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Peking Diary Volume I

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Withdrawal/Redaction Sheet (George Bush Library)

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01. Redaction	Redaction of three sentences from Peking Diary (REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS ; pg 1) [RELEASED BY G.B. ON 05/23/2007.] (1 pp.)	10/21/74	Ø	
02. Redaction	Redaction of seven sentences from Peking Diary (REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS ; pg 2) [RELEASED BY G.B. ON 05/23/2007.] (1 pp.)	10/21/74	Ø	
03. Redaction	Redaction of one sentence from Peking Diary (REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS ; pg 11) [RELEASED BY G.B. ON 05/08/2007.] (1 pp.)	10/23/74	Ø	
04. Redaction	Redaction of one sentence from Peking Diary (REDACTED PAGE FOLLOWS ; pg 65) [RELEASED BY G.B. ON 05/08/2007.] (1 pp.)	11/22/74	Ø	

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UNITED STATES LIAISON OFFICE

Sept 21 '75 thru October 19, '75

HM unclassified..

Diary Tapes... Lock up in personal
part of safe....

october 19 '75 thru Nov/ 24'75

PEKING DIARY

Vol. I

This is the beginning of the Peking Diary. October 21, 1974.

Japan Air Lines. Flight that went to Osaka, Shanghai, Tokyo. Just completed three days at the Tokyo Embassy with Jim and Marie Hodgson. Extremely hospitable and generous in every way. A delightful, down-to-earth guy - plucked out of one year back at Lockheed to be a business-presence ambassador along the lines of the highly successful Bob Ingersoll. I think he will do well.

My emotions are mixed about this. I read the Japan Times. I begin already to wish I had more details on American politics, the elections. You read the tired AP re-play, some of the same stories we saw in the States before we left.

When we got to Anchorage there was a message for me to call Leon Jaworski. After counted details and fumbling around by Washington operators Ben Venisti and James Neal came on the telephone. They explained that Jaworski had placed the call but had gone home. I expect that this was true though I am not totally confident. They were asking me about a conversation on tape in April, 1973. They had not heard the tape but they saw a transcript. In it Richard Moore apparently told President Nixon that I had been approached by Mardian to raise \$30,000 for the Watergate defendants and that Moore told the President that I refused to do this and had urged the whole thing to come out. They were asking me my recollection. I told them that I had absolutely no recollection of this, that I was confident I had not talked to Mardian about this, that I hadn't seen

him since I had become National Chairman. Indeed I hadn't seen him since perhaps a year before that and then only in passing. All in all I thought they were on the wrong track. They told me that Moore had not been cooperative. This, when I said they ought to get Moore in and ask him about the conversation. I told them I would look at my notes and try to recall any conversation. I did remember some vague reference by Anna Chennault to "another project" where Anna came to me trying to build her Republican credentials. And I put two and two together and figured this might have had something to do with raising money for defendants. But I don't recall that it was in April. And I had not in any way tied it in with Dick Moore.

The incident itself is not important except that here I was leaving the United States, last point of land, and a call out of the ugly past wondering about something having to do with Watergate, coverup and all those matters that I want to leave behind.

In going to China I am asking myself, "Am I running away from something?", "Am I leaving what with inflation, incivility in the press and Watergate and all the ugliness?", Am I taking the easy way out?". The answer I think is "no," because of the intrigue and fascination that is China. I think it is an important assignment, it is what I want to do, it is what I told the President I want to do, and all in all, in spite of the great warnings of isolation, I think it is right -- at least for now.

General Notes - People at the State Department seem scared to death about our China policy. Kissinger keeps the cards so close to his chest that able officers in EA seem unwilling to take any kinds of initiative. This troubles me a little bit because I worry that our policy is "plateaued out," and that if we don't do something the policy will come under the microscopic scrutiny the CIA has come under, that the Middle East policy has come under. And indeed the American people are going to be looking for forward motion. And it is my hope that I will be able to meet the next generation of China's leaders - ^{?? not so} whomever they may prove to be. Yet everyone tells me that that is impossible. I have the feeling that David Bruce felt it was best to have a small mission, keep a very low profile, do little reporting and to feel his way along on this new relationship. He was revered properly so and respected, but my hyper-adrenalin, political instincts tell me that the fun of this job is going to be to try to do more, make more contacts. Although everyone all along the line says that you will be frustrated, won't be able to make contacts, won't be able to meet people, they will never come see you, etc. etc. I fear this may be true, but the fun will be trying.

I understand that we are walking into a situation where morale is a little low. Time will tell you this as well. I am looking forward to Jennifer Fitzgerald coming over to by my secretary. I think there is a lot to be said to having a buffer between the State Department and the Ambassador. It worked at the UN and I am satisfied it can work here.

Before I left briefings at Commerce, Agriculture and Defense all resulted in requests for a presence from their department there. Military attache which would include three or four people. Agricultural attache and commerce attache. EA seems opposed to this. My own judgment right now is that maybe we ought to have an agricultural man, but again I will have a better judgment on this when I get there. Eighty or 90 per cent of our commerce is agriculture. Our trade is going to fall dramatically off this year from a high of close to a billion dollars to around \$500 million. This is going to be viewed by the American people as going backwards in trade, and I think we need some work to see that we keep it up. The question of newsmen in China concerns me. I can see where they don't want every contraversial Lydon-type negativist rushing around, criticizing. But I also can see that responsible reporting perhaps by the news agencies, AP and UPI, might be the best possible thing right now. China should not be on the front burner, but if the policy is going to move forward, nor should it be on the back burner in terms of awareness in the U.S. The Kissinger trip can help on this enormously.

Random Recollections - Everybody in the United States wants to go to China. Everyone wants a visa. The professors don't know a hell of a lot more about what's going to happen in China than the politicians or the military. Going away reception at Huang Hua's, a dinner at Huang Chen's, the UN dinner, our lunch for Huang Chen, Stewart's Supreme Court dinner to which Huang Chen was invited -- all were very good. Huang Chen was rather expansive suggesting that we could have visas for those people who

were "friends of Ambassador Bush." He started suggesting that many, many people could come to China on this basis, all of which I hope proves to be true. It would seem to me that if we had interesting people perhaps we could use this as a way to have more contact with our Chinese friends. Nick Platt, who was let out of China because of hitting a person on a bicycle, and his wife Sheila came to see us in Toyko at the embassy. They are stationed there. They indicated that there was a lot to be done in terms of the happiness of the American families, the boredom aspect. They felt that the Ambassador should be more active, should push for more contact, should not be quite so subservient or take a lot of stuff off the Chinese. 79

We were wondering what shape Fred will be in when we arrive in China. He has been in Japanese quarantine for three days and there seemed to be some confusion at the Japanese airport as to whether he was on the plane. But we are assured that he is safely in the bowels of this JAL DC-8. Though I couldn't hear him barking at Osaka. The weather in Tokyo is humid and fairly warm. A reasonably heavy gray flannel suit was too much. We had a delightful visit on Sunday down at Kamacura with John Roderick of the AP who showed me fascinating pictures that he had taken in the ^{Kamakura} Lenan with Chou En Lai, Chairman Mao, Huang Hua and others. Roderick was from Maine. A decent man whom I had met years before with Joy Dow at the Kennebunk River Club though I did not recall it. He is fascinated with China and wants to go there as the AP man. He is sensitive

to the problems and I do not think would cause difficulties for the United States or China in his reporting. Because of the great sensitivity in China it is important to have seasoned journalists when the door is opened. I would hate to spend all my time trying to explain that adverse stories could not be controlled by us. Miss Hollingsworth, a British reporter, told us some experience she had had of being called in to explain some of her writings. This concept is alien to our country.

Note - I read in the Japan papers some comment about the threats to the freedom of U.S. journalists and I thought to myself, "My God, what are they talking about," compared to what happens in terms of reporting in China.

Note - I will try to make this diary factual without going into too much of the sensitive policy nature of things. I will make comments on people, places, recollections, hopefully a little color. It will be fun to look back to see how initial impressions check out, whether the initial enthusiasm I feel about this assignment becomes jaded, gives way to a jaded cynicism as a result of contact.

In a selfish sense I do not see this as a political dead end. Many political friends tell me, "out of sight, out of mind." But I think in this assignment there is an enormous opportunity of building credentials in foreign policy, credentials that not many Republican politicians will have. Kissinger has mentioned to me twice, "This must be for two years, George," "You will do some substantive business, but there will be a lot of time when you will be bored stiff." I thought of Henry and

I am sure his role in having Nelson Rockefeller get the VP situation, but I will say that he was extremely generous in telling Chiao Kuan Hua that I was close to the President.

Friday, the 25th, two visits - one with Teddy Youde, the British ambassador. This is his fourth trip to China. He is an extremely interesting man. Terribly well informed. Knows the cast of characters. Lives in splendor, something far more than we live in, but something less, he informed me, than what they used to live in. He told me about the burning of their chancellery during the Cultural Revolution though he wasn't here. It was a terrifying experience for which the Chinese subsequently made clear they were not responsible - in other words they disapproved of its happening. We sat outdoors in a very relaxed way on the lawn. I think we will have good relations with him. The other visit was with Deputy Director Hsiao P'E, Deputy Director of the MFA, the information department. During that meeting we talked about his role with cultural exhibitions etc. and I made a pitch for expanding contact with U.S. journalists coming here. I did not get into the question of the AP being stationed here, but I did get into the question of more U.S. journalists in the spirit of the Shanghai Communique. At these meetings with the Chinese officials John Holdridge, Don Anderson and Brunson all attend. There is a certain stock formality to them. Sitting in the room with cigarettes and tea in front of you, antimacassars too prominently displayed. Prompt arrival, the friendly wave at the steps and all in all rather politely and nicely done. I had lunch with the

McKinley family. Another spectacular lunch. We have yet to have the same course of any kind served except for the rice. Tonight we had the Linguists and the Philadelphia Council for International Visitors, a group of Main Liners. The reception is 6 to 7 at the residence. I hope they don't drink up too much of our whiskey.

Another beautiful day in Peking. Absolutely perfect weather.

The "picture" of the Great Wall and the other. We sat up for forty minutes talking to Mr. Lo who spoke pretty darn good English. He looked 20. He was 37. He is a member of the Shanghai greeting committee of some sort. We sat there making small talk. I asked him the age of the airfield and he was a little vague on that. It looked like an old World War II air base. A lot of Russian planes around - large and small. No other airlines sitting inside except our JAL DC-8. We flew to Peking on a very clear day. When we arrived it was cold. Greeted by their ^{acting} protocol chief, Mr. Chiu (?) and the head of their American section, ^(Chu Ch'uan-hsien) ^(Lin P'ing) Mr. Ling. John Holdridge, Brunson McKinley and a bunch of the officers from the mission, the New Zealand and Australian ambassadors were out there. We were escorted up to the reception room set up there in rather a formal air exchanging pleasantries with Mr. Ling and then Holdridge suggested that it was time to push on. I gave them a brief press statement to a gaggle of about six press journalists and off we went on a very windy day. The wind was really howling. It reminded me very much of West Texas and also of a trip to Kuwait, a combination of Kuwait and Midland. The Kuwait-Midland axis. There were very few cars. I was struck by that. Lots of bicycles. Everybody plain and drably dressed. We swung into

At Shanghai
on way in

the mission - nice, clean, great looking U.S. seal, two PLO guards at the gate and into the residence which is tastefully done. More on that later. Staff was impressive. I toured through, met everybody, unpacked, failing to have packed much of the stuff we need. The clothes were there and the air freight was there. C Fred arrived looking dirty and tired, and damned confused. All in all we are in good shape on the pleasant things of life. The staff had completely changed out. Mr. Bruce had raved about his first man but now we have a new man, Mr. Sun Ch'ien-K'ang, Mr. Chang Teh Lung, Yen Ut Si the first waiter. There is a second waiter and two female cleaners. There was a couple of extras in there. The guy making the vodka and tonic filled it half with vodka, a little less than half of tonic and some ice. Fred was confused and delighted to see all the kids. First thing, I have told Bar to get a ping pong table and a couple of bicycles. We then went to John Holdridge's for dinner at his apartment. The school is in the lobby of the apartment. John is knowledgeable in Chinese and Martha was also extremely helpful.

We went to bed early. They put a board under my bed, making it properly hard but we were confused. The wind was whistling outside and yet the heat inside was enormous. I went around and turned off all the heaters. Bar got snoring again just like West Texas. I turned on the Sears dehumidifier and she did OK. She'll have that place singing in a day or two. It needs pictures, it needs some warmth, it needs some table-top items, but other than that we have inherited a lot in the Bruce style. It's great. All's well. End first night. No substance. Lot of new sights and sounds and smells. Don't drink the water. The soap is good. The eggs are little. Shortwave makes a lot of whistling sounds - sounds just like 30 years ago. Lots to

do. Lots to learn.

October 22 - took Fred for a run about 6 o'clock in the morning. Guards looked a little startled. Ran down one side of USLO and then another. A lot of people were bicycling, going to work. Many stared expressionless. The old-timers smiled and looked very friendly at Fred, and me even. Whereas the younger ones remained somewhat inscrutable and though they showed an interest they did not show any emotion at all.

Had a long conversation with Bryce Harland, the attractive young ambassador from New Zealand. We reviewed the contacts he has with Chinese officials. In fact he gets a lot out of the diplomatic corps. He made a couple of interesting comments to me. He felt the United States was making a mistake if only Dr. Kissinger talked to the Chinese. "No one is immortal." He probed on Kissinger's forthcoming visit, seeming to know when the visit would take place. He showed me through his house, the new tennis court he has built with a slick surface, designed also to be flooded and used for ice skating in the winter. A great idea. Rest of the day reading cables, doing some mail, getting acquainted for a staff meeting in the morning. Lunch at home with Bar, trying to get some understanding with the new staff. The English speaking maitre'd Bruce was so high on was gone. Replaced by a very pleasant but sloppy man who speaks French and wants to please. He seems very nice. The number two man, a younger man, speaks English but really only says a few words. Weather, clear. Fall kind of day. A little brisk without an overcoat but pleasant. Harland of New Zealand appears to me a very active, outgoing, youngish ambassador born about 1931. He has got a lot of ideas.

Observation at the end of this first day. The amount of information not available. Great speculation because Chairman Mao met with Denmark's Prime Minister and there is all kinds of speculation as to where Mao is. The Danes were not at liberty to say, being sworn to secrecy. Some think that Mao was out in the country to see how the group in Peking will do. Others feel that he is home because of his advanced years. But the point is people don't know. They speculate about it, they talk about it. Here we are in a country of 800 million people and it is a well kept secret. At least from our ears. Amazing, absolutely amazing.

October 23 - a spectacularly beautiful day. The sky is a bright blue. Fred and I went for a run after I did those abominable exercises at about six in the morning down past Kuwait, Greece, Chad and then back past our mission and down to the International Club and back once again. People stared at Fred the same as yesterday. Some smiling, most showing interest but going on. Morning spent at our regular 8:45 staff meeting. I am not adjusted to sleeping very well. Woke up early. When dawn breaks it happens all of a sudden it seems to me. Called on the French ambassador, Mr. Manac'h. He does not speak Chinese. He has been here for four years. Very pleasant. Told me that DeGaulle had talked to Nixon in February of '69 and then had told him, Manac'h, to tell Chou En Lai that the United States wants contact with the PRC. He agrees that there will be a coalition leadership from the bottom not from the charismatic top. He told how when

Pompidou was coming he asked to meet the party people as well as the city people. They said "Why?". He told them that he had been in Communist countries before and he knew very well how important the party people were. He had just come back from a week in North Korea. A private, non-official visit. His house was beautiful, full of artifacts. He has a new wife after some 30 years. It is amazing to watch their reactions when they ~~see~~ the Chinese see the American flag on the car. Many of them point at it or look at each other and seem to be commenting on it. I am not sure if this is true with other missions as well. But for years we were criticized and now they see the stars and stripes flowing from time to time all around Peking. Our Chinese bikes are back today. I say back. They had to get licenses.

October 23 - Lunch with the Lillys- bright, Chinese-speaking officer and his young kid. On Wednesday afternoons the office is closed -- Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Lily was off to do some Boy's Club work. There is something nice about having his son around here. It prompted me to hurry up and get a ping pong table and hurry up and get a basketball hoop up -- *never did* both of which we are in the process of accomplishing.

Played tennis in the afternoon with Akwei of Ghana, a member of the Italian mission and some other guy. Courts are small in the sense there is little room on the side and in the back. The wiring around the court is good. The surface is bland, white concrete. They should have mixed some color in with it. It is hard as a rock and really not too attractive. And the ball was very hard to see. Akwei, warm nice guy. I asked him if it would be possible to put some topping on these courts and he indicated that it might be difficult as far as the Chinese went. They might not want it done. They might feel it was presumptuous of us. If it should

be done, they should do it. I told him of the great surface at the White House court and other courts but he didn't think they would be too receptive. I have in mind that we ought to have a good court and a pool for our people even if we had to have it in a separate place. I don't care about it here, but I just think if other missions have it, by God we ought to have it too. I am hoping that by having some of these little athletic facilities around the house, some of the kids will come here.

