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APPENDIX A – KALAGEORGI Family Tree and Brief Chronology

This Family Tree was compiled by my son Andrei through painstaking and meticulous research in the St.Petersburg Russia archives and interviews with Russian historians. Although I was aware of our descent from Russian nobility from my grandfather, Nicolai Grigorievich KALAGEORGI, I never pursued it. Andrei during his residency in St.Petersburg Russia did a lot of investigative work, discovered Elizaveta Grigorievna TEMKINA's portrait at the Tretykov Art Gallery in Moscow and found some more relatives in our line, including a prestigious historian Sergei Nicolaevich NOVIKOV who assisted him in this research.

Below is our Family Crest, which was bestowed to our ancestor Ivan Christoforovich KALAGEORGI by Emperor Paul I in 1745. It is so recorded in Book VII of the High Russian Nobility Crests.



*Иванъ Христофоровичъ Калаторгій происходить изъ
Греческаго дворянства; въ 1782 году опредѣленъ былъ къ Е.И.
ИМПЕРАТОРСКОМУ ВЫСШЕМУ СЛУЖАВУ ГОСУДАРЮ ЦЕАРЕВИЧУ
ВЕЛИКОМУ КНЯЗЮ КОНСТАНТИАНУ ПАВЛОВИЧУ для дин-
но-греческаго языка. Три Высочайшемъ дворѣ находима по 1882.
Съ 1889 года состоялъ въ военной службѣ, съ 1794 въ статс-
кой и прокурора, шломи, пожолванъ. Дѣйствительномъ*

[APPENDIX B - Travel Diary "Honeymoon Trip" \(March 25/April 9, 1986\)](#)

Tuesday – March 25 (Detroit to Frankfurt via New York)

Left Detroit at 15:30 on our way to Frankfurt via New York, flight Panam 72 out of JFK. Oleg met us at the NY-JFK airport and was very impressed by Bev, calling Leo a lucky old goat. We spent a pleasant ½ hour at the airport reminiscing about old Shanghai days.

Wednesday – March 26 (Frankfurt to Heidelberg)

Arrived in Frankfurt at 07:45 am. Got through Customs, received our luggage and exchanged some \$'s for Marks. Had breakfast at the airport and did a little shopping. Picked up a bright red Opel Kadett rental and by 11:00 am were heading on to Heidelberg, eager to initiate our travel.

Arrived in Heidelberg at 16:30 and found a lovely quaint hotel, "the Neckar" with a beautiful view of the Neckar river. After a short relaxation we spent a lovely day touring the area of the Castle, having coffee and cakes in the quaint local cafes and taking leisurely walking tours taking photos of the wonderful scenery. Huffing and puffing up the path to the castle, both of us were a little embarrassed by the apparent effortless gait of the young people around us who in turn were fascinated by Leo's black cowboy hat calling him Mr. Ewing.

Thursday – March 27 (Heidelberg to Lorrach)

The next morning we overslept, waking up at 10:30 am and had breakfast in our room. Did a little shopping for emblazoned, souvenir T-shirts and left Heidelberg around noon, driving leisurely on to Lorrach.

In Bruchsal we had some minor difficulties with the car by trying to figure out how the rear wiper works and not being able to understand the service manual which was in German. After a lot of suds, button pushing, knob turning and gawking from passing citizens we finally managed to do something right and proceeded on our way.

Arriving at Karlsruhe we took a wrong turn and headed in the wrong direction ending up in Pforzheim. After some discussion and map reading we turned around and headed south to Baden-Baden and Freiburg. After Offenburg, Bev drove and we ended up in the small town of Lorrach.

We found a small guest house called the "Gasthaus Anker" and after dropping off Bev with the luggage, Leo nearly lost the hotel in search of an adequate parking spot through a slurry of one-way narrow cobbled streets.

Our room was on the top level with many stairs to lug our luggage and no porters but our stay there was very pleasant and we had some tasty goulash and nice friendly chats with the local clientele with the help of the guest house owner who was bi-lingual.

Friday – March 28 (*Lorrach to Munchen*)

We left Lorrach around 11:30 am for a photo shoot at Laufenburg, drove through Bad Sackingen, Waldshut, Schaffhausen, Konstanz, Meersburg, Freidrichshafen, Wangen, Memmingen and Landsterg, arriving at Munchen around 5:00 pm where we drove around till 7:00 pm. Finally checked in at the “Hotel Brack Garni”. We had a nice dinner at the “Thomastube” where Bev recuperated from her driving experiences on the German Autobahn and “appropriated” two beer covers. The Sex Shops were closed so we went back to the hotel by 9:30 pm.

Saturday – March 29 (*Munchen to St.Christofensen*)

Woke up with traumatic feeling of pressure because we were behind schedule in our travel itinerary. However after an early breakfast at 7 am, the mood improved and we went to tour Munchen. Tour started with us getting stuck in the underground public parking area since Leo could not understand the signs and did not know that he had to pay for his exit upstairs BEFORE getting the car. After sitting helplessly ahead of a long string of angry, red-faced and furiously smoking Bavarians in their cars, an energetic young man rescued us by paying the charge with his ticket and waving us on.

At noon we were on our way to Strasburg, Austria. Beautiful town that brightened up our moods and resulted in 76 photos from various directions of the same mountain while keeping our ears peeled to hear the “Sound of Music” – but I guess Julie Andrews retired.

We spent the night in a neat picturesque little village called St.Christofensen with naked little boys running in the hallway of the gasthof.

Sunday – March 30 (*St.Christofensen to Volkermackt*)

Many hugs this morning and on our way to Wein by 10:30 am. For expediency took a “Vienna Potpourri” tour which coached us around for 3 hours. Wonderful idea (Bev’s) especially on a cold and rainy day. Bev gets those “flashes” occasionally. Didn’t take many pictures from the bus but took some of Bev in various Viennese atmospheres and her “Mata Hari” raincoat. Left Wien ~ 5:00 pm. Stopped over in Graz around 8:30 pm and called Krystal Kuelldorfer – no one home on Easter Sunday. Drove on to Klagenfurt but the road was very winding, foggy and it was getting very late so we stopped over at Volkermackt.

Monday – March 31 (*Volkermackt to Vicenza*)

Woke up late, missing our 7:00 am wake-up call and breakfast which ended at 10:00 am. A cloudy day and after a cold night, colder shower and stale rolls, which brought out Leo’s “bearish” nature, we proceeded on our way to Venice. Long drive with sandwiches along the way – continued with colorful and stimulating conversation that begun the night before while driving. Arriving at Venice, we were amazed at the crowds of tourists and commercial atmosphere. Took a

boat taxi to the city across the Grand Canal to Saint Mark's Square, then a romantic gondola ride after much financial discussions with the gondolier. Long walk from the dock to our car with some concern re: spending our remaining time wandering around in a parking lot in Venice. Finally we found the car and continued on our way to spend a late night in "Hotel Europa" near Vicenza. Got hungry for spaghetti but settled for a pizza with warm milk much to the shock of the waiter. By then we were both growling and had some late night discussions until the wee hours!

Tuesday – April 1 (*Vicenza to Como*)

Continued on our way through stop and go heavy traffic to Milano. Stopped twice looking for food, mingling with other tourists in the cafeteria lines who had also obviously not eaten for days! More horrendous traffic along the toll highway but were assisted to remain awake by the aroma of left-over cheese sandwich. We were finally relieved to arrive in Milano – but not for long..... apparently complete chaos rules within all major cities in Europe and Milano was typical! Were embarrassed by a little old lady on a bicycle, but learned fast – nearly wiped out 2 cars and several pedestrians – an honorable quota even for Milano. We were becoming as colorful as the country ---- the air continued to be as blue inside the car as the sky outside. Onward to Como after a short and verbally colorful side trip to Saronna to "look for Cup". Searching through 4 foot wide side-winding streets with 6 foot wide truck traffic much to Bev's amusement which was not shared by Leo since it was his turn to drive. Lovely view at the very gracious "Hotel Concord" with very helpful attendant – finally we had spaghetti a carbonara and early to bed But not to sleep!

Wednesday – April 2 (*Como to Martigny*)

Up early, breakfast in room, diary updated – on the road again. Off to a good start, if only for a few minutes – wrong turns led to narrow/winding/upgrade steep dead end and near heart attack for Leo and apparent amusement for natives and Bev. Recoup in traffic and came back to go - - - where ALL roads led to Bellidonna, regardless if we were going east, west, north or south! Arrived at Domadosolo and Sion by braving wind, rain, snow, clouds, fog, construction, crazy drivers, wrong signs, no signs, and bad winding roads. Made 2 stops during the day – 1st to shop and enjoy hot "Ovaltine" and educational literature and sights in the bathroom, next to enjoy effects of "Ovaltine", write own educational literature and enjoy "sights" – unfortunately so were the passer-bys.

Thursday – April 3 (*Martigny to Belleville*)

Wake up knock at 6 am followed by back rubs and many hugs – thought for the day – "rollers do not belong in bed!" ---wonderful dinner on the night before – scampi/sole a la carte, romantic

conversation and “star gazing” at the Hotel Relais du Grand Quai in Marigny. Unsuccessful phone call attempts to US and nice quiet breakfast before heading to Venice.

Hazy, rainy and foggy day, however spirits still high with memories of prior day’s marathon and activities.

On the highway, observed a police car parked on the side which pulled out after us and started following. Mentally checked out if I was doing anything wrong and Bev got concerned if it was legal to have an arm around a driver’s neck on the Swiss highways. Sure enough the police car passed us and flashed the stop sign. Two officers stepped out and the younger one very nicely and pleasantly spoke to us in good English. He politely told us that there is a US \$50 fine for driving without a toll sticker which costs US \$15. We told him we did not know that since the border guard did not come out of his cubicle at the border crossing to check us over due to the rain. A conversation was held between the two officers in French (which I understood). The older one wanted to give a ticket to “this American tourist” but the young one talked him out of it and sold us a toll sticker for the 15 dollars. After concluding our exchange, the young officer told us – “After we leave, please pull out and go FAST!” On pulling out we were grateful for his advice since ALL of the natives were zipping by at 120 – 140 miles per hour!

Traffic slowed down outside of Geneve and we observed a wrecked sports car being removed from the highway by the police. The entire front portion all the way to the back seat did not exist at all!!! Entered Geneve around 11 am, parked in underground garage in the wrong stall (of course) causing some trepidation on Leo’s part but after checking out – no problem, only slightly higher rate – onwards to shop!

Productive shopping spree – covered mall and outside streets found a souvenir Swiss mug and majority of purchases with lively conversation in a small watch and clock store with the owner. Happy with purchase and a nice lunch/snack break for strudel and ovalmaltine. Brief side trip to bathroom which resulted in a catastrophe – dropped and broke the Swiss mug and nicked the music box – spirits low – commendable efforts on Leo’s part to paint in the positive! Left for Paris (minus mug) – no mugs available till the border crossing. Stopped at a French Banque to exchange currency amid colorful language after many attempts to find a parking spot - - - on to Paris in the direction of Dijon. Snow, fog, winding slippery upgrade roads resulted in a necessity to return to the Geneve area to choose an alternative route – to Lyons – good roads – heavy conversation/dissertation re: Bev’s High School and College activities with some discussion of trips to the Bahamas after divorce and Puerto Rico - - - concern mounting with Leo. Short stop at supermarket for salmon spread, cheese and bread. Bev feeling better, spirits elevated as we arrived in Belleville for the night. No dinner but a phone call to parents

Awoke to sunshine and discovered that we had gained a day (only Friday and not Saturday as we thought) – celebration and more celebration! Slow to dress, shower accompanied by various episodes of celebration – lovely breakfast – gracious host – star gazing – declarations of how happy and lucky we both are! Phone cal to Gui Chaillan, he will meet us in Paris @ Place de Madelaine at 5 pm.

Friday – April 4 (Belleville to Franconville)

Left hotel on route to Paris around 10:30 am, all in good spirits, roared around in 2nd gear looking for Belleville road signs to take photos. Found several and took several photos, proceeded to Paris. Good auto route, relatively mild traffic only a dozen of “tail hangers”. Castles and chateaus on route. Stopped for gas and purchased some chips and cokes. Had mild debate whether to purchase a colorful coerkscrew as a souvenir --- Leo was voted down.

On the road again after some “hug sessions” in the parking area. Paris in sight around 5 pm when Leo realized he did not ask Gui which entry (Porte) to use. After some self castigation with Bev keeping diplomatically calm and after going half way around Paris on the Periphery Circle, it dawned to Leo that Gui’s choice of a meeting place must have a co-relation with the entry by the 1st door from Lyons. More self castigation and more smug calmness from Bev with occasional soothing words and caresses. Finally, Leo decided to “bite the bullet”, “gird up the loins”, “take the bull by the horn”, etc, etc and etc, and enter Paris at the first Porte in sight. Happened to be “Porte de Clignancourt”. This was followed by a harrowing drive through the streets of Paris with several stopped to ask directions in Leo’s “Algerian French”, we arrived intact, if a bit late (only 2 hours) at the Café de Tranchete. Gui was nowhere in sight!

After approximately 20 minutes and various suggestions from Bev to call him at home. Leo asked the waiter if he saw anyone looking like a Gui waiting for a Leo or the possibility that we may be in a wrong café at the wrong corner, this was answered with a Gallic shrug. On casually looking over his shoulder, Leo observed a long nosed, bushy-mustached individual standing arm in arm with a woman observing us with great amusement on our conversation – it was Gui and I rene!!!

After numerous exaltations, embracing and general good cheer we were joined by Gui’s son Thiery and a wildly punkish girls with flaming orange hair – Christianne, Thiery’s girlfriend. We sat for a while enjoyed our coffee and to Gui’s horror warm milk, then proceeded to the Chaillan home in Franconville. For assurance against us getting lost, Thiery and Christianne were sacrificed to ride with us as we followed Gui’s car. Traffic rules in Paris mandate that no space greater than 4 inches is permitted between bumpers of moving cars travelling at 120 kilometers per hour (~45 mph). We arrived successfully, however poor Thiery and Christanne immediately proceede to the toilet to throw up after their back seat endurance to Leo’s stopping, starting, jerking, constant

gear-shifting and definitely a non-European way of driving! To add insult to injury, poor Thierry was ejected from his room to provide a comfortable bed for the newly wed guests. Everyone was in fine spirits and Irene prepared a wonderful dinner for all. This stop also gave us a wonderful opportunity to wash our week old clothing and relax with close friends. Leo called Paul Cods and arranged to meet with him in Valenciennes on Sunday morning.

Saturday – April 5 (Franconville to Cambrai)

Woke up in good spirits, morning hugs and mutual appreciation. Of Gui, Irene and their wonderful, friendly hospitality. Came downstairs to breakfast around 10 am for freshly baked croissants, butter and steaming coffee.

Gui gave us a nice mini tour of Paris. After observing Leo's driving yesterday he insisted in driving our car. Leo and Bev devoted themselves to photo snapping of everything in sight, while Gui amused himself driving our car with German license plates, breaking all the rules and talking to the irate French drivers in heavily German accented French.

We entered Paris through the Porte de Defense and drove down Avenue de la Grande Armee to the Arc de Triomphe at Etoile and proceeded down the Avenue Champs Elysees (If we tried that ourselves we would definitely be circling around the Arc till we ran out of gas!). Onward to the Place de la Concorde and the famous Egyptian Baseline, up Rue Royale to the spectacular Church of the Madeleine where we met yesterday all the way to Place de Clichy and the famous Moulin Rouge on Place de Pigalle, where we received repeated warnings from Gui not to photograph any of the colorful street prostitutes. Attempted to get to Sacre Coeur of Montmartre but were foiled by two tourist buses having a no-win discussion on a narrow street.

Returned to Boulevard Haussmann and did some shopping at the Printemps super-store. Leo got bored waiting for Bev in the lingerie department and evoked many odd looks by attempting to take photos of Gui among the scantily clad mannequins. He was denied permission and amid Gui's embarrassment, Leo's disappointment and the store clerk's indecision whether to call the gendarmes to escort a pair of "kinky" individuals out of the store, Bev showed up and vouched for our sanity. Finally purchases were made – piecemeal – with frequent trips to the cashier to use our VI SA card.

