirts, one pair shoes, two pair pants, two jackets, two shorts, two ties, small shaving kit, one 10-transistor radio (pocket size), one combination rain-topcoat, one 4 lb. tape recorder, Minox camera and exposed films, and alarm wrist watch. Total weight 20 pounds. I was the first off the plane and the first through customs.

Had a thoroughly enjoyable trip.

October 10, 1962

Dear Tovarishch Krushchev:

Permit me to tell you my biography in a few words, then I will tell you why I am writing this memorandum to you.

I was born in Russia, Radomisle Kiev Gubernia in 1887 and emigrated to the U.S.A. in 1903. I visited the U.S.S.R. in 1922 and 1934 and each year since 1956 after you became the GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY in the U.S.S.R. and the leader of Communism throughout the world.

I know exactly what Russia has suffered in World War I and II and I followed with great interest the recovery the Russian people made after each war without the help of the capitalist countries where the few have all and the rest have very little or nothing at all.

Now to my story -

Most of my trips were made to the U.S.S.R. only. I have been only twice to Poland and once to Czechoslovakia. I watched with great interest the improvements and advances you and your people made in every undertaking - science, literature, education, agriculture, machinery, transportation, medicine, construction, and in every other way to raise the standard of living, not only of the people in the 15 Republics that comprise the U.S.S.R., but also to raise the standard of living of other hundreds of millions of people in other lands.

I have been called every name under the sun because I DARED TO UNDERSTAND the HARDSHIPS and SACRIFICES your people had to make to get to the position the U.S.S.R. is in now, and because I DARED tell the TRUTH, even though I too am a capitalist, and have been preaching and working for an understanding between the people of U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. which would mean PEACE between all the people all over the earth.

This year, 1962, I made my usual trip to Moscow, Minsk, Kiev, and for the first time to Bucharest, Sofia, Belgrade and Budapest. When I returned to the States from this trip I decided to write to you to find out why are not the hotel accommodations and restaurant service in the great U.S.S.R. as good as it is in cities mentioned above outside of the U.S.S.R., which countries also have Communist governments. I stopped in the National, Ukraine, Leningradsky and the Savoy (now Warsaw) hotels in Moscow, and Astoria in Leningrad, and in the new Belo Russia in Minsk, and in the Ukraine and Intourist in Kiev and in the hotels in the other cities in the U.S.S.R. where

I have been too. None of the old or new hotels in the U.S.S.R. can commence to compare in any shape or manner with the service one gets in the new or old hotels in the other capitals I visited.

In all the hotels in the U.S.S.R. where I stopped the beds and mattresses were narrow and hard, the bedding wasn't clean, the bathrooms haven't the proper lighting to get shaved or to take a shower, no shower curtain, no soap, no toilet paper, no towels, no stoppers and no hot water at times (never mind the terrible plumbing). The elevator service in the new large hotels is worse than in the old and smaller hotels. The dining room service is the worst in every respect, one has to wait hours to get served, and the waiters are indifferent to the guests. It surely is unbecoming to a great country that has accomplished so much in the few years of its existence, a great country this is admired even by most of the capitalistic countries.

I didn't write up to now because I just couldn't believe that there could be such great contrast in this unimportant part of your progress until I made this last trip. It is so terribly important to the tourists that are now visiting and to those that would like to visit the great U.S.S.R. and its wonderful people.

As a real friend of the U.S.S.R. I sincerely recommend to you that this be given careful and prompt attention by the proper authorities because this makes the first favorable or unfavorable impression on visitors, especially on those from the Western part of our civilized world who are used to better accommodations and convenience and who convey their impressions to those who would like to visit the U.S.S.R.

I would like to see a half million or more U.S.A. citizens visit your good country every year and twice as many of your good people visit the U.S.A.

I am certain that together we can find a way to live together at peace and friendship even with different ideologies. This is the wish of all the good thinking people all over the world and there are many millions of such people in the U.S.A. too.

With best wishes for peace and friendship,

Respectfully yours,

Samuel Kipnis

Nikita S. Krushchev
Chairman of the Council of
Ministers of the U.S.S.R.
The Kremlin
Moscow, U.S.S.R.

Dupont Plaza Hotel
Miami 32, Fla.
September 10, 1962

Mr. John S. Knight, Publisher,
The Miami Herald,
Miami, Florida

My dear Mr. Knight:

I have been a Herald reader since I became a native of Miami in 1956. I have been a native of Florida since 1936 when as President of National Container Corporation, I built the first Kraft Pulp and Paper mill in the Jacksonville, Florida area. I had the impact of dirty local politics right after I began operating that ten million dollar mill, but justice was on my side, and I left the local politicians alone and they left me alone. NCC business kept on expanding and when it was merged with Owens Illinois Glass Company in October 1956 it employed over 5,000 people in its many paper mills and converting plants throughout the length and width of our great U.S.A. NCC was one of the outstanding examples of progressive, successfully managed enterprises in our industry. I retired or semi-retired after October, 1956 and began traveling over the world.

I was born in Russia in 1887 and after leaving there for the United States in 1903 I visited Russia in 1922 and again in 1934. During World War II, I lost many of my relatives, including sisters and brothers, to the Hitler gangs who tortured and cremated them along with ten million others in the crematorium camps. The successors of these murderers are now our beloved friends for whom we are ready and willing to sacrifice the lives of our children to save the freedom loving Germans from the blood-thirsty Russian communists (?).

Naturally I included Russia in my world travels, visiting there each year since 1956, and also many other countries around the world. I have had the opportunity to see with my own eyes the FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE in Germany (both East and West), Japan, Thailand, Hong Kong, Macao, Portugal, Spain, India, Pakistan, Formosa, Vietnam, Laos, and most of our neighbors in the Central and South American countries including Mexico, Cuba, Puerto Rico and many other islands.

I have had a chance to study the FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE in all these lands, including Iran-Iraq and all the Arabian and African countries, where over 95% of all the people are still illiterate, hungry, naked, disease-ridden.....AND the only free language they would understand would be a decent meal.

This is meant as an introduction to you as to whom I am. I am well-fixed, have paid a lot of taxes to our local and federal

governments during my career of 76 years as a human being. I have always tried to understand the underdog and to help financially as much as possible.

I read the New York Times every day, if I can get it, and have done so since I learned to speak, read and write English. When I moved to Miami I naturally wanted to read the best local daily newspaper. So of all the newspapers published here in Miami I found your Miami Herald the best. I enjoyed reading many editorials written by you and have never written to you expressing my opinion of your editorials - whether I agreed with you or not. But since your Mr. Lee Hills returned from his trip to Russia and wrote his personal impressions in a daily report for your newspapers; wrote a booklet entitled "A Report on Russia Today" (selling for 35¢ a copy); spoke before a group of select people in the Dupont Plaza Hotel on Friday, September 7, 1962, answering questions that were fired at him and which has since been reported in the Miami Herald on Saturday, September 8th (a lot of double talk)...all this, followed by your editorial in Sunday's Herald (page 2H)...I decided that since you have been showered with letters of approval and censure, that I would add one more letter with a lot of questions and if possible ask you to please reply to me by letter with the promise that I will not turn it over to any of your competitors - if it is against your wish.

Questions -

Is the Monroe Doctrine alive only when it pays us to keep it alive and dead when we do not need it?

Have you ever been to Cuba B.C. (before Castro) and seen with your own eyes how the real Cubans lived outside of Havana?

Why did we support Batista with untold millions of dollars and ammunition when we knew he was a cheap, dirty, underworld crook, and that he was responsible for the torture and murder of thousands of FREEDOM LOVING Cubans? This is also true of many of our other "pals" South of the Border.....where did Jiminez and the Trujillos get the millions of dollars they took with them when they ran away from their homeland?

Why did we, and still continue to, support with our taxpayers money those gangster dictators in most of the Central and South American so-called Republics - in the name of free people, when these people don't even know how to spell the word FREEDOM?

Why do you justify my friend "Give 'em hell", H.S.Truman's containment plan of ringing Russia with airports and planes that are constantly flying at Russian borders (and inside too) loaded with atomic warheads.....is this

done to protect the illiterate freedom loving people of Iran, Turkey, Spain, Portugal, the Azores, Algeria or the others? Many of those countries are not 90 miles away from or separated by salt water oceans, but actually share dry-land borders with Russia.

Did you ever see the movie of the Hitler concentration and extermination camps with the piles of dead human bodies, stripped of all personal belongings including hair, teeth, clothes, etc...most of these people originally from the East of Germany?

Nearly ten million lives were snuffed out by our German friends of which, six million were Jews and the rest Gentiles, all non-combatants. Suppose all of those ten million million were Americans - would you as publisher of the Miami Herald advocate editorially or in any other way, that we sacrifice one American life to save any one or all Germans who are this very moment ruled by the same type Nazi as those in power in the Hitler days, and the first chance they get to repay us in kind (for what our planes did to their cities) they will do it with missiles. The same holds true for the Japs.

Do you really and honestly believe that if Iran was not bordering Russia, the Shah of Iran and his "baby-doll" would be invited by our Honorable President to be wined and dined during his stay at Blair House? ....plus being favored with the millions of dollars in bribery to let us do what we did and continue to do??? The same is true for King Saud of Saudi Arabia and Nasser of the United Arab Republic, and many more who welch on the promises and treaties we make with them.

Do you know the history of the Suez Canal including the 1956 War between England, France and Israel on one side and Egypt on the other - with our Mr. Dulles in between. And the peace arranged by Mr. Dulles and what Nasser is telling us to do with that arrangement and King Saud and OUR armed forces in his desert land? If you don't know - write to our Washington Printing Office and get these stories. Aren't they all FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE?

Do you really believe in the policy of DO AS I TELL YOU, BUT NOT AS I DO?

Do you really believe that in the case of an atomic war (which I am certain will never come to be) that 5,000 miles is as close as 100 miles?

Do you approve of the trash that is being fed to our youth via the television, radio, magazines, scandalous

books, and front page news that is corrupting the minds and bodies of the future generation destined to be our future leaders?

Do you really think that our hands are clean, and that we had nothing to do with the many troubles and changes in governmental leaders in our neighboring states South of the Border... and elsewhere too?

I have just returned from a trip to all the countries behind the Iron Curtain. And as a Russian born person who understands the language and who has over 60 relatives living in the most important cities there....Leningrad, Minsk, Moscow and Kiev; and as one who doesn't need a guide to ask questions but who gets information from the masses, not from an interview with the "big shots"... I think, I know as much as any one of the so-called "top tourists" and my story is different for I traveled nearly 20,000 miles in the Soviet Union one one trip and rubbed elbows with the common people.

I agree with Mr. Hills that we should send a million young Americans as tourists to Russia and that they do the same. Let's get better acquainted and learn how we can LIVE together even with different ideology. IT'S MUCH BETTER TO LIVE TOGETHER THAN TO DIE TOGETHER.

The phrase "free world" is an empty phrase because most of the people in this world are not free (even in the so-called free countries), but are hungry and sick. Let's first feed them and cure them and then teach them the meaning of FREEDOM.

I too make booklets of a diary each year covering my travels, but I send them out free to all my friends (some of whom call me Mr.Commy)...They can't understand that I am a better citizen than they are for I know the difference between SLAVERY and FREEDOM and that "RIGHT OR WRONG - MY COUNTRY IS ALWAYS RIGHT" is not what good citizens want. If we are wrong - let's correct the wrong and make it right. I don't take things for granted.

As much as I admire our ex-president, Harry S. Truman, with whom I had the pleasure of dining at the White House in 1952, I don't think that he and he alone had the blessing or authority from Heaven to push a button to let one bomb kill over 100,000 humans and destroy two cities. We as Americans should not let it happen again.

Respectfully yours,

Samuel Kipnis

Samuel Kipnis

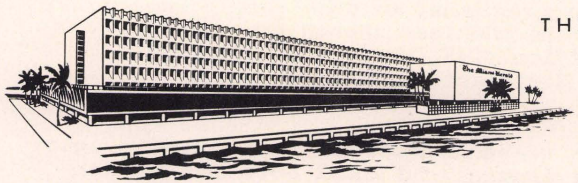
P.S. Tuesday evening's and Wednesday morning's newspapers in Miami carried the following front page news "NIK PLEDGES CUBAN DEFENSE", WARNS US OF NUCLEAR WAR...."SHIPS ATTACKED OFF CUBA"... "RUSK SAYS, "WE ARE NOT WORRIED". Most of the front page 1A of the Miami Herald is filled with the same news."U.S.NOT NERVOUS

RUSK TELLS KREMLIN".."CONGRESS LEADERS TERM WARNING 'BLUFF AND BLUSTER'"... and editorially the Herald says, " TIME TO CALL NIKITA'S BLUFF".

I am certain that the Pentagon Brass are ready to push the button. I remember that not so long ago we threatened Russia with the same thing. If she dares to do anything to her border neighbors, our bribed friends. The Russian leaders and their Brass weren't afraid any more than our leaders and Brass are afraid. True, none of them are afraid, BUT THE OTHER THREE BILLION PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD OF OURS WHO HAVE NOTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT ARE AFRAID, and most of them are scared to death.