Four of the help in the back ran away when they saw Fred. Bar called him over and had him do his tricks and they were soon out watching him and laughing. Initially they were scared. Rode over with Brunson McKinley to make our first call on the Chinese, Mr. Chiu, Acting Chief of Protocol, that took Ambassador Hon's place. He is a very pleasant individual. He had two others with him. We exchanged initial pleasantries. I told him his "ears should be burning" because Dr. Kissinger spoke so highly of the kind of work they were doing in protocol here. He mentioned that Chiao Kuan Hua knew I was here and would want to see me but he thought I should first see Ling and others. I told him to please give my best to Chiao Kuan Hua, that I wanted to have an exchange of views about politics, having been in the political arena, with him or any others, that I would prefer frank, informal discussions if possible, that Chiao Kuan Hua ought not to feel that he should have a formal kind of reception for me of any kind, that I would much prefer a very small meeting where we could talk more frankly. I knew Chiao had many banquets and felt he didn't need yet another one. I told him that he was very nice and he told me to make requests. And yes we could travel. Yes he would be glad to receive our

requests for anything we wanted. I told him not only would we do that, but on the other hand if there is any place where he should be critical of us he should call me and tell me. That I wanted a frank relationship. We want to comply. We think we have done well but if we are doing anything at all that is causing them concern we want them to tell us and to tell us frankly. What I was attempting to do was to establish a frank relationship and to try to move out of the normal diplomatic, stiff armed, stilted deal. It may be difficult. It may be impossible but I want to keep pushing for it. The only tact that I have got that can be helpful is this approach of having been in politics. I used it again with Mr. Chiu and said that if they wanted to talk about the American political scene I would be prepared to do it from the unique vantage point of having run one of our parties. It will be interesting to see if they are willing to do this at all.

On the way back from the visit Brunson and I went into a sports store. Tremendously crowded street. Many, many bicycles. We bought a couple of sweatshirts, some ping pong rackets and ordered a ping pong table for the next day. People clustered around. I must say that people are the same the world over. Basically friendly if you are friendly with them. After an initial wondering, they couldn't have been more friendly as we went along and bought the goods. Brunson spoke to them in good Chinese and all in all it was a happy little experience seeing all those people looking at the basketballs, sweatshirts and soccerballs. The store was stocked with dark blue, dark maroon sweatshirts, some colored socks, white athletic socks, a good range of balls (soccer, basketball), other

little round rubber balls, ping pong stuff - not an overly stocked store, not bulging at the seams like an American sports store, but not a bad selection either. The man was most anxious to show us his championship ping pong table which was too much money for us - \$250 - but I did buy one for about \$125. The sweatshirts were cheap, the ping pong rackets not bad. I saw the Great Hall of the People and other buildings for the first time from the car. I must say you get a very different feeling when you see all those things than when you just drive around the USLO Office.

We had dinner at a Mongolian place with the Holdridges on the 23rd. One cooks his own dinner on a common potbelly stove in the middle of the room. The food was spicy. Chinese wine was served. And all in all it was delightful.

Thursday still. A very interesting visit with Fitzgerald, the Australian ambassador. He is young - 30 some odd - 35ish - was in the foreign service - early on became opposed to Australia's foreign policy and felt that future lay with China and the PRC. He took a PhD and majored in the language and then when Whitlam came in, he was sent to Peking. He is aggressive, attractive and very interesting. He is concerned on two major points. The relationship of the Soviet Union and India. He felt that India is very uptight. And he felt that China was very uptight about India. And with India's growing nuclear capability and China's - the PRC might miscalculate along the border. The second point where he thought he could be useful to us was as some kind of contact with Sihanouk but mainly with Sihanouk's Foreign Minister. He was less concerned

about Sihanouk himself than he was about the total settlement in Cambodia. Fitzgerald ventured that they have good relations with Sihanouk and his Foreign Minister and he might be able to help if we wanted them to.

Speculation on Kissinger's trip - Fitzgerald is extremely interested. I hedged and told him that nothing was definite. These things have a way of changing. He pressed very hard on this. It seems to be the number one topic in the diplomatic corps in China. Fitzgerald indicated that the PRC had told him they would be willing to sell them substantial amounts of oil in the future.

Notes on Peking - At a quarter of six in the morning you can hear voices from PLA Units shouting commands - almost cheers - other than that, there is a silence. Things get gray here. The water is very hard. Fred the dog has adjusted a little bit by now. He looks kind of gray. Bar has given him two baths but he still looks gray. So do our shirts. Water softeners don't work.

It is hard in a house when no one speaks English. The food is varied and excellent. We are asking the interpreter to speak to Mr. Yen in the house and have him write down what he serves at each meal. We will then know what these dishes are when we have them translated.

Thursday night I went to bed at 8:30 simply dead tired. I hadn't done that much, though I am doing my exercises and running in the morning between 6 and 7. It must just be an adjustment to schedule. Total fatigue struck me and I was asleep by quarter of nine I am sure.

I saw a big black crow on the run this morning. The first bird I

have seen. He called out and sounded kind of weird. I wonder about Fred. He stopped to sniff what a couple of donkeys left on the street. He was most enthusiastic about this. We never see a dog on our runs.

Sunday, October 27, 1974 - On Saturday we climbed up the Western Hills with John and Martha Holdridge. A beautiful but tiring climb. There was a sign at the gate saying, "Do Not Pick The Red Leaves" and yet all through the climb we saw soldiers and kids carrying red leaves - bright red fall colors. The path and the walk was a bit grubby. There was a lot of dust around. A lot of popcicle wrappers and paper wrappers. Sitting around the various way stations there was garbage left and I was unimpressed by the cleanliness of the place. It reminded me of some of the spots in New York. I would have thought that the discipline extended to this kind of thing. There are propaganda speakers throughout the whole park. They were not on at first. Whey then came on, four kids in gray Mao coats in front of us looked at each other and one of them put his hands up into his ears as if to fend off the announcements. You see boys and girls glancing at each other but no hand holding. No "heing and sheing" and you wonder in this beautiful setting.

A large handwritten bracket on the right side of the page, spanning from the line "Sitting around the various way stations there was garbage left and I was unimpressed by the cleanliness of the place." down to the line "and sheing" and you wonder in this beautiful setting." To the right of the bracket, the handwritten initials "YCS" are visible.

On Saturday we made a call on the DSB - they are the group that provide the servants and the facilities. A Mr. Shu is in charge - a jovial older man who must get jillions of requests. I pointed out to him that we needed some recreational facilities though I was not pressing for this. I told him the cooperation had been good. I told him we were satisfied with our people. Though none of them spoke English they were all trying very, very hard. And in our opinion were doing a good job. I think he interpreted

this as a request for somebody who did speak English. I reassured him that that was not the case. We went by the tennis courts. Here they were rolling some kind of red powdered stuff into a really good looking two court indoor building. I talked through Brunson and John Holdridge to the man in charge of tennis. He is an old timer. He seems friendly and I am looking forward to getting on the courts. They ought to be alright for a while but it would be an ideal place for some of those Arlington-Y-type courts. The outdoor courts are absolutely useless. The surface that they put on them fell apart in less than a year. Great pot holes in it. Again little technology but a desire to please the international community in a fantastic setup with basketball, pool, ping pong, cheap meals, barber shop (30 cents a hair cut). All in all an excellent facility.

The calls on the Chinese officials are all very formal. I have been to the information agency where I made a pitch for more journalists to come into the country. I feel strongly that in terms of our policy we must have manifestations of forward progress. The journalist area is a good one. They never will discuss these things. They simply take note of your comments. It is strictly a one-way street in terms of getting any response.

On the climb to the Western Walls it is exactly the same as everywhere else. People stare at you. Gather around the car. Look at you. Once in a while smile. No hostility but tremendous curiosity. Our driver, Mr. Kuo, is amazing. It looks to me like we are going to crash into bicycles, donkey carts, overloaded buses, trailer-type setups, or get lost in a dust storm but sure enough Mr. Kuo manages. Yesterday a bicyclist almost ran in front

of us and Mr. Kuo held up his finger and disciplined the young bike rider with a rather serious reprimand. The kid looked somewhat chasened but continued boldly across the great breadth of highway and was soon blended into a jillion other cyclists, a bunch of buses and a few donkey pulled carts.

Saturday night we attended a dance - the Spanish embassy. I had no tuxedo but it didn't matter. The Africans just as they do in the UN -- some of them -- showed up tuxedoless and I felt right at home. The Spanish ambassador is a kind of a swinger. He had a most attractive French-speaking house guest with him and all in all it was a gala evening -- lots of Frank Sinatra music and relaxed. The diplomatic community seems starved for this kind of entertainment. The Spanish did it well. The food was Western - sliced ham, sliced beef, and lots of typical type buffet style things.

Sunday morning I am reading the Hsinhua news agency (Red News - this is put out by the government propaganda pieces). The Blue News is more objective. Foreign service reports. It is called news from foreign agencies and press. Hsinhua has got the propaganda tone. All through the Hsinhua News you read anti-American stuff. The Koreans giving a big dinner to celebrate the Red Volunteers going into Korea. A big long propaganda piece against the "oil monopolists" in the United States. A lot of anti-Soviet stuff. And all in all it is the party line. This contrasts with the Blue News which is a rather straight presentation of the wire service and byline pieces from international newspapers - none of it critical to China but one gets a good feel from it as one does of the problems we are up against from the Hsinhua News.

might
want to
use some
of these
quotes

I am already struck by the ~~contrast~~ in China. The beauty in many ways. The courteous friendliness of the individuals with whom you do talk. The desire to please in many ways. And then that is contrasted with the basic closed society aspect of things. Lack of freedom. Discipline of people. Sending them off to communes. Little criticism. No freedom to criticize. There is a certain gray drabness amongst the people that makes one wonder how they could possibly be happy. Makes one wonder if there is real happiness there. And the incessant propaganda on radio and television and papers. The attack and criticism of Lin Piao and Confucius continues and in reams of propaganda it goes on and on throughout this whole country every day. Grilled into the people from top to bottom. Incessant propaganda. It is cooled in terms of being anti-U.S. running dog, but the "imperialist" theme is still prominent and all of this makes me wonder what should our overall policy really be. What is right? Where do we go from here? How much movement can we make? And what is in our national interest? I was struck by a visitor from the linguistic exchange program who gave me this enormous pitch that we must normalize relations. We must get on with solving the Taiwan question. We must recognize the Taiwan problem needs to be solved instantly. I asked him why and he said we must because we want to have more exchanges with your students and we want to know more about their language and we want to have their people come so we can exchange ideas. All of this is fine but there was a certain unreality to the pitch. Lack of recognition that in a quest to discover more about language he was prepared to forget any

anti-Confucius

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global political problems. Simply do things their way on Taiwan or anything else apparently. He did recognize in the conversation that they were putting on a show for him in a sense but he was so overawed with this getting his toe in the door of language that he was making this sincere pitch to totally move forward in terms of solution of the Taiwan problem.

Note - so much discussion of the People Army, Peoples Revolution, Peoples thwarted aggression and imperialists. When I think of what really motivates the average citizen in the United States it is difficult to recognize that we are the imperialists and that we are the aggressors. My mind flashed back to the hot rhetoric at the United Nations. It's funny. I have been out of that for two years. And now I am back in it much more so than ever. Note - North Koreans-"The U.S. imperialists must accept our just proposal on the conclusion of a peace agreement and must withdraw the U.S. imperialist aggressor troops occupying South Korea under the signboard of the United Nations forces." On and on it goes in Hsinhua. Reporting from Cambodia, "Cambodian people in liberated areas overcome natural calamity" and then go on to blow up the fantastic accomplishments these people are allegedly making. In Hsinhua "soaring profits in giant U.S. oil companies - Ecuador readjusts its prices posed by the U.S. monopolists." A discussion of a news story - "Canada opposed U.S. continental energy policy" showing that Nassikas and our oil monopolists Jamieson of Exxon and others were trying to ram a program down Canada's throat that Canada did not want. A long explanation of how "many U.S. Western European banks go bankrupt or incur losses" and then talking of Lloyd's Bank and the Franklin Bank. Some attacks on Russia

by the Albanians but of course we are thrown in. Then talk of China's own accomplishments.

October 24 - "All school-age children in the mountainside Yen Chen's peoples commune in East China's Fukien province are attending school. Before the Cultural Revolution only half of them attended." Great accomplishments in education. And yet we are not allowed to go into Peking University without some kind of special permit. One of our people was invited in by a student there but he wasn't able to go in - just walking in the gates of a great open university.

*from
Chungking
to
Tianjin*

Sunday the wind is blowing, the sky is clear. But dust is everywhere. Gray dust in the post reports, is all around and everyone jokes about it and laughs about it. Fred is looking even grayer. But I am feeling better. Less tired. Impressed with much around me. And yet wondering, wondering about the policies and where we ought to be a year from now.

Off to church - the Protestant service. The Bible Institute. There is a Catholic service at the Cathedral. Church service at the Bible Institute was unbelievable. Beat up old house. Four old Chinese including the minister who in this instance was Presbyterian. Two others who I understand were ministers. One a Methodist and one an Anglican. The rest of the congregation consisted of the Austrian ambassador and his family, another from the Dutch embassy, several Africans including Mrs. Akwei and her kid. All in all a congregation of about fourteen people. It was a most moving service. The hymns were the old familiar ones. Sung off an English song sheet with the Chinese voices singing the same hymns in Chinese. The service was conducted entirely in Chinese including communion. It was moving.

October 28, 1974 - This is Veterans Day, a holiday in the United States and one here at USLO. We did have the signing of the archaeological exhibition in the Foreign Ministry, a major deal with ribboned copies, two of us sitting at the signing table as though we were signing a massive treaty. The Deputy Foreign Minister was present, a Mr. Leu (?). ?? He and Nancy Tang and several others were present. Nancy did a good deal of the talking in the discussion that followed the actual signing. The Deputy Foreign Minister was in charge of Soviet Affairs and as he later told us had an interest in India. This was the first shot any of us had at talking to him. He was fairly responsive. He came down very hard on the Russians, including some rather unpleasant references to Brezhnev being dumb, etc. On the whole though he couldn't have been more cordial and courteous to us. I tried to point out that nothing in the Kissinger trip to Moscow or India would in any way be detrimental to the interests of China nor would any of our foreign policy be designed to be detrimental to China. There is an interesting cable detail on this meeting.

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All in all it was a fairly encouraging meeting in that we visited for close to an hour in discussion with them. John Holdridge, Don Anderson and Brunson McKinley attended. Brunson very ably taking care in advance of the actual mechanics of signing. Don Anderson had worked very hard on the project. They made a great deal about it and they made some laughing references to the age of the thing, dating from Peking Man up til more recent times. The concern they felt about the Soviets came through over and over again on this meeting. I am pressing to find things that are interested in, to extend the conversation, to urge that we have conversations

about easy matters and difficult matters, but I get very little response. I asked one question; namely, whether they felt India was moving away from the Soviet Union or something of that nature. And after the meeting Nancy told me, "You ask many questions. Next time we will get a chance to ask them." That was the only one I had asked but we did have a good frank exchange and I would hope that we can do more of that kind of thing.

In the afternoon I played tennis with John Burns of the Toronto paper and Urin Olifinish, a Finnish correspondent. Not bad at all. We played on the New Zealand court. The courts looked slippery but the ball stayed in play pretty nicely. It slowed down very good. The only thing that is really bad is the visibility and of course the courts are very hard. Fall Peking weather persists. When the sun was up it was warm. But the minute it got low in the sky it became very cold, much colder than it looked just standing around there on the court. Back to USLO where some pouch mail had arrived. Mail that was supposed to have left about the same time we left the States. Tons of stuff to sort through. I miss the order, having all the files in one place, but I guess we can get used to that. Bicycled to tennis and back and now about to bicycle to Brunson McKinley's for a movie. Not many blocks away. I am told that before too long it will be too cold to bicycle at all. It will be too bad. The fatigue has totally worn off now in that I am on full China schedule. It took a lot longer than I would have thought and I don't know how Kissinger and these real travelers shooting hither and yon do it without getting tired. I don't know quite how President Nixon and the others moved around Peking without being tired on their trip. The Chinese at the meeting today were like the others I have talked to about Nixon - giving him credit for the things he did and butting

out of Watergate without commenting on the adversity of it. A good day.

October 29 - A cable came back from the State Department approving the plan to attend National Days. This may get some press attention but it will increase the Mission contacts and increase the contacts with Chinese that the USLO has. It will probably be noted in the press as a change in policy or certainly as a change in style but our Mission officers were unanimous in thinking this was a good idea. And apparently the Department approves. Good first step.