Lunch was some "Croque-monsieurs" and "Coffee-filter" at a small café after a tour of Notre Dame on the Left Bank. On a brief search for Leo's glasses in his multi-pocketed cameraman's vest, he discovered that an entire roll of film was failed to advance, losing a lot of good shots including the "lingerie episode". Ce la Vie!!!

Returned to Gui's home, photo session and briefing on how to get to Belgium. Warm farewells hugs and promises to exchange mutual visits in the near future.

Arrived at Cambrai at 8 pm and settled for the night in the 1st motel of the trip. Had a late dinner with escargots to commemorate our last dinner in France. Both in a somewhat pensive mood and slightly depressed, probably to the lateness of the hour and an extremely busy day.

Sunday – April 6 (Cambrai to Koln)

Brief breakfast in Cambrai and a photo session in Centre Ville including a nice shot of a priest welcoming parishioners in the doorway of a church. Onwards to Valenciennes which we found with no problem based on Paul's excellent map and directions to his house, arriving at approximately noon. His home was a lovely 200 years old French country house with a maze of small rooms, stairways, wine-cellars, carved wooden doors and huge grounds behind.

Paul and Maggie were delighted with Bev and were sincerely happy on our marriage. All of my close old friends were very concerned about my bachelor life style and were greatly relieved and happy for me when I changed it.

Photo snapping continued right and left and we had a wonderful Sunday lunch with thick broth, boiled vegetables and meat followed by pastry and tea. We were delighted to hear of Paul's new assignment to Korea with two of Leo's old friends from GM in Iran. We promised to visit them some day in the future. Stroll in the woods with more picture taking by all – Kodak stock definitely on the rise! Called Teddy in Koln and received super detailed directions which were unfortunately given to Leo, who scribbled them on a small piece of paper that disappeared in one of the innumerable pockets of the photo-vest.

Onwards to Koln through Belgium at about 5 pm. Relatively uneventful drive through Belgium with a watchful eye on the speedometer after dire warning from Teddy on the high speeding fines. Brief discomfort to Bev when she got denied entry to a public restroom for the lack of Belgium currency at the entrance. Arrived at German border at approximately 7:15 pm to discover that the currency exchange was closed. Some concern about lack of German marks but spirits still high – onward to Koln.

At Bev's request, Leo gave a small recount of his grade and high school days in Shanghai which resulted in semi-reduced vigilance to road signs, that coupled with much highway (autobahn) road work caused us to miss our exit. This started a 3-hour meandering through Koln, with bad visibility, and no operational public phone booths (found one but it was locked!) Stopped at a disco bar for directions. Very colorful atmosphere – German girls were definitely prettier than the French or Italian ones. After a futilely detailed discussion with the bartender, attempted to call Teddy – line was busy, he was probably checking the local police stations and hospitals for our whereabouts. Took off again with much patient directions by Bev (some through clenched teeth). This was followed by a short discussion with a German police car who wanted to check if Leo was drunk because of his meandering caused by inability to see or read the street signs. The police

were very helpful and told us to follow them taking off at high speed and disappearing in the mist.

Finally success resulted from Bev's wonderful soothing character, attitude and occasional hugs to progressively frustrated Leo.

Teddy was standing on the street corner outside of his home (we never found out how long). He and Andrea gave us a wonderful warm welcome and fed us a great Chinese gourmet dinner of carefully selected dishes. He arranged for us to stay at the Bayer Guesthouse for two nights at no cost to us. Evening was slightly marred by threats to Leo's life and limbs from a mountainous black dog called Kuro which seemed to be over 10 feet tall. Bev provided brave protection – she has a way with big animals (including Leo).

To the Bayer Guesthouse by 1:30 am and then restful sleep by 2:00.

Monday – April 7 (Koln to Dusseldorf and back to Koln)

The 7:00 am wake-up call brought a very drowsy response from Leo – none from Bev. With maximum effort Leo got his act together for breakfast at 8:30. Bev by-passed breakfast for preparation for trip to Dusseldorf. Leaving the guesthouse at approximately 11 am, got message that Teddy was by earlier and asked us to call. Major disorientation, largely caused by earlier discussions and revelations of activities with old friends. Tried calling Teddy – no answer, tried to find his house – no results, tried to call Andrea – line busy. Leo in deep funk, Bev distraught, directions erratic, more discussions. Finally found the road to Dusseldorf, for a short while route seemed to be OK although thick cloud still in car not helped by Leo's chain-smoking. Road signs to Dusseldorf disappeared 25 km out of town, later found out that this was due to some "political" misunderstanding between Koln and Dusseldorf. Got lost on autobahn finally arriving in Dusseldorf 1-1/2 hours later, normally a 20 minute trip! Called Christianne and discovered that we were in the wrong part of town. Onward again with Bev driving and Leo grunting directions.

On finding an underground parking garage and some clearing of the atmosphere, determination was unanimously reached not to discuss past EVER again!

Christianne met us at about 1:30 pm, in the meantime we called Andrea only to find out that Teddy wanted to know if we were alright. Nice pleasant stroll through Dusseldorf with lots of picture snapping and Leo straining his neck when he discovered that Dusseldorf was Germany's fashion center with a large concentration of models.

Had a wonderful lunch of roasted ham hocks mit sauerkraut followed by an afternoon of shopping by Bev and Christianne with Leo sitting in a pleasant, sunlit outdoor café, relaxing and getting rid of remnants of funk.

Returned to Koln with Bev driving, both somewhat overwrought and concerned about time. Arrived for dinner with the Heindrichsohns and enjoyed the pleasant company of their daughter Kandi – presented small gifts from a special Dusseldorf store to the ladies and were pleased to discover that they were “good luck” symbols. Bev picked up a similar symbol with ladybugs. Great evening with friendly chats and a slide show by Teddy of his Shanghai visit. This was preceded and followed by all of the “camera buffs” doing their thing from various angles and poses. Concluded evening with resolutions to visit again – each to other’s respective countries. This was followed by extensive, intensive and precise directions (verbal) by Teddy and explicit, written instructions with a map by Andrea for the next day’s suggested tour of Koln. Were driven to gaste haus by Andrea and returned to our room content and relaxed after much verbalization re everyone’s happiness with the visit.

Tuesday – April 8 (Koln)

Lazy, wonderful, lovely and loving morning in bed at the Gaste Haus. Do not Disturb sign on door, glorious wind-down after two weeks of travel and last 3 days of socializing. Finally alone like bone-fide honeymooners. Hunger pangs finally forced us out of the room by around 1 pm. Following Teddy’s and Andrea’s detailed directions and map we made our way to the famous Koln Cathedral with only minor deviations in route. Had a wonderful late lunch – “Swein Hocks” with milk (again raised eyebrows by waiter). Some photo snapping at the Cathedral, including a shot of Bev exiting the “Damen” (raised eyebrows by native passers-by). Leisure stroll down the Hokestrasse walking street. Leo bought a black Swiss army knife, meekly avoiding Bev’s grimly disapproving eyes. Also a German hat for Bev’s Dad and some other souvenirs for the folks back home. Had coffee and fries at a Burger King and returned to the hotel by around 6:30 pm.

Wednesday – April 9 (Koln to Frankfurt – return to USA)

4:00 am wake-up call and on the road to Frankfurt by 5:45. Very proud of Bev’s packing and organizational skill. All this and still look gorgeous! At airport by 8:30 and on our way home after a ***GORGEOUS HONEYMOON.***

APPENDIX C - Travel Diary "New England Trip with Hans" (July 20/30, 1986)

Sunday – July 20 (Utica to Niagara Falls)

We left Utica on Sunday morning at 9:55, 10:05 and 10:35 am heading to Sarnia, Canada. Destination was to visit Jerry Tuttleman in Kitchener, Canada.

We crossed the Canadian border with no incidents, much to Hans's disappointment. He was mentally preparing himself to confess all – his alien status, Australian citizenship and Chinese heritage and was rather upset when our van was waved on.

Nice relaxing trip to Kitchener with a brief stop for brunch at London. Found Jerry and Diana fairly quickly mainly due to Bev's presence of mind and habit of asking directions from gas station attendants.

Got a very warm welcome from Jerry, lots of pleasant conversations and reminiscences of old mutual friends and times gone by in Shanghai. On our way to Niagara Falls by 6:15 pm.

Everything fine except for one alternation when Leo slipped into one of his tantrums. Relatively silent drive for a while. Strange example of thought transmission re St.Catherine road sign. Arrived at Niagara ~ 8:30 pm. Stayed at a nice little private hotel "The Chandelier" with rooms like a "French Whore House" – Hans's words. Very pleasant lilac room. Brief walk to visit Hans at night. Wonderful night!

Monday – July 21 (Niagara Falls to Harrisville, NY)

Breakfast @ 9:45 am, very pleasant, warm grapefruit, fresh fruit, bacon and croissants. Picture taking tour of the falls, wonderful sunny day, not too warm – just right. Some shopping culminating in the purchase of one souvenir mug and 2 matching shirts for us. A bunch of souvenirs for Hans.

On our way to NY state by 1 pm. Stopped for a bite to eat outside Buffalo we drove on a long, uneventful drive to Watertown, where we planned to stay overnight, however the Town's Country Fair changed our mind and we proceeded to Harrisville at the edge of the Adirondack Park. Moods were somewhat suppressed due to fatigue from long drive and passing on to each other some "downs". Dinner at a small town diner with bar – slow but tasty and home-made. Leo's steak was as tough as his mood.

Tuesday – July 22 (Harrisville, NY to Stowe, VT)

Great way to awaken! Glorious morning with a wake-up knock from "the Great Wombat". Dressed and on our way fairly quickly. Breakfast in the same diner with colorful townspeople. Picked up ice for our travelling cooler, buttermilk, fruit juice, pickles and bakery goods from the local "famed" bakery – stopped to enjoy same at roadside waterfall – first photos of the day. Onwards to Vermont with two stops at beautiful Ansable Chasm, which we happened upon by chance! Lovely walk and boat ride (1st white water experience), on to Burlington via Port Kent ferry crossing on Lake Champlain, lovely sunny 1 hour ride, viewed Hans's photos taken during

his “priesthood”!! Arrived at Stowe near dark – quaint knotty pine room at Nichols Lodge. Call to kids, much heavy discussion – lovely day!!! Wonderful dinner at Whiskers Restaurant.

Wednesday – July 23 (Stowe, VT to Mirrored Lake, NH)

Early to rise, breakfast at “unique” McDonald’s and on to uneventful travel towards New Hampshire with some discussion regarding maple syrup. Stopped at some small town for cheese, fruit and ice with Leo grumbling re: 0 lunch! All getting sleepy, stopped and took 1 hour R&R on a blanket under a tree at a lovely lake – “Joe’s Pond”.

On our way, chanced to pass by Maple Grove, home of famous syrup and maple products, shop – museum – factory, all in one place. After purchases, Bev drove, as she was wide awake. Crossed into New Hampshire at Mirrored Lake and were awed by a German couple who owned the small hotel where we stayed – Hans felt right at home! Peaceful setting at a serene lake. Took a walk, photo tour, good dinner and rest.

Thursday – July 24 (Mirrored Lake, NH to Portland, ME)

Attempt at early rise and onwards to the Franconia Notch. Left Whitefield after breakfast (mixed omelets) at “Grandma’s”. South to Franconia Notch – construction along the way. Took a Cannon Tram ride and many photos along the trail, continued along Kancamus Highway through White Mountains, ME. Stopped to cool bare feet in a rocky, bubbling brook through the gorge which ran for several miles along the roadside. Heroic struggle by Leo against wild current to a boulder for a pose! Last stop in New Hampshire at Conway (many famous name factory outlets) – gourmet lunch at “Horse Feathers” while waiting for a semi-scenic railroad ride. Ride was smoky but restful in an open car. Continued (in wrong direction) towards Maine, reached Portland late since we were unable to find a motel along the way. Stopped for a “bargain”, settling for Anchor motel. Called kids, small dinner and to bed.

Friday – July 25 (Portland, ME to Plymouth, MA)

Humid, warm cloudy day. Up and on the road after morning heavy discussion and breakfast at Donnelly’s. Stop at parking cove for a shopping trip, our 1st look at “cove shopping” areas – on to Long Sands beach to walk along the water’s edge. Lunch at an open air café for an ice cream cone. Continued on to Boston and Cambridge to search for MI T – all in agitated state – stopped at Harvard Square for a short search for an MI T sweatshirt, getting shuttled around by amused, poker-faced Harvard student clerks. Stopped for photo session at main MI T building, then onwards through heavy Boston traffic to Cadillac Hotel in Plymouth. Settled in and had a gorgeous Maine lobster dinner at the “Mayflower” restaurant on the beach area.

Saturday – July 26 (Plymouth, MA to Cape Cod, MA)

Early visit to Plymouth Rock and the “Mayflower II” with characters in pilgrim clothing and for whom time stopped in 1620. Great experience in chatting with them with much photo snapping and humor. After an “invasion” by a visiting Japanese navy, proceeded on to Cape Cod for lunch at “Moors” restaurant – unique meal of Portuguese soup with a large avocado salad and checked in the “Pilgrim’s Spring” hotel (early for a change and per Mrs. K’s suggestion with

hearty agreement and support by Hans). Took a stroll along the beach where Leo was infatuated by the female lifeguards. Dinner was at "Whitman's House", where Hans, in appreciation of our hospitality, treated us to an entire broiled lobster each! We spent a lovely night with a visit to a gift shop, 2 psychics and a psychic fair – all very interesting, however Hans, being a practicing psychologist, was highly amused and critical. "Pooh" on him, what does he know! We then took a 2 hour rest at the poolside and retired to a good night's rest.

Sunday – July 27 (*Cape Cod, MA*)

Heavy rains through the night and early morning. Went to Province town for breakfast served by a young Greek girl and prepared by an energetic "mom" with a toothpick in her mouth – good home-made muffins. Shopped for T-shirts for the kids and off to do some whale watching, armed with anti-nausea bagels and cookies. Weather was overcast and cool for most of the journey. Much excitement and many viewings and photos of Finbacks and Right whales. The largest one (~ 50 tons), humped just 50 feet off the boat! Interesting presentations by guides – entire tour was 4-1/2 hours long. Continued shopping for T-shirts for parents. Stopped over at a lobster pot stall but decided to leave as it was too congested with tourists, got caught in a downpour and raced to the van. Returned to the hotel, cleaned up slightly and dined at a very nice lobster house by the hotel.

Monday – July 28 (*Cape Cod, MA to Mystic Seaport, CT*)

Overcast morning – left early and had early breakfast along the way. Arrived at Mystic Seaport, Connecticut at the information center, made reservations for the "Flagship" hotel – found the hotel and had lunch at "Rosie's Diner". Took a bus tour of Mystic and were dropped off at the Aquarium in the nick of time for "last entry". Saw a dolphin show. Took photos and had a pleasant walk through the aquarium with some shopping at outlet but "O bargain" stores. Delighted to find a brass rimmed "Poop" hole for our family room as well a brass Ship's bell with a very distinct ring!

Wonderful dinner and nice conversation with the waitress at the "Steak Loft". Called the kids and sent last minute good wishes to Andrei who was on his way to California. Early to bed.

Tuesday – July 29 (*Mystic Seaport, CT to Dubois, RI*)

Decided on early start for home – uneventful travel through some rain – concern about some fawns on the side of the road. Stopped for lunch and a HUGE Greek salad in a diner. Travelled till 6:30 pm to "Dubois" motel and had a large meal at "Hoss's" with excellent steaks. Early to bed with a vibrating massage mattress.

Leo concerned about the kids, telephoned a few times till reaching them. All OK. Semi-restless night

Wednesday – July 30 (*Dubois, RI to Home*)

Breakfast at Perkins. Early rise and on our way by 7:15 am – surprised ourselves and Hans. Arrived home safely by early evening.

APPENDIX D - Diary of San Francisco Visit (August 27 to September 2, 1986)

Wednesday – August 27

Up after a short night's sleep – stop at hospital to pickup raincoat and condo to continue search for missing address book – continued to airport sans book and with concern for late hour. Happy to check in 4 large pieces of luggage for trip from parking lot – boarded plane to find seats out of view of blonde miniskirt much to Leo's disappointment. Arrived San Francisco after plane change in Kansas City, crossword competition, short sleep and 2 mini-meals. Rented car and drove to Geary Parkway motel – joined by Andrei for Chinese dinner at Yet Wah restaurant – Bev's 1st experience with "pot stickers". Back to motel, exhausted but easily revived for heavy conversation.