Now Mr. Knight why can't we all together try to work up a PEACE HYSTERIA instead of a WAR HYSTERIA. We together MUST find a way to peace, or is it possible that we can't afford peace because OUR BIG BUSINESS ECONOMY IS GEARED TO WAR. Can't we start now to plan our economy on a peaceful basis?

Samuel Kipnis



NEW HERALD BUILDING NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION

THE MIAMI Herald

MIAMI. FLORIDA

September 26, 1962

Mr. Samuel Kipnis,
Dupont Plaza Hotel,
Miami 32, Fla.

Dear Mr. Kipnis:

This will acknowledge your letter of September 21 and a copy of your letter of September 19 addressed to Mr. Orvil E. Dryfoos, President of the New York Times.

I will endeavor to answer your questions when I find time.

As you may know, you wrote a long letter.

The questions are answerable but there are other matters on my desk which claim a higher priority.

Sincerely,

John S. Knight

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• AKRON BEACON JOURNAL • CHARL • CHARLOTTE NEW

Post Office Box 6697
Journal Square Station
Jersey City 6, N.J.
September 19, 1962

Mr. Orvil E. Dryfoos, President
The New York Times
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Dryfoos:

All the good people in this world who are able to read should be grateful that there is still a newspaper like the New York Times that has the courage to write editorials like the ones it wrote on September 12th, 13th and 14th about "Moscow Beats The Drums", "A Second Cuban Incident", "Kennedy, Cuba and the U.S.S.R." To keep our heads on our shoulders and keep cool under the present critical cold war conditions is the best policy all good people should pursue.

I don't agree with you that our government or some people in our government are not mixed up in the reckless shenanigans that may cause serious international difficulties, even as you state - "The United States Issued Mild Statements - Too Mild in Our Opinion" etc...

I live in Miami and know what's going on with the many Cuban refugees who are better supported by our federal and local governments than our own citizens who need support as much or more than some of the Cubans; many of whom are now and were the scum and underworld characters of Havana. Whose so called self appointed leaders we are supporting with everything - money, planes, ships, ammunition and our professional soldiers who train their men in every sense of combat, including arson and murder. These people will stop at nothing to embroil us in an international incident. It's the same Batista gang.

I enclose a copy of a letter I wrote to Mr. John S. Knight, Publisher of the Miami Herald, which speaks for itself. I ask you the same questions I asked Mr. Knight - "Can't we all together try to work up a PEACE HYSTERIA instead of a WAR HYSTERIA?" Many millions of good people read the New York Times and have great respect for its opinion. Why can't you pick up the torch and lead the parade to a peaceful world? You would have followers and supporters all over the world - even behind the Iron Curtain countries - from where I have just returned.

Very truly yours,

Samuel Kipnis
(76 and Still Going Strong)

My reference:
Mr. Theodore Bernstein
New York Times

The New York Times
Times Square

JOHN B. OAKES

October 4, 1962

Dear Mr. Kipnis:

Your recent letter to Mr. Dryfoos has been brought to my attention as Editor of the Editorial Page.

We very much appreciate your kind words about the Times and thank you for taking the trouble to write.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Editor of the Editorial Page

Mr. Samuel Kipnis
Dupont Plaza Hotel
Miami 32, Fla.

What has happened since I returned from my 1962 trip to behind the so-called Iron Curtain countries in Europe.

The first thing I did was to fly to Miami to rest up from the vacation trip, and catch up on the news as it was reported in some of our newspapers and important periodicals.

The desegregation decision of our U.S. Supreme Court came to a head-on collision in Old Miss between Governor Ross Barnett and his Lieutenants and President JFK, and his brother Bob, the Attorney General, all because one colored ex-soldier with honorable discharge, by the name of James H. Meredith, dared to enroll and register as student in Oxford Miss. University. It required something like 15,000 armed men in full regalia with tanks, planes, machine guns, parachutes, the State Guards, and an Army and hundreds of U.S. Marshalls to keep the GOD'S CHOSEN SEGREGATIONIST from lynching the colored student or making a blood bath or Civil War between white and white and white and colored people. This made front page news all over the world and made our already black eyes, over this subject, blacker.

Jimmy Hoffa was still on the front page.

The Cold War was blowing Hot and Cold. We made threats - what we intend to do if N.K. dares carry out his plan to sign a treaty with the D.D.R. (East Germany) and turn over to them the control of the highways to and from West Berlin. Both sides threatened each other, which if carried out would obliterate the human race with everything else on this earth; but nobody dared or really meant it, because there can't be any more a Victor or Vanquished in an atomic and hydrogen war, and our leaders aren't that insane because they too want to live and they realize the consequences of this kind of war.

Our JFK was not the only one to make threatening statements; the Pentagon, the Clays, other retired Generals who are now at the head of certain large and influential companies, who are in the MILITARY INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX called "JUGGERNAUT" who are constantly pushing for greater allocations, for larger budgets for items controlled solely by the Brass in the Pentagon, to which MILITARY INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX DANGER our ex-President, Eisenhower, called attention, in his farewell address January 17, 1961 as discussed in an editorial in THE NATION, October 13, 1962, p.211:

"JUGGERNAUT - In his farewell address of January 17, 1961, Dwight D. Eisenhower issued as timely and portentous a warning as any American President before him. "WE MUST GUARD AGAINST THE ACQUISITION OF UNWARRANTED INFLUENCE, WHETHER SOUGHT OR UNSOUGHT, BY THIS MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX. THIS CONJUNCTION OF AN IMMENSE MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT WITH A LARGE ARMS INDUSTRY IS NEW IN AMERICAN EXPERIENCE. ITS TOTAL INFLUENCE - ECONOMIC, POLITICAL, EVEN SPIRITUAL - IS FELT IN EVERY CITY, EVERY STATEHOUSE, EVERY OFFICE OF FEDERAL GOVERNMENT." The phrase, "MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX," caught on. The whole speech has the ring of authentic

prophecy. It keeps cropping up in American journalism, and with good reason, for the problem which had General Eisenhower worried has grown worse, not better.

Jim G. Lucas of the Scripps-Howard newspapers went to Gettysburg to find out how General Eisenhower feels about the MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX after almost two years of retirement. The report, which appeared in the New York World-Telegram and Sun of October 2, 1962, is in indirect quotes, but with a reporter as experienced as Lucas we may be sure that it accurately reflects the General's present views. There is such a COMPLEX, he reiterates, and he believes it threatens "THE VERY FABRIC OF OUR LIVES." Without quite realizing it, "WE ARE BEING RECAST IN NEW MOLDS, TURNING OUT A GENERATION OF AMERICANS WITH TOTALLY DIFFERENT MORALS, AMBITIONS AND WAYS OF DOING THINGS. THIS FRIGHTENS EISENHOWER," writes Lucas.

The worst of it is that the MEMBERS OF THE COMPLEX are not overtly evil or covertly dishonest; THEY ARE JUST TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE OPPORTUNITIES THE ARMS RACE OFFERS THEM. They consider themselves "PATRIOTIC" - the word is in quotation marks in Lucas' text - and they are completely SELF-RIGHTEOUS about it all, making the situation the MORE DANGEROUS. Eisenhower, using part of the title of the special Oct. 28, 1961, issue of THE NATION "JUGGERNAUT: THE WARFARE STATE", written by Fred Cook, describes the MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX as a "JUGGERNAUT, ROLLING ON WITH NO ROAD-BLOCKS AHEAD." He has NO confidence that businessmen will exercise self-control in the national interest. GOVERNMENT HAS CHECKS AND BALANCES, BUT BUSINESS KNOWS ONLY PROFITS AND LOSSES, AND $50 BILLION A YEAR IS A BONANZA. Eisenhower believes the arms budget is too high and that it can be reduced without impairing security.

The COMPLEX can become more powerful than the Presidency. LABOR, A LARGE SEGMENT OF BUSINESS, THE SCIENTIFIC AND ENGINEERING COMMUNITIES, THE UNIVERSITIES, THE "THINK FACTORIES" are all generously subsidized. Eisenhower has no more confidence in politicians than in businessmen to turn the tide. WHAT CONGRESSMAN, he asks, WILL VOTE AGAINST MORE DEFENSE SPENDING WHEN HIS BREAD AND BUTTER ARE INVOLVED?

Neatly synchronized with this observation is a Pentagon report released last week. It predicts a continuing rise in spending in "EVERY MAJOR CATEGORY OF MILITARY HARD GOODS AND MORE GENEROUS ALLOWANCES TO THOSE AREAS WHICH HAVE BEEN SQUEALING FOR MORE FAVORED TREATMENT." "THE POLITICAL IMPACT OF THE REPORT" writes John G. Norris in the New York Herald Tribune, "MADE PUBLIC AS ELECTION CAMPAIGNING WAXED HOT, COULD BE CONSIDERABLE." President Kennedy borrowed from it in advance of publication to assure West Virginia voters that the total value of defense orders placed in their impoverished state has almost quadrupled since he took office. "THE JUGGERNAUT ROLLS ON, AND IF THE PAST PRESIDENT IS CONCERNED, THE PRESENT INCUMBENT SEEMS TO BE QUITE PLEASED WITH ITS PROGRESS."

The stock market was jittery and was on the way to NEW LOW PRICES. The BULLS and BEARS were hard at each other's throats. The leaders in my industry likewise were at each other's throats and are on the way to new low selling prices.

Then a few days before October 22, 1962, when our president, JFK, for some reasons only known to him, which was kept as a great military secret, although some people had a suspicion that it was a political trick devised, planned and executed by MADISON AVENUE because their political barometer showed a downward trend of prestige for the Democratic Party, and SOMETHING SENSATIONAL had to be done, hence the President's speech, on Monday, October 22, 1962, that made the cold war hot and it scared the people all over the world to death, to the extent that in the city of Miami, where I was during these days, newspapers, radio, television and those in charge of civil defense were urging people to stock up on distilled water, canned goods and many other commodities to last at least a couple of weeks, but not advising the LAMBS that were being led to the slaughter house by the FEW BUTTON PUSHERS that none of these preparations would mean a thing when a 50 or 60 megaton bomb, that didn't have to be fired from 90 miles away from the tip of Florida, but could be fired from 5000 miles away and reach any important city in the United States within 15 minutes which would obliterate an area of 50 miles from where the bomb would find its target, and send mountains of ashes miles up in the air of everything that existed there a few minutes before.

During these hectic days I was more interested in reading comments of some of the sane, reliable, and respected commentators, those that were commenting about ARRESTING and CONTAINING the small fires, like our friend, Walter Lippman, and also of those that were pouring gasoline on the already smoldering fires.

The only two comments that left an impression with me was Pearson's "DEBATE BEHIND THE BLOCKADE", where among other things he commented "ALL THE ARGUMENTS WERE CONSIDERED, BUT IN THE END WHAT REALLY TIPPED THE SCALES WERE POLITICAL FACTORS, INCLUDING A REPORT FROM VICE-PRESIDENT JOHNSON THAT CUBA WAS CAUSING GREAT DAMAGE TO THE DEMOCRATS IN THE ELECTION CAMPAIGN AND THAT THE PUBLIC WAS GETTING THE IMPRESSION THAT KENNEDY WAS INDECISIVE.

THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF HAD DETECTED THIS AND WAS GLOOMY ABOUT THE PROSPECT OF LOSING THE GOVERNORSHIP BATTLES IN THE BIG KEY STATES OF NEW YORK, MICHIGAN, OHIO AND CALIFORNIA, WHICH COULD START A DISASTROUS TREND FOR 1964.

THIS, PLUS THE DECISION TO KEEP RUSSIA ON THE DEFENSIVE WERE THE REAL REASONS FOR THE HISTORIC DECISION ON CUBA. MILITARY FEAR OF CUBA ACTUALLY HAD VERY LITTLE AT ALL TO DO WITH IT."

And Walter Lippman's comments in his article, "DE-FUSE TURKEY IN A DEAL ON CUBA?" where he stated "THE ONLY PLACE THAT IS TRULY COMPARABLE WITH CUBA IS TURKEY. THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE WHERE THERE ARE STRATEGIC WEAPONS RIGHT ON THE FRONTIER OF THE SOVIET UNION.

THE SOVIET MISSILE BASE IN CUBA, LIKE THE U.S.-NATO BASE IN TURKEY, IS OF LITTLE MILITARY VALUE. THE SOVIET MILITARY BASE IN CUBA IS DEFENSELESS, AND THE BASE IN TURKEY IS ALL BUT OBSOLETE. THE TWO BASES COULD BE DISMANTLED WITHOUT ALTERING THE WORLD BALANCE OF POWER.