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I called on Tien Ping, the Deputy Director of the Consular Department. Had lunch at home with some of the staff and that afternoon called on ambassador Ogawa, Japanese ambassador. He is a friend of Taro Nakagowa. Indeed he gave me a letter from Taro saying he was sorry to miss us. At five o'clock a good, rather wide swinging session with Chiao Kuan Hua reviewing principally the oil matters. The first day of rain in Peking. Fred got his third bath. Nancy Tang did the interpreting. She is considered very, very good. Mao's niece, Wang Hai Jung, Vice Minister, was there. She is very quiet and almost shy. Mr. Ling, Mr. Chiu and others with their eyes followed the conversation, smiled, nodded, entered in, but she sat very silently but obviously in a position of importance. Minister Chiau talked about giving us a dinner and he said that he and Miss Wang would host this dinner. As we walked out of the meeting Mr. Chiu, head of protocol, said that the Minister would like to have the dinner for us this coming Friday. I had impressed on him that I recognize how busy he was, that there was no need to do anything for us, that whatever was done I could most understand

if he elected to do it down the road. He made a personal inquiry and told me that he had heard that my mother was upset that I was coming to China. I told him, "Just the opposite." I told him she felt there was much more respectability to my being head of the Liaison Office in Peking as compared to being Chairman of the Party. He made some reference about Chairman Bush and I made the point that there was quite a difference being chairman of the Republican National Committee. I let me voice trail off. They all got the message and laughed like mad. He was very courteous and full of humor. Don Anderson told Chou that I had started my Chinese lessons that day. At the end of the meeting I looked very serious and said I have one very serious personal favor to ask the Vice Minister. They all looked rather alarmed. I said, "When you meet my wife would you please tell her to stop laughing at me when I take my Chinese lesson." He told me this was a matter of great importance and that he would take care of it, laughing all the while. I have been concerned by several ambassadors suggesting that our relations have deteriorated, and I made a point of telling Chiao that two ambassadors had raised this question with me. I also told him I wouldn't be here if I felt that the relations were going backwards and he told me that several people sometime ago had asked him about that but not recently. Chiao is the freeest swinging person that people deal with and all diplomats look forward to visiting with him. They feel they get more out of it. He pressed me very hard on the oil situation. I must say that one doesn't have the chance to keep as fully informed as one should on questions of this nature. I did feel up to commenting on the domestic side of things however by frankly telling him that in response to

embargo
Asals -
"if we can't
if necessary"

his question that domestic measures had not worked in either increasing supply or in curtailing demand, but that after the elections progress would be made. I sometimes think the Chinese don't realize the effect of our elections on congressional activity or inactivity. Why should they? There is a little flu around in Peking. The rains settle the dust but there is still a kind of dust in the air. Smog. It gets colder after the rain. A wet, penetrating cold but no wind thank heavens.

Wednesday, October 30. Today was marked by my meeting with the Minister of Trade, Mr. Li Chuang. It was a routine visit except we spent a great deal of time talking about the off-shore oil business. He told me that they had bought one drilling rig from Japan capable of drilling in 20 meters (60 feet) of water. I then went back to the office and was shown a document showing purchases of many deep water rigs. I can't believe that China has purchased this many rigs right now but certainly they are alleged to have tremendous potential. I tried to drag Mr. Li Chuang out to get him to be willing to discuss things in the future. He pointed out the answer "when necessary." I told him it would be good if he and some of his associates went to look at some of the off-shore drilling businesses in the United States. He smiled but didn't respond. He asked some questions about my experience in off-shore. It was like pulling teeth trying to get them to respond. I can understand their being wary about "imperialist domination" over their resources or imperialist ownership, but here was a minister reluctant to really have a good frank dialogue at all. I must confess it is very, very frustrating. I will keep trying. Wednesday afternoon Bar and I cycled down to a shopping area several blocks from the railroad station. We were the only foreigners around and we were stared at constantly. At one

later done

point we were followed by a rather pleasant-looking, Chinese-looking woman who literally "shadowed" us. We would turn around in a store and there she would be. We followed on down the block, I would look quickly around and there she was. What the hell she was doing I don't know. I bought a red drum and some bicycle covers without speaking one word of English. Through hand signals we made our will known. And the people were very pleasant - all being able to write down in Arabic numbers the price when we inquired about an item. Weather a little cooler and windy but very pleasant for bicycling. A little flu took a 24-hour spin through USLO. John Holdridge and Brunson McKinley were both down but snapped back quickly. The inspectors are coming soon and there is considerable consternation about that. I have a little concern that we are not let know about the change in dates on the announcement of the Secretary's trip. I sent a telegram to ask about it. It will be interesting to see what the reaction is. The Department acted favorably on my move to have USLO people attend national day receptions in order to increase our contacts with both the Chinese and the representatives of the diplomatic corps. Algeria will be the first, of what I am sure will be a long and seemingly endless series of national days. Dinner alone. Early to bed, troubled by the VOA report that President Nixon is in critical condition. I remember my last two phone calls with him, the only two I had since he left the White House. I felt I was talking to a man who wanted to die. Here we are in China largely because of him, and the whole damn thing is sorry.

October 31 - listened eagerly to the VOA at 7 to find out how President Nixon was getting along. Yesterday the communicators told me that they had heard that he was critical. We got some evening report that confirmed this.

Our communicators in Peking also listened to the round by round broadcast on the Ali Foreman fight, hearing it very clearly. Even though we get broadcasts and good cable service it is funny how fast one gets out of touch. I find myself avidly reading the wireless file on questions from press conferences. I read them much more closely here than I did at home. I even sat and listened to a twenty-minute speech by Secretary of State given in India. In calling on Chou Chiu Yeh, Vice President of Chinese Peoples' Institute of Foreign Travel, I made the point that they should not and that if the regular organizations are bypassed and the far-outs get a disproportionate amount of travel to China, this will adversely affect the overall policy. Mr. Chou, a delightful, pleasant man who believes in "frankness", indicated that this did not come under the heading of this business. It will be interesting to see whether some other official raises the question with me. I feel strongly about this in terms of our overall policy.

Note - Our double happiness table, solid as the rock of Gibraltar, is now located in the dining room. I had said to put it crosswise but Mr. Yeh and Mr. Chang felt it should be put lengthwise so that you could get way back and knock the hell out of it I guess.

Called on Peter Kasanda, the Zambian Chargé. The Africans are extremely pleased when one shows attention. He is a friend of Vernon Mwanga, the Foreign Minister of Zambia and Mwanga had told him on the phone that we would be coming. He seemed shocked that I had come to call on him. I am convinced that one way to learn more about China is through the Africans and their royalty when their chiefs come here and then they have a very

close-knit society amongst themselves. He told me there is a good Sudanese here. Because of my relationship with Kaklid. I want to especially look him up. We have also decided that our first attendance at a National Day observance will be Algeria. This will be getting some notoriety. The Kuwait chargé, Al-Yagout, was the first caller at the residence.

Weather got cold - clear skies. Halloween Party for USLO children.

November 1 - Day was crystal clear and beautiful. Getting colder though. I called on the Pakistani ambassador, Mr. Mumtaz Ali Alvie. Had a nice visit with him about recognizing Pakistan's special role with the Chinese. He had traded places with our friend Aga Shahi. Ambassador Alvie - somewhat formal, rotund, pleasant, seemed pleased that I had come around to call on him so early. He asked if I was going to go to National Day receptions. I told him "yes". He commented that that was good, that no one saw Ambassador Bruce much, and that he felt this had worked against the United States, that we had not gone. I told him that each person should do his own way, that Bruce was one of our most respected ambassadors and that perhaps he needed the contacts less than I. The subject was dropped. The house is coming along. Getting settled though we lack pictures and table top things. The inspectors are coming in tonight and the post is in an uproar. Not being foreign service, I am perhaps less concerned or sensitive than I should be on these matters. I met Ambassador Clark and one of his associates in Washington and reviewed their mission a little bit. This afternoon I called on Mr. Li En Chiu, the head of the Friendship Association. I had made the point with Mr.

Chou who handles a lot of delegations, yesterday that the Chinese ought not to rely too heavily on friendship groups in the United States. It hurt the policy. Mr. Li En Chiu apparently was awaiting my initiative on this and Brunson and I both agreed that he anticipated my raising it. I didn't raise it directly but I did ask about his jurisdiction and through using the example of the Japanese I asked if the Japanese friendship groups were compatible with the Japanese government. He said not always. I then inquired if it wouldn't hurt their relations with Japan if they dealt exclusively with the friendship groups. He said that that is true but that they didn't plan to deal exclusively with friendship groups or any other one group. He got the message I am sure.

We went to our first National Day reception. It happened to be the Algerian. The Holdridges and ourselves walked in together and the Algerian ambassador looked like he was going to fall over in a dead faint when he saw us arrive. The affair was very formal. After the guests had come in, the Chinese guests and the Algerian host took overstuffed chairs at one end of the room. The ambassadorial corps kind of formed in the room, milling around eating lavish hors d'oeuvres. At the other end of the room were table after table at which the Chinese guests gathered around and ate and ate and ate. The only people that visit with the Chinese officials are the foreign minister and other Algerians. And this was interrupted only by long interpreted speeches that went on too long and bored the hell out of everybody. There was a great deal of comment by other ambassadors about our being there. I met many ambassadors there

including the Soviet, Polish, Rumanian, several Africans. The Europeans all sought me out and told me they thought the change in policy was a very good one.

I then came home, formed in a big group and about 14 strong from the US Mission went off to one of the guest houses where Chiao Kuan Hua gave us a beautiful banquet. We sat in overstuffed chairs in the reception room to start with where we had a chance to discuss some things with substance. He raised the question of oil and we discussed that. He thinks I am a bigger oil expert than I am. We also discussed Kissinger's trip. World Food Conference in which he didn't seem to have too many disagreements. We both felt that they should expand supply. And he expressed his concern about Tanaka and Japan, making the point that the Right and Left are equally as bad, referring to ^{Fukuda} Sukata(?) and the Communist Revisionist Left. The atmospherics were great. He opened his tunic at the end of the meal and leaned back. Instead of giving a standing toast, he made the point of giving a sitting toast and I made the point of trying to leave fairly early to try to keep the atmosphere informal. I had the distinct feeling that Huang Chen might have told him about the way we threw the oysters in the middle of the table in Washington because they had a lovely mixing pot of all kinds of Chinese delicacy and flavors where people get up and hold their meat or fish or chicken in this common kettle of water cooking all the ingredients and turning in the end into a wonderful soup. The dish had a way of relaxing people and getting them together in an informal way. There was plenty of wine, plenty of Mao Tai, and plenty of frank conversation. I made the point for example that we got attacked

an awful lot at these international conferences when we really went there to help. I liked the tone of the meeting. Chiao's wife was charming. She told Bar she had been to the States five times - UN. She had almost a western style hairdo and was very very pretty. Chiao kidded Bar, telling her not to laugh at me during my Chinese lessons. And one he referred to her as Barbara during his toast. I thanked him as effusively as I could at the end of the meeting and he told me we would want to have a nice banquet for you anyway, but I wanted to especially repay you for your hospitality to me at your mother's home, referring to the time when he and Huang Hua came out to mother's in Greenwich that informal Sunday. It is wonderful how he remembers. The entrance to the guest house when we drove in was a real contrast to some of the rest of Peking. Beautiful, well kept, plenty of greenery. It was apparently the old Austria-Hungary legation where we had the dinner.

The next day Holdridge, Anderson, Brunson and I went to call on Teng Hsiao-Ping. He was a very short man. We went to the Great Hall of the People and met in a room where Chou En Lai apparently meets a lot of the people. As we walked in we were ushered over in the middle of the room for a picture. Holdridge and I were flanking the very short Teng. We then moved on into the reception room where we had a long good discussion with the Vice Premier. It lasted about an hour and a half. He gave us a lot of interesting agricultural statistics. We talked about world politics and a need for continued relationship. I gave him my thesis that there must be visible manifestations of progress for our China policy so it will avoid some of the hyper-microscopic analyses that we are getting on other policies

in the States. He touched briefly on Taiwan but I let it go by until our late November meeting. Teng seemed very much in control, clicking off minute agricultural population statistics, concerned about India, thought we hadn't done enough at the time of the India-Pakistan war. I was too polite to ask them what they had done. Nancy Tang did the interpreting. Chiao Kuan Hua sitting to the left of Teng and Wang Hai Jung down from there. She is a very quiet little girl and it is believed she is put into this high position so she can be around all functions by Chairman Mao. She lacks the outgoing appeal of either Nancy Tang or Mrs. Chiao Kuan Hua. As we left, Teng left the door open for future visits though he indicated I would be seeing "others."

Had lunch at home for the inspectors who are visiting at the residence. Excellent, multi-course meal. Followed by a walking tour of the spectacular Forbidden City. Blanch Anderson took us first to the top of the Peking Hotel where one gets a vast sweeping view of the Forbidden City roofs giving an idea of the magnitude of the thing. The weather was delightfully warm. That evening we went to a dinner dance given by Akwei of Ghana. He apparently has been the leader in the diplomatic community for injecting a little sociability into the diplomatic community via dancing. He has a hi fi set rigged up, a table overflowing with Western food, a young son whose eyes sparkled and who did a little dancing himself and seemed like one of our kids when asked to run the tape recorder or something. A charming, vivacious wife and a lot of friends. The party was a going away party for the Austrian ambassador who keeps bitching to Barbara about how bad things are here and for Makonnen of Ethiopia who is going back to a very uncertain fate. I asked him about another Makonnen who was my colleague at the UN

and then Prime Minister. He indicated that he was in serious trouble. Holdridge fears that this Makonnen may meet the same fate.

Sunday, November - Went to the church service again. Total in parish was 20 (maximum). We came back and then on a beautiful, warm sunny day went to the Great Walls in two trucks. A hazardous ride, unbelievable. Going around blind curves. Honking like mad. Pushing pony carts and various forms of decrepit looking vehicles off to the side. We climbed to the top of the left hand side of the Wall. A real workout, tough on the legs, but exhilarating when one gets through. We had been told that it might be windy and very very viciously cold but it was neither. We must have hit a lucky day. It is hard to describe the spectacle of the Wall. I can just hear a whole bunch of coolies sitting around and the foreman coming in and saying to them, "Men, we got a new project. We are going to build a wall, yep - 2,000 miles. OK, lets hear it for the engineers. Let's get going on the job." What a fantastic undertaking. We then drove down and had a picnic near one of the Tombs. All by ourselves in a courtyard. The sun was out. I sat in my shirtsleeves and we ate a delicious picnic. A kind of a sweet and sour fish. Excellent fried chicken. Lots of hard boiled eggs. The inevitable tasty soup. The only thing we forgot was ice so the beer was warm but we had worked hard enough walking up to the top so that we devoured about six bottles of it. It's a heavy beer and I find it makes me sleepy but its awful good. We then went to the Ding Ling Tomb and looked around there. Plenty of exercise climbing up and down. When we got home at about 5 o'clock I totally collapsed. Took a hot bath and

fell asleep til 8, almost as though drugged. We got up and had a dinner consisting of a vodka martini and caviar - great dinner. Caviar - they have a big shipment of caviar into the Friendship Store. It is very good caviar and it is cheap - something like 3 ounces for one yuen. We bought several pounds of the stuff and froze it. I understand it is OK if you defrost it once. There is time to do some reading here but not as much as I thought there would be. I think I have finished most of the important Chinese calls now and Monday we will concentrate more on the diplomatic community.

Friday, November - We went to the Algerian reception. The first time Americans had attended a diplomatic reception here. It was the talk of the town. The Algerian ambassador looked like he was going to collapse. And at the Akwei party this was the subject. Called on the Rumanian ambassador. Took my language lessons. Called on the Egyptian ambassador, then had a fascinating visit with Chu McChi, Director of the New China News Agency. In my discussion with the head of the New China News Agency he mentioned the fact that he had visited with Wes Gallagher in New York. I asked him where Wes Gallagher's proposal stood to get Wire Service people in China. He completely stonewalled me. It is amazing how you can ask a question and get no response whatsoever - just move on to some other topic-- even something as obvious as talking about the weather. I also tried to make a point about getting some good entertainer like Bob Hope into China so he can present a favorable side of China for the United States mass market. This point was not clear to the head of the NCNA either, because he started

talking about "Well, we've had acrobats and others travel to the United States etc." They simply do not understand what I was talking about when I talked about a Hope Special, something like the one he did in Russia where he went and did a program with the humor self-deprecating but not against the existing regime and something that would be widely reviewed in the United States. He did come back and thank me for the suggestions and hoped I would make other suggestions etc., but I gathered that we were just not on the same wave length.

Note - I am impressed how everybody in China is on time for appointments. Our driver will circle the block so that he will pull up at exactly the appointed hour. When we went into the NCNA office, we were a few minutes late. We went upstairs and there was this horrible smell emerging from one of the latrines. It reminded me of my stop in the latrine at the Great Wall. They have a different standard on this than we do, although in the residence the baths and plumbing are excellent in my view. Water is hot, bathtubs are big.

I enjoyed my visit with the Egyptian ambassador in his tremendous house filled partially with furnishings from the King Farouk era. He told me that some of the treasures were prized possessions of King Farouk. He had been in Peking for six years. Expressed a really believable friendship for the United States and all in all I think we have a good contact here. The same is true for the Rumanian. He speaks absolutely no English but because of Rumania's special position I think they will prove to be good friends. He is relatively young, active, told me he had been sick, but all in all an attractive fellow. Some of the Eastern Europeans have a marvelous sense of humor. I can't quite get over yet their serving cognac in the morning meeting. They did have a little caviar with it. So who's to complain!

Note - I have been trying to have all the USLO families to luncheon. I think it's a good deal. We get to know them. One commented to me that she had never seen the upstairs at USLO. It is private, it is our residence but in the final analysis it is government property and I think it is well that they understand how we live here.