Thursday – August 28

Andrei picked us up at 9 am for breakfast at "Sherman's". On to Znanie Bookstore to meet Nina Andreevna (Leo's former mother-in-law, Andrei's grandmother). "Znanie" which means "Knowledge" in Russian, was a San Francisco landmark, it dealt with Russian language books, handicraft and artworks from the USSR. It was very popular with the universities, academics and everyone interested in Russian literature, technical information, culture and art. After touring the store, drove to the Golden Gate Park with stops there at the Steinhart Aquarium, California Academy of Sciences, French Entertainers at the Outdoor Music Concourse and the Japanese Tea Garden park. Many photos and many comments by Andrei. Pot sticker lunch at a mini Yet Wah, dropped off Andrei and drove to the beach area and enjoyed a peppermint tea at the Cliff House at Point Lobos and visited Seal Rock. Drove through the Sea Cliff and Pacific Heights district to see how the "upper" class lives. Back to the motel for a short rest and heavy discussion. Awoke around 12:30 am, revised evening plans and back to sleep until 7:00 next morning.

Friday – August 29

Late to rise. Some shopping at local store and breakfast/lunch at Acropolis Bakery/Restaurant next to the Znanie Bookstore. First Russian meal for Bev. Took a trip across the Golden Gate Bridge with many photos from Vista Point onward to Sausalito (a Bohemian & Marine Community) – more photos with much discussion of past experiences. Returned to see and drive down Lombard Street (the Crookedest Street in the World) and Coit Tower (a Memorial to the City's Volunteer Firemen), missed the Palace of Fine Arts. During one of the photo sessions, Leo nearly got run over by a cable car! Leisure stroll through the Japan Center culminating with a dinner in a Japanese restaurant of vegetable tempura and salmon teriyaki self cooked over a hot plate at the individual table. Got Leo's Pentax camera fixed and a new Nikon strap for Bev. Grand finale of day was ice cream at "Joe's" and return to room for much needed heavy conversation!

Saturday – August 30

Breakfast at Rancho's after telephone calls to Andrei and Bev's HS classmate Kathy. Proceeded to drive to Pacifica to meet Sidney Shaw and his family. Alfredo da Costa and his wife Barbara were also there. Sidney, Alfie and Leo were classmates for a few years at his Middle and High Schools in Shanghai, they were friends since 1941. We were joined by Sidney's wife Gabbie (short

for Gabriella), their daughter Joyce and son Stephen as well as Sidney's younger brother and his wife Barbara. Gabbie prepared a wonderful Chinese lunch/dinner and we had a great time reminiscing about old times and anecdotes. Sidney, being a dear friend, expressed his joy in seeing Leo sober and calm. He and Gabbie were greatly concerned about Leo's well-being and were joyous that he found such a wonderful partner for his life and future.

Sunday – August 31

This was the "highlight" of the San Francisco visit – Dinner at the Sapelkins. The entire family attended – Semen Ivanovich and Nina Andreevna, the hosts as well as the widowed wife of Semen's recently deceased older brother, Vera Grigorievna, and her son Sasha, daughter Lucia with her husband Florian and Semen's sister Tatiana Ivanovna.

The dinner involved a 5 course meal – hors d'oeuvres, soup, fish dish, meat dish followed by 2 desserts with tea or coffee. Semen Ivanovich, who rarely attempted to speak English, opened the dinner with a formal speech welcoming Beverly into the family. We later found out that he worked on this speech for an entire week prior to our arrival.

The evening went very well with good conversation and pleasant exchanges between all the participants. We returned to the motel late at night, thoroughly exhausted but happy with the encounter.

Monday – September 1

On our last day in San Francisco, in the morning we visited with Kathy Dillman, who graduated with Beverly from Belleville High School in 1961. After a drive down to see Leo's old GMAD plant that became Toyota's NUMMI we came home for a brief stop at our motel. In the afternoon, Andrei gave us a tour of Fisherman's Wharf and Ghiradelli Square. Had a wonderful dessert experience at "Charlie Brown's" restaurant and took a short tour of San Francisco's famous Chinatown. Early to bed to catch the early flight to Detroit.

Tuesday – September 2

Back home after an uneventful and sleepy flight!

[APPENDIX E - Travel Diary of Orient Trip \(April 4 to April 26, 1987\)](#)

Saturday – April 4 (Utica to San Francisco)

Up at 3:30 am for last minute preparation --- post Steve's Junior Prom Night --- after moderate sleep and busy Friday night, reached Igor by phone prior to leaving house – obviously engaged in questionable “sleep” and awakened at 11 am Paris time – conversation short but sweet.

Goodbyes said – left for parents home at 6:15 am. Arriving @ Qualls just after 7 am (earlier than we expected) – coffee – conversation and well-wishing prior to departure for airport terminal. Checked in, changed flights and purchased magazines with time to spare for outrageously expensive breakfast. Quiet flight with light lunch to San Francisco arriving early by ½ hour. Greeted by lovely weather, sunny day and some confusion in trying to pin down Andrei at the airport – grateful for paging system. Continued on to Geary Parkway Motel to check in and make plans for the day.

Chinese lunch complete with 5 orders of pot stickers (30 pieces) at Yet Wah with Andrei, short visit to the “Znania Bookstore” and 1st meeting for Bev with Kirrill (Leo's former brother-in-law) then a nice drive to Half Moon Bay to visit with Leo's childhood schoolmate Norm Smiley and his wife Bobbi. Pleasant visit in their new home adjacent to a beautiful golf course (Norm does not play the game), exchange of news about self and mutual friends and a show of photographs of wedding and vacations. Tentative plans with the Smileys for a Kenya Safari.

Back to SFO by ~ 6:00 pm with some picture taking of surf and sunset on the way. Early to bed as both completely bushed from early rise, the 3-hour time zone change, excitement of the trip and eventfully long day. Leo and Andrei had dinner on Clement Street, leaving a sleepy and exhausted Mrs. K in motel.

Sunday – April 5 (San Francisco)

Wonderful early rise after a good night's sleep. Some minor petulance caused by a wandering bug in the bathroom and wet carpeting next to the bed. Up to prepare for a busy day. Andrei arrived early and we were off to “Miss Brown's” for a scrumptious breakfast. Onward to visit Leo's friend Dima for greetings and viewing of Paris photos starring son Igor as well as photos of our own.

Nice drive to Oakland across the Bay Bridge to visit with Andre Teysier (Leo's Shanghai childhood friend), his wife Mary, his sister Mary and their 3 very photogenic cats. Lovely lunch at “Peking Duck Inn” and 1st sampling for Bev of “namesake item”. Great lunch and conversation followed by a return to their home for more conversation and plans to visit Michigan. Photo session – good wishes – return to SFO with sister Mary. After dropping her off at her home, returned to motel to freshen up in preparation for the evening plans to visit with the family. Emotional reunion with Semon Ivanovich and Nina Andreevna – nice conversation over coffee and light cookies. Andrei was helping their neighbor with the garden. After visit took a short trip to the Sunset District (North side of the Golden Gate Park) and more well- prepared Chinese food at the “Golden City” restaurant. Light conversation and discussion of possible trip to visit us by Semon and Andrei with much encouragement from us.

Returned to the Sapelkin home and got a lesson on the Russian Palekh Art boxes – Bev very impressed), returned to the motel and much needed sleep after a busy day - - confident that Semon will try to visit us as he has now proclaimed himself as Bev's instructor in Russian culture and language. Off to peaceful and restful sleep after much snuggling, snoodling and etc. etc. and etc.

Monday – April 6 (San Francisco to Tokyo, Japan)

This is the day of our start-off to the Orient. Pleasant wake-up to the gentle “beep, beep” of our new travel alarm, courtesy of Steve, at 6:30 am. Another gorgeous, sunny Californian day – started out with some exhilarating morning calisthenics. Packed and ready for Andrei after phone calls to Sidney and Tatiana Ivanovna. Andrei, awakened by our phone call and dressing while we decide to surprise the family with a visit by walking to the house for coffee – nice chat - goodbyes (again) and off to see “ace” sportman Boris for a short visit and photos, also Aunt Tania for another short visit and small tour of her lovely and warm house and the small cottage where Mom K used to live.

Breakfast at “Mrs Brown’s” again where we were greeted like celebrities and on to airport, almost 2 hours early with goodbyes, encouragement and support to Andrei.

Tuesday – April 7 (Tokyo, Japan)

Arrived at Narita Airport in Tokyo, Japan after a long but pleasant flight with sushi appetizer, short rice meal and snack of ham & cheese sandwiches. Had two full-feature in-flight movies, Bev slept through both, but Leo, finding it difficult to curl up comfortably in the small seats, stayed awake most of the flight.

Twelve hour time adjustment plus ten hours of flying time along with the lack of sleep did not contribute greatly to our alertness on arrival at 16:25 local time. Due to the rainy weather, unboarding was further delayed by 45 minutes. Nevertheless, after a short formality through customs we found Teddy waiting for us.

The drive to the Heindrichsohn residence took another hour and we arrived in time for a wonderful spicy shrimp curry dinner. Poor hungry Bev had to contain her appetite due to the slightly excessively hot spice.

Shown to our room with a wonderful view of an authentic Japanese garden and our own private sunken wooden tub overlooking a small pond with a gurgling fountain and golden colorful carps. On Teddy's recommendation, Bev and Leo took a nice relaxing near-scalding hot soak in the wooden tub, meditating on the lanterns and garden outside of the sliding French window.

Wednesday – April 8 (Tokyo, Japan)

Woke up at 4:30 am due to the unaccustomed time change and jet lag. Due to strict instructions not to come out of our room prior to 8:00 am and in fear of Leo's safety and possibility to be torn limb from limb by the gigantic dog, Kuro, we stayed put, had deep discussions and watched a little of the local TV programs – “Bonanza” was fun in the Japanese dubbed dialogue!

Breakfast was toast, coffee and marmalade at 8:00 am with Teddy and Andrea (Kuro was laying protectively near Andrea's feet, one baleful eye watching Leo). This was followed by

exchange of gifts – identical illustration books of respective countries and pleasure from Teddy with the candy bars and Andrea with the “Scottie” dog sweatshirt.

Teddy went off to work and Andrea took “the tourists” to get a feel of the surrounding terrain due to concern by both Heindrichsohns on our persistence of constantly getting lost and straying into wrong directions as was evidenced in our visit with them in Koln!

After a tour of the neighborhood and identification of landmarks and signs, we ended up at “Happo-en Garden” to see the famous cherry blossoms. Spectacular views of large carp ponds and beautifully kept grounds.

After a little exam of our sense of direction, Andrea left us and Bev and Leo successfully found their way to the “Miyako” hotel to buy some postcards and then to a Japanese restaurant for a delicious meal of veal, fish, soup, rice and greens. All restaurants have the dishes beautifully illustrated in colorful wax models so ordering was very easy, however prices were relatively steep.

Made our way directly to the house and surprised everyone by not getting lost. There we met our assigned driver to take us on a short tour.

First stop was at the “Awoyama” Cemetery for some peacefully beautiful photos of the cherry blossom trees. Ten onward to the “Ginza” to the Tokyo Tower for photos of street scenes. Finally to “Ueno” park for more photos of Cherry Blossom celebrants and children feeding pigeons.

On the way back, passed the main Tokyo Railway Station and the Imperial Palace grounds. Picked up Teddy around 5:30 pm and headed for home. Teddy had a treat for us – a visit to a genuine Japanese fast food restaurant. Extremely colorful and authentic. The customers sit around an inverted “U” shaped table with the two fast food cooks at the open end and the center heaped up with fresh vegetables, mushrooms, live fish, and livelier shrimps, prawns and crawfish. Behind the customers, stand the waiters who yell out the orders to the cooks, who respond in turn with yells when the food is cooked and serve it to the respective customers on long handled wooden spatulas!

Unfortunately, photography is forbidden, due to the local custom of some important customers coming there with ladies other than their wives. The colorful environment will be long imbedded in our memories.

On returning home, Teddy exposed Bev and Leo to a video tape depicting the actual training of Zen-Buddhist aspirants as well as some actual Sumo contests. After a very cultured, spiritual and physical day, Leo and Bev dragged off to a hot tub soak and pleasant sleep.

Thursday – April 9 (Tokyo, Japan)

Since Andrea was concerned about the necessity of leaving us to our own defenses with Kuro in the house – she took Kuro along to school to remain in the car during her class - - - unknown to us.

We, meanwhile, seeing no need to rise with our usual awakening time of 5 am, returned to a leisurely appreciated and probably much needed snooze, arising much later than intended and presenting ourselves at the breakfast table, much to the maid’s amazement, at 11:30 am.

Andrea arriving home shortly thereafter, inquired as to whether we were enjoying breakfast or lunch?

Found out later that Kandi had worn the sweat shirt given by us to her as a present to school, so feeling pleased with selves at choosing appropriate gifts for all! Discussion with Andrea re: days planned activities and postcards written - - - off to a lovely lunch at "Nadoori" Indian restaurant – curry, spinach and mutton with a wonderful huge portion of delicious Indian bread. Then, off to a temple honoring the 47 Ronin (or Masterless Samurais) – Andrea related the fascinating story and legend of these courageously dedicated men. Many photos taken. Special trip to the University for Steve's traditional T-shirt, and on to camera shop where, alas! Bev was unable to make a purchase due to the little availability of Nikon merchandise. Leo was ecstatic over purchase of Pentax 100mm, 2.8 lens complete with filter hood and case, all for an exceptionally good price. So visit was well justified. Returned home and after a short nap, joined Teddy, Andrea and guests from Bezu for an enjoyable light meal of cheese, sausage, bread, fruit salad, cake and ice cream. Nice chat with Andrea followed after Teddy and the guest returned to the office for business discussions.

Leo and Bev returned to their room after receiving a long sought copy of the endearing story related in the diary form of a Shanghai baby's activities when his English parents were away and he was in full care of his Chinese amah (nursemaid). Relaxed and found new and inventive uses for the hot tub – must consider the possibility of installing one of our own back home. Sweet dreams after a very active and interesting day!!!

Friday – April 10 (Tokyo, Japan)

Awoke at 5:00 am and returned to ½ sleep until ~ 7. Up to shower and prepare for the day, a bit distressed at the prospect of taking an umbrella wherever we should go. Breakfast of coffee and toast (our usual) with Teddy and Andrea, then off with umbrellas and cameras in hand to experience the several modes of transportation available here. Bus to a location where we utilized the subway, arriving at Asakusa with the help of an older, hospitable gentleman, who did not speak English. Short walk to Kaminarimou temple for a shopping venture and a wonderfully different luncheon in a local restaurant with Bev receiving a lesson on proper etiquette re: dining on the floor. Leo and Andrea enjoying a tempura dish. Atmosphere and food was very pleasant and to our pleasant surprise quite reasonable (we later found out that the Heindrichsohns were very careful to steer us to restaurants that were good and also met our budget in this MOST expensive city in the world).

Onward to examine the temple and surrounding places of worship for various types of prayer with explanations given by Andrea relative to the various local customs - - for example one may buy printed prayers relative to certain problems which are then tied to trees and collected at a certain time to be burned, thus rising to the heavens to be fulfilled. Most impressive was the incense "well" placed in front of the temple where one can experience relief to discomfort by brushing the smoke over the ailing area. Many photos. Some minor anxieties and return on business subway to taxi service home. Tea, a nap and refreshed joined Teddy, Andrea and their long-term friend for dinner of Cornish hen, bacon, ham, sausage, sauerkraut, potatoes, dessert of fruit salad and ice cream.

Dinner was served, complete with an earthquake as ordered and calmly announced by Teddy. Andrea, somewhat shaken, stating that it's the largest that she has felt during her stay in Japan. Kuro was unaffected and Bev and Leo glad that they were seated. Some friendly discussion regarding cameras and few photos at coffee with Andrea in the living room. Andrea got extremely upset when the maid presented Bev with presents – Leo somewhat amused but understanding the breach of culture.