IF, AS THE FIRST CONCRETE STEP IN THE DISARMAMENT WE'VE TALKED SO MUCH ABOUT, THERE COULD BE AN AGREEMENT TO REMOVE OFFENSIVE WEAPONS FROM FRINGE COUNTRIES, IT WOULD NOT MEAN, OF COURSE, THAT TURKEY WOULD CEASE TO BE UNDER THE PROTECTION OF NATO. NORWAY DOES NOT HAVE STRATEGIC WEAPONS ON HER SOIL AND SHE IS STILL AN ALLIED NATION. GREAT BRITAIN, WHICH IS A PILLAR OF NATO, IS ACTUALLY LIQUIDATING U.S. MISSILE AND BOMBER BASES ON HER OWN SOIL IN ACCORDANCE WITH WESTERN STRATEGIC DOCTRINE.

FOR ALL THESE REASONS I SAY THAT THERE MAY EXIST A WAY OUT OF THE TYRANNY OF AUTOMATIC AND UNCONTROLLABLE EVENTS."

Mr. Lippmann's article was published before the rumor of such a proposed exchange and to this day no one knows whether there was such a proposal. Television, radio and newspapers were filled with rumors each giving the President advice on what to do and what not to do.

The following are letters that were exchanged between our President, John F. Kennedy, and Nikita S. Khruschev, Chairman, U.S.S.R., as published in the New York Times, October 27th, 1962.

Both letters impressed me as coming from two responsible people each holding a very high position in their countries, or in their sphere of influence, and also responsible to the whole human race that each were trying to get out from under and to correct the terrible impact created by the almost ultimatum in the JFK speech of October 22nd, when he ANNOUNCED the QUARANTINE of Cuba and laid down terms that shook the world to its very foundation, disregarding the U.N. as if it never existed and thereby showing an example to the BAD BOYS in the U.N. how to completely disregard it as an agent to keep peace in this world for which it was created. Yes, the FEARLESS Giant Shark (U.S.A.) suddenly got scared of the STARVED SARDINE (CUBA) and all principles of the various treaties we have with the Sardine direct or through the OAS, or our obligations to the rules of the U.N. were completely ignored or disregarded.

While the RIGHTS AND ULTRA-RIGHTS and the JUST PLAIN REPUBLICANS gave lip approval to our President's act and photos were published in all the newspapers and shown on TV, of the Russian missiles on Cuban soil, which photos only an expert could understand, this too was done to pour more oil on the smoldering fire and partly to justify the action announced. In the meantime preparation by the GIANT SHARK to swallow the STARVED SARDINE, went on with great haste. This too was shown on TV and was described in the minutest detail in all newspapers and over radio. All this was a very fine stage setting worked out by experts on Madison Avenue, as would be done for a great

movie spectacle. The masses were drummed up to patriotism, "HANG UP A FLAG IN FRONT OF YOUR HOME", was the advice of certain radio, TV and newspapers; "DISPLAY YOUR PATRIOTISM. SHOW THE WHOLE WORLD THAT YOU ARE READY TO BE BLOWN UP TO SMITHEREENS, AND IF YOU DON'T, CASTRO AND HIS SARDINES WILL GET YOU."

I was not scared that the two big men would push the button, but I was scared that maybe someone that isn't supposed to push buttons, might push one. (Book of the Week "FAIL-SAFE" by Burdick & Wheeler; Saturday Review October 20, 1962 and in V. Bush's comment).

I was therefore pleased with the tone of both letters. I applaud the action of U Thant, Acting Secretary to the U.N. for his courage and prompt action, which will save the U.N. and maybe save the human race from destroying itself by its own terrible inventions for destruction.

I have a feeling and hope that something real constructive for the good of humanity will come out from this "BRINK OF ATOMIC WAR" scare that was brought to a sudden climax wholly unexpected, even if that was a POLITICAL "MASTERPIECE" created and staged by MADISON AVENUE brains for other purposes than an actual atomic war, or for the purpose of just scaring some people into submission.

Election day Tuesday, November 6, 1962, the Democrats lost three important Governors, but increased four Senators and held their own in Congress. A great victory for them in an off-year election.

ГЕОГРАФИЯ ПО-ВАШИНГТОНСКИ



— Смотрите, колоссальный материк Кубы угрожает существованию маленького островка — США!!!
Рис. В. Фомичева.

Izvestia: 'See, the Cuban colossus threatens the little island of U.S.A.'

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY TO CHAIRMAN NIKITA S. KRUSHCHEV (NEW YORK TIMES, October 28, 1962)

Dear Mr. Chairman:

I have read your letter of Oct. 26 with great care and welcomed the statement of your desire to seek a prompt solution to the problem. The first thing that needs to be done, however, is for work to cease on offensive missile bases in Cuba and for all weapons systems in Cuba capable of offensive use to be rendered inoperable, under effective United Nations arrangments.

Assuming this is done promptly, I have given my representatives in New York instructions that will permit them to work out this weekend - in cooperation with the Acting Secretary General and your representative - an arrangement for a permanent solution to the Cuban problem along the lines suggested in your letter of October 26. As I read your letter, the key elements of your proposals - which seem generally acceptable as I understand them - are as follows:

1) You would agree to remove these weapons systems from Cuba under appropriate United Nations observation and supervision; and undertake, with suitable safeguards, to halt the further introduction of such weapons systems into Cuba.

2) We, on our part, would agree - upon the establishment of adequate arrangements through the United Nations, to ensure the carrying out and continuation of these commitments - (a) to remove promptly the quarantine measures now in effect and (b) to give assurances against an invasion of Cuba. I am confident that other nations of the Western Hemisphere would be prepared to do likewise.

If you will give your representative similar instructions, there is no reason why we should not be able to complete these arrangements and announce them to the world within a couple of days. The effect of such a settlement on easing world tensions would enable us to work toward a more general arrangement regarding "other armaments," as proposed in your second letter, which you made public. I would like to say again that the United States is very much interested in reducing tensions and halting the arms race; and if your letter signifies that you are prepared to discuss a detente affecting NATO and the Warsaw Pact, we are quite prepared to consider with our allies any useful proposals.

But the first ingredient, let me emphasize, is the cessation of work on missile sites in Cuba and measures to render such weapons inoperable, under effective international guarantees. The continuation of this threat, or a prolonging of this discussion concerning Cuba by linking these problems to the broader questions of European and world security, would surely lead to an intensification of the Cuban crisis and a grave risk to the peace of the world. For this reason I hope we can quickly agree along the lines outlined in this letter and in your letter of October 26th.

John F. Kennedy

LETTER FROM PREMIER NIKITA S. KRUSHCHEV TO PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY

(New York Times, October 28, 1962)

Dear Mr. President:

I received your message of October 27th. I expressed my satisfaction and thank you for the sense of proportion you have displayed, and the realization of the responsibility which now devolves on you for the preservation of the peace of the world.

I regard with great understanding your concern and the concern of the peoples of the United States of America in connection with the fact that the weapons you describe as offensive are formidable weapons, indeed.

Both you and we understand what kind of weapons these are.

In order to eliminate as rapidly as possible the conflict which endangers the cause of peace, to give assurance to all the peoples which crave peace, to reassure the people of America who, I am sure also want peace, as the peoples of the Soviet Union do, the Soviet Government, in addition to earlier instructions on the discontinuation of further work on weapons construction sites, has given a new order to dismantle them to the Soviet Union.

Mr. President, I should like to repeat what I had already written to you in my earlier messages, that the Soviet Government has given economic assistance to the Republic of Cuba, as well as arms, because Cuba, the Cuban people, were constantly under the continuous threat of invasion of Cuba.

A piratic vessel had shelled Havana. They say that this shelling was done by irresponsible Cuban emigrees. Perhaps so. But the question is from where did they shoot. It is a fact that these Cubans have no territory, they are fugitives from their country, they have no means to conduct military operations.

This means that someone had put into their hands these weapons for shelling Havana, for piracy in the Caribbean Sea, in the territorial waters of Cuba. It is impossible in our time not to notice a piratic ship, considering the concentration in the Caribbean Sea of American ships from which everything can be seen and observed.

And in these conditions, pirate ships freely roam around Cuba, shell Cuba, make piratic attacks on peaceful cargo ships. It is known that they had even shelled a British cargo ship.

In a word, Cuba was under the continuous threat of aggressive forces which did not conceal their intention to invade her territory.

The Cuban people want to build their life in their own interests without external interference. This is their right and they cannot be blamed for wanting to be masters of their own country, to dispose of the fruits of their own labor.

The threat of invasion of Cuba and all other schemes for creating a tension over Cuba are designed to strike the Cuban people with a sense of insecurity, to intimidate them to prevent them from peacefully building their new life.

Mr. President, I should like to say clearly once more that we could not remain indifferent to that and the Soviet Government decided to render assistance to Cuba with the means of defense against aggression, only with means for the purposes of defense. We have supplied the defense means which you describe as offensive means. We have supplied them to prevent an attack on Cuba, to prevent rash acts.

I regard with respect and trust the statement you made in your message on October 27, 1962, that there would be no attack, no invasion of Cuba, and not only on the part of the United States, but also on the part of other nations of the Western hemisphere, as you have said in the same message of yours. Then the motives which induced us to render assistance of such a kind to Cuba disappear.

It is for this reason that we instructed our officers (these means as I had already informed you earlier are in the hands of the Soviet officers) to take appropriate measures to discontinue the construction of the aforementioned facilities, to dismantle them and to return them to the Soviet Union. As I had informed you in the letter of October 27, we are prepared to reach agreement to enable representatives of the United Nations to verify the dismantling of these means.

Thus, in view of the assurances you have given and our instructions on dismantling, there is every condition for eliminating the present conflict.

I note with satisfaction that you have responded to the desire I expressed with regard to the elimination of the aforementioned dangerous situation as well as with regard to providing conditions for a more thoughtful appraisal of the international situation, fraught as it is with great dangers in our age of thermonuclear weapons, rocketry, spaceships, global rockets and other deadly weapons. All people are interested in the ensurance of peace.

Therefore, vested with trust and great responsibility, we must not allow the situation to aggravate and must stamp out the centers where a dangerous situation fraught with grave consequences to the cause of peace has arisen. And, if we, together with you, and with the assistance of other people of good will, succeed in eliminating this tense atmosphere, we should also make sure that no other dangerous conflicts which could lead to a world nuclear catastrophe would arise.

In conclusion I should like to say something about a detente between NATO and Warsaw Treaty countries you have mentioned. We have spoken about that long since and are prepared to continue to exchange views on this question with you, and to find a reasonable solution.

We should like to continue the exchange of views on the prohibition of atomic and thermonuclear weapons, on general disarmament and on other problems relating to relaxation of international tension.

Mr. President, I trust your statement, but on the other hand there are irresponsible people who would like to invade Cuba now and thus touch off a war. If we do take practical steps and proclaim the dismantling and evacuation of the means from Cuba, in doing so, we, at the same time, want the Cuban people to be sure that we are with them and do not absolve ourselves of responsibility for rendering assistance to the Cuban people.

We are confident that the peoples of all countries like you, Mr. President, would understand me correctly. We do not threaten. We want nothing but peace. Our country is now on the upgrade.

Our people enjoy the fruits of their peaceful labor. They have achieved tremendous successes after the October revolution, have created the greatest of material, spiritual and cultural values. Our people enjoy these values and want to continue developing their achievements, want to ensure their further development on the way of peace and social progress by their persistent labor.

I should like to remind you, Mr. President, that military planes of reconnaissance character had violated the borders of the Soviet Union in connection with which there had been conflicts between us, and notes were exchanged. In 1960 we shot down your U-2 plane, whose reconnaissance flight over the U.S.S.R. wrecked the summit meeting in Paris. At that time you took a correct position, having denounced that criminal act of the former United States Administration.

But already during your term of office as President there occurred another instance of violation of our border by an American U-2 plane in the area of Sakhalin. We had already written to you about that violation on August 30th. Then you replied that that violation occurred as a result of poor weather and gave assurances that this would not be repeated. We trusted your assurance, because indeed the weather poor in that area at that time.

However, had not your planes been ordered to fly about our territory, even poor weather could not have brought an American plane into our airspace. Hence, the conclusion that this is being done with the knowledge of Pentagon, which tramples on international norms and violates the borders of other states.

A still more dangerous case occurred on October 28th when your reconnaissance plane intruded the borders of the Soviet Union in the area of the Chukotka (Chukchi) Peninsula in the north and flew over our territory. The question is, Mr. President, how should we regard this.

What is this - a provocation? Your plane violates our frontier, at such an anxious time we and you are experiencing, when everything has been put into combat readiness. Is it not a fact

that an intruding American plane can be easily taken for a nuclear bomber and this might push us to a fateful step, all the more that the United States Government and Pentagon long since declare that you maintain a continuous nuclear bomber patrol

Therefore, you can imagine what responsibility you are assuming especially now, at such an anxious time we are living through.

I should ask you to correctly appraise this and to take appropriate measures to prevent this from becoming a provocation for touching off a war.

I should also like to express the following wish: Of course, it is business of the Cuban people. You do not have diplomatic relations. But through my officers who are on Cuba I have reports that American planes make flights over Cuba.