Note - Fred looks grayer, blacker now. He'll need a bath. We got our first mail of any size. A great letter from Dorothy. And one from Herbie Walker. God, news from home means a lot here. Inspectors are here. All during Ambassador Ed Clark's very good presentation to our whole staff in the residence living room Fred was eating on a half destroyed rubber hamburger. I put him outside but he kept scratching to get in during the meeting to the job of a few USLOers in the back row. I am going to try to make my way through the diplomatic corps in calls, although some who are bitching about Peking really should not get a lot of attention. I want to deal with those who can help us learn more. One of our men had an incident at the Tombs yesterday. He was stopped by a PLA man as he drove with his front wheels just past the line that says "no foreigners pass here." He had not intended to violate any laws. He was flagged down by a PLAer. He stopped "just over the line." A two and a half hour hassle followed when finally other officers arrived and he was permitted to leave after a thorough interrogation. Here he sits in the middle of a field being berated by PLAers. Not a happy arrangement. But it shows you the other side of the friendship, banquets and great decency. There is this other regimented, inflexible, unreasonable side. No question about it. Another example. I asked for a map for my office. Mo Morin gave one to one of the Chinese to put on a

frame. The carpenter came back and berated Morin saying that Taiwan was a different color from the rest of China and therefore the map was bad etc. This process went on for quite a while and Mo could do nothing but take it.

Tuesday, November 5 - Election Day. I think back to the whole political climate during the last two years - my many predictions on Today Show, CBS Morning News, Face the Nation, Issues and Answers, Meet the Press, etc. about how we would do in the elections. Here it all is. I kept saying that Watergate will not have an effect but now the pardon and of course the economic situation seem to be the big issues. I worry about my close friends. I wonder how we'll do. Soon we'll know. I had a good visit with the Sudanese Ambassador, Al Zainulabidin. I couldn't help but raise the point that I had been in Khartoom and stayed with Curt Moore, the man who was killed. We talked about the PLO. I could see great discomfort on the part of the ambassador, but he shouldn't have misinterpreted the remark because there I was calling on him. I still feel we can get good information from some of these African ambassadors by getting out to see them. Lunch at John and Martha Holdridges', a beautiful spread with endless Chinese dishes tastefully served. Henry Brandon and his attractive wife, journalists, are here. I had my fourth or fifth Chinese language lesson and it is extremely difficult but oddly enough some of the sounds are beginning to click. Beginning to get a few comments in on the forthcoming visit of the Secretary of State. I expect this place will be turned upside down. I got a nice letter from him in response to a letter I had written him inviting Nancy Kissinger to stay with us should she want to. Several

meetings with the inspectors. Ed Clark is a thorough, decent guy. Having had an embassy, he understands I am sure some of the problems. It is difficult to define what our function is here. How much leeway we think we should have. How much initiative we should take etc. I am beginning to formulate some ideas on this. I know we should reach out more than we have reached out in the past, but clearly any of these decisions will be made by the Secretary and, given the overall perspective he has, it is best that the really important ones be handled on that end. I feel relaxed about this and I think the whole thing is going to work. Weather - gray, sun breaking through, not cold, plenty of mail, lots of dictation. Days are full and go quickly. All those books I brought over here will remain unread, at least a lot of them will. End of November 5.

November 6 - An anxious day on account of the elections. With the predictions becoming very clear after a phone call from Fred Zeder (interrupted) and a phone call from Dean Burch with Peter Roussel and Jennifer on the line. Very clear. Heard every word both ways. Wiley Mayne went down along with others on the Judiciary. Sandman, Maraziti, Dennis, Froehlich. Wiley meaning something to me as a friend. It is so hard to assess things, to get the flavor, to keep in touch from this far out. The day was an interesting one with a discussion with Mr. Wang, head of CCPIT, the trade man. Then a courtesy call with Ambassador Godor of Hungary. A very sad fellow. Politician from Hungary sent here not as a reward obviously. Discouraged. Disgruntled. No access, no travel. Declining trade. The only bright spot was the fact that he had a very pretty American speaking interpreter.

The language lessons are taking on more dimension and I am gradually

making some headway, but heavens it's tough. Wednesday afternoon off - after lunch with our security guards - we are trying to have everyone in the Mission to lunch - we played a little tennis. Still warm enough. And then went on the national day circuit. Going to Ambassador Tolstikov's USSR's National Day in their palacial mission. A total jam of cars. Mr. Kuo our driver has terrific eyes. He reminds me of Earl Bue in the Texas Commerce Garage. He can spot people coming miles away. There are all kinds of Russians around trying to get the cars out of this congested parking lot. I wandered around, spoke to Mr. Chiu and Mr. Lee, the head of the Friendship Association. But the rest of it was seeking out other ambassadors from Africa, Eastern Europe and of course European. These things are deadly but I am glad we are doing it. Stopped by yet another going away party for Ambassador Makonnen to a fate unknown in Ethiopia. Sad hors d'oeuvres at the International Club. That kind of sameness to it all that makes me determined to do things differently when we do them. We showed our first movie, "Laura," with the two Canadian journalists, Walker and Burns. And the wives of Peter Kasanda and Bryce Harland and their kids. I asked Mrs. Kasanda if her kids like dogs. She said, "Oh, yes, she has a nice doggie," at which Fred came down the stairs and the girl burst into horrendous screams.

November 7 - Called on Chuong Tse Tung who is the head of the physical culture and sports commission, a very famous ping pong champion in China. The minute I walked in I could tell I was in the presence of an athlete. He still had a bounce in his step, looked reasonably trim. We talked about

different ping pong grips and the visit was marred only by his giving me a long lecture about the reason for sports was to keep strong because of the million troupes on the Northern border etc. I like the man. I told him I was very interested in ping pong. Like all athletes he warmed up to the subject. Told me how with attack shots when you are way back you use the upper part of your arm, when you are fairly close to the table you use the lower part of your arm and when you are in right next to the net you use the wrist. We talked a little bit about exchanges and then just visited on sports in general. Always with a slight political propaganda overtone.

The French Ambassador Manac'h who is leaving came to see me. He is a very seasoned diplomat. He spoke mostly in English, occasionally in French and I began to understand more. I should practice my French more. I know I could master it or at least understand everything he said. His thing is Sihanouk these days and thinks we are wrong on that. Language lessons once a day, five days a week. They are becoming more interesting. I am beginning to catch a little bit on tone. I am beginning to have a feel for it. I like it and Mrs. Tang is terrific. After lunch called on the Yemens ambassador. Reaching out to the smaller countries. Here was a guy who doesn't get around too much I guess. Very interested and I think appreciative of the fact that the head of the U.S. mission came to see him. In any event he was very pleasant and I am glad I did it. Good news. A memo has appeared saying there is a masseur. Only one yuen for a treatment of 30 minutes to an hour. The Jui Chin-Lu House. I also ran into the wife of the ambassador from Denmark, Mrs. Paludan. She has been to the man and says he is great. My neck suddenly went out so everything is falling in line together. I visited

with C. J. Wong and wife. Dr. C. J. Wong is an American businessman doing a lot of business. He impressed on me the need for American businessmen to be patient. Several times his clients packed up and were about to go to the airport. Wong talked them into staying and sure enough they closed the deal. He has done business with the Siresiree, Westinghouse Airbreak Company, ABCO and several others. Dinner with the Andersons, Paludins and several others etc. and a very attractive German couple at a Mongolian restaurant where you throw all the ingredients into a sauce. Flop it out onto an open grill in the middle of the room. Throw a raw egg on it, mix it all up and eat it. Fantastic. Ate too much. End of November 7. Still not having heard from the elections. Feeling far away but very much at home. I asked what we could do about Christmas for our Chinese people in the Mission. Would they take a present. The answer is "no."

November 8 - the first really cold day. The wind wasn't up too much. But the cold really penetrated. I spent an hour with Janus Paludan, the Danish Ambassador, in his brand new Danish embassy done by Danish architects. It is most attractive and compared most favorably to the standard of Soviet style of some of the others. Many of the embassies were built when Russia was in its total glory here and they reflect the solid kind of a look, which is not unattractive but not as attractive as the Danish. We went to a luncheon (a going away) for the Austrian ambassador. A disgruntled kind of man but very pleasant. Lunch was at the New Zealanders and it was highlighted by the toast. The Austrian, a rather formal but friendly man, tried to describe his relationship with New Zealand. He talked about screwing his way through the earth to New Zealand. This brought out a tremendous gaffaw from Richard

Akwei, the diplomatic corps swinger apparently and everybody else was in hysterics too. I am glad to know there is a ribald sense of humor in the diplomatic corps. It was too much and Bar could only think of Johnny Bush and what he would have done with that Austrian accented toast with the man talking about screwing his way to New Zealand.

In the afternoon visited with businessman Martin Klingenberg, a young man who just on his own set up contacts with the Chinese. He is doing a fair amount of business for Baker Oil Tool and other companies here. The way he got the original contact was simply to call somebody he knew in Canada that he had read had contact with China. He went up and met him and the man liked him. Martin stayed with him and the next thing he knew he had been introduced to Huang Hua and the next thing he knew he had a visa to China. He's parlayed this into a pretty good business and now he has started on the same tract to Cuba. One night out of a clear blue sky he gets a call from Canada from the Cuban there saying that they want him to come to Cuba to talk about trade. He is a young man from Oklahoma. He seems nice. And I was rather amazed. Had my first rub-down in China at the Jui Chin-Lu Bath House. Not too clean, but not bad. Walked past a bunch of women fixing their toe nails with a machine. And also standing up combing their hair. I wondered if I was in the right place. I was greeted at the door by a man who assured me that I was from the very outset though, and I walked back. He unlocked a private door and there proceeded 45 minutes of jujitsu. He is more of an osteopath than a rubber. But he was very good and the price for 45 minutes was 60 cents. I had neck and back problems, both of which are still there but both are better I think.

University presidents arrive today, but I am sure we will not see them until the end of the visit. So many groups come to China and think that if they see USLO they won't get to see the real China and that the Chinese would resent our government presence. So many also come here and apologize for their country and point out how China does things much better. I have compared notes with others and I think this is the wrong technique. One should stand up for his country and make damn sure the Chinese understand the workings of the country. But groups persist in feeling that they can solve all the diplomatic problems if only they are left out of the clutches of the U.S. Government. It is a rather fascinating, naive view. I am not sure the university presidents will have this, but I am anxious to see what their thoughts are. Jay Rockefeller and Granville Sawyer are supposedly in the group.

Inspectors have been here. Ed Clark is a first-class fellow. There seems to be some lack of communication with PRCM and the State Department but nothing too serious right now. China unloaded on us at the World Food Conference in spite of my tactful suggestions to both Chiao and Teng that this not happen. They don't realize that this eventually will not help our policy at all. They must feel that they must make brownie points with the Third World and we will understand. But if Americans focused on what they were saying they wouldn't understand, unless they were in on all the policy decisions. They ought to knock it off but they don't seem to want to.

Many people here think our policy has deteriorated with China. I don't think so. I am reading sophisticated stories out of Hong Kong both

by Greenway and Kingsbury Smith saying this. But there was an overanticipation at the beginning and there are no signs of deterioration. How far we move ahead will depend on events in the next few months but to say that the policy is deteriorated or done backwards is simply not accurate and yet it seems to be becoming the sophisticated thing to say. Trade is up, exchanges are back on track. True, the attacks on the U.S. are up, but permission to travel etc. for USLO is in good shape. And I am reasonably relaxed, though not totally so, about where things stand. End of November 8.

November 10, Saturday - Teddy Youde, the very knowledgeable British ambassador, came to call. Visited with inspectors. Lunch with the staff. I am trying to have all the staff and most of their families to lunch early in our tour here. We are almost through it now, including all the security guards, code clerks. It is one big, fairly close-knit group out here. Afternoon tennis in cold weather pounding my back and neck. Playing with Akwei, a good Pakistanian and an Indian. In the afternoon I read for two hours, something I never did at home. There seems to be time for this but not as much as I thought there would be. Dinner with the Kuwaiti Chargé Qasim and his wife. Like so many they are very interested in the United States. She spends two or three months there a year. Her children, Arabs from Kuwait go to Pakistanian school and also go to Chinese school in China. They speak Chinese fluently.

Sunday - all day in Tientsin with the McKinleys. We did some shopping. The prices are amazing. \$15,000 for a large yellow vase. The prices looked to me like they are put way high. And the old looks very little different

from the new. We bought a few odds and ends, little kits, a bead holding thing, but mainly we looked around. We were the objects of curiosity. Large crowds crowding in around the car. One woman as I opened the door, had her nose stuck up against the glass. Didn't even notice that I was there. She was so engrossed in looking into the car. Nancy McKinley sitting there. The kids were friendly once you smiled at them. But they just swarmed us. They swarmed so much that the storekeepers would keep them out of the store while we were in there. What a land of contrast. Driving down and back you see the most unbelievable kinds of overloaded carts, overloaded bicycles, no tractors, people out working with hoes, rake, leaf sweepers. The baby horse running along free behind two horses or donkeys in harness. A hundred men by the side of the road loading by hand dirt onto one-wheeled, hand-pulled carts. Hazardous drive back from Tientsin in the evening...no lights of any kind. I once saw two lights coming at us and I thought I was coming near some town. But it was a truck coming our way. Cars turn the lights off as they approach each other. And it is really hazardous. Dark clad figures are darting in and out of everything. There seems little for the people to do in a city like Tientsin. You wander around the streets looking into stores that have very little merchandise in them. The guide from the China Travel met us. A Mr. Lew took us to a first-class restaurant. We were hustled in typical style upstairs to the isolated room. The food was absolutely fantastic. Many many courses. Four of us ate with wine and the driver and the China travel guy for 37 yuen.

November 11 - in looking over the international issue of Newsweek I noticed that we still have the same press problem. Speculating on the President Ford's trip to Vladivostok in Newsweek, there is a mischievous piece about the Vladivostok meeting upsetting the Chinese. "No doubt the issue was raised privately when George Bush, the new head of the U.S. Liaison Office in Peking, saw Deputy Premier Teng Hsiao Ping late last week. And American officials admit that even Henry Kissinger will receive less than an enthusiastic welcome when he arrives in Peking later this year. Says one Chinese, Premier Chou will certainly interrogate Kissinger closely during his forthcoming visit." The fact of the matter. Teng did not raise the matter. Our inquiries through other ambassadors show that the Vladivostok issue is not demonstratively sensitive. Kissinger might not even see Chou for substantive talks and all in all the story is not accurate.

Observations. Some groups want to come to China and don't want to see anybody at USLO thinking this will compromise their ability to get the true facts on China from their host groups. One friendship or guardian group, leftist in the U.S., simply told Nancy McKinley, "You're from USLO. We don't want to have anything to do with you." Another incident. This leftist group at the Hong Kong border sat observing Ambassador Bruce taking pictures and then finally in a gesture of defiance sang "The Workers Internationale." They looked like idiots but I guess because they are so distained in the United States they felt here above all they could show their solidarity and put Bruce and others on the defensive.

One wonders how happy the families are. Yes, they are being fed. But what do they do? The workers along the Tientsin Highway look healthy. There is some running and playing and laughter. Plans are beginning for the Secretary's visit. It will be announced today. This place is beginning to stir. Diplomats have all been speculating on it for a long long time. And indeed I feel it has been leaked. Snow Sunday in Tientsin. And snow in Peking. A little on the ground but melting fast early Monday morning. "There are not many laughs around here." It is amazing how fast one gets out of touch with the details of the domestic scene in the United States. Sunday Mr. Lew, our travel agency guide, would not eat with us. He goes off and eats with Kuo the driver in another room, leaving the McKinleys and Bushes in banquet-like splendor by ourselves.

The food is clearly the matrix between present and past. The restaurant in Tientsin was built as a restaurant well over 50 years ago. The proprietor obviously takes great pride in the food. It was fantastic. Painstakingly prepared obviously. And thoughtfully presented. The food doesn't seem to know any ideology nor have the ideologists insisted on changing the eating patterns.

Cabbages, cabbages everywhere. Getting ready to bring them in for storage. They are in streets, in piles for markets, they are on trucks and bicycles - they are hanging stuffed out of grates in windows... a man walking along the street with cabbage stuffed out of one pocket and a big fish sticking out of the other.

What would this society do in terms of conventional warfare. The roads

are all bottlenecked. I expect all the ox carts and people on bikes would be shoved to the side and then it would be OK for fast movement of men and equipment.

Observation. China is going to have to determine how much to attack us and how much not to. I have subtly made the point with Teng and Chiao - not so subtly as a matter of fact. But then at the World Food Conference there they go, "Colonialism, imperialism, superpowers -- main cause of the world food as long-term plunder by these." In talking to the leadership I get the feeling they feel the third countries must increase their supplies. We told them we would be willing to help them on that but then there is the attack - exploitation, etc. Population in China seems to have a problem here. They talk about growth in certain areas. Publicly they take pride that their ability to handle increased population is there because they have increased their agricultural output, but privately they do a pretty good job on population although the figure given me by Teng is 2 percent which isn't fantastic at all -- given the big numbers we are dealing with.