Saturday – April 11 (Tokyo, Japan)

Up at 6:30 am – some heavy discussion and then to breakfast at 8:30 for toast and coffee and review of the day's planned activities. Photo session with Leo and Teddy in the garden while Bev finished the postcards. Off to Meiji Shrine with "Bayer's #1 expensive driver" at the wheel, self proclaimed, of course – long discussion with apparent irritation by Andrea regarding Teddy's stubborn nature, situation completely comprehended by Bev and Leo! Finally arrived at parking area and headed out, all with cameras in tow to the shrine area through a lovely wooded surrounding park. Many photos of each other and other interesting characters in the vicinity as well as the surroundings. Resisted temptation to purchase small good luck items – off across town to an authentic Chinese restaurant where we were treated to a small, delicious but very expensive (+\$80) lunch. After two stops for groceries, arrived home at 3:30 pm anticipating a quiet evening. Leo and Bev off to room for a nap and awakened by Andrea for dinner at 7:15 pm. Lovely, typical Chinese dinner prepared by Teddy's gourmet expertise and enjoyed by all. Said goodbye to Kandi shortly thereafter in her room.

Bev took X rated photo of Kuro while Teddy was setting up the slide projector and screen. Andrea got "all shook up" and eager to save embarrassment by all concerned on Kuro's behavior, tumbled over the coach, injuring her heel, but laughing just the same - - - impressive slide presentation followed with Teddy proudly displaying results of their trip to Pisa and Venice. Nice conversation followed with Bev, Teddy and Leo off to study for informative viewing of Zen Buddhist monks and contrasting Sumo wrestlers. Andrea was studying and stopped in to say good night, while Bev and Leo were being entertained by Teddy with jazz and other music. Bev taking the cue also said a sleepy goodnight, leaving Leo and Teddy for the rest of the evening doing "man talk". Leo was given a tour of the rest of the residence and shown Teddy's photo equipment. After a brief "walk down memory lane" with Teddy playing on the organ old Shanghai era tunes, Leo joined Bev for a restful night's sleep.

Sunday – April 12 (Tokyo, Japan to Seoul and Pusan, Korea)

The day of departure from Japan – breakfast at 8:30 am after packing, Bev's shampoo session and some TV viewing as well as a hot tub photo session – usual coffee and toast and off to do some last minute shopping at Andrea's kimono shop – successful venture – more photos and viewing of a political speaker on an open street corner near the elite Tokyo Hilton hotel. Stopped at a Nikon shop, got small gifts, another kimono (more appropriate for Mom) and a lovely jacket for Bev. Parking was \$15.00 per hour, so hurried back after a brief stop at the "Godiva" store. Home to enjoy "left-overs" (we should always live so well!) and coffee with elegant after

dinner treat of "Godiva" chocolates. One hour trip to airport with Andrea escorting Bev and Leo inside to the counter and a quick goodbye to Teddy by Leo.

Baggage checked and tickets confirmed, enjoyed ice cream coffee and ice cream fruit juice at a small restaurant, entertained by mysterious circumstances and situation apparently plaguing a young Eurasian couple. Uneventful flight to Seoul with a nice meal and Bev sleeping most of the flight.

Arrived Seoul and took some time in disembarking – luggage, customs and rest room – paid the price when we found out that we had missed the last (8:00 pm) flight to Pusan! After a minor panic and reviewing of options (made extremely difficult by the language barrier), ran to the taxi stand and were off to the city train station in the hopes of catching the 9:00 pm train. Hopes dashed and spirits suffered a major set back upon finding out that we must spend 2 ½ hours in the crowded, cold, dirty and "apparently hostile" train station.

Bev and Leo learning fast – any prior confusion regarding similarity of Japanese and Koreans was promptly dissipated within the first 5 minutes. Leo got hit in the back by a semi-friendly native with a broad smile on his face making a stern statement reprimanding Leo for being a poor "window" and obstructing his view of a small common TV in the far corner of the hall. Bev was also given a similar but slightly less aggressive beratement by a woman with frantic waving of arms to indicate suggested removal of her presence from the immediate viewing area. We settled finally into two rarely available seats and surrounded by our brightly crimson luggage, huddled together (Bev with Leo's sweater) for warmth and trying to obtain a somewhat comforting sense of anonymity that we experienced in Japan. Entertained ourselves for the next two hours with observed comparisons between recently experienced Japanese nature and new alien Korean nature – concluded discomfort and distrust with unpolished straight-forward and unabashed curiosity and apparently charade is not necessarily attractive form for Koreans as opposed to refined, controlled, polished, polite, neat, clean and usually attractive (to our eyes) package presented by the Japanese.

Later to conclude and acknowledge the beauty and appeal native to each in its own way and that respect is acquired through the basic knowledge and a little understanding of Korean past history and subsequent growth.

Long, seemingly impossible and endless struggle to board the train and establish comfort, resisted offered box lunch and settled in, quite uncomfortably for a 5 hour ride. Bev as usual slept a great deal of the way, Leo becoming adventurous in his desperation made a purchase of a ginseng drink, an octopus snack and a chestnut bar. Bev after sampling all three, decided that there are worse things than hunger.

Arrived at Pusan at 5 am and baggage in tow, were very quickly surrounded and assisted by a multitude of hopeful taxi drivers and attendants. A friendly non-English speaking attendant at the station window, wrote for us in Korean Paul Codsí's telephone number and verbal instructions as well. We were escorted to a phone booth by a growing barrage of interested parties each of whom apparently were proud of the one word of English that they have accomplished. After repeated attempts at phone calls and much excited Korean conversation, were herded into a pint sized taxi (without a meter) and given a harrowing tour beginning with an escape through a

barricade 3" too narrow for the car in search of "Codsi" - - - ½ hour later arriving at our supposed destination, the confusion suddenly became perfectly clear. Paul had given us his work address and phone to use and we had arrived at the factory where he worked at 5:30 am! But - - not to worry, still confused about our destination to this "Codsi". We were given another "foreigner's" telephone number. We made our first friend in Pusan with a friendly early morning call to "Michelle" asking for Paul. If we had been confused about the time, it was confirmed and emphasized by "Michelle", but she also fortunately had Paul's home telephone number (the number Leo had was his work and it was ~ 5:30 am). Later as we sat in the Codsi kitchen enjoying coffee and toast, the humor of the situation was explained to us).

Monday – April 13 (Pusan, Korea)

After a refreshing bath in a tub drawn by Maggie and a short nap, we were regained by Paul, who had gone to work for the morning hours. Met Sammy (Maggie's son), who we were both impressed with immediately. Dropped Sammy off at a friend's house for the afternoon and the four of us continued on to explore a fish market.

As if in another world – amazed at the simple, coarse, hard-working people who obviously lead difficult but surprisingly happy lives. Took many photos (although Mom refused to be photographed). Maggie made purchases of fish filet and was ecstatic at finding "veggies" from an old woman. She explained to us that these people are happy among themselves although life is difficult; they actually are living there at the market and sleep on the counters.

Back home to drop off fish for dinner, cup of tea, and then off again – this time to a clothe market where Maggie and Bev made major purchases of T-shirts and PJ's just before leaving – many smiling, happy faces among the colorful fabrics and various articles made of same. Photos taken of young sales woman with a promise to send her a copy.

Onward to a supermarket and store with Maggie to buy for Bev some warm underwear. On way bought fresh strawberries and cumquats (which Bev hadn't enjoyed for years). Home to dinner after picking up Sammy, found maid has refused to cook the fish because it had to first rest in the sun for 3 days! Reluctantly prepared one fish and other food. We were joined by a young well-spoken friend who is helping Maggie with the Korean language.

To bed early for a good night's sleep.

Tuesday – April 14 (Kongju, Korea)

Up fairly early to prepare for a trip to Kongju. Breakfast of toast, peanut butter and coffee and on our way for a 2- hour drive. Bev and Leo excited about the scenery of rice paddies, oxen, workers, fields and burial sites. Made 2 or 3 stops for unique photos and arrived at the Kongju area (Site of Sacred Burial grounds and temples). Visited the lovely temple area with many newly-married couples in native colorful dress posing for photos. We were able to take a few but were halted when we attempted to photograph the Buddhas inside.

On after a nice leisurely walk through the area to visit a craft store where Maggie and Paul bought some paintings. More photos of and with curious natives – Sammy was quite a hit with all of the women smothering him with a barrage of tweeks, hugs, touches and pinches. Leo and Sammy were quite a hit with their matching attire and contrasting statures.

Back to the car for a short drive to the only King's tomb ever to be opened in Korea – appeared to be a “Students Day” as we were joined by armies of young people all very well behaved and neat and of course curious. Sammy, Bev, Paul and Maggie took the traditional walk through the tomb to view the exhumed findings and the area where the king lay. Sammy then ran to find his newly acquired friend who had been otherwise photographically pre-occupied and they continued to attract attention. Nice walk through the gardens and happy to find a film stand in order to photograph colorful women scrubbing trees in preparation for spring.

Off to a hotel for a wonderful Korean feast and traditional dances – many photos followed by drive home with much excited conversation between Bev, Maggie and Sammy in the back seat. At home, viewed a few photos with Paul, tea and off to bed.

Wednesday – April 15 (Pusan, Korea to Hong Kong, still a British Colony)

Early to rise for harrowing ride to airport through unbelievable traffic with Paul. Were able to obtain a 9 am ticket to Seoul (not 8 am as we hoped), paid for the ticket with a VI SA credit card, a rude woman attempted to push us out of the way, shoving her money in front of us at the counter – somewhat irritated, we left the local terminal and found a breakfast bar in the internal terminal where we enjoyed a quiet breakfast of eggs. Returned to the local terminal where Leo enjoyed a “Boot shine” and on to Seoul. Had lunch, then made a Cathay Pacific flight as originally scheduled after giving the manager of United a “chewing out” for not offering more assistance in our supposed predicament, only to find out that there was no problem. We raced back to the United office and left our apologies. Bought postcards at the last minute and with a long line in customs and immigration, found the plane that was being held for us – sheepishly entered the plane for an uneventful trip to Hong Kong (interrupted by a 30 minute stop at Taipei airport). Wonderful food and flight.

On arriving at Hong Kong found VI SA card lost and attempted to notify Korean Air, they promised to get back with us. Leo confirmed flights while Bev rested downstairs and wrote in the diary. Outside for hotel limo to the “Shamrock hotel” (Leo stayed there in 1953 when he left Shanghai for Brazil). Changed original room for one with a double bed, then out for an evening walk down Hong Kong streets. Returned for a somewhat disappointing dinner at the hotel with a sour waiter and “cold” atmosphere. Discussion re tours available, on last trip to the table, the waiter, for some reason became extremely friendly and with a large smile questioned – “can you guess how old I am?” - - - off to bed after busy day and booking a tour for the morning.

Thursday – April 16 (Hong Kong, still a British Colony)

Wonderful tour of Hong Kong with a cute and witty guide – visited the Aberdeen “boat people”, Repulse Bay, Tiger Balm Park and Victoria Peak – many photos – got off tour a few blocks from the hotel and found a traditional Chinese restaurant called “Good Food Restaurant”. Excellent and fairly inexpensive. Stopped for some major purchases at Yue Hwa emporium specializing in articles from China. Many silk blouses, skirts, purses and belts. Back to hotel for a nap then a “Dinner Tour” of night time Hong Kong, a somewhat disappointing tour, although a good meal at a floating restaurant. Many excited women questioned Leo about I ran, one “midwife” from England was quite interesting as she was now working in I ran. Fell into the trap

of having our name translated into Chinese script and deciding to purchase a scroll of the same with birth dates and wedding date (very happy with the result when we received it the following day, however and count this as one of our favorite purchases). Returned to the hotel after being left by the boat at its 2nd stop - - - exhausted after a busy but exciting and productive day – heavy discussion. Happy ending!

Friday – April 17 (Hong Kong, still a British Colony)

Heavy discussion. Happy beginning! Up and dressed for early start and “free” breakfast at the hotel’s 10th floor with Leo comparing and searching for signs of the Shamrock Hotel that he knew 30 or so years ago. Off to 2nd Chinese store in the opposite direction for more blouses, PJs for Sammy and Kendra and singlets for Leo.

Had lunch at a small inexpensive restaurant (very Chinese) after being directed by Seiko and camera dealer. Prior to lunch we had walked the side streets bargaining for Nikon lens, etc. Fisheye bought by Leo with adapters for both cameras – enjoyed a tasty lunch with local folks (very inexpensive). With Leo in a much better mood after taking care of all necessities, we returned to the Seiko dealer, stopping once on the way for purchases at 3rd Yue Hwa store for robe for Sam and sunglasses for Bev. Bargained with the sales lady for 2 Seiko watches – all seemed pleased with the deal – however back out on the street, found that Bev’s watch remained constant at 4 pm. Returned to the store for a battery change and then a leisurely stroll to the pier for photos. Confused taxi ride through the streets in search of the Shamrock Hotel where we finally alighted for rest and call to Steven.

Out for an evening stroll through the streets and to the pier for night photos and a romantic walk after dinner at a local inexpensive and slightly dingy restaurant around the corner. Surprisingly tasty meal – returned to room for more heavy discussions.

Saturday – April 18 (Hong Kong to Singapore)

At 6:15 am - more discussion (and discussion about discussion), coffee, packing, Bev’s hair washed and out of the room by 9:30 am for 10th floor breakfast – noted a Tibetan lama, in orange robes, in the elevator discreetly pointed out by Leo. He smiled at us and nodded, we were somewhat in awe and nodded back – not knowing exactly how to act in the presence of a lama! Spell was broken however when we stepped off the elevator on the same floor and he turned to us and questioned in perfect American – “Where are you guys from?” Startled, Leo babbled something about Detroit and Michigan – “Oh” he said, “I ’m from Hawaii”, smiled and continued on his way, leaving a stunned Leo and Bev exchanging questioning glances!

Checking out accomplished and orders left to fetch luggage, we took off for last minute walk and more purchases at the Yue Hwa store – silk for Mom and Bev. A stroll to the waterfront for final photos and to finish roll of film. Returned to hotel for taxi to airport.

Leo near MI when luggage was found to be 40 kilograms overweight at a penalty of \$120! After much discussion we were allowed to carry on the heavy excess as hand luggage to the cabin and relaxed somewhat after finding a cart, bathrooms and a small café.

3rd flight – good halibut dinner – Leo calming down but quickly again in need of medical attention on concern after using poor technique in removing piece of chocolate from his pants. Amused re: top plane seats.

Arrived Singapore from Hon Kong after Leo watched a TV English comedy and Bev dozed. Noticed the heat immediately on disembarking and were met by a waving Cathy and Theo after clearing customs, immigration and money exchange. On to hotel, obtained by Theo and Cathy, which all of us were impressed with for the price. Cheerful chatter from airport to hotel and fun in getting to know each other. Bev and Leo both impressed with Theo and Cathy and their easy eager- to-please nature.

Changed in room and joined Theo and Cathy in the small dining room for coffee and fruit, conversation and plans for the coming fun days, then to bed, with Theo and Cathy surprised but happy that we agreed to join them for a sunrise service in the morning.

Easter Sunday – April 19 (Singapore)

Arose at 4:30 am and met by Theo and Cathy for a 6:30 am sunrise service at the Mac Ritchie Reservoir, very hot and dark but lovely setting became apparent as the sun rose over the beautiful view from the hill – lovely flowers and occasional distraction from playful monkeys in the trees. The service was conducted in both English and Chinese, Bev was delighted with the opportunity to take photos and all enjoyed a visit with Reverend Phillip Heng, his wife and twin girls. After a photo session we were off to Mrs Olga Tan's for a lovely breakfast and lively conversation (friend's daughter particularly colorful and interesting). Many photos and off to visit Mt. Faber (highest mountain in Singapore) after a stroll through the Botanical Gardens which Leo had visited during his few hours of stay in Singapore ~ 30 years ago.

Purchases of gold covered orchids for Bev, Leanne and Mom after a photo session in the orchid garden. Wonderful Szechuan lunch at "Mayflower" with "dim sum". Returned to the hotel for nap and clean-up. Up and ready for a church service at 6 pm. Leo upset over frustrating question on how to wear a suit and tie after forgetting to bring a dress shirt – in slightly less casual dress, enjoyed service and acceptance of new members and the baptism of a small baby. Some photos taken during the service by Bev.

Down to the lower level for a feast of pot luck of wonderful dishes, unfamiliar to Bev, but happily recalled by Leo, friendly visit and conversation with the pastor and members, then to Cathy and Theo's for more conversation and viewing of paintings and relaxed photos.