We are interested that there should be no war in the world and that the Cuban people should live in peace. But besides, Mr. President, it is no secret that we have our people on Cuba.

Under a treaty with the Cuban Government we have there officers, instructors who teach Cubans, mostly plain people: specialists, agronomists, zoo-technicians, irrigators, land reclamation specialists, plain tractor drivers and workers. We are concerned about them.

I should like you to consider, Mr. President, that violation of the airspace of Cuba by American planes could also lead to dangerous consequences. And if you do not want this to happen, it would be better if no cause is given for a dangerous situation to arise.

We must be careful now and refrain from such steps which would not be useful to the defense of states involved in the conflict, but could only cause irritation and even serve as a provocation for a fateful step. Therefore, we must display sanity reason and refrain from such steps.

We value peace perhaps even more than other peoples because we had gone through a terrible war with Hitler. But our people will not falter in the face of any test. Our people trust their Government and we assure our people and world public opinion that the Soviet Government will not allow itself to be provoked.

But if the provacateurs unleash a war they will not evade responsibility and the grave consequences the war would bring upon them. But we are confident that reason will triumph, war would not be unleashed, and peach and security of the peoples would be ensured.

In connection with the current negotiations between Acting Secretary General Mr. U. Thant and representatives of the Soviet Union, the United States of America and the Republic of Cuba, the Soviet Government has sent to New York the First Deputy Foreign Minister of the U.S.S.R., V.V. Kuznetsov to help Mr. U Thant in his noble efforts aimed at eliminating the present dangerous situation.

Respectfully yours,

N. KRUSHCHEV

PREMIER KRUSHCHEV'S LETTER TO ACTING SECRETARY GENERAL, MR. U THANT

Dear Mr. U Thant:

I am forwarding to you a copy of the message I sent today to the President of the United States, Mr. J. Kennedy, in order to enable you to familiarize yourself with our position, which we regard as exhaustive and which will help you to discharge your noble functions.

In connection with the negotiations you are conducting now with representatives of the Soviet Union, the United States of America and the Cuban Republic, the Soviet Government has sent to New York the First Deputy Foreign Minister of the U.S.S.R., V. V. Kuznetsov to help you in your efforts aimed at eliminating the present dangerous situation.

Respectfully yours,

N. KRUSHCHEV



—Herald Staff Photo by WAYNE WARREN

11/9/67

Buyer Sam Kipnis, in Dark Glasses, Records Sale
. . . as auctioneer (back to camera) sells him lease on courthouse steps

Dupont Lease Brings $50,000

Perrine Palmer's 10-year lease on the Dupont Plaza Hotel was sold on the courthouse steps for $50,000 Thursday.

Eighty-two per cent of the operating company's stock, Dupont Plaza, Inc., also was bid in for $1,000.

The sole bidder for each was Walter C. Kovner, attorney for Samuel Kipnis, who constructed the building on land at the mouth of the Miami River leased for 99 years from Hugh Matheson, Jr.

Before the two single bids were received, the city and county tax collectors voiced a claim for $300,000 each in taxes due.

Kipnis himself joined the crowd and recorded the sale on a tape recorder, although the bidding was done in the name of the Kipnis Family Foundation. With him was his son, Jerome.

Palmer and Marion Sibley, who head Dupont Center, Inc., were not present or represented at the sale. Both were reported out of town.

Circuit Judge Francis J. Christie must confirm the sale before Palmer and his partners lose control of the 10 million dollar property. Ownership of the building was not involved.

November 8, 1962, The New York Times had this headline: "GAIN FOR KENNEDY'S PROGRAM SEEN IN RESULTS OF CONGRESS ELECTION; NIXON BITTER IN CONCEDING DEFEAT".

New York Times - Saturday, Nov. 10, 1962, - James Reston
NO WONDER HE SLAMMED THE DOOR
TRAGEDY OF DICK NIXON, UNEMPLOYED LAWYER

U THANT IS STILL HARD AT WORK on the Cuban situation. THE QUARANTINE IS STILL ON.

USSR is moving out their missiles from Cuba. Malinovsky said Wednesday, October 7, 1962, at the celebration in Moscow of the 45th Anniversary of the Russian Revolution, that "THE USSR IS STRONG ENOUGH TO DESTROY ANY AGGRESSOR".

Mr. N.K. was asked at a News Conference in Moscow the same day who WON BETWEEN THE TWO "K'S", he replied, "HUMANITY". This is my opinion too. There is, and will be, lots of different opinions about "WHO WON", but it doesn't matter now.

What I must find out from an expert is WHEN AND WHAT KIND OF WEAPONS ARE CONSIDERED OFFENSIVE or DEFENSIVE. If a person (not an officer of the law) carries on him a gun of any kind, a blackjack, a lead pipe, or any other instrument or something that can be used for killing or maiming, is that considered a weapon "FOR DEFENSE OR OFFENSE". WHEN ONE LITTLE SARDINE country that was run by a combination of crooks and gangsters from within and without that milked it dry and is surrounded by unfriendly neighbors who are constantly agitated by outsiders to invade the Sardine, and is being starved on purpose, has it a right to defend itself and what shall it use for that defense.

Mr. President, I voted for you in the 1960 election because I was certain that you were the better man of the two and since you won by a very small margin, something like 4/10 of 1%, that it was people like me that accounted for the small percentage that elected you, we believed that you would continue the FDR NEW DEAL policy of leadership in progressiveness in all endeavors toward peace and happiness to all the human race. President Truman renamed it, FAIR DEAL and you renamed it "NEW FRONTIER". The fact that you were an ardent religious person was in your favor because we common but liberal people who helped elect you to the highest honor in our U.S.A., believed that "THOU SHALL NOT KILL" and LOVE THY BROTHER AS THY SELF is part of the old NEW DEAL and the NEW FRONTIER, and that you would not send our children and grandchildren to be sacrificed on the "ALTAR OF WAR" to protect DOLLARS or DYNASTIES in undeclared wars, like the ones in Korea, South Viet Nam, Thailand, Formosa and in other places where none of our soldiers or most of our people at home don't know why those soldiers (our children) have to be killed, or why they have to fight and kill those people who are fighting and dying in large numbers because they want to free themselves from their CROWNED OPPRESSORS, or SELF-APPOINTED DICTATORS, who rule with "IRON FISTS" while sitting on top of

OUR BAYONETTES and OUR MILLIONS OF DOLLARS. We too fought to free ourselves from the English Lords, and you should know this history because you are a New Englander, where much of freedom fighters' blood was spilled to free ourselves from the English slave chains. Don't let the MILITARY INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX get you. We are with you and we ask you to remain with us on our side, THE HUMANITARIAN SIDE.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, or Eleanor Roosevelt as she was known all over the world, died October 7, 1962, at 6:15 p.m. and friend and foe alike are showering praise and eulogizing her as the greatest humanitarian. Yes, she gave everything to the cause of humanity. She is irreplaceable.

November 8, 1962, at 11:00 a.m. was the sale of Dupont Plaza, Inc. Lease with Samuel Kipnis' interest and I hope that this is the end of four years of litigation by people who admitted all the time that they were wrong, but tried to lie out of their admission. Truth will prevail if one has enough patience to wait and plenty money to pay for lawyers.

Confirming the statements I made in my recent diaries on the following subjects.

Excerpts from an article by Bem Price, Associated Press Newsfeatures Writer, THE MIAMI HERALD, SUNDAY - NOVEMBER 11, 1962.

DOUBLETALK IS CLOUDING 'SECRET' WAR IN VIET NAM

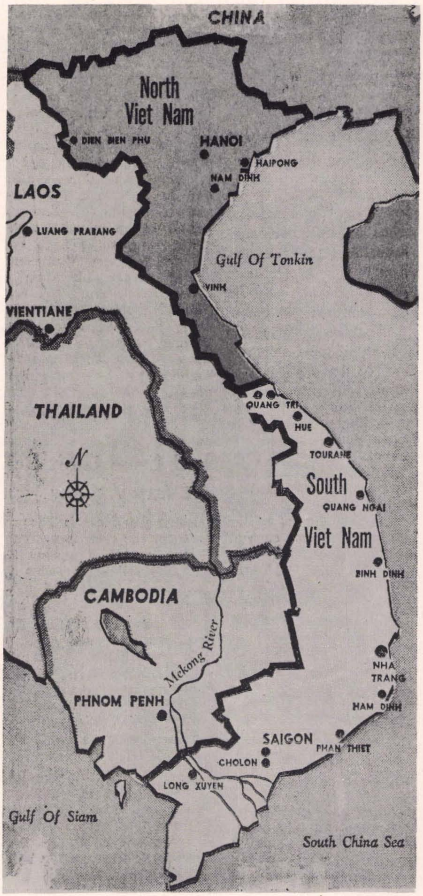
WASHINGTON: - THE UNITED STATES IS DEEPLY INVOLVED IN THE BIGGEST 'SECRET' WAR IN ITS HISTORY.

Crises over Cuba and Berlin may come and go, but the war to suppress the COMMUNIST VIET CONG guerillas in South Viet Nam grinds on and on - with no end in sight.

NEVER HAVE SO MANY U.S. MILITARY MEN BEEN INVOLVED IN A COMBAT ARENA WITHOUT A FORMAL PROGRAM TO INFORM THE PUBLIC ABOUT WHAT GOES ON.

It is a war fought without official reports of any sort to the public on the NUMBER OF TROOPS INVOLVED NOR THE AMOUNT OF TREASURE BEING POURED IN.

There are two reasons for this lack of information, according to "UNOFFICIAL" (not for attribution) statements at the State Department.



The first is that if the
United States issued communiques,
it would leave the impression that
the Vietnamese government served merely as a U.S. PUPPET.

The second involves a form of 20th CENTURY DIPLOMATIC DOUBLE-TALK.

Under the terms of the 1954 Geneva accord which brought Viet Nam independence from France and resulted in the establishment of a Communist government in North Viet Nam, all parties agreed to refrain from the introduction of additional arms.

Both sides have ignored the arms ban, but nobody has admitted anything officially, apparently on the premise that IF IT ISN'T ADMITTED, IT ISN'T HAPPENING.

The United States is in South Viet Nam to halt the spread of **COMMUNISM** through what SOVIET PREMIER NIKITA S. KHRUSHCHEV calls "WARS OF LIBERATION." In this effort it is allied with the South Vietnamese government headed by President NGO DINH DIEM.

By Western standards, DIEM IS BY NO MEANS AN IDEAL ALLY. Considerable evidence indicates that DIEM OPERATES A RUTHLESS POLICE STATE, but it must be borne in mind that VIET NAM is historically a DESPOTISM.

Whether DIEM'S POLICE STATE is also a corrupt one is a matter of vigorous dispute. The U. S. agency for International Development (AID) has sent two of its top investigators to the South Vietnamese capital at Saigon to find out how local officials distributed several hundred thousand dollars worth of U. S. aid.

Much U. S. aid is designed to help the peasant improve his lot. A responsible American correspondent writes on this subject: "CORRUPTION ON A LOCAL SCALE IS SO WIDESPREAD THAT OFTEN THE FARMERS GET THE BENEFIT OF SUCH PROGRAMS ONLY BY PAYING RAKE-OFF TO THE RURAL BUREAUCRATS."

U. S. correspondents in SOUTH VIET NAM repeadedly make the point that DIEM permits absolutely no political opposition from any source, even from middle class, NON-COMMUNIST groups.

DESPITE WIDESPREAD ARRESTS, however, there remains a core of **ANTI**-DIEM oppositionists. Their clendestine literature charges that DIEM'S very attitude SOWS THE SEEDS OF COMMUNISM.

TO HELP SUPPRESS THE COMMUNIST VIET CONG, THE UNITED STATES HAS COMMITTED - UNOFFICIALLY - 10,000 SOLDIERS, MARINES AND AIRMEN to SOUTH VIET NAM as military "ADVISERS".

SINCE MID-1960, THE UNITED STATES HAS POURED - UNOFFICIALLY - SOME TWO BILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF MILITARY AND ECONOMIC AID INTO SOUTH VIET NAM.

The State Department often accuses reporters in SAIGON of "INEXPERIENCE". The government-controlled press of SOUTH VIET NAM goes farther, ACCUSING WESTERN NEWSMEN OF BEING EITHER LIARS OR IN THE PAY OF COMMUNISTS.

THE NEWSMEN REPLY THAT AMERICAN MILITARY AND DIPLOMATIC OFFICIALS ARE FILING SELF-DELUDING REPORTS TO WASHINGTON, THAT THEY ARE PICTURING WHAT OUGHT TO BE, NOT WHAT IS.

For example, MALCOLM BROWNE of the ASSOCIATED PRESS reported

that AMERICAN MILITARY MEN HAD BEEN STONED REPEATEDLY BY ANTI-AMERICAN VIETNAMESE SOLDIERS. He himself was once a target while riding with U.S. OFFICERS.

"VIET NAM IS ADMINISTERED DIRECTLY FROM THE PALACE IN SAIGON THROUGH THE INTERIOR MINISTRY TO THE 41 PROVINCE CHIEFS, ALL BUT SIX OF WHOM ARE ARMY OFFICERS."