Dilemma. Public posture versus private understanding vs. private position. Enormous complexity here and something that eventually can get our policy in trouble or carry it a long, long way.

November 11, 1974 - continued the calls. We talked about overseas schools. Right now there are four kids projected for next year too. It is hard to know. We can't get too high visibility with cooperative schools between other English speaking nations because the Chinese would not want

this. We can't use the International Club because they don't want to encourage this commencement of a separate educational institution. School is now held in John Holdridge's lobby to his apartment, taught by Holdridge's daughter and another kid who is an assistant. The Norwegian ambassador had a little school built into his embassy complex. They have a teacher there for just two children. It is one of the problems we have got to solve. We have a teacher coming in for next year. It is the wife of one of our new people and perhaps she can handle it. Ambassador Pauls, German ambassador, here - first ambassador to Israel, formerly in Washington, received me at his beautifully decorated mission. Germany is fourth in trade, having been replaced by us. Japan, Hong Kong, U.S., Germany. Pauls' wife is unhappy here. Quite social. There is no question that it is a real adjustment. Pauls is one of their best diplomats. And he is interesting to talk to. The language lesson. I am intrigued with the tones but I am not making much headway. Lunch with the Danish, Anne and Janus Paludan, in their beautiful embassy. And then went to call on the Norwegian Rayne who was the deputy at the UN. I am amazed at the UN contacts. First Peking duck dinner at the Sick Duck. Kuo took us to the Big Duck. We were received regally until we told them that we were Americans. Then they raced after Kuo across the street in the cold, winter air, brought him back in. A couple of phone calls followed and we found out we were at the wrong place. Holdridges were having a farewell dinner for the inspectors at the Sick Duck and it was beautifully served. Most attractive. Big question. How do you get balance between the critical stories that

are coming out in Hong Kong, super critical, about the U.S. Mission not having access etc. (there seems to be a large number of them right now) and the fact that we do want to see progress out of the Kissinger visit which was announced at 1 o'clock on the twelfth. And thus want the Chinese to know that we are not overly happy with things. Interesting dilemma.

Tuesday, November 12 - a call on the Swiss Ambassador, Natural. At the last ambassadorial residence in downtown Peking. A delightful Chinese style house, formerly owned by Mr. Shoemaker of the United States. It is filled with Chinese art objects and has a charm that is great. Language lessons - complexity of it all intrigues me. I can mimic Mrs. Tang's tones but I am not moving very fast. A visit with Peruvian ambassador in his apartment, used as an embassy. Mr. Valdez seems pretty far to the left. Good English and a nice cordial man. The objectivity seems to have vanished however. Reception we had for two Chinese groups - the photosynthesis study and the pharmacological theory study group -- both of the Chinese medical association, both heading for the United States. We are trying to have them come before they go and hopefully get them when they come back. It increases our contacts with the Chinese. And we may pick up tidbits from time to time. After that Barbara and I attended a banquet that the U.S. linguists were giving for their hosts, having completed their tour of China. It was at the Hunan Restaurant. Very nice. Many toasts etc. The linguists genuinely feel that the Chinese are doing a good job on language reform. Highly complex when you consider the numbers of dialects and the enormity of the population.

I continue to wonder about how big this USLO ought to be. Should we have an agricultural person here? I don't at this point feel that we need a military attache, as at other embassies, because of Chinese sensitivity.

November 13 - the inspectors left. Called on Ambassador of Netherlands, Vixseboxse. Lunch with peppery, pushy, interesting Bryce Harland of New Zealand. He presses enormously for information. He is useful in telling us things. He is vitally interested in his work here in China. Young, enthusiastic, and terribly interested. Called on Vice Chairman Ting Huo Yu of the Peking Revolutionary Committee. He has the responsibilities of Mayor plus the responsibilities for schools, embassies, and many other things. He was very forthcoming. I was impressed with him. He looks confident, willing to discuss politics to a degree. And problems like pollution, traffic, subways, mass transit, etc. I want to see him again. And he indicated that would be OK with him. A quick bike ride. Muscles aching. Glad to get the exercise. And then a good meeting where we invited the University Presidents. An hour before their hosts, the Chinese hosts, came, we had a good discussion with them. They are a most prestigious group and they seemed to enjoy it. I got John Holdridge to run down some of the policy matters. Don Anderson the same. All in all they assured me afterwards it was worth their while. They seem more realistic than the linguists. They were somewhat amazed at the lack of facilities in the physics labs. They wonder where we go from here. One wondered whether we couldn't have a quid pro quo. They want things from us and we should only give them those things provided we got something in return. I used the example of the UN where we started off cautiously

in out consultations and eventually we learned more from them. Good day. I am a little tired hustling from appointment to appointment but it wouldn't be forever. Got some mail and that sure makes a difference. End of November 13.

Thursday, November 14 - called on Spanish and Yugoslavian ambassadors. Language lessons. Quiet lunch for a change. Interesting visit with the President of Kellogg, Mr. Latin. They are building a petrochemical plant. Met a young couple, the Smiths, she from Rosenberg, Texas. They are about to head out for Southwest China. Fascinating mission. Living way out alone. If I were young I would like to be doing just that. Note the possibility exists that maybe one of our kids can go to Peking University to their international school. They would live there five days a week and get to come home on weekends. Neil or Marv might want to try it though I don't know if it would be right for them. Farewell to Ambassador Leitner of Austria at this residence. Retiring, sad, glad to be leaving China, wondering what he did. What all these people do in terms of really substance. But the diplomatic corps seems lively and pleasant. Chiao Kuan Hua was there. I thanked him for the banquet and told him I would like to have him over but it might be better to do it after the Kissinger trip. Went off to the banquet for the university presidents. An impressive group of eleven with nine of them presidents. Roger Heyns in charge. Mr. Chou Pei Yuan (?) is the Vice Chairman of the Peoples Institute for Foreign Affairs, a very distinguished gentleman who had been to the States years ago. Gentleman is the proper word. We had a beautiful banquet at the Cheng Tu Restaurant.

Note. What can we do to make the Kissinger trip a success, to show progress, to show that things are moving ahead?

Note. The policy matters are tightly held. I am wondering if it is good for our country to have as much individual diplomacy. Isn't the President best served if the important matters are handled by more than one person. End of November 14.

I have a lot of appointments but "not that many" and yet I am getting a little tired.

November 15 - now I can understand what people were trying to tell me about the weather. A light snow came down. But what was most noticeable was the icy cold. I called on the Minister of Public Health, Liu Hsing Ping in a beautiful old Chinese building near the lake, the north side of Peking. It was ice cold. She greeted us wearing a big heavy overcoat. She took it off. Why I don't know. The room was ice cold. I wolfed down about three cups of tea and that helped. She is an interesting lady, a member of the Central Committee. She gave me a good deal of the Party line at the outset and it was sticky going, but then we talked a little politics and talked about how the health ministry works both through the bureaucracy and through the party and it was very interesting. She warmed up considerably. I spent the morning talking to Ambassador Tolstikov of the Soviet Union. Most interesting fellow but he is kind of isolated, living in this massive white marbled palace. There is no thaw there between the Soviet Union and China or if there is he damn sure hasn't been clued in on it. Language lessons continued. I do better alone. Hope Bar will get transferred out of the class. She wants to but I must say I am a little self-conscious.

Lunch with Governor and Mrs. Schapp of Pennsylvania. He was here on a private visit. I gave him some old Herald Tribunes and I noticed that wonderful streak that we politicians have. He devoured it eagerly as we were talking. All about the Elections and stuff. He and Bar went shopping. Visited with Gene Ther^{oux}~~eau~~ and Sandy Raudt of the NCUSCT talking about trade with China. They are finding it difficult to get the Chinese to send a group to the United States as they agreed to do. They really feel it would help China sell more but it hasn't taken place.

Note. The pace here is much more than I thought it would be. I think after our calls it will calm down. The diplomatic calls are taking a lot of time and so have the protocol calls. Today Chiao Kuan Hua was named Foreign Minister. Very good as far as I personally am concerned and I think as far as the U.S. Government is concerned. He is articulate, communicative, frank and all in all a good man. We are going to have a large staff turnover soon and this whole mission's character will be recast in six to eight months. It will be very interesting. End of November 15.

Saturday the sixteenth. It is almost like school. Wednesday afternoons off, Saturday afternoons off. I look forward to them. Saturday the catch up day. One call - the Egyptian ambassador came to call on me. Return call. It was rather deadly though -- everyone I call on feels he must come call on me. I received him in the den of the residence. Coffee and tea. It really is rather pleasant. Talk swung over to the Middle East, to Kissinger's visit, to the relations between China and the United States. Everyone is debating that. Most get the embassy gossip that the relations have deteriorated. There is a standard question in the diplomatic circles.

Are the Chinese mad because Ford is meeting Brezhnev in Vladivostok. Vladivostok with its history of antagonism between China and Russia. The Soviet ambassador had told me that Russia had changed the names of all its cities. He had assured me that the Chinese were probably sore about Vladivostok but allowed that "no Chinese had told me that." The Egyptian raised a question. I asked him if anyone had told him they were sore -- any Chinese official had told him the Chinese were upset -- and he said "no". He had heard it in the diplomatic community. This is true for almost every ambassador I have talked to. There is a story out now by Wallach of Hearst papers saying that Kissinger had told him that Kissinger presumably had checked this out with Huang Chen as to the meeting place. I wouldn't be surprised. In the afternoon took a long trip past the Forbidden City, near the drum tower on bicycles, a long, flat cool but pleasant bike ride. You see more color in Peking when you've been here a while. You look for it. Child's scarf. A flower. Whatever. The walls along the streets are gray and everything remains gray but there is color. The contrasts are enormous. There will be a waft of marvelous odors from cooking and then a few yards further some horrendous stench from garbage or sewage. In the stores some of the packaging of Chinese goods is rather pretty - bright reds, simple, clean looking labels. But they call their things outrageous names, or names that would be outrageous for the American market -- White Elephant is a great name. Double Happiness for ping pong equipment, Fu Kung for a hammer - might not be too inappropriate come to think of it. Cycling back I stopped at the International Club -- tennis courts still not open. Drying, drying, drying they keep telling me.

Oh, for one of those great surfaces. I stopped in the barber shop - twenty minute shoulder, head and neck message and a shampoo and a haircut, all 60 cents U.S.

Saturday night a party at the Rugas. Mostly reporters, press corps. Attractive, young. I was the only ambassador there. Governor Schapp came and John Burns of Canada was very nice to him. I told Burns he might get a story out of him because Schapp says weird things like when it was his turn to toast at a dinner given in his honor, he got up and said he didn't see why Nixon should be respected. Nixon had been a big buddy of Chiang Kai-shek and Nixon had not after all done much. I was shocked at this, knowing the Chinese revered Nixon and have really never quite understood driving him from office. Schapp is a mixture at times of a kind of an open, gregarious and almost with a kind of shy quality and other times making outrageous statements like telling the Governors Conference that he felt we might not even have free elections in 1976. Funny rich little guy. Young marrieds in this group at the party were very attractive. There were two students there. One German. One Canadian. From the Chinese schools. The Canadian was returning thoroughly disillusioned, highly critical of the Chinese. The German also saw a lot of bad things and he had already advised his government that students should return for a couple of months every year. Otherwise they come home hating China. On the other hand he had nice things to say about living conditions. Adding, "I was in the Army so it's not bad for me."

Sunday, our little church service. Head count - 2 African ladies, one African man, three Canadians, two Bushes, four Chinese in the audience and one preacher. They sing the most wonderful hymns. "Nearer My God to

Thee," "Holy, Holy, Holy." All the old favorites. It is a nice touch. Did some shopping after church. Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Marusi, he is chairman of Borden Company, came for lunch. Delightful, outgoing people. The Chinese wanted to buy powdered milk from him but they also discussed selling it under their own label. No mention of Borden Company. He had been to the Canton Fair and was back up for just a couple of days. I had my first cold so I turned down going to dinner with them. Lots of telegrams coming in for the Kissinger party (about 46 people). Press, security, communications, schedule, room requirements, banquets and return banquets. Slept for an hour in the afternoon. Quiet dinner at home.

How are the kids? Things are so different.

Cold today though the sky was clear. The wind was up. Bites right through you. Jeff Lilly gave Fred a great big bone and Fred's personality has changed. Anyone that gets within twenty yards of him gets a growl. Lily and son came for ping pong Saturday afternoon on the Double Happiness table. Two real nice people.

Observation. It is annoying beyond belief to read the attacks in the Red News on the United States. China feels it must attack the United States -- imperialist, exploiter of small nations, etc. I see Chiao Kuan Hua. I just have this inner feeling that these Chinese leaders do not subscribe to that view in its entirety. Perhaps I am wrong. But I have heard them talk enough to know they don't believe that. How does one balance that with their desire for frankness in dealing, their desire for an openness,

their desire to "keep their word" etc. Also would China understand it if we struck back in these areas, diplomatic fora, against China. We don't do it and I am not convinced we should. Certainly in every instance. But I am wondering how they would feel if we attacked their closed system, no freedom of press, without taking away from their many accomplishments, the total lack of individual freedom. There is no point in debating whether China had made progress or not. They have. Good progress in many ways. But one of them has not been human rights or individual freedoms. The children are taken away to communes, property rights are almost totally restricted, and the state is the master, and criticism is very restricted unless orchestrated from the bottom. One has a closed society. They are much more delicate about it. There is a certain disceptive gentleness, culture and kindness that sets them apart from the Soviets. But it is hard to tell the real....

Saw Elie Boustany of Lebanon at his apartment at San Li Tun. Some of these countries have essentially one person embassies. Boustany has one assistant. They have little contact with the Chinese. He is a delightful person. Friendly to the United States, spent some time all around the world. Nice conversationalist but really without too spectacular an insight on China. Mexican ambassador, that afternoon. A very young, dynamic, attractive, good English-speaking individual, is different. They have a staff of about nine and he loves to travel. He is enthused over China. He has his children and wife in school. He sees the shortcomings but he also is an advocate of the good things. Governor Milton Schapp gave a going away banquet. He had Mr. Chou of the University of Peking Foreign Affairs Institute, the

same man who was the honored guest at the University Presidents'. He is a delightful man, speaks English, lived in Los Angeles for four years. His wife came in a red brocade jacket. He is very precise, advocating the system under Chairman Mao. I asked him about Professor Fairbank of Harvard. He indicated, as have many other Chinese officials, that Fairbank is not considered too objective. He talked about Edgar Snow and how he was most revered. How some of his ashes were buried on the campus at the University. How he stood next to Mao in the Peoples Square on one October first. The banquet in terms of food was the biggest we have attended. The courses went on and on and on. I am sure Milton Shapp said, "Just give me the best one, whatever it is." He also produced a bottle of champagne which was politely received and indeed consumed fairly widely.

In a computer print-out on our trade with China we have a very favorable balance, over 10 to 1. And this worries us. They do not seem eager or in a hurry to take the steps that would help their trade -- sending delegations to the US, special packaging seminars etc. They buy from us what they need and I think they are buying things that they might well get better from others, simply because they don't want to increase the balance nor get a dependancy on us. The long protocol lists on the Kissinger trip arrived. I am on the protocol list. Up on the top after Secretary and Mrs. Kissinger. We are debating why this is. Last year the Chief of the USLO was not on the list. John Holdridge raises the point that he wonders if they are including him out on some of this. I hope not. And I would certainly think not.

Tuesday, a nice return visit from Ambassador Godor Ferenc of Hungary. Bringing with him a young English speaking interpreter. An unlikely looking couple. He has that kind of earthy East European humor that I like. Interested in Kissinger's visit, interested in a Cambodia solution, interested in Taiwan. Almost a replay when I went to see the Italian ambassador, a man who has been here too long. Was the first Italian ambassador. Feels he has been here long enough. Language seemed interesting today. Our Mr. Sun put on a great lunch for the Rumanian Ambassador and his interpreter. I am continually amazed at the man's artistic talent and pride in his work. He is first-class and though I am not a connoisseur of Rumanian food, I could tell from watching, the ambassador thought it was great. Gus Marusi of Borden stopped in again. I took my stock portfolio and took a recent copy of the Herald Tribune and even that was up a little bit. Went home early feeling pretty good. Brunson walked over and said there is an immediate from Kissinger saying Bar could ride home with him. We had been turned down on this in a very gracious, nice way by Snowcroft. In this environment it is funny how little things matter. I am getting into some reading now. Weather warm and beautiful. In contrast to some of the icy cold days we have had. I am concerned about our level of trade. Whether it will continue. Saw a report from the Japanese that the Chinese told them they want to cut back on their trade with us. They won't buy agricultural products anymore from us. That they were offended by what we said at the Rome Food Conference about China buying up grain etc. I don't believe they will follow this road but if they do it would really knock our trade figures

in the hat because agriculture takes care of about 80 percent of it.

More planning for Kissinger visit. End of day. Evening off. I am glad.