Bev and Cathy went upstairs for "girl chatter", more painting viewing, TV and ice cream treat while Leo and Theo continued conversation, somewhat disturbing to Leo, re: his 1st marriage and Theo's curiosity.

Home to hotel by 1 am, called Mom and Dad to wish them Happy Easter and then to bed for much needed sleep after a very busy day.

Monday – April 20 (Singapore)

Up at 9:30 – breakfast free in hotel – Theo and Cathy arrived late (message not received by Bev and Leo) and off to Jurong Bird Park after getting lost in the city for a short while. Lunch at

Ming Tsiang restaurant at the Good Wood Park Hotel, where we arrived late and could only be served until 2 pm. On to Lucky Plaza for shoes (Steve's present) and search for Leo's shirt. Snack of coconut milk, beans and jelly (Chadol Kajang) – dropped off for 1 ½ hours to clean up for dinner prepared for us by their son, Stephen and his girlfriend Lisa. Also introduced to son Guy and girlfriend Emma. Great dinner and conversation with “kids” who were very attentive and in awe of Leo. Cathy realizing that Leo speaks Russian, called her neighbor Lena Sah, who promptly arrived laden with presents for Bev and excited for conversation and questions for Leo. Photos of “kids”, conversation and tea, necklace of rose quartz for Bev by Lena, elephants of carved wood to Bev from Cathy and agreement on price of purchased paintings with Cathy making a present of the “Panda” painting to us. Home per Lena and late to bed again.

Tuesday – April 21 (Singapore)

Early to rise (7 am) and repack, on to breakfast at 9:30 and then back to room to await Cathy and Theo. They came to our room for a short visit and we are off for another shopping spree to the “People's Park” complex where Bev found shorts and jeans, while Cathy made similar purchases. Leo upset over uncertainty about potential purchase of a zoom lens – Bev unsympathetic.

Met Mrs. Tan for lunch at “Westlake”, 2 – 3 photos and off to the Singapore Island Country Club for iced coffee and ginger beer. Visit to some impressive hotels and some minor shopping by Cathy, then to dinner for “steamboat” at “Jade” restaurant. Bev not feeling well and her mood was not improved by the scantily clad singer who had Leo reminiscing about his Shanghai days. Dropped off by Cathy and Theo at the hotel after plans and promises to visit and keep in touch.

Wednesday – April 22 (Singapore to Oahu, Hawaii)

Got to airport early and had breakfast there while awaiting our flight (papaya and coffee with toast). Confusion re: hour change and the long flight becomes slightly clearer as realized we would stop in Hong Kong for 45 minutes and Tokyo for nearly 3 hours.

Bev near panic in the Tokyo airport after finding that she left her purse on the plane during the bus ride to the terminal. Purse was retrieved by a helpful attendant and we proceeded to shopping at the duty-free area, with Bev choosing some last-minute purchases and then finding 0 \$ to pay for the items. Leo not in best of humor and concerned about finances – unwilling to comply – proceeded back to the boarding area with Leo soon falling asleep on the bench and Bev playing catch-up with the diary. Flight #830 begins at 8:20 to Hawaii.

Arrived on schedule noting the beautiful weather, although tired and spirits somewhat grumpy. Spirits remained unlifted when faced with mobs of people awaiting their luggage (which was late) around the poorly maneuvered luggage conveyors – noting the difference between USA and eastern control and service in dealing with large groups of people, we sadly acknowledged that all signs pointed to the fact that we had indeed returned to the good old US – even carts, we noticed were smaller and charged for, in contrast to those at all of the other airports we had visited.

Luggage finally in hand (or on cart), we were questioned at inspection and sent to wait in a customs line where we proceeded to act nonchalant while waiting for ½ hour or so, glancing at our

“smuggled” watches periodically. Not that we had gone way over the limit, but we were certain that we had exceeded by more than a few hundred the \$400.00 allowed as maximum. Our apprehension was greatly increased when we realized that we would be reviewed by a woman (women being notoriously more difficult customs officials than men). Our feeling of uncertainty as to what to expect increased as we watched the couple in front of us as they were forced to expose at least a dozen or so watches and their luggage was consequently thoroughly searched. We were amazed and somewhat relieved since we knew our parcels contained only clothing and relatively small items but were still concerned about the paintings from China and their worth. We did not breathe freely until we had cleared customs without any problems, although we did have to itemize, after finding the large package of Leo’s singlets (which he explained, we were unable to find in the US).

We were ushered through quickly and soon found ourselves out on the sidewalk and being Aloha’d into the nearest taxi (a station wagon – to our surprise). Arriving at our destination, “The Reef Hotel” with moods improved, we reconnoitered the surroundings. We set up our room, had a cup of coffee, lay down for a rest and realized on how tired we were.

A grumbling Leo decided to remain in the room and fell asleep, while a tired but determined Bev took the room key and purchased a mat, lotion and proceeded to nap on the beach, assured that Leo would join her (per instructions of note left).

Upon awakening, Bev returned to the room after 2 ½ hours and found a showered, smiling and rejuvenated Leo getting ready to join her on the beach.

Both off to the beach after enjoying guava and pineapple/orange drinks, reviewed tour possibilities and decided upon 2 tours (one for Thursday and one for Friday). Returned to room after buying matching black and red outfits, called Steve and prepared for dinner.

On booking tours we followed the excellent suggestion by the tour assistant that we eat at “Buzz’s” – wonderful meal and salad bar, Cajun red snapper for Bev and the Captain’s platter for Leo, nice décor. Enjoyed a leisurely stroll back to the hotel where we went to bed fairly early after some definitely heavy discussion.

Thursday – April 23 (Oahu, Hawaii)

Up at 4:30 to prepare for the early bird tour – off to Denny’s for breakfast where we were greeted by a very friendly hostess saying “Oh, you’re finally here – we’ve been waiting for you. Your table is ready!” Laughing and immediately put into a happy mood, we told her how we appreciated her sense of humor and felt attitudes are contagious. She had the other couples in the immediate area laughing as well as she told us about the couple who had come in for an early, early breakfast at 3 am when the restaurant was empty – she had greeted them sternly and with a grim face solemnly questioned them as to whether they had reservations!

We then had a short conversation with an older couple who were returning to Hawaii after 7 years, commenting on their nice matching shirts, they said that this was the 2nd opportunity that they had had to wear them - - the 1st was 7 years ago when they were purchased. Had a great tour (see detailed description in the brochure). Had coffee and donuts while in line at the Pearl

Harbor USS Arizona memorial. Saw the Punch Bowl Crater and had a city tour of Honolulu – City Hall, Memorial, Banyan Tree, Royal Palace with cousin “Kevin” (tour guide).

National Cemetery visit impressed us with the flowers – many photos taken.

Met a young with his daughter, whose camera was broken – took photos for him, took his address and gave him a promise to send him some. Returned to the “Reef” at 11:30 am. Leo grumbling due to Bev’s insistence that we have 0 lunch but an early dinner. Bought 2nd matching outfit. Both concerned about waistlines and commended each other on our control while we sipped carrot juice on the beach. Soon, bored with just lying in the hot sun, decided to walk along the beach in search of photography possibilities. Returned to our room for cameras with lots of ideas, not the least of which was more heavy discussions.

Resumed our walk, relaxed and smiling for heavy photo session. Back in room, showered while entertained by a hilarious new comedy show and out to dinner, attired Hawaiian style in new outfits. Dinner at “Pieces of 8” where we enjoyed a seafood kabob (Bev) and ahi (Leo) and a nice salad bar. Got photographed, courtesy of a friendly lady dining next to us, then off to browse and purchase more T-shirts – our Magnum P.I. matching shirts and Leanne’s shorts outfit.

Leisurely stroll to our room for preparation re: Friday all-day tour.

Friday – April 24 (Oahu, Hawaii)

Up at 5 am and out to take early photos in anticipation of the sunrise only to find that we were in the wrong position for same – disappointed, returned to our room, consoling each other with very heavy discussion. Showered and dressed in matching shirts, we breakfasted at the “Reef” restaurant after much confusion as to where to eat and Leo becoming agitated as time grew short - - but - - as usual, everything worked out as planned and with plenty of time to spare, we met “cousin” Larry at 8:15 as we began our 2nd tour with the “Polynesian Line Tours”.

This time, we sat in the front seat (see Grand Circle Tour in the brochure) – Diamond Head, Universal gardens, monument and cemetery, beach, where Bev enjoyed a short 1st experience at snorkeling and we were treated to a nice lunch of sandwiches, potato salad, chips and passion fruit juice and pineapples. Gathered our belongings and changed as it began to rain. Bev distressed over wet and messy hair, refused Leo’s support and insistence that she looked fine and continued to be grouchy.

Spirits picked up a bit when she was introduced by Larry to the “head” driver as a celebrity photographer. Later discovered that Leo had been bragging again about Bev’s photographic ability and Bev decided that it wasn’t any fun being grumpy anyway!

Back to the hotel at 6 pm, the last of the tour participants to be dropped off, took Larry’s photo and promised to send it to him. He then presented us with a pineapple, some sliced pineapple and we said “Aloha” and “Mahalo”.

Returned to room quickly to assemble photo equipment, determined not to miss this last chance at a sunset photo session, intense with Leo on the rocks and Bev on the pier with Bev becoming somewhat agitated with Leo’s refusal to cooperate in her well-laid plans.

Showered, dressed, off to dinner for more fantastic seafood - - this time Cajun catfish. Excellent service and atmosphere, hampered only by a swanky, long-haired blonde of questionable intent,

seated at the bar, and Leo's persistent attempt to console agitated Bev at the "Lobster Tank". Back to the room with Bev still grumbling and Leo catching the mood. Back to sleep till 7:30 am.

Saturday – April 25 (Oahu, Hawaii to Home)

Bev up before Leo, hair washed and semi-packed. Both still grumbling. Leo unpacked and repacked the gifts, then showered, shaved and dressed while Bev went to shop for last minute items and order pineapple.

Packed and ready, enjoyed carrot juice on the beach for last minute sun. Leo to room early to finish packing and brought items to Bev for changing after checking out. Breakfast at the "Reef Hotel" restaurant, last photos, purchased T-shirt for Leo, off to the airport after more last minute shopping was completed. Feeling very touristy and tanned, relaxed on the plane and reviewed the activities of the past few days, feeling very lucky and content.

[APPENDIX F - Travel Diary of South Western States Trip \(October 10 to 24, 1987\)](#)

Saturday – October 10 (Utica, MI to Elizabeth Town, KY)

Left Utica at 7 am on a rainy morning, heading south to Fort Thomas, KY. Uneventful drive down US 75, arriving at the Poole's by 13:30 and 327 miles later. Weather – raining, however nice lunch with Judi and Darryl. Borrowed some tapes by Susan Dellinger on “Feminine Assertiveness” – Leo was very “verbal”. Met son Jason on his way to a soccer game and reminisced re Elwood. Wonderful quiche and assorted special dishes, mostly prepared by Darryl. A brief discussion on choices of coffee mugs with extended invitations to spend the night, see the soccer game and stay longer. However, we politely declined and were on the road again at 17:00 hrs with 0 photos of the visit.

19:30, we reached Elizabeth Town and early to bed at Day's Inn motel with 0 Kentucky Fried Chicken for Leo!

Sunday – October 11 (Elizabeth Town, KY to Prescott, AK)

After an interesting diversion and 0 wake-up call, up at 5:45 am. Breakfast in the room from a supply of oatmeal and V8 – on our way at 8 am. Resumed listening to Susan tapes with gusto, very educational, amusing and well put together.

Resolved to return someday to see the Mammoth Caves at a later date (too early in our tour for major meandering)

10:25 passed through and around Nashville, TN, began 2nd Susan tape (after much discussion). Leo disappointed on the lack of Kentucky Fried Chicken in Kentuckysettled reluctantly, with much growling for beef jerky.

678 miles and 1 hour time change (local 12:20 vs DTW 13:20). Had lunch at “Loretta Lynn” – fantastic catfish and chicken livers dishes. Short photo session including first self photos with a timer.

830 miles and 16:00 hours, stopped at the Tourist Center. Leo was approached by a friendly guide but was saved just in the nick of time by Bev.

948 miles and 18:00 hours, we were crossing the Arkansas River, weather a little clearer. On passing Little Rock, called Jerry Bitnar and arranged to meet in Grand Prairie at “Draw-Tite”. Spent Sunday night at Comfort Inn (which it was) on a king-size bed – fell asleep during a Tigers game.

Monday – October 12 (Prescott, AK to Gransbury, TX)

Morning heavy discussion and breakfast of sardines, crackers, eggs and V8. Postcards to Susan, Leanne and Kendra. Onwards to Texarkana in sunshine!

1,000 miles from home – welcome to Texas!! 13:30 hours arrived at Rockwell and lunch with a Texas size salad bar, T-bone steaks and fried okra.

1,285 miles and 14:30, we were at Grand Prairie. Short nap at the McDonald parking lot resulted from Bev's narration of Sesame Street, co-op child care presidency and administrative skills. Timing was not the best since Leo was improperly attentive, a nap was recommended for peaceful consequences. (It was later discovered that Jerry had lunch at a diner across the street during the nap episode!)

Brief visit to the "Draw-Tite" warehouse where Jerry and Karen worked.

1,369 miles – Granbury, TX – nice chat with Karen and Jerry, followed by Bev and Karen off to town for "vittles". Dinner of yummy chili, spinach salad and Mexican corn bread. Up till late for nice conversation, coffee and photos.

Great night sleep in a quiet and cool atmosphere after a photo session at the man-made lake in their back yard. Lovely sunset, ducks and otters in the lake, nice neighborhood – peaceful, friendly and relaxing.

Tuesday – October 13 (Granbury, TX to College Station, TX)

Self-awakened at 5 am and up after interruptive knock on door by Jerry – coffee and pleasant visit until 8:00 – shower and photo session with 5 very friendly and loveable Siberian Huskies. (Siamese cat was subject on prior evening). Good-byes, hugs and talk of possible future travel to Australia together – on our way by 10:25.

Brief photo session and breakfast at Granbury. Picturesque, old, small Texas town circa ~ 1830's. Onward through Glen Rose, Walnut Springs, Meridian, Clifton and Waco to College Station.

Arrived at College Station at 16:30 – barbeque for lunch Texan style. Called Soheila and met her at Westinghouse parking lot. Followed to her home where we met her son Jason. Onwards to dinner at "Tom's Barbeque House" for authentic BBQ served on newspapers and eaten with a knife.

After a quick change, on to see the Rotterdam Philharmonic at the Texas A&M University – very impressive with user young men in cadet uniforms calling Leo "sir" and young ladies in evening gowns with dazzling Southern smiles.

Back by 10:00 pm to bed.

Wednesday – October 14 (College Station, TX to Junction, TX)

Sunny morning. Up early for coffee prepared for us – biscuits, butter and cheese. Brief photo session. Regrets that Jerry (Soheila's husband) could not get here in time from Beaumont – regards – onwards by 8:27 am.

1,716 miles at 12:45, lunch stop at San Marcos "New Braumfel's Smokehouse" for apple dumplings and strudel as well as enchiladas for Bev – sausage on a stick for Leo ☺ - very unTexan!

13:45 onwards to San Antonio.

14:49 after short nap at rest stop on our way somewhat refreshed to a very pleasant stopover at San Antonio for a leisure walk along the "Paseo del Rio" (River walk) where San Antonio preserves the Spanish style beauty despite the modern developments. Took a 20 minute boat ride. A short visit to the Alamo. Many photos of San Antonio, enjoyed our visit more than we expected.

18:30 on our way after an ice cream stop.

21:00 checked in at Kimbule Motel in Junction, TX. Reasonable rate (\$22.00/nite), bought ice and settled down to write postcards.

Leo fell asleep during back rub!

Thursday – October 15 (Junction, TX to White City, NM)

Another sunny day. Call to the kids early in the morning. Bev gets locked out of room and very upset! Coffee and hot chocolate during a card writing marathon – spirits uplifted, breakfast at Kimbule Restaurant of huevos rancheros and 2 tacos – interesting local color in a friendly truck stop diner with original sketches on the wall and trucker wives and kids seeing their men off.