DIEM told the opening session of his parliament this fall that VICTORY OVER THE COMMUNISTS was in sight.

DIEM is far more optimistic than any U.S. military man of stature who has granted an interview. "MOST JUST SAY IT IS GOING TO BE A LONG FIGHT."

Said one general: "THE SITUATION AT BEST IS GOING TO CHANGE SLOWLY. It is not the kind of war in which opposing forces become locked in a critical battle, but a series of little fights in which a showdown never comes.

THE GENERALS ENTERED NO CLAIM THAT VICTORY WAS IN SIGHT AND HAZARDED NO OPINION ON "HOW LONG THE WAR COULD BE EXPECTED TO LAST."

THE MIAMI HERALD, Thursday, November 22, 1962:
U.S. HIT FOR 'BUYING FRIENDS' Use U.N. More,
says Paul G. Hoffman

Hundreds of millions of dollars have been wasted in foreign aid projects designed to buy friends, Paul G. Hoffman asserted in a book just published.

Hoffman was administrator of the Marshall Plan for European economic recovery and now is managing director of the United Nations Special Fund.

"The correct - indeed the only sound - approach to the channeling of aid is to select the channel which will give the most effective results at the lowest possible cost," Hoffman says.

"This means using the U.N. much more frequently than we have in the past. THE DAY HAS GONE BY when we can afford to see the slender resources available for development WASTED in a futile attempt TO BUY FRIENDS, OBTAIN COMMERCIAL ADVANTAGE or GET NATIONAL CREDIT."

The solution to the cold war is not yet in sight, neither is the Cuban or the Berlin problem settled. Many small fires are still smoldering and undeclared wars are still being fought, real and made to order revolutions are still in the making, some revolutions are for real freedom and others are in the name of freedom and some are against freedom as we understand "FREEDOM". China and India are in a fight and Pakistan is complaining to us for helping India, which weapons are for offense and which are for defense, who came out on the top between the two K's, which are the freedom loving people the U.S.A. is trying to protect at the sacrifice of the lives of its citizens and their tax money, who are our real friends and who are our BOUGHT FRIENDS? There will be many controversies between many people all over the world before the clouds disperse and light will prevail and all the above is satisfactorily settled.

If the recent head-on collision between the two K's will bring understanding and peace in our world to a reasonable degree, it is my recommendation that a NOBEL PRIZE should be awarded to each of the

two K's regardless whether the sudden outburst of FRIGHT BY THE SHARK THAT IT WILL BE SWALLOWED BY THE SARDINE was done for political or any other reason. It's the result that counts - this time the result should and must be a lasting peace.

Now Adlai Stevenson is in trouble because of expressing his own thoughts about the Cuban Plan executed by the Kennedy Group as reported by Stewart Alsop and Charles Bartlet in the Saturday Evening Post of December 8, 1962.

DID HE TALK OUT OF TURN WHEN HE EXPRESSED HIS OWN OPINION ABOUT THE PRESIDENT'S DECISION IN THE CUBAN SITUATION?

After reading the reprint from the New York Times November 3rd, 1962 reprinted by the New York Times (at 10¢ per copy) "THE CUBAN CRISIS OR THE 14 DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD" I discussed it with many people; conservatives, extreme rights, liberals, pinkish, or as they are called "fellow travelers" (but no reds) and I asked them to explain what really happened that brought the whole world to the brink of total destruction by Atomic War? What happened to the American people who live in this great democratic country who are supposed to have something to say in their government especially in such important things. Most of us attributed this to the indifference of our citizens of all ages to this or any serious matter concerning our well-being because of our newspapers, periodicals, magazines, paperback trash books, TV and movies that indoctrinate and corrupt the minds and bodies of most of our people, and they can't think straight for themselves about the very things concerning their lives and well-being. They let others (politicians) think for them; hence, the politicians do the thinking that's good for themselves first and last, and once in a blue moon they throw a bone to the so-called "citizens" and even then their interest comes first.

It's Christmas time now and the newspapers, radio and TV are reaping a harvest advertising sales and bargains. Each store is trying to out-do their competitors by bigger advertised lies. I remember in the years gone by, the respectable stores used to have season clearing sales in JULY and JANUARY. Now every day is a SALES day, not only by the so-called SHLOCK stores, but by all stores. The advertising medias guided by Madison Ave. (for a price) advertise sales every day in the week and the readers of newspapers, radio listeners and TV watchers run to the stores and buy bargains and bring them home by car or by hand or have the bargains delivered by the stores' delivery, only to discover that most of the things they bought are no bargain and that they don't need most of the things they bought, and now they don't know what to do with them. Their closets and shelves are already clogged or loaded with the bargains bought before in the same store or in other stores specially buying Christmas presents only to discover that after these were received that the same store, or another store, is already running a sale at 50% off the price paid, and we eat our hearts out for being in such a hurry to buy, or the business of exchanging these Christmas presents for something else at the full price, because cash is seldom refunded.

Our government agencies are supposed to be on the alert and watch and protect citizens so that they don't get gypped or fleeced and that nobody should corrupt the minds or make false statements to deceive or misrepresent to fool the public. For instance, the many airline companies who are supposed to be private competing companies, who are regulated (?) by our government agency, CAB, even though most of the owners of these companies are the public who are the stockholders who have most of the investment in these companies. While the big SHOTS running these companies are there only to milk them by living like lords at the expense of the stockholders. Our government agency, "CAB" is supposed to regulate and control. Watch them for the benefit of the flying public. This agency must watch that the planes are operated safely and depart and arrive on time, employ properly trained personnel and see that the companies don't lie or misrepresent in their statements and that the public's investment in these companies stock is not dissipated. Well, each airline company spends millions of dollars in advertising via radio, TV, magazines and pages full in the newspapers each day; each telling the flying public what bargain they, and only they, give for the fare money, which fare is already more than twice as much as it was a few years ago, or the tens of millions of dollars unnecessarily spent on the airport buildings (New York Idlewild) and expensive offices at the expense of the flying public and the shareholders, (in fact, no airline can give more for the same fare than any other airline). If properly planned and managed and controlled, a consolidated airport building and ticket office to accommodate all of the airlines would save tens of millions of collars annually and could give the flying public the benefit of the savings and make it more convenient for them to get to the airline stations and maybe give the stockholder sucker a chance to collect a few cents more in dividends on their investment. This applies to many other businesses where a GOVERNMENT AGENCY was created to protect the public, but it doesn't, because the public is too dumb or indifferent to fight for their rights and leaves it all to the politicians to sell them down the river. This is the indifference of our citizens who are brainwashed by our PRESS, TV, RADIO and fancy talking politicians who create the teenage delinquency in our young and old alike, whose minds are poisoned with the vulgar TWIST danceonTV shows that became the rage of our country from one end to the other, also the crazy hair-dos, tight and shorter skirts and dresses that display and expose every feature of the female body, the smoking and drinking, lack of proper education and guidance, "CAUSES MORE YOUTHS TO FAIL THE DRAFT TODAY THAN EVER BEFORE."

Lt. Col. George Walton, USA, in an article "SPEAKING OUT, UNCLE SAM REJECTS" Saturday Evening Post, December 8, 1962, pages 10-13, in five columns, writes among other things,

> "ONE OF THE MOST WIDELY HELD BELIEFS ABOUT AMERICA-BY AMERICANS - IS THAT WE ARE THE HEALTHIEST AND BEST EDUCATED NATION IN THE WORLD AND GETTING MORE SO ALL THE TIME. The fact is that to an appalling degree we are

PHYSICALLY FLABBY and FUNCTIONALLY ILLITERATE - and are becoming increasingly so. As a planning officer in the Selective Service national headquarters, I have this hard truth forced upon me almost daily."

"From time to time in the past, editorial writers have used draft--rejection figures to fulminate against the softness of the rising generation, but I find it hard to believe that the public would tolerate the situation if it knew how truly alarming the record is. IT IS FRIGHTENING THAT IN THIS DAY MORE THAN HALF OF THE YOUNG MEN WHO REPORT FOR EXAMINATION ARE UNFIT TO SERVE THEIR COUNTRY IN UNIFORM. YET THAT IS THE SHAMEFUL FACT.

In World Wars I and II the combined rate for rejections of all kinds was about 30 percent. Since then the situation has worsened drastically. During the Korean War 37 percent of the men registered for the draft were rejected. From the end of that war through 1961 the figure was 49 percent. For last year alone it was 53 percent. This May it jumped to 56 percent. And in June the last month for which complete figures are available, THE ARMED FORCES WERE FORCED TO REJECT MORE THAN 9,000 OF THE 16,000 men who reported for preinduction examinations - a rejection rate of 58 percent, the ALL-TIME HIGH."

"Shortly after I assumed my present job, Lt. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, the director of Selective Service, assigned me to make a close study of one typical group of draft rejectees. Examining the cases of 14,566 such men, I gave special attention to those who were rejected because THEY FAILED THE WRITTEN TEST. It seemed incredible to me at the time that so many men could possibly flunk it. But after I had gone over their classification questionnaires-which are usually sent to these young men in their 19th year - I was forced to the conclusion that THEY WERE LITERALLY UNABLE TO READ AND COMPREHEND SOME OF THE SIMPLEST QUESTIONS. In many cases the questionnaires had even been filled out by persons other than the youths WHOSE SCRAWLED SIGNATURES appeared on the forms. LETTERS FROM A LARGE NUMBER OF THEM WERE EITHER ILLEGIBLE OR INCOHERENT, OR BOTH. To me this is an appalling commentary on our schools. Yet when I recently told a small meeting of educational leaders about these facts, they were not at all amazed. "THE ONLY THING THAT SURPRISES ME," said one of the experts, "IS THAT, WITH SOME OF OUR SCHOOLS AND THEIR SYSTEMS OF SOCIAL PROMOTION, THERE AREN'T EVEN MORE FAILURES." Everyone else chuckled, but I'm afraid I did not join in the merriment. IN MY OPINION IT IS SHOCKING AND SICKENING THAT THIS COUNTRY DOES NOT DEMAND A BETTER EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM THAN THE ONE WHICH HAS PRODUCED MORE THAN 1,000,000 ILLITERATES OF DRAFT AGE IN THE PAST DECADE. And it is almost obscene that professional educators can regard the situation with equanimity, let alone mirth.

"On the physical side, the most notable trend is the rejection of a growing number of young men SO GROSSLY OVERWEIGHT they cannot serve. THE FAILURE TO MEET SIZE STANDARDS - BEING OVERWEIGHT, UNDERWEIGHT, TOO TALL, TOO SHORT - was the 11th ranking cause of draft rejection for physical reasons during the Korean War. TODAY

IT HAS SHOT UP TO FIFTH PLACE. Most of the trouble is obesity."

"Anyone who has seen young men in line in the armed forces examining stations is impressed by the tragic corpulence which affects so many. I BELIEVE IT IS A SAD SYMPTOM OF AN AGE WHEN MANY BOYS ARE PROVIDED EARLY WITH AUTOMOBILES,(which is one of the big killers and causes for delinquency and physical flabbiness) WHEN MANY LADS WITHOUT EXCEPTIONAL ATHLETIC TALENT LEARN EARLY TO BE SPACTATORS, when Carl Sandburg's phrase, "FAT-DRIPPING PROSPERITY," describes all to accurately the unwholesome condition of many families."

How are we going to compete with a country who trains its people in a way that eliminates to a minimum these defects? Who is to correct these defects in our generation of delinquents, not only in morals and learning, but in the physical side too. To make us a strong and thinking mass of people and not to let our so-called political leaders with nice phrases send us down the river to places of no return. Are we to continue to permit them to be more interested in being elected or reelected to public office for their own good not for the good of the people who elect them?

I believe that the intelligent U.S. citizens are fed up with the constant front page news about the first family dynasty from little "J" up to the old gent "J" and with all the stories revolving about them and with the style creating "FIRST LADY". It's true that many intelligent voters "VOTED FOR THE KENNEDY OF THEIR OWN CHOICE" but was there any other choice between KENNEDY and NIXON? When are we all going to get serious minded and clean up the political mess and elect people to office that will be the PEOPLES' SERVANTS, in fact, not in name only.

A FEW MORE SPECIAL ITEMS TO FINISH THE 1962 YEAR

The Salvation Army is jingling the bells or playing canned Christmas music on every prominent corner or in front of every prominent store in every city. Some of the jinglers are dressed in the Salvation Army uniform, others in SANTA CLAUS make-up, jingling for donations to feed the poor who can't afford to have a good meal of their own in our land of plenty, not even on Christmas.