November 20 - Highlight of it was a lovely dinner given by Ambassador Salah El-Abd of Egypt. Both the Egyptian and the Lebanese are very melancholy about peace in the Middle East, this being at a time when there are rumors of increased fighting. Here they are in China but the Middle East predominates all their thinking understandably. Interesting talk with Sri Lanka ambassador - he has been here four and a half years. He said, "I am considered pro-Communist and pro-socialist but I am convinced that the Chinese system will have to change. It can't keep the people happy the way it is." He talked about more need for freedom. He did say that during the Cultural Revolution there was a lot more openness on matters like sex "by the kids." One of the officers in their mission was stopped, hauled out of the car and made to read quotations from Chairman Mao. Concluded our lunches for all of the staff. Bicycled in a tremendous headwind downtown and did some shopping. I am impressed with the amount of consumer goods around. The counters are relatively well stocked. Prices for everyday items pretty good. Prices in the craft shop very high. But when it comes to things like face creams, candies, chinaware, and even fairly colorful shirts for women, the shelves are bulging. Photographical equipment appears to be one luxury the people are encouraged to enjoy. Back to the bathhouse for a return visit. It is funny how the Chinese lessons just in a ten-day period make me at least understand a little bit about what he is saying -- very little I might add. Language is a barrier. We were supposed to be out at the United Arab Republic of Egypt at 7:30 and we end up at the United Arab Republic of Yeman. An enormous communications gap existed.

November 21 - today we were turned down by the Chinese for our US Information Agency billboard outside the USLO. Most embassies have these billboards and people along the streets stop and look at them. Stare at them. We were told that our situation was different and that it was inappropriate for us to establish a bulletin board. It's the feeling here that they simply don't want us to show a lot about the US to their public. They have not even recognized that a man has landed on the moon. Or at least their population is unaware of that. Too bad.

Yeman ambassador came to call. Middle East, Middle East, Middle East. Little progress in language - numbers. Chest cold for the first time. And everybody tells me this is normal. There is tons of bronchial infection here. "Don't worry. It will last all winter etc. It is accepted due to the dust and the dryness and wind and cold in Peking. Czech ambassador received me in his two hectare compound - lonely man, discouraged, not pleasant -- his wife sick with a heart-attack. I really feel he has given up. The Eastern Europeans really enjoy a kind of isolation here that is not their lot in other parts of the world. The ambassador is a very pleasant man, seemed anxious to talk but appeared critical of the Chinese and their strange ways. Dinner with Teddy Youde. A very pleasant relaxed dinner with two top people from his office and Sven Hirdman from Sweden. It was a nice early evening. Youde give some credibility to the Sri Lanka ambassador's remarks and feels he is a bright and astute observer. Increasing speculation on when there is going to be the next People's Congress.

Speculation goes on and on everywhere. Nobody seems to know. People watch the Hall of the People to see if there are cars lined up and lights burning at night. And then speculation goes wild when there is a flicker of life. There is a lot of wonder as to what the NPC will produce. Will we know more about the leadership. Will it signal change in direction on policy? Further speculation as to whether Chiao Kuan Hua's appointment to Foreign Minister has anything to do with the Kissinger visit. In my judgment it probably did. It will be interesting to see, as I think will happen, that Kissinger spends a good deal of time with Chiao Kuan Hua. There is one speculative story by John Burns that this will be difficult because Kissinger's relationship with Chiao is sticky since Kissinger said he couldn't remember his name. That's not true. I have seen them together. The press speculation on this field is just as weird as on Watergate but it's not quite as mean.

November 22 - made a call on the Laotian ambassador. Interesting pro-American who is in a very tough situation, being as now they have a coalition government. Delegations friendly to the Path et Lao come by to see him and all is quite cordial but the strain must be enormous. We had rumors that the Chinese were sending aid to Laos through North Vietnam but he was not able to help me confirm or deny this. Very nice call on Ambassador C. J. Small of Canada. Bright, attractive, pleasant individual. National day reception by Boustany of Lebanon. Same deadly format. Chinese guests and hosts sitting alone and isolated. Bored stiff. At the front of the room. Chinese guests milling around the food tables. And others standing around bitching about the whole setup. By the time it was over my cold was killing me.

But we went on to the black tie dinner given by the German ambassador. I left at 10:30 as a guest of honor. Well ahead of the 11 departing time. I don't think Mrs. Pauls liked it. Rolf certainly understood. Racked by a cold. It is too bad that at diplomatic dinners like this no Chinese are present.

Saturday, November 23 - met with newly named protocol chief, Chu Chuan Hsien. Reviewed plans for the Kissinger trip. All arrangements sound fine. Meeting with our staff in the residence to review the plans. And the rest of the time I plan to stay in bed due to this wretched cold. Weather is perspectiveally warm today and clear. Just the kind of day one should be off bicycling. It is hard to tell from the protocol arrangements exactly whom Kissinger will see. Chiao Kuan Hua is going to host one banquet. And they mentioned holding Wednesday open for a dinner with Teng Hsiao Ping. But I am wondering if he will see either Mao or Chou En Lai. Rest of Saturday spent reading in bed trying to get rid of a miserable chest and head cold. Sunday, the church service at 9:30. The place is desolate. Congregation still small. But it is easy to follow the familiar hymns. No sermon. Three bible readings. Communion. Lord's Prayer. The Apostles Creed and that's about it. Wondered around after Church and did a little shopping. Walked over to the International Club for a good Chinese lunch. It is a nice place, arranged so people can drop in there. They need a good kind of "cruise director." He could really get the place humming with events, and contests and tournaments and dances. But dancing is prohibited. And a bar is unthinkable. That's really what the place needs. Although you can get beer there and can buy

liquor. Tennis courts opened. A man courteously calling me. Since I had been by there a time or two. I thought they had notified every embassy but when I saw the manager he said, "We know you are interested in tennis so we called you to say the courts were open." I couldn't play due to my health but Akwei played and told me that the courts are still too soft and they will be all torn up again. In the evening we had a bunch of ambassadors over and showed the "Hustler" - fine old movie. A very relaxed way to entertain. Right in the living room. Six or so ambassadors. Popcorn. Relaxed and informal. The kind of thing I like to do. Mr. Wong, the man who replaced Mr. Yeh, hustled up the drinks and hors d'oeuvres etc. Mr. Yeh spoke no English and was replaced. It was a sad farewell for me anyway because I thought he did a good job and I felt sorry I had ever mentioned to the DSB just in passing that he didn't speak English. But now Mr. Wong is there. Bright, young, very accommodating.

I am determined to go out in the park some morning. I keep hearing these cheers and shouts from the park long before it is light. It could be the shadow boxing. It could be calisthenics. In the mornings about 7 when I am listening to the VOA you see single lines of school girls running by in step, jogging, running in opposite directions from the school. Kids all look quite healthy. A French AFP correspondent told me that during the Cultural Revolution he witnessed ten-, eleven-, and twelve-year-old kids -- running after old people on the streets, beating them with whips and sticks, yelling at them, calling them "revisionists" and "old reactionaries." Cultural Revolution tales are almost unbelievable when you see the order now but I guess it could happen again if that was dictated from above.

Monday, the 25th - the Secretary of State arrives. The whole day looking forward to it. Out to the airport. Holdridge and I ushered off to the side room with the Foreign Minister. Plane arrived right on time. Melee at the airport as the Secretary came off. The security people came off first. Too much. They should have gotten off the back door and walked around the front. Nancy Tang commented on the security people. "So many," she said. It was noticeable, particularly here in China for some reason. The Secretary and his wife said hello to us, greeted the ambassadorial corps and then were whisked off to the guest house. I had been out that morning to inspect the beautiful guest house. Guest House 18, the one where President Nixon stayed, was assigned to us. Barbara and I had a beautiful suite there. There is grass there, flowing stream or lake with beautiful bridges, beautifully landscaped. The overstuffed chairs are the same in the guest house but everything is thoughtfully done. All kinds of little cosmetic and bathroom aids scattered around. And everything that one wants for his own personal comfort is there -- bathrobes, slippers, etc.

The banquet at the Great Hall was a tremendous success. The Hall fantastic in its eloquence. Built in a hurry. The banquet was considered one of the very best our staff has seen. Kissinger gave an excellent toast, talking about the determination and continued relationships etc. etc. More than perfunctory and the next day his comments were carried in the Peoples Daily. The first such comments of a Western leader, according to John Holdridge.

November 26, Tuesday - we had sightseeing at 9 with the full party to the Forbidden City. Press of TV and coverage, cold on the feet and

my cold got worse. The lights and the cameras and the crowd made sight-seeing almost impossible but it was good to have all that attention. Kissinger is good at this kind of thing. He enjoys it. Nancy looks sick, ailing, tired. But was a pretty good sport about it. I wonder whether she likes this kind of "on stage." I noticed last night she and the Secretary at the Guest House told the press not to take pictures of the two children who are along on the trip. Official party counts for about 30 some odd. And it is quite a sight.

In the morning we had the first large-scale meeting at the Great Hall of the People with Teng Hsiao Ping and others. General review was undertaken and schedule was decided on for the following. I will not report on the details of the meetings as that is classified. I came home for lunch and we went to the International Club to save the staff who are killing themselves over the Tuesday night reception. Mr. Sun the cook had gone out and bought six shark skins for \$150 U.S. (check that). Plus swallows spit, for birds nest delicacies etc. The house was polished and looking beautifully clean. The flowers arranged and great pride in the work by Mr. Wong, Number 1. In the afternoon we had a meeting at the guest house. There is great hustling around. People on his staff are scared to death of Kissinger. It is unbelievable.

Too much so. There is too much entourage feeling. Too much kind of turmoil. Is he coming? Is he coming? Is he late? Is he late? Nobody is willing to bite the bullet and speak up. Amazing -- mixed feeling. Great respect for the man and his accomplishments and yet

concern about some of the trappings and some of the ways of handling people. Everyone with him talks about how difficult it is and yet he can be extremely charming. Pressures on him are immense and the accomplishments immense so one forgives the eccentric things. But there is a certain graciousness that is lacking. No question about it. The morning and yesterday ungracious. The afternoon after the meeting gracious. At the reception very good. I introduced him to Mr. Sun and Mr. Wong, Mrs. Tang and in all of these cases he seemed very pleased. So is the press. He does a first-class job with them. We invited the local press for the first time. Many of them commented on it and all of them enjoyed meeting him and getting a chance to visit. This was an important part and he does this exceptionally well. After the reception we went to a musical performance. All revolutionary of course. Good voices. Pianist could have played anywhere. The dancers were fine. It was the first time I saw a woman's shape on the young dancers. The costumes were bright. And as we are starved for entertainment the heavy revolutionary themes didn't even seem too much. The crowd consisted of on the one side a lot of the PLA types that apparently were let in to see the performance. On the other there is a representative off-the-street crowd. They didn't clap very much. But I watched their faces and they seemed enthralled by the performance. They also spend a good deal of time staring at Kissinger and all of us who were lined up in protocol order. A classic - the picture on the Monday night banquet. It looked like a high school picture. The head table so to speak was off visiting with the Deputy Premier. We all walked out. There was all USLO, all press,

all the traveling party lined up for the big picture. It was a real yak! There are so many things to note and see but the Kissinger visit is a good thing. It is getting things lined up. We'll begin to understand policy. Kissinger has made a couple of needles about excessive reporting and the fact that "George doesn't think I am spending enough time on China," he says to the Deputy Prime Minister. But I think I can convince him that we have been right in the fact that some think our policy is declining and that we need to do certain things to demonstrate that it is not. In any event it has livened things up and it is right and good and so far it is going pretty well.

I attend, sitting next to the Secretary, meetings in the morning at the Great Hall and in the afternoon at the guest house, meetings with Teng Hsiao Ping. Notes of these meetings are in a separate file. Kissinger is brilliant in these talks. Tremendous sweep of history and a tremendous sweep of the world situation. He is at his best. It is a great contrast to the irritating manner he has of handling people. His staff are scared to death of him. The procession is almost "regal." People quake, "He's coming. He's coming." And don't dare tell him when he's keeping them waiting. In the Wednesday morning meeting, "I want my staff. I want them all in this room. I want them right here now. Where are they?" All kinds of yelling of that nature goes on. I guess it is the way he keeps from getting ulcers at the pace he is working at. I came home and had lunch with Bar at the International Club. It is a nice place to be able to drop in for a quick bite. In the morning we went sight-seeing

at the Museum. A great sweeping entourage. Tons of cameras. Difficulty at seeing a darn thing. I am sure the Chinese were thoroughly confused by it all. That evening, the 26th, we had a reception at the residence. Mr. Wong and Mr. Sun did a first-class job. The great care and attention they put into hors d'oeuvres etc. The ranking Chinese guest was Wang Hai Jung. Ambassador Huang Chen from Washington was there. He and his wife were very friendly. The Foreign Minister and the ambassador are very warm to Barbara and me. Distinctly so. One feels it very easily. After the reception we raced madly to a musical show - our first. One guy had a lute or a guitar of some sort, playing "Home on the Range" and the rest of it local revolutionary music. Ballet dancers with the big Red Flag carried across the stage. Sopranos singing the glory of the Chairman, how the people won the fight at Tiger Mountain etc. An interesting evening. Not the kind that our taste would like to do every night, but well worth seeing. The pianist was excellent. One of the leading pianists in China I think. I sat next to the Foreign Minister's wife. Couldn't have been more pleasant.

Wednesday, November 27 - more meetings. Morning at the guest house - just Lord, Bush, Kissinger and a secretary for the first hour and a half. Then the whole team. Break for lunch at the guest house. Then back to a meeting at the Great Hall of the People with John Holdridge attending. The Secretary does not follow through clearly on whom he wants where and how it's done. And thus people are always up in the air as to what he really desires. He is a man of great contrasts. He can be pleasant and

flattering and warm. And then he can do nasty little things. He is not gracious with people. There is no real kind of courtesy to the little waiters standing around or anything of that nature. I keep coming back to the word "regal." Mobs of security people. Mobs of traveling entourage. All aids quaking in their boots. At dinner we came late to the dinner given by the Deputy Premier Teng at a Manchurian restaurant. Excellent dinner. I sat between the ambassador and Chou Huang Hua. Great relaxed evening. They must have something stimulating in the food. I couldn't sleep all night.

Thursday, November 28 - More wrap-up talks in the afternoon. In the morning I stayed in the office and worked. The Kissinger party did some sightseeing and the Secretary received the German ambassador before coming to our house for lunch. We invited Henry and Nancy and the two children and Don Rumsfeld. On a three-hour notice Mr. Sun whipped up a very nice luncheon. Great detail and wonderfully thoughtful. Very much like his reception only this was very small and private.

After that lunch I had a very good private talk with Kissinger. We covered a list of agenda items. Generally he seemed pleased with the way things were working out. He agreed that I should come back for consultations. I told him I would like to come back at the end of January and he approved that. He did not seem to me well focused to the fact that trade with China was going to be less this year than we had expected and that it was going to fall off next year. Both matters will affect the continuing speculation that our policy is deteriorating. They will add to the fuel although you

can point to the trade decline and say that agriculture makes up about 80 percent of the trade. They have had good crops and thus won't need as much of our agricultural goods. Secondly, they have a big balance of payments problems with us. Thirdly, they don't want to be over-embraced by the United States in trade. And they are even buying things such as off-shore drilling equipment from others where we have the best technology.

Kissinger was anxious to know my plans. He asked how long I planned to stay. This is the second reference he made to it. I had in my mind that he was probing to see what my political plans were. I told him I had no political plans, that I thought the ticket for '76 was locked in with the appointment of Rockefeller, which I do, and that I had no plans at all. Kissinger made some reference to my running for President in 1980. I told him I couldn't see that far ahead but I was very much interested in doing a good job here - learning the substance of our foreign policy and getting an overall view of it. He pointed out that this was a good place to do it because of the kinds of reviews the Chinese get from him and also because from time to time there are substantive items here. I made clear to him that I was not expecting high profile, I knew the limitations of this post and that it didn't bother me. I really think he is still curious as to why I am here, when, as he know, I could have gone to Paris or London. That afternoon we met with Teng Hsiao-ping for our wrap-up meeting. And then went to the return banquet. We retired then.

The mood was somewhat subdued. The press jumped on this as strain - making it "strained." People were simply exhausted. We went back after the banquet and negotiated the communique at a very small meeting with Chiao Kuan Hua. Broad ranged guy. More so in my opinion than Teng Hsiao-ping, although Teng speaks with authority and obviously has the political strength that Chiao Kuan Hua doesn't have. I got to bed late that night, very tired, plagued by a horrible cold.

The next day we took off in two Tridents for Hsu Chou. A delightful warm "gentle" day as Chiao Kuan Hua called it. We went through a park, an embroidery factory. The streets had been cleaned to a tee. Lynn Pascoe had been down to Hsu Chou the week before with the university presidents and then returned with us. There was a big difference. Then there were people bicycling, bustling around, typical. Whatever litter was normal was on the street then. Yesterday the streets were clear. As we went by we looked down alleys and way down the middle of the streets and alleys we saw barricades with people jammed up against them. Whereas on the street there was just a normal amount of traffic in terms of people. No cars. No vehicles and the bicycles you could count on one hand. It was eerie but it was considerate. At the park they had children playing, representative groups. Small tiny children and a group of boys playing with a ball. And a group of girls. Obviously structured. But nice. Some of our journalists were super critical and I was very pleased that they had indeed turned these kids out. At least we got a good look at them and others got a chance to see these attractive Chinese children.