On our way by 10:04 – photo of deer antler tree on the way. Arrived at White City after a nice leisure ride with many photo stops – oil wells, flowers, telephone poles and fences were very cooperative – the cattle NOT!!! (with the exception of one cow, which gave up waiting for us by the side of the road)..... too late for photos!

Visit to general store for information, cards and film – then to the Carlsbad Caverns to see the evening bat flight. Very interesting!

After a nice meal, at a local restaurant, of catfish and frijatas, returned to a local store for more postcards and then to our room at “Cavern Inn” Best Western.

Wrote postcards, washed hair and relaxed. Slept well in a King-sized bed.

Friday – October 16 (White City, NM to Las Cruces, NM)

Up early – packed – filled ice container and breakfast at 8:00 am. At Carlsbad Caverns after short scenic mountain drive by 8:30 for the “Blue Tour”, which is estimated at 3 hours but took us over 5. Many photos and spectacular sights.

17:45 left the Caverns after a diligent trudge through the entire caverns – hopeful that our many photographic experiments were successful – running a little late, but will press on with grim determination not to become harried. Lovely warm sunny day – few stops along the way for photos and an unexpected visit across the Mexican border after unsuccessful attempts to maneuver through El Paso. Barely escaping with our integrity intact after being accosted by several Mexican-speaking midget salesmen and a US Border Guard with a sense of humor.

Saturday – October 17 (Las Cruces, NM to Phoenix, AZ)

Leaving Las Cruces at 7:00 am. Breakfast at Deming – great steak and pork chops, eggs, potatoes, tortillas and green chili sauce at the “La Fonda Restaurant” specializing in Mexican Foods and Steak.

On our way to Tucson by 10:55 at 2,495 miles.

By 2,814 miles and 16:11 hours we arrived in Phoenix. Checked in at “Best Western – Bell Hotel”. After Leo napped and Bev sunned by the motel pool, called the Stotts and met Sally, Gene and Jim at 17:00 hours. Nice visit, entertained by their Doberman, Princess and Chinese dinner, which was enjoyed by all. Nice tour of the area and the night lights with Gene driving their Toyota van.

Returned to their home for a chat, met Mike then back to our room by 22:45.

Sunday – October 18 (Phoenix, AZ to Payson, AZ)

Left the motel on a sunny day for Mesa after mailing postcards and sorting laundry by 11:17 am called the kids, stopped to see Scottie – no one home, left a note.

Reached Tortilla Flats by 17:33, disappointed to find out that a fire (caused by friction between Insurance and Mortgage), destroyed most of it two months ago. Photos and on through back

roads towards Roosevelt Dam and Pumpkin Center towards Payson, following direction given to us by Tom Day –

Tight, curving road – beautiful country – scenic Apache Lake – dirt roads going on forever – retraced over thinking that we had taken a wrong turn – lost ½ hour, finally passed Roosevelt

North 87 out of Mesa to mile past 237 or 1 mile north of 188 Jct. Our Creek Village – Turn right off hiway. Go to #stop sign. Turn left – go to first paved road on right. Only house on cul-de-sac (on left). Or call 474-9278 from Mesa. Will meet you anywhere –

Tom Day

Dam and elated to see the road. Arrived at the Days by 19:30.

Nice warm visit with Tom and Phylis. Pleasant conversation, tasty bowl of chili and to bed by 22:00 hours.

Monday – October 19 (Payson, AZ to Williams, AZ)

Up at 5:30 to say goodbye to Phylis who works in Payson. Nice leisure coffee with Tom, who offered to make breakfast. Friendly chat before leaving – watched rabbits and blue jay feeding and a near “incident” with a hawk who apparently has been watching the rabbits too. On our way again, picked up a hitchhiker whose truck had broken down and gave him a lift to Payson. Enjoyed a wonderful breakfast at a restaurant that he had recommended.

Fortified with biscuits, gravy, eggs and bacon, on towards Strawberry for photos of Bev with same.

Relaxing ride to Sedona – “Klondike” stop at Camp Verde before returning to Hwy 17N.

3,076 miles and 15:42 hours, paid a visit to “Montezuma’s Castle” and visitor center for photos and scenic, leisure walk to study the Cave Dwellers’ life styles.

3,097 miles and 17:01 hours at Sedona, arrived at Oak Creek – drove through the residential area with photos then on to Sedona. Bought an antique glass insulator (telephone wire holder) and more photos – both tired and hungry but determined to push on.

Arrived at Williams after traumatic 1 hour drive from Flagstaff following a wrong turn. Both upset, hungry and tired! Great dinner at “Buckles Restaurant”, recommended by the Canyon Motel. On return to the motel, discovered that an important luggage (small case with toiletries and rollers) was left at Tom and Phylis’s – called same much to their amusement.

Tuesday – October 20 (Williams, AZ to Grand Canyon, AZ)

Left Williams at a later hour than expected due to a poor night’s sleep. Leo up and down all night with an old pain. Breakfast of yogurt with granola and tea. On our way to the Grand Canyon by 12:28 hours.

Visit to a small market and to the “Chapel of the Clouds”. At the Grand canyon visitor center we visited the I MAX Cinerama movie – very impressive.

Nice lunch at "El Tovar" overlooking the Canyon. Took the basic visitor drive along the South Rim with many stops for very creative photos – good day – Leo feeling better, but did not agree to purchase of a beautiful snakeskin belt!

3,261 miles at 20:07 hours, began return trip with many stops along the South Rim to Flagstaff with a stop to call Mom and Dad.

Stopped at the Americana Motel and watched a '20s movie (Cotton Club) on the room's cable TV.

Wednesday – October 21 (Grand Canyon, AZ to Grants, NM)

On our way by 11:20 after breakfast of tea and granola. Short visit again to Sedona for a few gifts. Leo "grouchy" all the way to Payson. Revisited with Tom, picked up forgotten luggage and on our way after a short visit to Albuquerque by 17:30 hours.

Stopped at a few Indian craft stores on route but "0" belt or buckle for Leo. At a family diner near the "Motel 6", where we stayed the night, Bev struggled with a hot chili soup.

Thursday – October 22 (Grants, NM to Chandler, OK)

Up early after a good night's sleep – finished postcards and on our way to Oklahoma City by 9:50 am after a granola breakfast.

4,040 miles at 15:46 on the road again after a beans and BBQ lunch at Endee, NM.

Called Steve and wished him good luck on his performance ("break a leg")

4,370 miles at 21:28 passing through Oklahoma City, OK on to 44 (Turnpike) – very tired.

Stayed in Room 201 (Screamer) at the Thunderbird Motel. Had dinner of catfish (excellent).

Leo was very curious on what was going on behind the closed doors in the hotel's private club???

Friday – October 23 (Chandler, OK to Anderson, IN)

Left at 7:56 am after difficult awakening – breakfast of granola.

4,688 miles at 13:34 hours, leaving Marshfield, MO after enjoying Leo's long anticipated KFC in MO!?!

4,882 miles at 16:41 hours, entered Illinois across the Mississippi River heading to Terre Haute, IN.

5,134 miles at 21:00 passing through Indianapolis where everyone is going 95 mph in the 55 mph zone. Dinner at "Perkins" – steaks – call to Leanne – good night sleep, well-deserved.

Saturday – October 24 (Anderson, IN to Utica, MI)

Left Anderson at 8:06 heading for home. Stopped along the way for "Pumpkin" shots. Returned to Utica by 14:17 hours.

Odometer turned to 20,000 at Lakeside.

[APPENDIX G - Travel Diary of Second European Trip \(March 22 to April 13, 1988\)](#)

Tuesday – March 22 (Detroit, MI to London, England)

Bev and Leo left home approximately at 16:30 after last minute instructions to Steven and farewells to our disgruntled pets with accusing eyes. A quick Kentucky Chicken dinner on route to Livonia through heavy traffic, reached Mom and Dad at about 18:00 and on to the airport. On the plane by 18:45, however the flight got delayed till 19:30 hours due to a water leak in one of the toilets.

Wednesday – March 23 (London to Mansfield, England)

Were originally scheduled to arrive at Heathrow Airport, London at 8:15 am – London time, which is 5 hours ahead of Detroit. Landed at 8:32 am – weather cold and damp at 50 ° F. Dispositions were somewhat further dampened when we realized that we had to de-plane in the face of a blowing drizzle to walk to the pick-up buses for the ride to the terminal and customs. After an uneventful clearance by bored customs officials and getting the startling news that France now requires visas for entry of all US tourists, we proceeded to the “Meeting Area” to wait for I gor. Discovered about the French Dockers strike and that I gor will be delayed till about 11:30.

Long wait with intermittent dozing naps till about noon when I gor arrived.

Next to car rental for car pick up. “Fiesta” model was much smaller than expected, however on a majority vote of 2 versus 1, got it instead of the “Lamborghini” priced at \$1,280 per day. Some discussion about getting a larger car later on Steven’s arrival to avoid strapping luggage and/or one son to the roof.

Onwards to Harpenden by 12:45 after 4 to 6 wrong starts, turns, lanes, etc.

Stopped at St.Albans in a Greek restaurant “Diomides” for wonderful, authentic Cypriot Greek food. Reached Harpenden and Andy and Janet Speight by approximately 3:45 pm.

After a short visit and the first English tea with cake and warm, pleasant conversation, on our way again by 5:00 pm.

Reached Mansfield by approximately 8:00 pm, frantically searching for lodging. All tired after sleepless night. On third try, found “Appleby House” and checked in for the night. Lovely large Guesthouse with a clean and friendly atmosphere. Leo and I gor off to dine on authentic English Fish and Chips, while Bev browsed through the small library, watched an English comedy in the lounge and took a leisurely, warm soak in the huge bath tub. Then relaxed before sleeping with the books found in the library – science fiction and a Chinese journal.

Thursday – March 24 (Mansfield, England to Edinburgh, Scotland)

Up at approximately 7:30 am or so and to a hearty English breakfast between 8:15 to 9:30, consisting of bacon, sausage, eggs, toast and coffee, along with an interesting conversation with a retired army officer who has seen service in Singapore, India and South Africa.

Everyone in good spirits after a good night’s sleep.

Brief photo session (to I gor’s dismay), brief telephone session (to Leo’s dismay), and on our way, Leo having acquired a present of an interesting “China” book and little girl holding a fistful of coins in token payment. Uneventful but wet drive north to York, parked in a lot and braved

winds, rain and cold to venture through walking streets of small shops. Cards bought and several photos shot, stopped to eat at a recommended fish and chips carry-out and restaurant combo – lovely atmosphere, great food. Shepherd pie for I gor, Plaice for Leo and Haddock with Chips for Bev. After a visit to the “loo”, we wound our way through streets to outside of walls (after more photos) and eventually met I gor (who had wandered off at his own pace) back at the car. Continued on our way north to Newcastle and on to Edinburgh, Scotland. Photos at border and arrived at “Ardblair House” to unpack and settle.

Out to dinner at a local fish and chips carry-out, where Leo and I gor enjoyed “Haggis” while Bev had “Scottish Mince Pie” with chips for all.

Highlights of the day, included sharing of favorite jokes by all - - - story telling time with emphasis on the all-time favorite science fiction stories of each as well as stories Bev had read the night before, discussion laced with positive thinking through the day and happy thoughts of future plans by all.

Everyone’s company enjoyed by all – returned to room after dinner at 8:15 pm, Bev took leisure bath, making the most of the “large” bath tub evidently common to these areas. Notes written relative to plans that were discussed for the following day and early to sleep, whilst I gor off on his own in search of Scottish night life.

Friday – March 25 (Edinburgh, Scotland to Penrith, England)

Up at 7:10 – Leo to shower and Bev off to soak in the bath tub. Down to an English breakfast of ham, bacon, sausage, eggs, toast and coffee with some friendly conversation with a touring couple with a child from Connecticut but living in Cambridge.

Reached downtown (center) Edinburgh by 9:15, parked the car and off against strong gusts of wind for photo/sight-seeing expedition. Some grumbling from junior members of the partnership about strong gusts causing hair disarray. After disappointing visits to two banks and lack of success in cashing I gor’s money order, Leo gets “ripped off” by a ~ \$10 charge for exchange! Scenery of Edinburgh very impressive, however the constant blasts of cold winds restricted proper enjoyment.

Second major decision (with some disappointment) was to cancel our Ireland visit due to the prohibitive costs involved, £47 each way for the car ferry plus £11 for each passenger for a total of \$320 cost for a 1½ day visit!!

Decided to proceed south to Wales and spend the time gained touring castles. Drove down winding country roads with occasional stops for “Sheep Shots”.

Brief stop at Biggar for a “large” meal of Haggis at a nice little restaurant owned by a mixed Scotch/Irish couple who had just returned from a visit to the USA (Disneyland, Hoover Dam, California). They were much impressed with the low cost of food and the highway system in the States.

Onwards to Moffet in search of a “Harry Lauder” walking cane for Dad. Leo wandered off for a photo session in an old cemetery and came face to face with William Edgar’s tombstone – deceased on 9-9-1848! Got reunited with Bev and they purchased a fine cane after the try-out of many.

On the road again to Penrith and checked in approximately by 7 pm.

The "guesthouse" was found at random, we settled for an upstairs double for Leo and Bev and downstairs (near the door) for I gor. Minor disappointment due to "0" bath tub. Decided to skip dinner and retire early to read and write cards, etc. After waving goodbye to I gor, as he drove off to "check out" this latest "big city" night life, discovered that Leo's reading material was in the back seat - - - after semi-warm shower and much grumbling, settled down to coffee and card writing, resolving to be up early - - to sleep, soon after heavy discussion for a good night's rest!

Saturday – March 26 (Penrith, England to Porthmadog, Wales)

Up at 6:30 for continued heavy discussion followed by another semi-warm shower – Leo with "Haggisitis" and encouraged to drink water and eat granola for breakfast. Nice breakfast and travel suggestions offered by the proprietor and on our way early in a slightly chilly drizzle. Stopped at Kendal to cash traveler's checks and at MacDonald's for Leo to check out the facilities. On to Liverpool, where we were all somewhat disappointed with cluttered streets and unkept residents, on after a few token photos and "exhibition" by Leo in "free" parking lot. Through tunnel and on our way to view castles. Stopped to rest due to I gor's weary legs and disposition, after miles of driving, at Hollywell, where we enjoyed a brief tour and a great lunch of "Bally Pork" with stuffing and gravy with fries. A visit to a local grocery and fruit market (where Leo played "a Bull in a China shop", by knocking over a display of kidney pie fillings which he backed into while discussing which mineral water to purchase. Embarrassed Bev resisted urge to exit through nearest door and returned to rescue him. So much for anonymity!) On our way to visit castle #1 at Conway. Many photos with the 1st one of I gor waving from the tower. Very chilly and windy, but we are all becoming very hardy. 2nd castle at Caernarvon was much more impressive – Prince Charles was crowned as Prince of Wales here. Photos of Leo and I gor in the tower. Bev to tower for more photos of beautiful port and surrounding city, photos also of star-filtered sun, very cold and somewhat windy. Visited a small museum, very interesting. Traveled to nearest town – Porthmadog where we chose the better of two interviewed "Bed & Breakfast" locations. Were served tea before settling in by the proprietor (very short lady with a heavy accent). Long-awaited bath was taken by Bev after much discussion re: funds - - finally found heat register just before going to bed.

Out to eat after settling in, hearty walk to "town" after deciding to look around instead of eating at the 1st fish and chips place at the corner. Arrived at the 2nd Fish and Chips take-out in time for their closing – returned to the first one just after their closing sign went out. Returned to our rooms somewhat disgruntled but thinner.

Sunday – March 27 (Porthmadog, Wales to Cardiff, Wales)

The day began, after a good night's sleep, one hour earlier than expected, due to a time change. We arrived for breakfast at 8:00 am for a pleasant meal and a discussion re: the future trip itinerary. Had a pleasant chat with a lady from the London area and photos before leaving. Off to the south, stopping at Aberystwyth (by the sea), photos taken at the water's edge, wandered around a bit and ate Chinese take-out (Two orders each for Leo and I gor, while amused proprietors watched through their window). Continued on our way through picturesque country

side, stopping at frequent intervals for “sheep shots” and photos of the beautiful landscape and quaint towns. Just beginning to relax when Leo casually asked I gor why he was driving on the right side of the road now – I gor replied quickly by returning to the correct lane just in time to avoid an oncoming car. All wide awake now – continued on our way, after a minor car problem was “wired” back in place and I gor back on the “right” track, we opted to press on to Cardiff without seeing the castle at Llandaff. Pleasant drive to Cardiff after a short detour down a one horse lane in persistent goal of possible castle sighting, returned quickly and luckily with no encountering of oncoming traffic – only some amused pedestrians.