Now that the Union Leaders, who don't give a damn for the public's welfare in this or any other instance and our government is powerless or doesn't care for the public's welfare any more than the Union leaders do, have closed all leading newspapers (leading in quantity, not quality) in New York - what will happen to the appeal for the NEEDIEST CASES that is a specialty of the New York Times each year at Christmas time, printing heartbreaking stories of poverty, despair and sickness. The New York Times has no monopoly on this, it is imitated by others like radio, TV, and other organizations begging and begging to help the unfortunate children and grownups in this land of plenty, where stock piling of surpluses of everything runs into many billions of dollars, which surpluses are rotting or getting rancid laying in the warehouses. This is in addition to the stock piling for war purposes (some call it for

defense) that also runs into tens of billions of dollars.

I am surprised that the great Union Leader of the T.W.U. Mr. "Q", who generally JOLTS the greater New York riding public each Christmas by giving them a CHRISTMAS PRESENT in the form of a strike on all methods of transportation in greater New York didn't JOLT them with the same Christmas present this time. The last of his strikes left the Mayor of the Great City of New York, (who is usually feuding with the Governor of the Great State of New York) eating from Mr. "Q's" hands. Where are you Mr. "Q"? Why don't you join the Printers Guild and make a complete job of paralysing this great city that is already reeling under the impact of clogged streets, full of automobiles and trucks that even Mr. Barnes can't untangle this chaotic condition for the people of this great metropolis. Maybe we need one good push by you and Mr. Hoffa and others of your kind of leaders to bring us and our so-called government rulers to our senses and KICK ALL OF YOU INTO A CERTAIN PLACE where even Mr. Bobby K. can't put you.

Our President and Mr. McMillan are meeting in Nassau for two days, December 18th and 19th, to fight it out on the controversial missile called "SKYBOLT" that we already invested 500 million dollars and we refuse to invest any more because our experts now say it's a waste of money and time to continue experimenting with it and the British insist that we continue. Of course, here too WE COMMON CITIZENS have nothing to say.

Our Ex-President, Dwight David Eisenhower, again warned us about the danger in the MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX, THE PENTAGON BRASS AND THE GIANTS IN OUR INDUSTRY. The following article appeared in the World Telegram, December 7, 1962.

> IKE WARNS THAT POWER-SEEKERS MENACE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE
> By Sylvan Fox
>
> Former President Dwight D. Eisenhower accused the Kennedy Administration today of trying to usurp Congressional functions and warned that "power-hungry politicians in Washington" represent the greatest menace to the American system.
>
> Eisenhower charged that the New Deal policies of the 1930s "have been once more embraced" and carried even further in centralizing power in Washington.
>
> "Now one branch of government, the executive, seems intent on drawing to itself the constitutional duties of the Congress," the former President declared.
>
> Speaking at a luncheon of the National Assn. of Manufacturers' 67th Congress of American Industry at the Waldorf-Astoria, Eisenhower said that "one inevitable result of such policies and practices is a vast growth in federal costs and deficit spending.

"Indeed, it has become almost naive to cry out against debts and deficits," he said in a prepared speech. "These are details that the sophisticate either ignores or embraces, scorning any thought that at the end of the hand-out rainbow is ruin."

Eisenhower noted that "possession of power too often creates a thirst for more," and asserted that "greater control over all the affairs of the nation seems to be a deliberately adopted objective."

Urging Americans to "demand explanations" of how and why the nation's huge military budget is spent, Eisenhower warned against "a false belief" that military expenditures accelerate a healthy economy.

"Such a belief is now seemingly accepted by many despite the recognized fact that military growth and spending, beyond the proper demands of security, are sterile in promoting sound economic progress and are ultimately destructive of creative, productive enterprise.

"The military-industrial complex, an unavoidable phenomenon of our situation today, must never be allowed to exercise a domination over American life."

Of course, now that the DEMOCRATS are in the saddle Mr. D. D. Eisenhower can warn us about a lot of things his opposition party does or doesn't do - but why didn't he correct or eliminate the same things that existed during his eight year White House administration which he is now criticizing.

The following are excerpts from Editor Harold Martin's article on page 13 in the November 24, 1962 issue of the Saturday Evening Post. It begins with a sketch of the LAY OF THE LAND of South Vietnam and the countries bordering it.

THE HOT WAR IN VIETNAM
CAN THE U.S. WIN IT?

AMID HEADLINES OF WAR PERILS IN CUBA AND BERLIN, A SAVAGE BLOODY FIGHT IS RAGING IN SOUTH VIETNAM. HERE THE U.S. HAS DRAWN THE LINE, COMMITTED ROUGHLY $2,500,000,000 and 10,000 MEN. NEARLY 50 HAVE ALREADY PAID WITH THEIR LIVES. WHAT MUST THE U.S. DO TO WIN? POST EDITOR, HAROLD MARTIN, GIVES A FIRSTHAND REPORT OF THE BATTLE IN THE SOUTH.

IN THE EIGHT YEARS SINCE THE FRENCH EVACUATED A PARTITIONED VIETNAM AND THE U.S. BEGAN TRYING TO HELP THE NEW AND FEEBLE SOUTH VIETNAMESE GOVERNMENT RID ITSELF OF THE SWARMS OF COMMUNIST GUERILLAS, WE HAVE SPENT ABOUT $2,500,000,000 AND MILLIONS OF MAN-HOURS OF MILITARY BRAINPOWER IN A DETERMINED EFFORT TO BUILD UP THE FIGHTING FORCES OF PRESIDENT NGO DINH DIEM, A DEVOUT CATHOLIC AND STAUNCH ANTI-COMMUNIST. UNTIL RECENTLY ALL OUR EFFORTS HAD NO NOTICEABLY HARMFUL EFFECT ON THE COMMUNIST VIET CONG. THEY RAIDED VILLAGES, BLEW UP TRAINS, AMBUSHED TRAVELERS ON THE HIGHWAYS, AND TOSSED GRENADES INTO CROWDS IN THE HEART OF SAIGON.

IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS, HOWEVER, OUR HUGE INVESTMENT IN WEAPONS, EQUIPMENT AND KNOW-HOW FINALLY IS BEGINNING TO PAY OFF, AT LEAST IN MILITARY TERMS. AN ARMY OF 185,000 MEN, COMPLETE WITH RANGERS, PARATROOPERS, MARINES AND PSYCHOLOGICAL-WARFARE EXPERTS, HAS BEEN ORGANIZED, ARMED, AND PUT THROUGH A TOUGHLY REALISTIC TRAINING PROGRAM. SINCE LAST SPRING, ELEMENTS OF THIS FORCE HAVE MANAGED TO HUNT DOWN AND KILL SOME 13,000 VIET CONG AND CAPTURE 6,000 MORE. (COMPLETE KILLING SUCCESS - SK)

WHETHER OR NOT THIS PUSH WILL BE FORTHCOMING DEPENDS ON HOW SOON PRESIDENT DIEM CAN CONVINCE HIMSELF THAT HIS ARMED FORCES, ONCE UNLEASHED, WILL TURN THEIR GUNS ON THE ENEMY RATHER THAN ON THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF. HIS FEAR OF A MILITARY COUP, OBSERVERS SAY, HAS BECOME AN OBSESSION WITH HIM SINCE LAST FEBRUARY, WHEN TWO VIETNAMESE AIR-FORCE PILOTS BLASTED THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE INSTEAD OF DROPPING THEIR BOMB LOADS ON THE VIET CONG.

A WIDOW'S VIEW:

LATE ON THE AFTERNOON OF OCTOBER 16, AFTER RETURNING FROM A SHOPPING TRIP TO BUY PAJAMAS FOR HER NINE-MONTH-OLD DAUGHTER, MRS. SUSAN CORDELL GOT HER TELEGRAM FROM THE ARMY. "I HAD ALWAYS THOUGHT THEY SENT A CHAPLAIN," SHE SAID. "BUT IT WAS A WESTERN UNION BOY ON A BICYCLE."

"IT'S A DIRTY, NASTY LITTLE WAR," SUSAN SAID WITH HER FIRST TOUCH OF BITTERNESS, "AND NOBODY KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT IT. BUT TERRY AND THE OTHERS ARE JUST AS DEAD, AND THEY DIED JUST AS GALLANTLY, AS IF IT WERE A DECLARED WAR."

The article in the same date magazine, page 16, by Bernard F. Fall "MASTER OF THE RED JAB". Ho Chi Minh is waging the kind of war that he knows best. An inside report on America's enemy, North Vietnam, with a picture of the 72 year still spry young leader of NORTH VIETNAM. The article describes in detail the kind of fighters these people are who are fighting OUR DARLING NGO DINH DIEM, the president and dictator of South Vietnam who runs his country worse than any of our other dictator friends.

The following are excerpts from Bernard Fall's article -

"It took us eight years of bitter fighting to defeat you French in Indochina . . ." said the slightly built, grandfatherly man with the wispy goatee. "Now the South Vietnamese regime of Ngo Dinh Diem is well armed and helped by ten thousand Americans. The Americans are much stronger than the French, though they know us less well. It may perhaps take ten years to do it, but our heroic compatriots in the South will defeat them in the end."

After a pause he continued, speaking slowly in flawless French and looking thoughtfully out the high French window onto the manicured formal garden of his palace in Hanoi.

"I think the Americans greatly underestimate the determination of the Vietnamese people. The Vietnamese people always have shown great determination when they were faced with a foreign invader."

The speaker, looking very spry in a tropical uniform, was Ho Chi Minh, the 72-year-old president of Communist North Vietnam, who directs the guerrillas that the United States is fighting in South Vietnam. Every time an American dies somewhere in the swamps of the Mekong Delta it will be because North Vietnam

hungers to extend its rule into South Vietnam, into Laos and

Cambodia, into all of the fertile crescent that was once French Indochina.

Most of my political questions, however, were answered by Premier Pham Van Dong. He sounded almost contemptuous of South Vietnam's President Ngo Dinh Diem, whose regime the United States is trying to uphold. "Monsieur Diem's position is quite difficult," said Dong. "He is unpopular, and the more unpopular he is the more American aid he will require to stay in power. And the more American aid he receives, the more he will look like a puppet of the Americans and the less likely he is to win popular support for his side."

"That sounds pretty much like a vicious circle," I said.

The premier's eyes showed a humorous gleam as he said that it was more than "vicious." "It is really more like a descending spiral."

Do Americans Realize the Truth?

There is, I fear, some justification for the Communist leader's optimism. The French lost Indochina to Ho's guerrilla armies because they had no political program that could win the support of the peasantry. In South Vietnam today, Diem's regime remains a family autocracy in Saigon, with few reforms in sight, and there is no indication that it has attracted any real support from the majority of the people. Without that support, American helicopters and modern weapons cannot do very much. And although American officials speak of fighting for years against Ho's guerrillas, I doubt that most Americans realize what such a protracted war really means.

Despite huge sums in American aid, guerrilla depredations have changed South Vietnam from an area which once exported as much as 1,000,000 tons of rice to one which has had to import 100,000 tons in 1961-62. Its exports covered only 27 percent of its imports in 1961, and that figure fell to 18 percent by mid-1962. South Vietnam is becoming, in the words of one American economist, a "nation of mendicants." For Americans, this war means not only an economic drain but a political drain. "Americans do not like long, inconclusive wars—and this is going to be a long, inconclusive war," remarked Premier Pham Van Dong. "Thus we are sure to win in the end."

Could we negotiate a settlement? Ho Chi Minh told me he was ready to negotiate with "any" South Vietnamese regime that was "willing to sit down with us at the same table and talk." Premier Pham Van Dong spoke in more detail. "We are willing to give all the guarantees necessary for the South to get fair treatment. . . . We do not envisage an immediate reunification and are willing to accept the verdict of the South Vietnamese people with regard to the institutions and policies of their part of the country." What this means, in effect, is a neutralized South Vietnam, deprived of large-scale American support and vulnerable to Communist subversion. The South Vietnamese and Americans naturally oppose this. One of Diem's chief officials even stated publicly that the American willingness to neutralize Laos meant that "the American government . . . has fallen entirely within the scope of Communist strategy."

But part of the Western reluctance to negotiate is based on a feeling that the West is on the defensive in South Vietnam, that it would be bargaining from a position of weakness. This is true if we continue limiting ourselves to anti-guerrilla warfare in the South. One of the most ominous things about North Vietnam, as I look back on it, is the air of massive tranquillity—no guards in watchtowers, no airplane patrols. The Hanoi traffic police don't even carry pistols. But the U.S. doesn't necessarily have to let the North Vietnamese remain so placidly confident.

The North Vietnamese genuinely fear American retaliation. They fear it not only because it would wreck their country but because it would raise the specter of Communist Chinese intervention and occupation. Until now, North Vietnam's rulers have followed Russian rather than Chinese leadership, and they are aware of China's ambitions for expansion. If we took into account these North Vietnamese fears of outside intervention, I believe we could press more effectively for some kind of truce settlement on terms that would definitely not be a "surrender." We could demand the immediate end of guerrilla fighting in the South and a far more effective international inspection system to police the truce. We may not achieve such a settlement, but I feel very strongly that we have no reason to fear it. And we must clearly realize that the alternative means the bloodshed and misery of a long and probably inconclusive guerrilla war—a war which Ho Chi Minh is well prepared to fight. **THE END**

This is OUR OWN, wholly undeclared, little war (not ninety miles away from our land), not sanctioned by the U.N. because we didn't ask them. Unlike the Congo war between Mosha Tshombe and his Katango Province and the recognized CONGO REPUBLIC, Tshombe is being supported by members of U.N. against the wishes of the U.N. and we in the U.S.A. are paying most of the bill for the fight although on the surface it is a U.N. fight by a U.N. army. Where is the U.N. in this North and South Vietnam fight? Why doesn't it intervene and stop the killing? Is it because it is a U.S. PRIVATE LITTLE WAR?