I wish we weren't always so cynical. Of course they arranged it. But why not. The embroidery factory would drive me blind. The detail that goes into those tapestries is just simply unbelievable. We had a good chance to visit informally with the whole traveling party, Chiao Kuan Hua, Wang Hai Jung, Nancy Tang, Chiu of the protocol office, Lin Ping, and others. We went to a charming guest house. The attendant at the guest house called it Hotel of Hsu Chou. Beautifully arranged. And then to a fantastically large banquet. We stuffed ourselves. Finished off the afternoon of sightseeing. Another park. Another embroidery factory.

Flew on a 25-minute flight to Shanghai and there we had yet another banquet given by the Shanghai municipal committee. The municipal committee of Hsu Chou joined the provincial committee in hosting that banquet in Shanghai. The banquet was excellent. Sparrows in whole, candied, and barbequed sparrows being the piece de resistance. Actually they were pretty good. I just wish I didn't know they were sparrows. Barbara boarded the plane with the Kissinger group and headed off for the first Christmas we will be apart in 30 years. I asked if there was extra room on the plane. Scowcroft first wired there was none. Then Kissinger invited her. Then the day of the departure they told me there was a little flap in the States about Kissinger's kids and wife and that the press was insisting that they pay. And Karen Jenkins thought it would be better if I paid. So I, a little sore about it, wrote out a check for sixteen hundred dollars to the U.S. Air Force and said, "Now you tell them I paid in advance," for approximately the first class trip which she said they were being charged at.

To go one way from Peking to Washington. Ironically Bar had gotten round trip flight Peking-New York-Peking -- \$967. What a massive financial whipping. She could have stayed here four days longer and then done that. C'est la guerre! Anyway she will have an interesting trip back.

Saturday, November 30 - The German ambassador came to get debriefed and so did the New Zealand ambassador. Bryce Harland of New Zealand pushes very hard for information. It is almost like a press conference. I finally told him that I liked my job, that I wanted to keep it and I simply wasn't at liberty to give him the information he wanted, on the discussions of normalization and on Taiwan. He said, "Well if I don't get it, I'll just have to write it from sources that aren't good." Thus using the old press trick on it. My last two years this comment stuck out like a sore thumb and I must confess I didn't appreciate it, though I like Harland. I cycled over and saw Teddy Youde, the British ambassador, where we had a very grand talk -- very very different in the way he seeks the information. So was Pauls. They are curious as hell.

The conclusions I have put in the file but generally speaking the visit went along pretty well. The press and some of the diplomatic corps were looking for a dramatic breakthrough. The Ford trip is a dramatic announcement but in my view the press overall will play the visit like "Ford trip salvaged what otherwise would have been a negative visit." At some point our relationship, whether the Taiwan problem has been solved or not, should get to the point that Kissinger can come here, have frank discussions and there not be this over-expectation. But that is not where it stands now.

My concern is that the decline in trade next year will increase speculation that the relationship is deteriorating. The pressure will mount on the President for his visit. I personally believe the President can come and go without solving the Taiwan issue, but I am sure this will be in doubt as far as others go. And of course maybe the issue will be resolved by then. I am convinced the policy is solid at this point. They need us, actually more than we need them in my judgment. This is the consensus of the diplomatic community incidentally. I publically expressed lack of concern about the Soviets. In my judgment this is not true.

I played tennis with the Canadian ambassador, an Indian and an Italian. Hard to see but we are lucky to have that surface. Indoor facility. I just hope it holds up through the winter. I am not sure it will. In any event we had a good match and I realize how much I need exercise. Playing again tomorrow. Had lunch at the house all alone. Very good small lunch. I told Brunson I wanted an omelet and a soup. Of course when I get here there is omelet, there is soup, there is a fish dish. In any event it was first-class, the whole thing. Dinner I just had him leave me soup and some flavored hard boiled eggs. The day was clear and fairly warm. Unusual one would say, when it was predicted it was going to be so icy. I was sent an inhalant mask, like a gas mask, for cycling. If it weren't quite so prominent looking, I'd use it. I still might. It's first-class. Goggles too. Mail situation is erratic. We got a massive group of things that were sent around the first of November. And yet last week ended up with a lot of mail that came in much much later. It is nutty.

Observation on the Kissinger visit. Kissinger is an extremely complicated guy. He is ungracious, he yells at his staff, he is intolerable in terms of human feelings. Dictatorial -- "get people here," "have those people here," "where are they?", "why do I need these papers?", "where are my papers." And yet all those petty little unpleasant characteristics fade away when you hear him discussing the world situation. He comes alive in public. Walk up the steps and the salute rings out from the PLA guard. He literally is so alive within, you can see it on the outside very clearly. He is like a politician with the roar of a crowd on election eve or the athlete running out at the 50 yard line just before the kick off. The public turns him on. I remember going up to the Hill with him just before I came to China. So we could get our one chance to chat. He was so concerned about the traffic and the officers but when we climbed out of the car he again came alive, smiling and waving to the crowd. I am convinced some of this is what keeps him going. He bitches about the press and yet he always sidles over to them and talks to them. The press came to our reception, local press invited for the first time. This will help us. Nevertheless Kissinger was not enthralled with the idea. But once he got there he spent a good deal of time with them. And you would see him coming out of the Great Hall of the People sidling over to the press or them to him and he entertained them and chatted with them and joked with them. He does a first-class job on that whole press operation. He is very openly critical of the bureaucracy at the State Department. Clearly he is not an administrator. He is so concerned about security leaks that information

we should have is not forthcoming. And yet he tells me he wants me to have it. I am sure he really does. I am also sure he gets people aside - "I don't want anybody to know about this - nobody. Do you understand?" And then of course we are cut off. There is a communications breakdown here that is fairly serious but I think we can resolve it when I go back for consultations if not before. I am wondering how long Kissinger will stay. He made one comment to me about that subject. Saying "this will be somebody else's problem." It was a subject that looks like it will be taken up fairly soon. I wondered exactly what he's planning. I remember the big argument I had with Kissinger the time of the China vote. And yet at lunch he graciously turned to Barbara and said that "George is the finest ambassador we've had up there anytime since I've been in government." Very pleasant. Unsolicited and I might add totally unexpected. At other times he can be so pre-occupied that he doesn't even know one is around. I must say he was good about including me in on all the talks. Going to all of them and without there being any doubt about that apparently. The visit was a big plus for us. It set the direction. It shows us where we stand. I think there will be a period of calm now that the visit is over.

November 30, Saturday - end of reading mail, going over much that has stacked up. Reading. Tired. Early to bed. It is funny. In Hsu Chou the cold and coughing stopped. Some of it has got to be something in the air around this place. Dust or whatever it is. Generally feel good. Even

though I am looking forward to going to Honolulu I wish it weren't going to be for quite so long. On the visit to Hsu Chou posters criticizing hsushihwa(?) which had been there a week before had been totally removed from the streets. Only one, talking about learning from Taching(?) oil fields, remained.

Sunday, December 1 - a very quiet relaxed day. Played tennis. Nice lunch at Al Morin's. Plenty of time to read and rest. It was rainy and cold. I went to the little church service. Congregation slightly larger. Went down to the big department store. Did some Christmas shopping in the afternoon. I am amazed at how many things there really are in these stores if you look. I wanted towel bathclothes. And sure enough they had a wide array. Got caught up in correspondence. Did little else.

December 2 - we had celebrated Thanksgiving Day here. It was a quiet one for me. Lunch at home alone. Getting all caught up on letters and correspondence. A big pouch came in. Gray outside. I have got to get some exercise. Nothing to report at all. A few cables. Speculation on the Kissinger trip cropping up as predicted. International Club closed. No tennis. Painting going on in the house. Massive production just to paint two guest rooms upstairs and one guest room downstairs. Amazing. My lunch was good. Fishbones turned to jelly. Cooked celery - bright green with a lot of sauce on it. And a soup. This guy really produces meals. Mr. Wong has spruced things up. He and Mr. Jen(?) wear very clean jackets. Quite a difference from Mr. Yeh. End of a quiet December 2 with Mrs. Boehm for a reception to present us with a panda at 5:30 and dinner at Blackburns at 6:30. The McKinleys are getting read to leave.

Lucille Zilet went off this afternoon. Yesterday the brunch at the Morans included two kinds of sausages, pancakes - a marvelous western breakfast which I ravaged. It is funny how you appreciate things like this. I even noticed the wallpaper in his bathroom that he had put up. The Blackburn Thanksgiving dinner was very American, very good, very warm. Mrs. Boehm came by and presented a porcelain panda. She was absolutely ecstatic over the porcelain work being done in a Chinese factory. She said there were 120 million pieces turned out of this factory as opposed to 20 million by Lenox in the United States, a very large producer. The craftsmen were excellent. She said they were extremely interested in some of the craft used on her porcelain work. Mrs. Boehm is typical of many who come to China. Gushingly ecstatic. Warm, treated regally, given presents, wined and dined and all in all on cloud nine.

Beginning of December 3, Tuesday morning - many calls. Belgian - I am calling on him. Lunch. Australian, New Zealander, Japanese and Spanish calling back. Australian, a very young, attractive ambassador who because of his affiliation with the Labor Government, knows China well. A little less hard sell than Bryce Harland who I also liked. I went to call on the Belgian who I was told by John Holdridge had hurt feelings because I had not been to see him. He is an attractive guy, pro-west, had an interesting chat. Had a four way lunch, apparently a regular thing here. Australia, New Zealand, Japan and the United States. This one was at the Australian's. I then called on the head of the CAAC, Mr. Maa(?) and talked about aviation and the possibility of buying planes.

He kept coming back to the fact that they might be interested in more planes. But he talked about how they were unsatisfied with the guidance system on the Boeings. He is an older man, very attractive and seemed to enjoy the chat. I talked about the Dallas/Ft. Worth Airport. He showed some interest in this although he was a little confused as to where Dallas was and I guess why I was even bringing it up. That was the first time I was ever stopped by a bayoneted guard. That was when we were going into the CAAC. The guard stopped us. Kuo explained we were coming to visit. But he had to make some phone calls to get us in. Rushed back for a return call by the Spanish ambassador.

All very interested in Kissinger's trip. Australians and New Zealanders both asking who originated the invitation and the speculation abounds that relationships are not going too well. I do all I can to lay that to rest. I can do it with conviction because I happen to think they are going pretty well. They need us more than we need them, and we certainly profit by the relationship. As long as that is in existence, the relationship will be pretty good. Farewell tennis game at 6. It is so awfully hard to see the tennis balls. They stay bright red. I am determined to push to get those courts resurfaced one way or another with good stuff. Fred knows I am leaving. Bill Lucas will be staying at the house.

Monday the 4th - Brunson McKinley and Lucille are gone. There is going to be a massive turnover at the USLO soon. It will take on an entirely new personality. We are going to miss some of these people's expertise but I am sure others will be coming along just as enthusiastic.

December 4 - off to Toyko and then Honolulu. At the airport all the things that looked so strange a month and a half ago don't look strange at all. The PLA uniforms, the people with their children, the old-fashioned train along the outside of the airfield, chug-chugging away as if we were back in the '30s in the United States. The airport was bitterly cold. But even that seemed normal. As I headed East I wondered how many Americans would put up with the inconvenience of a cold airport with such lousy facilities. Peking looked very gray down below. Mud walls. Gray plains extending as far as the eye can see. Creeks are frozen over. Even the canal is showing ice along both banks. Mr. Wong and Mr. Sun the cook gave me a warm farewell. I asked Mr. Sun if there was anything I could bring from the States and through Mr. Wong I got a list - small paring knives, knife for peeling potatoes, nutmeg, and little cones to go on the end of those bags for decorating pastries. An interesting assortment. Sun is a true artist. It seems to be a quiet time as far as diplomatic activity goes. Not many cables. Perhaps a good time to be gone for a week or so.

Spent the night with Jim and Marie Hodgson in Toyko. Amazed even after six weeks at the differences. Toyko bustling - lights, stores, stocked shelves, prosperous western dressed people, automobiles everywhere. After just six weeks in Peking one is much more aware of the standards he has taken for granted all his life. Visited at the U.S. Embassy with Burma Ambassador Osborn, ROC ambassador Unger, Korean Ambassador Schneider. Lunch with the Hodgsons.

Then at 4:00 helicoptered to the U.S. air base where we met up with other ambassadors -- Bill Sullivan from the Philippines, Charlie Whitehouse

from Laos, Graham Martin from Vietnam, Dean from Cambodia, Cross from Hong Kong - flying on a big K-137. No windows but extremely comfortable. General Gallagher gave us all a couple of drinks at his new residence at the air base and off we flew, against the dateline but with the clock. Arriving at 7 o'clock on the morning of the day we left. On the plane there were seven of us in the second compartment. We drew for the four bunks. Hodgson and I each got an ace. So I was comfortably ensconced in a comfortable, very long bed. We went to the base PX in Japan and again the day-to-day stocking of shelves caught my attention. Shaving cream, a few food stuffs, clothes, row upon row of things. You would never look twice on it in the States - but now catching my eye. The Air Force does things well - as do all of the military. It is a good idea to have a conference of this nature. Chief of Missions Conference to meet the people whose cables you see everyday. Just from preliminary talks it is clear to me how separate and apart China is from the main stream of things in terms of communication, in terms of understanding what's going on, contacts with leaders etc. Arrived Honolulu after a long, long night. Went to the PX - bought a trunk and loaded it up with miscellaneous goods for Peking -- hopefully to put on the Mansfield airplane. Mansfield coming through with a rather large contingent on a 137 heading for Peking, some say to see Sihanouk. I bought some small pots and pans for our upstairs dining room. Shelves at the PX glitter in comparison to the Peking stores. Water softener. Some items for Mr. Sun. Nutmeg, cake decorating kit, knives, potato peeler were his four requests.

I lost weight. I have never eaten more in my life and on one scale I appear to have lost 10 pounds. Must be the absence of bread and butter. Although when protocol calls I nibble away on ever present peanuts and candy covered nuts. And little candies that are always appearing at every embassy I visit and certainly at our own house where Mr. Wong whips out all these little delicacies. A day of total rest. A hamburger. Evening visit with most of the ambassadors.

Gone for twelve days to Honolulu for the Chief of Missions Conference. And for the Kappa War Game Exercises. I will not make notes on each except to say that I was tremendously impressed with the military and their contribution. They have the facts. They talked less than us State Department types and they were concise. On our team Mickey Weisner (?), a four-star admiral, Walt Gallagher, three-star Air Force general in Toyko, Dick Stillwell, a four-star general commanding in Korea, John Elder, three-star Air Force general, Glue (?) Wilson, three-star Marine general -- all had a good grasp of their subjects. Marshall Green, a little garrulous, conducted our team. He tended to dominate the exercise too much. I was impressed with Len Unger (?), with Bill Sullivan of the Philippines, Chuck Cross, a knowledgeable guy. I think he is a little concerned about his own standing. Perhaps that results from his having that run-in with Agnew although overall my reaction was a plus. Habbib, who does a good job of running the meetings -- he stimulates discussions, he gets things moving, and I have seen him stand up to Kissinger. There is a general feeling among the State Department people that they are uninformed. Green put it well when he talked about "secrecy but not secretive-ness." The EA Missions Conference was excellent including the relaxed session

on the North Shore at Mrs. Alexander's house. I remember less of the substance that I do just general impressions of people. Generally favorable although some seemed too bureaucratic and too bogged down in appearances and old shibboleths. Played a lot of tennis with Admiral Gyler(?) - sink attack. Charming wife, pleasant and great competitor. 60 years old - he looks forty. Pleasant family reunion with the Athertons, the Spauldings. Spent the last two days out of that Sheraton Wakiki madhouse and in the 4999 Kahala(?) apartment - just lovely. Flew out with sink pac and back with sink pac(?).

At the EA Mission Conference Dean Brown and Ernie Calentino(?) both mentioned to me Barbara's trip back on the Kissinger plane - how they hoped to get me a refund etc. There is some need to clarify this kind of policy although it is a minor matter.

Again spunged off of Jim Hodgson at the Embassy. He and Maria put Jennifer Fitzgerald and me up for the afternoon. Hodgson is a really first-rate fellow. Broad gauged business experience, cabinet experience, low key, a man of mederation but I think great intelligence. Checked out the bath house again at the Okurra(?). Totally relaxing. Someday I will write a book on massages I have had ranging all the way from Bobby Moore and Harry Carmen at the UN to the steam baths of Egypt and Toyko. I must confess the Toyko treatment is the best. Walking on the back, total use of knees, combination of knees and oil, the back becoming a giant slope does wonders for the sacroiliac, and a little something for the morale too. Massage parlors in the U.S. have ruined the image of real massage. It is a crying

shame. Flew back to Peking on Iran Airlines. Jennifer and I alone in first class. Four or five others in the whole rest of the 707 and a crew of about 8 or ten. The food was fantastic. The plane was a little late. Service was excellent. And we arrived very tired but well fed on the finest Iranian caviar. I would like to try that airline again -- going home maybe. It was cold when we got back.