Arrived at Cardiff, I gor cashed his check at a bank with an outside teller and we easily found a lovely guesthouse. Out for fast food dinner at Fish and Chips, chicken and mushrooms pie for Bev and sausage and chips with onion cakes for Leo and I gor. I gor went out to the town, Bev downstairs to keep the verbal proprietor company – interesting conversation ranging from “sex and the single 60-year old” to varied travels and drinking habits – joined by Leo and enjoyed more conversation re: politics and more travels. To bed at 10 pm for journal and letter writing and goodnight back-rub for Leo.

Monday – March 28 (Cardiff, Wales to Camberley, England)

Up for breakfast at ~ 8:30 am, interesting meeting at breakfast with a trio of spiritual healers and mediums. Pleasant conversation and exchange of addresses for future meetings. Brief stop at Barclay’s Bank for additional sorely-needed funds and on our way to Bath via Bristol at about 10:00 am.

Bright note on the way was a carload of smiling, face-making small boys in rear window of a car ahead of us. Exchange of displayed written notes for a lively conversation at 70 mph. Boys were duly impressed by Leo’s hat.

Stopped at Bristol for a quick check at a tourist agency regarding ferry fare between Dover and Oostende, brisk walk through shopping streets in search of fish and chips. Found same and had a lack luster meal of chicken, mousaka, sausage and chips. General mood barometer low and stormy. Onwards to Bath – beautiful town full of bustling, camera-clicking tourists and unpleasant, dirty, wine-swigging young punks, complete with shaved heads, Mohawks, tattoos and shabby clothing.

I gor napped in the car, cloaked in a dark mood, while Bev and Leo clicked away at panoramas and the Roman bathhouse.

Back to the car and away to Salisbury Plains and the Stonehenge. Arrived around 6:00 pm – windy, overcast but very imposing. Many photos and interesting chats with the custodians who obviously love the area and its mystical history. Much amused by some of the “wild” theories and imaginary reasons for this impressive “pile of rocks”.

Onwards to London with intentions to find a “Bed & Breakfast” on route. Alas! After much meandering including a personal police escort, ended up paying £57 or \$115 for a stay at the “Royal Academy Arms” hotel with no shower, screeching noisy plumbing and a very lumpy mattress.

Tuesday – March 29 (Camberley, England to London)

Leisure morning with a bath for Bev – but alas, no shower available for grouchy Uncle Leo. Nice breakfast with discussion of Leo's new "BUDGET" and plans for the day, then off to The Big City - - - London. After driving around with major discussions in progress looking for the Tourist Information Center, descended upon the exclusive Harrods, where we spent several minutes with the travel information personnel in discussion of prospective options. Opted (upon Igor's suggestion) to check out the possibility of staying at the YMCA and to the clerk's amazement, were able to reserve "very reasonably priced" rooms. Upon later reflection, decided that we must be the only American tourists to ever book rooms at the YMCA through Harrods's of London, proving to ourselves that anything is possible!!!

On to the Thomas Cook agency on the same floor at the clerk's suggestion to investigate possible modes of travel to Brussels. Turned off by a snotty, wimpy, weak-chinned weasel-mouthed clerk and decided to check in the "Y" and then seek out this information at the US Embassy before arranging our further schedule.

Impressed by the King George's House YMCA facilities and helpful attendant, settled in and then on to a local take-out for some great lamb gyro and a sausage with chips. Then by subway (tube) to the Embassy for information, receiving instructions to return in the morning. Proceeded across the street to deal with a much friendlier female clerk at another Thomas Cook agency. Having scheduled all of the transportation to and from Brussels, we bid our farewells for the rest of the day to an anxious Igor and continued on our way, walking in the rain for a pleasant stop at "Garfunkel's" restaurant for iced coffee for Leo and a scrumptious 2,000 calories hot fudge banana sundae with mounds of real whipping crème for Bev. Discussed a few tour options and walked round-about on our way back to the subway station after a photo session in Kensington Park.

Bought postcards at the subway station and returned to our room for coffee and "poor-man's" pizza (garlic bread) at a very friendly game room/lounge hall combination. Post card session and journal update, to bed at 10:30 pm for continued heavy discussion and plan to see the sights by ourselves via subways tomorrow after meeting Steve, applying for French visas and returning rental auto. Busy day ahead, will leave for Brussels on Thursday morning.

Wednesday – March 30 (London, England)

Up to an annoying sound of a small travel alarm, beeping every 5 minutes until able to tolerate. Washed with Leo's handkerchief as wash cloth and dried per natural breeze flowing through the room. To breakfast with Igor at YMCA dining room for gourmet meal of OJ, fish cakes, croissants, cereal, and coffee/tea. Then on our merry way through crowded London streets during the rush hour to meet Steve at the airport. Miraculously managing to become lost only once and arrived at terminal #3, only 15 minutes late. Rising spirits were soon deflated with a quick check of the arrival board to note that Steve's flight was cancelled. Many anxious moments spent checking the computer with "mechanical" Pan Am hostess and phone calls home to Livonia to find out that Steve was scheduled for the evening flight and will arrive at 9:30 pm or so. With much concern re: our well-made plans for travel to Brussels and visa to be obtained for Steve, we were

soon on our way to return to our beloved little red vehicle which we had substituted for the past week as I gor's surrogate Lamborghini.

Returned to the airport subway to pay for the rental service and parted ways with I gor who was recovering from the negative adventures of the previous night (not to be discussed at this time – see footnote). Proceeded on our way with hopeful but somewhat guarded optimism to the French Consulate where we would place our case to the visualized compassionate French representatives who would surely understand our helpless plight as we planned to leave for Brussels tomorrow and had reservations, making it impossible to stay the needed extra day in London to correctly obtain Steve's visa. Surely - - we visualized - - our explanation would be in order! Instead we found the reality of a 2-hour wait in line to confront stern-faced clerks and directors who carefully hid any compassion that they might have under masks of iron armor and gave an impression that each had spent several hours memorizing standard recorded replies.

With low spirits, returned to the Thomas Cook agency to change our travel plans to Friday. Alas, in keeping with the mood of the day, all bus and hovercraft transport to Brussels were booked completely through the Easter holiday and train & ferry travel was hampered due to the strike, so resorted to lone alternative – Steven and Leo would fly to Brussels, while Bev and I gor would travel as planned, making connection with same in Brussels.

Returned to room for discussion with I gor, then lunch of gyro at a small take-out and a hurried return to the consulate where we received our visas. Then made good use of our 2 hours left before Steve's plane arrived. Photo sessions at the Tower and Tower Palace, Big Ben and Parliament, photos of Guards and "bobbies" and within 2 blocks of the Buckingham Palace, decided to return as time was becoming short.

To airport by subway – Steven arrived on time at 10 pm and through the gates by 11:00. Returned to room for reunion of Steve and I gor, then all to bed after writing several postcards with visions of better days ahead!

Thursday – March 31 (London, England to Brussels, Belgium)

Up early – having packed on the previous evening. Leo, Bev and Steven to breakfast at 7 am with Leo and Steven on the way to the airport by 8 – Bev rested in the room before waking I gor at 8:30 and having coffee with him while he had his breakfast. 9:30 departed from the YMCA, after leaving ---- with proprietor, to Victoria Station, arriving 1½ hours early – long walk to bus station from Victoria Subway of 6 blocks or so --- with much profanity, "should haves" and many rest stops. One hour wait at Bus Station where Bev purchased emergency reading material (Reader's Digest) and rations (fruit & chocolate) for the long bus ride. Arrived at Dover after napping along the way to a spectacular harbor view of Dover.

Checked in at the Hovercraft station with time only for a quick lunch of salad, sandwiches and coffee, plus a quick tour of the duty-free area. On our way after 2-3 photos of the amazing Hovercraft for an interesting ride across land and sea of 25 minutes at 60 mph!

Arrived at our hotel with no one in sight, after a 25 minute wait and 1 phone call to the Chevrant home with "0" answer – dismissed dismal thoughts and the day brightened by the appearance around the corner of Leo, Steven and Herve.

Nice drive to nearby apartment where we were met by Herve's lovely wife Brigitte and their son Didier – fantastic dinner of avocado salad, bacon, meat and cheese dish with peas and carrots, followed by a lemon cheesecake.

“Formage” and coffee with nice discussions and reminiscing between Leo and Herve. To bed with resolve for a busy day tomorrow.

A good night's sleep after a nice warm shower. Staying in daughter Saline's bedroom as she has just returned to school.

Friday – April 1 (Chevrant home, Belgium)

Up at 8:30 for coffee and a nice chat with Didier in the kitchen, a “getting acquainted” period for all. Steven to Consulate with Didier and Leo with I gor off for a walk to a nearby Russian Church. Lovely linguistic chat for Bev and Brigitte, then Bev confined to the bathroom for the next hour with hair brush, shampoo and rollers - - wonderful lunch upon the return of all (except Herve) of salad and a Brussels “pizza”, followed by formage, ice cream and cookies. All very complimentary re: culinary talents of Brigitte and Didier's help.

Off to Brugge to examine Flemish habitat and famous lace goods produced there. A wonderful photographic stroll with the boys patiently chatting as they waited for us around each corner. Purchased gifts for Leanne, a lace unicorn and a souvenir for Bev and Leo, Brussels' famous “Mannequin Pis” in lace.

Great photos and Bev's 1st taste of “Frites with mayonnaise” – magnifique! Complimenting Didier for his expertise as the host for the afternoon, returned for a wonderful evening out with Herve and Brigitte to a small seafood restaurant. Oysters on the half shell enjoyed by all followed by a fantastic dish of cold lobster with spices and warm baguettes. Dessert of cream puff with ice cream with hot bittersweet chocolate topping and whipped cream decoration. Amused by the small size and friendly atmosphere – pleasant walk to Grande Place where we were overwhelmed by the lighting and magnificent architecture – on to see the famous “Mannequin Pis” and returned home at a very late hour to enjoy coffee and conversation.

Boys arrived at 1 am, and after 30 minutes of photography and more conversation, all to bed after “thank you's” and “good nights” by 2 am. Wonderful Day!!!

Saturday – April 2 (Chevrant home, Belgium)

Begun with unexpected heavy discussion. Up at 8 am – coffee and toast with Bev, Leo and Herve in the kitchen. Off to Louvain with Herve and Brigitte with the boys still in bed recovering from last night's activities. Nice drive and chat for half an hour, culminating in a relaxing and interesting tour on foot around the famous campus town with an interesting Flemish history. The language spoken her is strictly Flemish. Activity was down today due to a holiday - - successful photograph session followed by tea and coffee at a local bistro with a brewery attached and a leisurely stroll back to the car for return home.

Superb lunch served with salad, Belgium endives, carrots, Chinese celery, etc and cold pressed chicken/turkey loaf – and of course formage followed by a raspberry deluxe dessert and then

coffee in the living room. Leo and Herve left to pick up the car, boys to play snooker and Bev/Brigitte to rest.

Leo back and very excited re: car rental – the 1st car that he received was a Renault 2100 had a malfunctioning blower/defroster fan, which resulted in a very animated rapid discussion in French between Herve and the proprietor. Since there was “0” availability of a comparable car, amicable agreement was reached for a replacement by a white BMW with sunroof, tape deck and a luxury interior – everyone very happy with the arrangement!

Off again with Herve and Brigitte to visit a church at the Grand Place and do minor window shopping with much drooling over Belgian crystal.

Returned home to find Didier preparing a wonderful meal of lamb, creamed spinach with shrimp cocktail in grapefruit – fromage followed by a special Easter cake purchased by Herve, pastry based with vanilla cream layers and raspberry/blueberry filling, topped with meringue 3” thick. Surprised by a little yellow chick on top of the cake for Bev --- very touching!

Coffee and conversation of Leo’s Shanghai and Brazilian days and a phone call to Gitte and concerned Alan. Much encouragement to Alan re: his recent surgery with leg problems and plan related to see them in 3 days.

Off to room to pack and lay out clothes for tomorrow and to write in the diary.

To bed at 2 am again!

Sunday – April 3 (Brussels, Belgium to Enkhuizen, Netherlands)

Up at approximately 07:28 and off to shower – some accidental water flow diversion caused an alteration to routine and culminated in some rapid, heavy discussion. Routine back on keel and smooth sailing to a family breakfast of coffee, toast, margarine, honey and jam. Off to Antwerp in two cars. Senior members in lead car, followed by amused junior members giggling at Leo’s first trials with stick-shifting and BMW seat adjusting.

With much patient coaxing from Herve and some minor back seat comments resulted however with a successful arrival in Antwerp at around 11 am.

Quick tour of the Grand Platz with its monument to Brago and the Giant’s Hand, short peek into the Cathedral and a leisure walk along the old streets in the vicinity of the Center.

Parted with Herve around noon and onwards to Kapellen to see the house where Leo lived with the boys 15 years prior. Bev’s instinct picked out the correct street “Zilveraanhook Laan”.

Requested the owner/inhabitants for permission to take photos. They very hospitably invited us in but we politely declined since it was Easter and their parents just arrived for a visit.

After a brief chat with I gor’s old baby-sitter, we went looking for some original Belgian “fritter”. Found one in Kapellan to everyone’s enjoyment.

Onwards to Holland – some meandering on country roads around Bergen von Zoom, finally in Holland vainly looking for authentic Dutch windmills. Relatively uneventful drive to Amsterdam. Passengers somewhat seasick from Leo’s initiation into stick-shifting and small car steering.

Amsterdam was overflowing with young people sitting on street curbs, city squares and meandering through narrow streets, puffing on reefers, mostly bearded with knapsacks. We

realized that it was the Easter weekend and everyone is out on a long weekend to enjoy the early spring weather. After some vain attempts at locating a room (FL70 or \$45 US per person!!!), we decided to look into the next town. There we were informed that there were NO rooms available anywhere within a 25-mile radius! The only possibility was at "Land's End" in Enkhuizen. We reached Enkhuizen by approximately 6:30 pm and after checking into a couple of hotels, decided on the "Hotel die Port van Cleve".

I gor decided to return to Amsterdam to check out if all he heard about it was true while the less adventurous members of the party (2 by choice and 1 by mild coercion) went on to a dinner of schnitzel and pancakes. A short walk after dinner resulted in the discovery of scenic shots for the morrow and great animation from Steven in finding a piano on a neck chain.

Back to the hotel for a quiet night, slightly disturbed by the returning I gor around 1:30 am who was unable to waken the soundly sleeping Steven in their locked room, resulting in I gor going to the corner disco to get the address of the owner, waking the owner to open the door to let him in. Bev and Leo slept through the entire proceedings.

Monday – April 4 (Enkhuizen, Netherlands to Hamburg, Germany)

Off to a fairly early 7:15 am start – Bev with rollers and shower first and Leo with all good intentions of shower but distracted at shower entrance for heavy discussion to begin the day. To breakfast at 8:45 with the boys for a very nice semi-continental buffet – coffee and boiled egg served at the table. Packed and on our way at 9:45 – Leo and I gor to find gas for an empty tank (due to I gor's adventure of the past evening --* see postscript), Bev and Steven in search of photographic "ship shots" and the possibility of open shops – particularly a music store for Steve - - very cold - - few photos taken and "0" shops open. Brisk walk with Steve, settling for a photo at a music shop.

On our way to Bremen/Hamburg soon after. Journey to same with varied verbalizations in numerous tones and volumes by all re: driving instructions, seating arrangements, directions, and musical backgrounds. Lunch at a short stop, where we confirmed the information given earlier – that this was indeed Easter Monday and "everyone's" holiday so only short order restaurants are in view. On to arrival at 6:15 pm in Hamburg with visions of a nice little guesthouse and "schweinhocks" for dinner swimming about in our minds! Rapidly replaced previous vision with reality of expensive low-class hotels and our favorite German specialty a rarity in these parts. After being led from restaurant to restaurant by amicable proprietors assisting us in our quest for this ambrosia, we enjoyed a wonderful gigantic "Eisen" at an elegant hotel dining room across from the train station. Money exchanged, postcards and stamps purchased before our meal and we returned to the station for more money exchange and a small tour with Steven – I gor off to do his thing with promises to be careful. Checked on the ferry and returned to our room at the "Hotel Adria-Hof", tired and full – diary updated and postcards written.