What have we to gain if we help NGO maintain his dictatorial power and help him kill combatants and lots of non-combatants and have our own soldiers killed not only in actual combat but also from venereal and other diseases, and robbing our citizens of billions of dollars in tax money for this PRIVATE LITTLE WAR?

Of course the NORTH VIETNAMESE or the VIET CONG who are fighting to get rid of the dictator NGO of SOUTH VIETNAM have no right to shoot at our helicopters and planes and soldiers - they should wait until we go after them and kill them by the hundreds without putting up a fight to protect themselves - and here is where the question comes in - Who is the aggressor and who is the defender" - and what are we doing there and what for? Why did we call the 1956 revolting Hungarians "FREEDOM FIGHTERS' and the Viet Congs "BANDITS"? Aren't they too, together with South Viet Nam people also fighting to get rid of a terrible dictator?

What's the difference between dictatorships and our democracy? Neither one asked the people about things concerning their lives, wars, peace. Both are burdening their citizens with much more taxes than they can bear and more than is necessary for self defense. Certainly in a democracy we can criticize the President and the government, call them names and what not - but who does it except politicians that are on the other side of the fence, or as we call it, those "OUT" criticizing those that are "IN". I dare anyone to stand on any corner of any street in any city and start cursing or name calling people in high government positions.

In a democracy we have a two party election and the people are asked to vote for the candidates, not of their choice but of the choice of the politicians that pick the candidates for us. Meetings, speeches, loud speakers on trucks, autos and canned music and speeches blast on every corner on every street in every city, each candidate telling the voting public what he will do if elected. This lasts until election day and when it is all over those people elected don't even remember the public who voted for them, and those that were defeated do the criticizing, right or wrong.

All the church and Christmas bells are ringing and the multitudes will be celebrating Christmas 1962, the BIRTH OF CHRIST, THE PRINCE OF PEACE, and probably praying for peace - our leaders never ask us, the common people, how to achieve peace.

THE GOVERNMENT LEADERS ALL OVER THE WORLD IN DICTATORSHIPS AND DEMOCRACIES WILL CONTINUE TO FIND PLACES TO MAKE LITTLE WARS and will find REASONS AND EXCUSES for doing it to try to kill each other's people by all modern methods.

Otherwise, Christmas cards, and New Years' cards, and Rosh Hashona cards, and all kinds of cards of good wishes will be mailed by the millions to make a good business of the holidays, and if it isn't good, people will find a reason to make it good by some other method.

It is also worth reading an article in the December issue of the LADIES HOME JOURNAL entitled "THE QUESTIONS OF PEACE ON EARTH" asked by Editor Anderson of the Journal from Secretary of State, Dean Rusk. It's nice to talk about it - so let's keep on talking until someone will make a fatal mistake and then - BOOM GOES THE WORLD.

- And so on, the bells will continue jingling for GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN, which is still far, very far, away.

I was unable to listen to our President, J.F.K.'s "INFORMAL ROCKING CHAIR CHAT" live over the three large TV channels that took one solid commercial free hour, answering questions asked by a few White House correspondents, representing some of our most important newspapers. These reporters were picked from over 1500 reporters covering the White House.

"THE FIRST TWO YEARS" was the subject of this PROGRAMMED CHAT pre-arranged, rehearsed and amply advertised over radio, TV, and newspapers (only as Madison Ave. can do for a price). Unlike the FIREPLACE CHATS or the STATE OF THE UNION REPORTS that used to be done from the White House over radio and TV by the former White House resident Presidents before JFK.

I was up in the air in a DC-8 at the time the chat took place. I believe it was Monday, December 17, 1962 about 6 p.m. I could have listened and seen this program for I had my Sony 8 lb. TV on the plane but the plane Captain didn't permit me to use it, so I missed it, although I was anxious to see if an INFORMAL ROCHING CHAIR CHAT sounds or looks any different when sitting in a regular arm chair at the President's desk the way FDR used to deliver his FIRESIDE or FIRE PLACE CHATS.

In fact, I would like to know why our President uses an arm chair which became the style in home furniture and my wife B insisted that we get one just like the President and I should sit in it whenever I CHAT with her. I did buy one just like the President's, so help me. She feels that a person is better relaxed when sitting in a rocking chair.

I was in New York last Thursday and trying to get the news on TV, especially the weather, because I had to return to Jacksonville on Saturday and to Miami Sunday, since there weren't any newspapers in New York because of the Strike, and as I was fishing for a channel, I heard our President's voice. It was a report on tape of Monday's INFORMAL ROCKING CHAIR CHAT. So I stopped right there on

Channel 11. It was near the end of the program and Sandy Van Oakes asked the President "Did the Russians lie to you when they were visiting with you at the White House, when they told you, Mr. President, that the Arms they are installing in Cuba are not offensive, and the President answered, pointing with a finger at the place Grumiko was sitting, "Yes, Grumiko told me just that. I didn't want him to know that I knew he was lying. And that NK could fire missiles from many parts of Russia that could destroy much more property and kill many more people with one bomb than the SMALL FRY MISSILES placed in Cuba, but we caught them red-handed and lying; and we sure scared the hell out of N.K. etc., etc. Of course, we in the U.S.A. and the people all over the World **WEREN'T SCARED** at all during the news blackout in Washington and the constant reporting by every means of reporting of what is being readied for the "kill" by the Pentagon.

And the Mountain gave birth to a Mouse.

Now that we have succeeded in the task of scaring the hell out of N.K. and his accomplices and we did the same to all the people all over the world. And the Cuban quarantine is called off and we promised not to invade Cuba and probably not permit other Small Fry countries to invade it, and thanks to U THANT, now permanent Secretary of UN, who is working hard to bring this CUBA PROBLEM to a conclusion satisfactory to all parties concerned. The truth about this SECOND CUBAN FIASCO should now be told to the whole world by you, my dear President. Why was it staged two weeks before election? Why and who advised you to panic the people of your own country, the U.S.A., of which you are the leader, that many were ready to pack their belongings and leave the State of Florida where most of the war-like movement was in full display.

Why and who was responsible for ordering ready for combat so many ships, planes, tanks, PT boats, invasion barges, sailors, Marines, soldiers and some arms equipped with automatic war-heads ready for the KILL of the CUBAN SARDINE, compared to U.S. the GREAT SHARK? You, the PENTAGON and every sensible person here and all over the world knew that we had in GUANTANOMO enough war material of all kinds; ships, planes and human material too, to blow up to smithereens, all property and kill all the Seven Million Cubans without much trouble and NOISE, if that is what YOU and the PENTAGON wanted to accomplish. Why did you give N.K. an opportunity to play SAMARITAN and say HUMANITY WON between the two K's?

Why didn't you wait a few weeks longer and then tell him we caught you with your hands down. We give you 2 days to get out or we start from Guantanomo to destroy you in minutes. Were you afraid or convinced then that once we start something like that the atomic missiles would start coming over our cities shot from distances and places, other than Cuba. Then we would reply in kind and after a few minutes of this firecracker play, many tens of millions of people wouldn't worry any more about the MISSILES IN CUBA, for CUBA would have been destroyed too.

Mr. President, I am certain that you didn't want this to happen, for you are a sincere, religious man and you don't believe in killing and you don't believe in WARS and that the ALMIGHTY DOLLAR IS NOT ABOVE ALL HUMAN RIGHTS and THAT ALL THE PEOPLE WHO WERE SACRIFICED IN THE LAST TWO WORLD WARS TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY just died in vain. And that THERE ARE MORE PEOPLE LIVING UNDER DICTATOR-

SHIP TODAY THAN EVER BEFORE. And that WARS are no remedy for human ills.

Are we going to continue living under a WAR HYSTERIA ECONOMY forever with budgets for war purposes alone running into 60 Billions of dollars and not have enough money for education, health, medicine, old age, etc.

Why can't YOU, as our young liberal President, with plenty of vigor and willpower, get the PENTAGON to help you DEVISE some plan for a PEACEFUL ECONOMY where the billions of dollars now spent for war purposes, can be spent on and for the people, not only in the USA, but for the needy people all over the world.

1962 Christmas is here. Many millions of people, including the FIRST FAMILY (who is spending this Holiday in Palm Beach and every move is described in the minutest detail in the newspaper, TV and radio), will go to church to pray to the SON OF GOD, THE PRINCE OF PEACE. Sermons of all kinds will be preached, blessings will be heaped on the people by the CHRISTIAN RELIGIOUS LEADERS from Rome down to every hamlet where Christian people live (by some preachers who are hypocrites and don't believe in it), but I doubt if all this preaching and blessing will bring peace and understanding. It never did before and wouldn't do it now. It's up to people like YOU, MR. PRESIDENT, to begin a world movement for the kind of peace that will benefit all mankind and will enable people to live together as friends and enjoy the four freedoms in their full meaning. NO ONE HAS A MONOPOLY ON GOD and NO ONE HAS A RIGHT TO SPEAK FOR HIM, for all humans are born the same way and go to the same place after death, so let's make life sweet for all while we are alive.

I am happy that 1113 Cuban prisoners from BAY OF PIGS FIASCO are now free in Miami. Even though some expressed the desire to go back and fight again as was reported in the newspapers, and I am happy that the price paid for freeing them was not in cold cash, but in food and medicine so badly needed by the Cuban people, and not paid in war material and AMMUNITION TO KILL.

I also hope that the election of the Liberal JUAN BUSCH as PRESIDENT of the DOMINICAN REPUBLIC will not scare anybody in the PENTAGON. Especially in the C.I.A. and that a counter-revolution is not to be planned.

I am also satisfied that our JFK and Mr. McMilan got their differences settled. Now England can live in peace because she will get POLARIS MISSILES from us free and, and she will be a member of the Atomic Club. Now MR. PRESIDENT, try the same deal with the tall man De G. who wants to GO IT ALONE.

To our British friends: how many lives did your COLONIAL SOLDIERS kill in NORTH BORNEO and SARAWAK as a CHRISTMAS GIFT to your COLONIAL POLICY-MAKERS in London, who are still dreaming of DOMINATING COLONIES. Don't you realize that your COLONIAL EMPIRE is falling apart and it would be much better and healthier and nicer for you if you would once and for all, divorce yourself from all your Colonies and let them govern themselves, and not only in Africa and Asia, but also Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Central America, Caribbean Islands and in the Far East. You will be KICKED

out of there eventually, why not do it voluntarily and help them get established before the BIG BEAR FROM THE EAST GETS THEM.

To you, Mr. Donovan, I hope that some day soon you, too, will write the story about freeing MR. POWERS from the RUSSIANS and the Cuban BAY OF PIGS prisoners from Castro, as you know it now, but be sure it's the TRUTH and NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH. Maybe you can enlighten us a bit on the Mikoyan visit with Castro and the missile and plane deal with Moskow. I want to pay for the first book to be autographed by you and the BEARDED DICTATOR CASTRO, as he is called here.

It's now Tuesday, 9:15 p.m., December 25, 1962. Christmas will soon be another yesterday. The jingle bell music and songs which have been on for 25 days since December 1st, day and night, and which are already coming out of our ears, will soon stop. Maybe we will soon sit down in our REGULAR CHAIRS (not rockers) and relax and think how to start the New Year 1963, with new vigor, new ideas on how to make peace with all the people all over the world, as the PRINCE OF PEACE preached.

When light will penetrate all the dark places, then there will be no more work for all the religious preacher parasites (male and female), of all religious dominations, who live mostly at the expense of the poor. What will they do then to earn a livelihood? Had they not better start now to learn some trade to work for an honest living?

HOLIDAY GREETINGS AND A HAPPY AND PEACEFUL FUTURE TO ALL MANKIND.

Samuel Kaplan

PEOPLE I CAME IN CONTACT WITH DURING MY BUSINESS CAREER FROM WHOM I LEARNED SOMETHING EITHER WAY WHICH HELPED ME IMPROVE MY ATTITUDE FOR BETTER UNDERSTANDING WITH ALL PEOPLE.