Monday I had more mail than I have ever seen. I really haven't digested it yet. Our things arrived. Mr. Sun seemed pleased at the knives I brought him. Perhaps it is egotism but I really think the staff was genuinely glad to see me in the house. I certainly felt that way about Mr. Wong and Mr. Sun, Mr. Jung and the girls. Mansfield has come and gone. Great speculation as to whether he was going to see Sihanouk again. He did see Chou En Lai, he did see Teng Chiao Ping, he did see Chiao Kuan Hua. Sam Jaffe of ABC leaked to Sirtimincky(?) of AFP that Mansfield had detected a concern about the slowness of development of normalization. Mansfield apparently has denied this. I would like to see him before he leaves to get debriefed on what he has done but I don't know I will with mother here and his not being overly enthusiastic about that. He told me he would not see Sihanouk unless Sihanouk approached him and then unless Chiao Kuan Hua approved. They put him up in a guest house next door to Sihanouk's palace - Sihanouk's downtown place - but whether he saw him or not I simply don't know. Mansfield is a thoroughly decent man.

Policy. The archeological exhibit, the agreement for which I signed when I first came from the U.S., went to the U.S. It is beautifully

presented apparently in the Gallery in Washington but we blew a great opportunity to stand up for freedom of the press. The Chinese insisted that Israel, South Africa, South Korea journalists and one other not be permitted to go to the pre-press preview. So instead of standing up and insisting on it some deal was cut between the gallery, the State Department and the Chinese under which the Chinese had their way. We must not capitulate on matters this fundamental in the United States. It will contribute to the deterioration of our policy in my view. Editorial comment is already lousy not just from liberals but from others. And both right wing and left wing in the United States can join together and denounce the Chinese for this kind of behavior. We should have forcefully explained to them what they were doing, raised the level of our explanation and then insisted. I hope the matter will not come up again in Kansas City. China is very vulnerable on human right excesses just as the Soviet Union was. Some day sure as can be the Congress will turn its attention to these aspects of the Chinese policy. We must therefore not permit them to flaunt their way in the United States. The policy is important because of the balance. But this euphoric analysis of this society as an open society, as a free society, a soft or gentle society is simply wrong.

While I was gone PRC was really blasting us about the UN vote which we won and the Cambodian vote which we won. The UN vote - they were claiming we lied when we stated that most of our troops were not under the UN command. Factually we are absolutely correct. But they were very bitter. They are walking a very fine tightrope when they criticize and beraid us before the

Third World in the hope that we will understand their empty cannons of rhetoric. It is a very tricky business. I can't help but feel that we might do a better job with presenting these points to the Chinese leadership but the access is the problem. On Monday tired but less than when I first arrived, nice lunch with Jennifer, Bob Blackburn and Bill Lucas to whom Fred has sold out since Lucas was feeding him his burgers and rice. Fred is now back on PD and to show his disdain he spent the night on Lucas' bed instead of mine. This didn't break my heart but it seemed a little faithless after all we have done for old Fred. Right now, early Tuesday morning, he is back on my pillow looking gray but my heart is a little brighter since he seems to be veering back toward me. During the time I was gone apparently the staff let him in on the real cold days into the office. They really do like him and that is good.

Great talks with Bar on the phone. The kids all doing fine. It is as if each one of these five kids, recognizing that the family was undergoing a different experience, are pulling together much more. There are no longer those juvenile battles and each one comes through strong, vibrant, full of humor and different, full of life and we are awfully lucky. It is right that Bar be there but boy do I miss her.

Listening to the VOA Tuesday morning hearing about Watergate. It seems so far away. So irrelevant. So re-hashed. Perhaps it's just my own experience but it is such a pain. Elliot Richardson is going to replace Moynihan. I calbed Pat asking him to come by for a few days. I hope he will do it. It will liven things up here considerably. I am in the mixed

doubles and men's doubles, round robin, at the tennis club. They have got it so fouled up and drawn up in such a peculiar fashion -- a tiny example of how a little bit of help would make the thing flow smoothly. They have got all kinds of crazy scheduling of times, inconveniencing the hell out of people. I have researched out the lake hole situation a little and am starting my offensive on that. Chinese lessons started again. I really enjoy the challenge of it. I know I won't speak it but after a two week layoff the tones came back. Mrs. Tang smiled upon me although I must confess she is always very tolerant. And all in all I am glad to be back.

Tuesday, the 17th - whipping back on to the new time change. Concerned about the mail. A lot of our mail is opened when it goes international. Indeed it has been checked through some very sophisticated methods that international mail is read rather regularly. Several of my letters arrived opened -- the Zeder one and Buck Byers. In checking around I find this is not unusual. I write the mail that I send international knowing that it will be checked. Mother arrives tomorrow. I have that kind of high school excitement -- first vacation feeling. Weather still cold, but very clear. Great for bicycling. I hope it holds out for her. Mr. Wong hustling around the house. Three guest bedrooms have been painted and they are pale yellow. Much different and better than the flat waterpaint. Apparently they started using some kind of a plastic paint. I am inviting Chiao Kuan Hua and his wife for dinner next week. Interesting to see if they come. He is very busy

and on this new schedule he looks worse than Kissinger. Clare Hollingsworth(?) from the Times (check - maybe it's the Guardian) came to call. Very interesting person. Agrees readily to the ground rules of deep background etc. She was griping that Kissinger and Mansfield wouldn't give her the time of day. Mansfield's secretary, Sybil Sahagian(?) and Dr. Carey, the party doctor, came for lunch. In the first round of the round robin tennis tournament Small and I won. They Carey and I hit with the Chinese. I rode over on my bike. Cold and clear. It felt pretty good. I came home to find a big practice going on for our Snoppy Christmas play. Peking is full of rumors about the Peoples Congress.

December 18 - Mother arrived on a beautiful day. Gave her a nice 20 minutes or so to shape up and then we took a long bicycle ride down past the Great Hall of the People. You should have seen the people stare at old momma on the bicycle. They would stand by and watch her. It reminded me of the old joke -- about the railroad train crossing at the time zone -- it left at five minutes of and arrived 100 miles later at 3 minutes of. The crowd stood around to watch that mother take off. At each traffic light a little group would stand around, nudge each other, look at each other, the kids were openly incredulous, but she cycled majestically off at each stop, doing beautifully in her PLA hat, teenage looking ski outfit and did just great. There wasn't much wind but it was a good test and she passed with flying colors. I took her by the Friendship Store and the tennis place where they were extremely friendly. Aunt Marge cut her finger to the bone on the airplane. She had a Japanese doctor sew it up in Toyko and then

ended up on the morning of the 19th with a very swollen hand. We have got to get her to a doctor. Early evening, first dinner at home, went well.

The more I think about our handling of the art critic thing the worse I think we handled it. We must not permit China, particularly in the United States, to dictate terms to us in an area as sensitive as freedom of the press. I had a long talk with the Sri Lanka ambassador about the balance between the rhetoric aimed at us for getting support from the Third World purposes and that same rhetoric having a tendency to erode away the policy in our country. I have a feeling people think we are suckers putting up with this.

December 19 - the big game is trying to figure out whether what they say in public is what they mean or not. Example. Mobutu is here. He is praised - the toasts of the dinners hit the super powers. Mobutu enters in by saying "For Africa the perilous white rather than yellow." Mobutu I am sure will have a different view when he talks to the United States. But I am increasingly upset at the public blasts at the United States. The other day on Korea they used the word "lie" to describe our claim that most UN troops were not under the UN flag. I am absolutely convinced that American public opinion will turn against this at some point in a relationship which is very important to China will be damaged. Maybe China's rhetoric is more important to them than the relationship, but I don't really think so. After they lost both Korea and Cambodian votes, they almost had to come out with strong blasts, but their decision has to be how strong should the blasts be. Most people in this town feel that this relationship is

the most important one they have got. But they have a funny way of showing it. At least as far as I am concerned.

I had a talk with the Lebanese ambassador today. He finds it hard to know what China's position in on the Middle East. Do they favor the step-by-step approach as proposed by Kissinger or the Geneva approach as proposed by the Russians. They oppose Geneva but they don't favor the step-by-step approach he tells me. Very useful.

Note. The panda bear cake made in the panda mold I picked up in Sears is unbelievable. Two colors inside the eyes. Expression on the face. Detailed fluffy looking covering where the fur should be. Chocolate and white over a white cake. A classic. I went out to thank Mr. Sun. He seemed very pleased with himself and the work of his chef. Ironically they had it down that the number 2 chef had made the cake. I think this was rather as much a fall-back in case the cake failed. When it became clear it was a great success there was plenty of credit for all. End of December 19.

A great relaxed dinner at Steve and Gay Fitzgerald's - Amb. of Australia. The Harlands of New Zealand, Boustany from Lebanon, Argentinian ambassador, Rolf Pauls without his ailing wife and a few others. It was good relaxed evening with singing of Christmas carols and other songs at the dinner table and then after. It was a wonderful spirit. Steve is an aggressive, energetic sinologist. Sang the Chinese national anthem in Chinese. But most of these were ambassadors who enjoy it here or certainly want to put the best light on it instead of being critical. Mother and Aunt Marge were impressed with the youth, vigor and spirit of the evening. It was great. Tennis tournament got massively fouled up but I made some inroads with the officials by

taking over at their request the Gene Scott Tennis Book and the magazines. I got talking about different surfaces and I now have their interest started.

Turned down in our request to see the Minister of Fuels. "Not convenient."

December 20 - frantic tennis. A good way to meet people from various missions and I think we should reach out and participate in this manner as much as possible. As you see the long line of kids with the Red banners flying, chanting in unison (they come by our house every morning early), you can't help but stop and wonder at the discipline and order of this society. We are torn now as to what we should be doing in terms of how they are viewing our relationship. The big game in town is whether the U.S. relationship is deteriorated or not. The New Zealand ambassador and others are writing think pieces, the press is speculating on it, the diplomatic community is talking about it all the time. Overall I continue to feel that China needs this relationship, they want the relationship, they are walking kind of a tight-rope because of their public attacks on us do appear to have escalated and because of confrontations like the archaeological exhibit re the press. Which inevitably will deteriorate the support for this policy in the United States. Quiet evening at home after a nice Clement-Bush lunch. In a way the U.S. is in a peculiar position here. Many of the embassies spend most of their time analyzing our relations with Peking. Peking's relations with Russia, and Russia's relations with Peking. Once they get by their rather minimal bi-lateral

requirements this is the only game in town. And indeed it is much of the game as it relates to us because we don't have that much day-to-day bilateral business. In fact we have less than I think would be useful. We have made some requests for commune, street-committee and caves on the 20th. We'll see what happens. I also will make some requests for travel early next week.

December 21 - tennis. John Small and I won the men's doubles. Actually a pretty good game. Roseanne Harland and I are in the finals to be played Sunday for the mixed doubles. She plays way back, doesn't understand the game at all. Barbara is much better and steadier than any I have seen out here. It is amazing how much effort they put into tennis. Linesmen, referees sitting up in the chair, another guy at the net calling very seriously ins and outs. It really makes it fun. And it is a good mixer. Evening at the Mongolian restaurant with the four Youdes, the Belgian and Mexican ambassadors, Bob Blackburn and Bill Lucas. That cooking around the Mongolian stove is a great leveler. The food is good. Many hor d'oeuvres - first course to start with and then fixing your own lamb in the soy based sauce, raw eggs, garlic, greens mixed in. A good fun evening. I like the Chinese hours, arrive promptly at 7 and out of there by 9. In the sak early. Weather still cold and clear.

December 22 - Lost in the mixed doubles in a desparate finals. They sure did the tennis up great. Loud speaker playing the Chinese marshal music. Special seats arranged for the big wigs including the head of the DSB and certain of the ambassadors. Linesmen referee announcements. Marvelous

arrangements for a sad little tournament. They take such pride in the way they did it. There was a big crowd of the diplomatic community and although we bit the dust it may be worthwhile to be out there competing. We went to the Summer Palace for an enchanting lunch. Just four at a courtyard restaurant. All by ourselves, excellent food. And then a walk near the frozen lake with people skating. Beautiful sights. We must go back more and more. Kuo drove us through a teaming part of the city back to Sun Li Tun and the USLO. The USLO kids party was fine. Lots of different faces. Colors from around the world. Snoopy brought Christmas to Peking. Al Reilly and company worked very hard on the play. Christmas lights. I asked Mr. Wong whether they wouldn't like to take home some of the surplus sandwiches. I phrased it as carefully and tactfully as I could knowing the answer would probably be "no." He said, "Thank you very much." We went upstairs and there were all the sandwiches in plastic bags in the icebox. The panda cake Mr. Sun made for Al Reilly was just great. The house looks increasingly dirty. The rugs simply cannot stay clean. And now with candy wrappers, peppermint sticks, sandwiches all mixed in with Coke and Beer, it's a real mess. I closed all the doors. Went to bed last night and walked out without even peaking to see what it looks like in the day.

December 23, 1974 - the visit to the Street Revolutionary Committee -- 57,000 people, 18,000 homes, 8 different kinds of factories. We went into three homes in a little courtyard - barren and cold. Clean as a whistle. Dirt in the courtyards. No grass. Nice little trees that probably look

beautiful in the summer. Modest houses - one with man and wife, man recovering from cancer, retired, wife working. Their three children off in some other place we didn't see. We didn't see a bathroom the whole time. Must be one communal head for each courtyard. Went to one of the hi-rises. The apartments were a little better. This one had one of the leaders. The hard sell was on, the revolutionary line - "before the Revolution things were bad and how Chairman Mao made it possible and they are healthy." One woman with three generations and who apparently was on display for John Small of Canada as well. It is hard to tell how many layers of authority really exist and how happy the arrangement is. The children do look healthy there. We did see the little clinic where they can get free or very cheap medical care. The woman at the clinic did say we used to do this for free and now we are paid. But you see the old women making flowers reporting after their housework is finished. And in a rather dreary cold room. And one can't see how this contributes to enormous. You respect the discipline, you respect the order, you respect the progress but you question the lack of gaiety, the lack of creature comforts, the lack of freedom to do something different. Really cold at the street committee. Biting wind. Remarkable how things change. In the afternoon the wind dies and it wasn't cold at all. I thanked Mr. Ren our new translator for a good job of interpretation. Instead of saying that you he said, "Much to be improved." This self-criticism is fine but there is a certain lack of graciousness. Mr. Wong on the other hand handles it with a great deal more finesse.

Ambassador Annon(?) of Thailand, an old friend, came to see me. He

was here on a trade and political mission to see Chiao Kuan Hua that afternoon. They are talking relations.

Bryce Harland of New Zealand told me Annon would probably not come by. Annon was interested in the Martinique communique, whether there was a shift in the French position, away from their abstention position at the UN. In other words, Ford and Giscard d'Estaing came out for negotiation between the parties and he thought this was a shift in the French position. Word came in that Chiao Kuan Hua has accepted our dinner invitation for December 27 and will let us know who else will be with him and his wife. Ah for the difference in customs.

Dinner on the twenty third at the Sick Duck. Course after course of duck including the webbing and the feet, the brain served handsomely.

December 24, 1974 - Christmas Eve in Peking. The British carolers under John Boyd practiced and practiced and then the big day and they circulated around to about six or eight embassies. They came to the USLO at 6:00. Excellent, marvelous looking group of people, all ages - kids, old people, four-part harmony. Terrific.

Martha Holdridge had run into men from a "friendship group" from the United States. These groups are often far left, Maoist types. This one was mixed. The leader, Mr. Star, Museum Director from Milwaukee, seemed fine. Some of his compatriots were wild. One started telling me there was no freedom of the press in the United States and started saying that China was right, castigating Israel and the Middle East. I started to argue, made the point that there was, made the point that there was much more freedom of the press in the States than here, and then realized, "My heavens, it's Christmas Eve. What am I arguing with this nut for."

We went to the little Christmas Eve service - all in Chinese. Glorious Christmas hymns, first-class. Strange feeling - missing one's own family but feeling close.

Christmas Day I inspected the tunnels. Teng Hsiao Ping and Chiao had brought this us when Kissinger was here. "Has Ambassador Bush seen the caves?" I requested it and we went to a clothing store downtown. We were met at the curb by PLA and street committee people. Into the clothing store. Pushed the button, trap door slid majestically back and down we went into a long, honeycomb of tunnels and big meeting rooms. Girls on display there from the stores practicing what looked like dancing. Show biz but nevertheless giving a feel for what they were doing. Lecture in the committee room as to Mao's doctrine about dig caves deep, about store millets, rifles, do not practice hegemonism. The caves looked pretty primitive, they are supposed to be 25 feet deep. These were under stores in the area - 70 percent of the digging done by women. I asked if tunnel digging was going on right now. They said, "yes." I don't quite bring myself to see it in action. It didn't seem to be that kind of activity going on. There was no sign of a sophisticated filter system. There were drains on all tunnels themselves in the rooms on the bottom. There were air ducts. There was a machine room but again rather primitive. There were bathrooms down there. There were no signs of beds though there was a lot of room. They have no problem with drainage they say. Tunnels stay cool in the summer. Temperature is very comfortable on a summer day.

We had our first Western meal at the house. Turkey, cranberry sauce, tons of vegetables. Mr. Sun doing a first-class job, Peking duck for dessert.