MY FATHER, MOTHER, BROTHERS and SISTERS

	ARVEY, JACOB M.		CHICAGO
	ANDREWS, ERNEST E.	COMMISSIONER	JACKSONVILLE
	ADLER, HARRY S.	F.B.A.	CHICAGO
	ACKERMAN, MAX	ACCOUNTANT	NEW YORK
*	ALSOP, JOHN, JR.	MAYOR	JACKSONVILLE
	ADAMS, WILLIAM R.	PRESIDENT ST. REGIS	NEW YORK
	ARNDT, JOE M.	GAYLORD	ST. LOUIS
*	ALFORD, WILLIAM J., SR.	CONTINENTAL PAPER	CLIFTON, N.J.
	ALFORD, WILLIAM JR.	CONTINENTAL PAPER	CLIFTON, N.J.
	ATRAN, JOE	COLUMBIA PAPER BOX	NEW YORK
	ATRAN, DAVE	COLUMBIA PAPER BOX	NEW YORK
	APPEL, MURRAY	A & P	BOSTON
	ARKIN, MACK	ZENITH	NEW YORK
*	BECKER, FRED	F.B.A.	CHICAGO
	BERNSTEIN, MARSHALL M.	LAWYER	NEW YORK
	BERNSTEIN, SAUL	LAWYER	NEW YORK
	BACHRACH, AL R.	ACCOUNTANT	NEW YORK
	BORTIN, DAVID	LAWYER	PHILADELPHIA
*	BROWDER, EARL	F.B.A.	CHICAGO
	BALDWIN, JAMES G.	MARINE MIDLAND TRUST CO.	NEW YORK
	BLAIN, JAMES	PRES. MIDLAND TRUST CO.	NEW YORK
	BASS, SAM	N.C.C.	LONG ISLAND
*	BUSCH, IRVING	DOCTOR	NEW YORK
	BEAGELMAN, MAC	METRO CONTAINER	NEW YORK
	BROMBERG, ABE	PIONEER CONTAINER	NEW YORK
	BLATT, GERSON	LAWYER	MIAMI
	CARPENTER, HARRY C.	ROBERT GAIR CO.	NEW YORK
	COHEN, HARRY	S & S MACHINERY	BROOKLYN
	CLEMENCO, JESS	LAWYER	NEW YORK
	COHEN, HAROLD		JACKSONVILLE
	COHEN, HARRY	GIBRALTAR	NEW JERSEY
	COLE, R.		NEW YORK
*	CULLIN, RICHARD (DICK)	I.P. CO.	NEW YORK
	CARPENTER, HERB L.	C.C.A.	CHICAGO
*	CURTIS, AL	NATIONAL ENAMELING	MILWAUKEE
	CARPENTER, CHUCK	EDDY PAPER	CAMDEN, N.J.
*	CALDER, ALEXANDER	UNION BAG	NEW YORK
	CASH, HARRY - MY BROTHER		BROOKLYN
	CARLIN, JOE		JACKSONVILLE
	CONWAY, FOSTER	SOUTHEAST	ATLANTA
	CATLEDGE, TURNER	NEW YORK TIMES	NEW YORK

* Deceased

	DESIDERIO, TONY		CLIFTON, N.J.
*	DIX, JACOB J.	DIX CO.	NEW YORK
*	DORFMAN, IRVING	GRAND CITY	NEW YORK
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PALS SINCE 1960 IN N.K.C.C. IN WHOM I
HAVE IMPLICIT CONFIDENCE AS FAITHFUL PEOPLE.

BESHELLA, MIKE	JERSEY CITY
FELDMAN, BOB	" "
KIPNIS, HARRY	" "
PETILLO, JOHN	" "
RUGGIERO, LARRY	" "

AND MY PRESENT AND EX-SECRETARIES

	COX, FLORENCE	N.K.C.C.	JERSEY CITY
	INMAN, LORRAINE	N.K.C.C.	JACKSONVILLE
†	ALPERSTEIN, D.	N.C.C.	LONG ISLAND
†	FISHER, ELLEN	N.C.C.	LONG ISLAND
	PACER, G.	N.C.C.	CHICAGO
†	PIERSON, E.	N.C.C.	NEW YORK CITY

† The only reason some quit the job was because they thought that marriage and having "kids" is a better permanent job (?).

* Deceased

MIAMI
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1962

I thought that I was finished with 1962 and that there would not be any more sensational news until after the first of January, 1963, and that I could close my 1962 diary with Finita la Comedia as has been prepared and staged by Madison Avenue and performed by the "First Family" but I was wrong. The prologue in the form of a climax was prepared and ready to be played, but had to wait for the opportune moment and it sure was a performance not to be forgotten so soon. Christmas was coming and the "First Family" were coming to the Palm Beach White House to spend the Christmas and New Year's holidays with the family (the old gent is there recuperating). Mr. Donovan was working hard with the Bearded Dictator, 90 miles from our shores, to finish the deal about releasing the 1113 Bay of Pigs prisoners; he was flying back and forth between Miami and Havana. Even Bobby Kennedy pitched in and collected about 3 Million Dollars to help make the full amount of "RANSOM" money to pay for the food and medicine and expense of transportation for freight to Havana and the Human Cargo from Havana to Miami. Everybody was satisfied and everybody wished it was over, the Bearded Cuban Dictator decided to give the Miamians a Christmas present, and he allowed another 1000 people, relatives of the Bay of Pigs prisoners, to be brought from Cuba to Miami. Now maybe there will be a few more thousand Cubans coming here; those that Castro considers "UNDESIRABLES." So the Bay of Pigs prisoners came to Miami and the newspaper, radio, live TV coverage was just like a coronation of a queen or the inauguration of a president, but "You ain't heard nothing yet." Here is where Madison Avenue shines with its brilliant ideas. Something special should be made of this event for the "First Family", so after the arrival of the Pig prisoners, radio and TV started to bombard every news period (each 30 minutes) that Mr. K. will come to the football game; then Mr. K. will come to greet the Pig heroes at the Orange Bowl; then Mr. K. will make a dramatic appearance before 80,000 Cubans at the Orange Bowl; then the yellow newspapers, in large letters, announced that "JACKIE WILL SPEAK AT THE BOWL; SHE WILL GREET PRISONERS IN SPANISH." Well what could be greater and more dramatic than this? It was almost worth the being caught at the Bay of Pigs and then to be freed to be brought to Miami to be greeted by JACKIE in SPANISH. Are these Bay of Pigs boys still prisoners here too? Maybe we feel guilty because if not for us and our abortive invasion plan, these boys wouldn't have to be caught and imprisoned. How many Cubans were these invading Cubans ready to kill in Cuba, if they had a chance to succeed with the invasion and how many innocent non-combatants would have been sacrificed on the altar of "Counter Revolution" or call it anything you want.

Was this DRAMATIC performance planned as a FACE SAVING for the "ABORTIVE INVASION"of which we were wholly responsible?

I read the following "letter to the editor" in a Miami Weekly publication of Friday, December 28, 1962:

> Editor, the Jewish Floridian:
>
> From a Jewish point of view, we can only be glad now that the Cuban prisoners are back and reunited with their families. It should be remarked that in accordance with Jewish rules, the greatest deed is to help people out of confinement, and all other rules are subordinated to this cause.
>
> During the course of our history, we have always been ready to pay the price of liberty, with our lives and wealth, and therefore we are glad to see that the efforts put forth in releasing the Cuban prisoners have been accomplished successfully. The $70,000 ransom paid for each of them is really not much, considering that they were saved from prison, and gained liberty.
>
> Notwithstanding, it brings to mind the double standard of how principles are applied if there are Jewish lives involved. You will remember that during the extermination of European Jewry in 1944, Adolf Eichmann made the offer to sell one million Hungarian Jews for $100,000,000-$100 for each Jew. The emissary, Joel Brand, who brought the offer, was jailed by Allied officials.
>
> When the offer finally was submitted to the Ambassador of Britain in Cairo, Lord Moyne, he remarked, "What can we do with a million Jews?" and this attitude prevailed. The offer was not even considered seriously; although it was then well-known that the Hungarian Jews were the next in line in the extermination program of the Nazis.
>
> The whole of European Jewry could have been settled in either Monroe or Collier County, as only a glance at the vast acres of fertile and empty land will confirm. But the mosquitoes there have not been disturbed, since Jewish emigration was not permitted: while people from other countries are welcomed today.
>
> Seeing the Cuban prisoners returning in good physical shape, one can only be happy, but the eyes of our sisters and brothers in Auschwitz and Dauchau gaze back in accusation, asking us why they weren't worth $100 per capita which Eichmann asked for them.
>
> Maurice Goldring
> Miami Beach

While I realize that Eichmann wanted trucks worth 100 Million Dollars which would probably prolong the War a while longer (maybe) because the German fighting machine was worn out and falling apart, except the concentration and cremating camps were still functioning properly, but the life of One Million Jews were at stake. WEREN'T THEY PEOPLE?

I would love to get an explanation of this from our NEW FRONTIER President who is FULL OF VIGOR, YOUTH, HONEST, HUMANE and RELIGIOUS and/or an explanation from some members of his Cabinet who

are supposed to have some of the same qualities.

Maybe Mr. Adlai Stevenson can explain it to me, for he does speak his own mind once in a while.

To make certain that I got the full impact of the dramatic performance at the Orange Bowl yesterday by the FIRST FAMILY, since I didn't have the patience nor time to watch and listen to the live TV describing every move and turn and the extraordinary protection the FIRST FAMILY had at this great reception for them by the friendly Cubans. Most of them are living on the fat of our land, and enjoy courtesies from local authorities not even enjoyed by local citizens. So I bought the only newspaper I read in Miami, my friends, John S. Knight,MIAMI HERALD (New York Times is still on strike) and this is what attracted me mostly, instead of 80,000 Cubans, there were only 35,000 at the ORANGE BOWL, "JFK TALKS AND THE CUBANS LOVE IT." (Which Cubans?) "PRESIDENT PROMISES A FREE HOMELAND." "A WAVE OF HOPE SWEEPS EXILES IN ORANGE BOWL." President said, "CUBA SHALL ONE DAY BE FREE AGAIN."

Mrs. K. later told the soldiers (?) that "SHE HOPES HER SON WILL BE HALF AS BRAVE AS THEY WERE." (I hope he will never have to.) The President left out a good portion of the prepared speech, but in his brief but positive speech, PRESIDENT K SHOWED MORE EMOTION THAN IN ANY RECENT ADDRESS, but what he LEFT OUT from his prepared speech may have been as SIGNIFICANT as what he did say.

Among a few of the principal things spelled out by the PRESIDENT was that the U.S. would help fight for "FREE ELECTIONS AND THE FREE EXERCISE OF HUMAN FREEDOMS." (Are we doing this on S. Viet Nam or in Thailand or in Formosa?) or in many other lands around the globe where we pour in Billions of Dollars and soldiers and ammunition including countries in our hemisphere, of South America where the Dictators reign in full force and the people have nothing to say or to eat.

"THE FIRST LADY JACKIE SPOKE AS A MOTHER; HER FACE WAS YOUNG AND RADIANT, TANNED BY THE FLORIDA SUN." And so went on the Madison Avenue horse-play for LOCAL CONSUMPTION. Now the question is "DID JFK DOCTOR HIS SPEECH AND LEAVE OUT STRONGER WORDS, AND WHY?"

My friend, J.S. Knight, in his editorial in today's Herald, December 30, 1962, entitled "The publisher's Note Book Reviews 1962" "A COMEBACK YEAR FOR U.S. PRESTIGE."

I believe that many of our intelligent citizens may not agree with Mr. Knight but rather think that there is some truth in the following letter published in the Miami Herald of December 31, 1962, written to the Editor:

BENEVOLENT CASTRO SWAPS JUSTICE FOR HUMAN LIFE

Editor The Herald: Some 20 years ago, President Franklin D. Roosevelt rightfully ordered the execution of German invaders of Florida and Long Island. The death sentences were ultimately carried out in Sing Sing's electric chair.

Under the same international law which guided President Roosevelt, Premier Fidel Castro would have been entirely within his rights to impose the death sentence upon the invaders of his homeland.

After all, the precedence of exacting the extreme penalty

for invasion was established with the full approval of the American people.

The 1,113 Bay of Pigs invaders should be forever grateful to Castro for his benevolence in effecting their release.

Castro's justifiable demand to swap the Cuban prisoners of war for medical supplies and food speaks of more humanity than the harsh treatment dealt by other governments to American soldiers caught in similar circumstances. Who can ever forget the World War II Melmedy massacre and Bataan death march of American prisoners of war?

Castro has proven to the world that, even though provoked, he is a man of great compassion who surely deserves the praise of all fair-minded people.

A.G.

The year 1962 will be gone in just one more day, and what after then, Mr. President? You have a big and responsible job on your hands not only leading our U.S.A. people who elected you as their leader within our borders, but you have also undertaken the responsibilities of carrying out your predecessor's leadership of our country, outside our borders, too. Please don't do anything that will leave you in a position of "GUILTY CONSCIENCE" where you have to call in Madison Ave. to make a DISPLAY of the FIRST FAMILY, like you did yesterday to save face, because any FEELING OF GUILTY CONSCIENCE on YOUR part reflects on all your citizens and you have to SAVE FACE for them too. Please be careful.

NEXT NATIONAL ELECTION ISN'T FAR AWAY.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING TO EVERYBODY WHEREVER YOU ARE, AS YOU WISH IT FOR YOURSELF.

S.K.

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