Tuesday – April 5 (Hamburg, Germany to Dragor, Denmark)

Up at about 8:00 am, dressed and on our way by about 9:00 am. Everyone in good spirits. Gassed-up at a corner station and on to Lubeck with I gor driving. Uneventful drive till where we stopped for lunch.

Large "schweinohcks" for Leo and I gor (grilled version with crispy pork skin), a "Schnitzel" for Steven and a "Krautburger" for Bev.

I gor recounted his night's experiences seeing a carnival in Hamburg and having a much pleasanter night than anticipated. Short tour of the city with some photographs of the open market and assorted channel views. Switch of drivers in the parking lot with two disgruntled youths banished to the rear seats and Leo driving with Bev in the navigator's seat.

Reached Puttgarten about 01:30 pm, just in time to load onto the ferry for a pleasant crossing with scenic photos, small snack and the purchase of one postcard.

Arrived at Rodby on the Danish border by 3:00 pm and reached Dragor by about 5:00 pm. Gitte was startled by our arrival, one day earlier than anticipated. Much abuse on Leo's head for his thoughtlessness, lack of consideration, insensibility to others, arrogance, rudeness, etc with much threats for a day of reckoning by the Engelsens coming to visit us a week earlier than scheduled in the future.

After a nice afternoon tea (coffee in actuality) with biscuits that were prepared by Alan earlier, we were off to visit same in the hospital. Alan was looking good and healthy, no change from 12 years ago, when Leo last saw him. Met Kirsten, their older daughter. Pleasant chat and photo session in the visiting room with plans to get Alan home tomorrow for a short visit.

Brief drive through Copenhagen and back home for a light dinner and a clothes washing marathon by Bev, with Leo browsing through a Kenya photo album and watching "One flew over the Cuckoo's nest" on the TV.

Wednesday – April 6 (Dragor, Denmark at Engelsen's Home)

Out of bed by approximately 07:30 am for morning toiletries and a continental breakfast. Off to tour Copenhagen in dense morning fog with forecasts of clear skies by noon – high skepticism by all about the weather prediction. Parked car in a department store (Magasin du Nord) parking garage and proceeded on a photo touring expedition in sub zero temperature and gray skies.

Brief stop for cappuccino coffee at "Polykoff Café" with pictures snapped of artwork.

Everyone's spirits elevated by the appearance of blue skies and slightly warmer temperature.

Brief stop at "Ol e Vingood" for possible boys' visit in the evening and a group photo session at the Hans Christian Anderson statue and the Dragor fountain.

Onwards in a rush to see the Queen's Guard by noon – however the Queen had other appointment and the guards did not appear.

Postcards purchased as well as a necklace of daggers by Steve. Long wait at the post office with "take a number" service, very interesting – surprised by the apparent lack of concern by the Danish sales and post office personnel re: lack of proper currency for purchases – both Leo and I gor experienced some minor "freebies" during their transactions. Wrote postcards to Andrei and friends at a café and mailed them before leaving the area. Returned to the department store for a ticket for parking obtained from a meter inside and rushed at the last minute to the car for a hasty exit within the time limit.

Gitte's sandwiches devoured with great gusto, followed by apples and cheese, then on to the site of the "Little Mermaid", where Leo enjoyed a conversation with a Russian tourist from a cruise

ship. Many photos and a leisurely return to the car, chauffeured to Dragor by I gor and photos of misty harbor taken – beautiful but frigid. Brisk walk through the lovely little port (only one of just 2 or 3 of its kind in Denmark). Many photos, Leo introduced to a GM retiree, brief stop at a store, video and home to prepare for dinner and Alan's arrival.

After coffee and Danish pastry (purchased by Gitte) were served, arrival of Alan, Kirsten and her husband Carson somewhat confused by who was invited for dinner and who would partake. Great dinner of beef, vegetables, potatoes and salad with home-made garlic dressing – enjoyed by all, followed by ice cream.

I gor off to do his thing, coffee and cookies served, Steve in the room with the TV , enjoyable conversation by the adults with a photo session before goodbyes and plans to travel together in the US, possibly next summer. Trip planned with a map by Gitte, Leo and Bev – coffee and cookies before bed and off to sleep.

Thursday – April 7 (Dragor, Denmark to Lohfelden, Germany)

Up at 7 am as planned for early morning care. Gitte up to fix a nice breakfast of ham, soft-boiled eggs, bread rolls, cheese, etc and coffee. Nice conversation to a lively “jitter-bug” background – last photo session in Gitte's garden – goodbyes (phone call in morning by 2nd daughter Berta from Africa and Alan from the hospital wishing us a good trip). On our way by 10 am with sandwiches and eggs provided for after staples – put gas in the car and somewhat rocky road to ferry with tension somewhat high – again remarkable good timing in arriving at the ferry just minutes before departure (last car aboard!). Few photos and a leisure walk around deck, then off to a lunch of Schweinhocks, followed by currency exchange, change of seating arrangements and continuation per Autobahn to Kassel area.

Stopped for gas in the nick of time, according to the indicator and Steve was allowed to drive to a nearby small town in search of a “gastehaus” after checking at 2 local “gastes”, which we thought were the same thing - - a rather rude reception by the proprietor of one who was in the middle of dealing cards to 3 players at the bar, the other wanted US \$100 for the 4 of us. continuing on to possible return to Kassel, when we luckily found a lovely reasonable Gastehaus where Steve proceeded to negotiate in German, settling in by 7:30 pm. Boys to the bar downstairs for beer and colorful conversation re: I gor's excitement at seeing a countess in Heidelberg and Steve's anticipation of a possible trip to Paris to see I gor before he moves back. Meanwhile Bev and Leo pursuing a colorful conversation of their own after a rest in a nice comfortable room. Light dinner of Gitte's sandwiches, coffee and cake from the bar, eggs and a banana.

Bev involved with playing beauty shop and seamstress, while Leo read a Russian book - - notes for today per Bev - - then a good night sleep with plans for an early awakening in the morning. Boys back in the room after a short stroll to check out the local scene. Much conversation noted through 11 pm.

Friday – April 8 (Lohfelden to Heidelberg, Germany)

Up at early hour for a breakfast of eggs, rolls, various spreads, coffee and juice. Off to Heidelberg with I gor at the wheel, early arrival at Heidelberg with a change of drivers before Heidelberg with Leo at the wheel on arrival. Anxious to find a Gastehof, but unable to find same,

stopped at 2 hotels without luck – much irritation – I got now at the wheel for city driving and concerned re: finding sleeping arrangements in town to insure his use of the car for his expected exciting evening with the countess. Finally found one with nice rooms above a nearby hotel/gastehof with a parking spot relatively close to the front – settled in after transferring luggage to the 3rd level up many steps. Nice large – very clean rooms with a flag outside of Leo and Bev's room - - devoured the rest of sandwiches and off for a 10 – 15 minute walk to the “walking streets”.

Decided to enjoy a salad at a café on a walking street before the lunch time was over – I got and Steve off on their own to find university “strasse”, while Bev and Leo looking, browsing and justifying the transport of their heavy camera bags – reminiscing re last trip here, Bev's 1st café – photo of Bev and Leo in the area - - - walk to the area of the castle view and returned to find the boys who had a narrow escape from an angry bitch (possibly Great Dane/Doberman) when they were caught in an embarrassing act!

Leo persuaded to partake of freshly cooked waffles obtained by Bev per long waiting line - - - interrupted by pushy Jewish Germans - - - Bev adapting to qualities needed to meet the circumstances. Few photos and leisurely stroll back to the room, watching for the boys along the way. Unpleasant showers when nearing the room, rest for all when discovered that boys had returned previously – shot naps and photo of boys “in their natural state – fast asleep”, before a dinner of Schwein hocks for Leo and I got, home-made noodles and pork dish for Bev and an encore of weiner schnitzel for Steve.

I got on his way, and Steve off to see sights for himself while Leo and Bev off with cameras and umbrella in hand, ready for anything. Steve met us as we were just leaving and was persuaded to join us. Told us of the fireworks that we had missed and showed us the daggers and/or knives that he hoped to purchase in the morning.

Window shopping and disappointed with poor lighting at castle – cold and wet – stopped at a café for ice cream coffee, sundae and hot chocolate – returned to room and quickly to sleep.

Saturday – April 9 (Heidelberg, Germany to Franconville, France)

Up at a more reasonable hour – Steve off to make important purchase after being the 1st to eat breakfast. I got, Bev and Leo enjoyed the usual breakfast with I got sharing the disappointing events of the prior evening – very upset with the knowledge of his friend's drug problem – support given - on our way after Steve's return and display of charm with a Heidelberg crest emblem and hunting knife – very proud of same.

Off to Luxemburg with I got driving and Bev, Leo and Steve all asleep after a short time. Time very limited in Luxemburg, short stop and photos by Bev on entering the city area, beautiful view of bridge, old towers, etc – parking place finally found in a parking area after a somewhat frustrating drive through crowded streets – photos, \$ exchange and lunch in a “USA '50s” drive-in. Had a special of fries, salad and steak – very tasty – few more photos and back on our way with postcards purchased and sent to the Dellingers.

On to Paris with concern due to "0" francs for toll areas. Steve somewhat irritated because the infamous French visa had not yet been checked – concern was relieved after the toll station officer assured us that any currency will do and the discovery that we could use our VI SA credit card. We were also shocked to see a fellow traveler with \$s in hand walking to a police vehicle at the toll station – when questioned re: same, we found out that he received a ticket for speeding 163 kpm(100 mph) and the lesson cost him 900 francs (\$150). Needless to say, the mean speed of the Kalageorgi/Thode car was reduced immediately.

Entered France – many stops along the way to call Guy with no answer – new concern prominent, after checking maps decided to find Francoville and possibly the Chaillon home per selves.

Arrived near the Guy's home at a gas station, but Bev unable to convince the driver that she knew the way, winding through small streets of the area arrived at an Arabian restaurant in an obviously lower class area. After a somewhat confusing and agitating conversation by Leo and I gor with I rene on the phone – enjoyed some cus-cus and proceeded on our way to be met around the corner by Guy who scolded us soundly for not making our arrival plans clear, then welcomed us. Steve and Bev to their rooms after a short welcoming conversation and Leo and Guy up to till wee hours reminiscing while I gor off to Paris and then to go home to his apartment for the night.

Sunday – April 10 (Chaillon home in Franconville, France)

Up at a late hour and met by Guy and I rene for a nice breakfast of croissants, coffee and toast, home-made plum preserves made by I rene. Phone call to I gor with no answer, some concern but decided that he must be on his way - - received call from a sleepy I gor soon after relating his last evening's adventures when he returned to his apartment to find that the lock combination had been changed as is the custom to do periodically. This led to him to sleep in the car till morning - - arriving to pick us up in 1 hour. Bev and Leo for an interesting photo session and visit to the local outdoor market with Guy and I rene for the week's shopping – lots of conversation and jokes with the proprietors – Steve showering and waiting for I gor's arrival – I gor, Steve, Bev and Leo finally off to a tour of Paris after a nice lunch of a tripe dish, several meats and bread with mineral water. Guy and I rene to visit parents 10 miles away.

Grand tour of Paris with much frustration on parts of photographers due to "beautiful shots" but impossible situations – Bev tried on several attempts by standing with head through the sunroof with more frustration – I gor enjoying the situation immensely – viewed the Arch of Triumph, Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, Place de Concorde, the outside of the Louvre, Opera House, Pigalle, and the Montmarte area to see the Church of Sacre Coeur – nice walk through the area, coffee at a local café. The torturous winding road made for difficulty in parking – many photos of the view of the entire city with I gor enjoying our pleasure with the view.

Short shopping trip for Paris postcards and a book and shirt for Bev. Drove to the Palais De Congress where we were left to our own defenses by I gor and Steve with directions to Guy's house, which we followed very well and arrived at Guy and I rene's only 20 minutes late.

I gor and Steve "on the town", while we enjoyed some succulent salmon/trout with cucumbers and shrimp and a great sauce prepared by our hosts – cheese after a nice salad, followed by cake with strawberries. Guy, Bev and Leo then returned to Paris to meet the boys at the designated "Lady

Hamilton" café at L'Etoile – coffee, hot chocolate, coke and beer and nice conversation enjoyed by all. Steve excited about meeting a new 24-year old friend whose father is a famous plastic surgeon in Brazil. Guy relieved when saved from a ticket for illegal parking by haste to car and close call re: tricky parking by other officers at a red light, which he was consequently unable to see. Left Igor at his apartment after goodbyes as he had to return to work the next day. He was employed as a clerk at the OECD Nuclear Energy Agency, whose purpose was to further the development of the peaceful uses of nuclear energy by sponsoring economic, technical and scientific studies and projects. The rest of us returned to Guy's for late to bed after a busy day.

Monday – April 11 (Franconville, France to Brussels, Belgium)

Up at a decent hour, nice "continental" breakfast, last minute photo sessions and goodbye or rather "au revoirs" as we mutually promise to see each other again, either in the US or in France, but definitely soon!

On our way back to Brussels to return the rental car and head on home via Heathrow in London. A relatively uneventful trip as we were all "toured out" with all passengers dozing off much to the annoyance of the designated driver who was fighting to stay awake.

Arrived at the Chevrant home late in the evening to be greeted by Brigitte, Didier and Brigitte's sister Josephine – Herve was away on assignment. Beautiful dinner and early to bed after the long drive.

Tuesday – April 12 (Chevrant home, Belgium)

After breakfast – Leo, the meticulous planner, called and made reservations for a tourist bus ride from Brussels to Calais, France to catch the "Hovercraft" across the Channel to Dover, England and Heathrow airport for our return home. Seemed like a proper "chain of events" with minimal time between them but fully "do-able".

The rest of the day was relaxing and brief conversations in Leo's halting French and Brigitte's limited English with Steve doing last minute "things" with Didier and returning the rental car.

Wednesday – April 13 (Brussels, Belgium to Detroit, USA via Heathrow, England)

Up early in the morning to catch our bus at the town of Mons for our ride to the port at Calais and our "Hovercraft" ride to England. Everything went well and according to schedule – until Brigitte, who was driving the Chevrant car, shared with us that she normally leaves all the driving to Herve and is not very comfortable behind the wheel. Nevertheless we arrived without any mishaps at the bus terminal and made our departing ceremonies with hugs and promises to keep in contact.

We proceeded to the tour desk as Leo noticed a beautiful large bus departing from the curb - - - then our carefully planned schedule came unglued!!! It was our bus to Calais and it was GONE! The only bus on that day.....we asked the clerk on how we could meet our scheduled Hovercraft departure time, and were advised – only if we catch that bus at its next scheduled stop. We asked him to use the phone to call Brigitte – he declined and pointed to a public telephone across the street. We rushed up to the phone only to see some woman having a leisure conversation in French. After tapping our foot, pacing around the booth, she finally hung up and started to make another call. At this point after waving his arms and looking violently menacing, Leo finally got to the

phone and called Brigitte, who has just arrived home. Poor Brigitte came back for us and with white knuckles drove us to the next terminal about 20 minutes away where we flagged down the bus and got on. So much for carefully laid plans of "Mice and Men"!

No more adventures after that – we caught our Hovercraft in time and made it to Heathrow just ahead the boarding of our flight for home.

Left from Heathrow Airport in London at 1.15 pm on Pan Am Flt 55, non-stop with lunch arriving at Metro, Detroit at 4:40 pm.

APPENDIX H - Travel Diary of Blue Ridge Parkway Trip (October 15 to 22, 1988).

Saturday – October 15 (Our home to Hagerstown, MD)

Started out and succeeded with one try to leave this sunny morning at 8:20 am. Uneventful drive to the Ohio Turnpike in search of a restaurant where Leo had previously eaten at. Stopped for brunch at 11:30 after 137 miles of travel (1st turnpike service area). Great smorgasbord breakfast/brunch finishing with a delicious melon with absolutely no room left for more.

Continued on with a few short stops for gas, comfort and ice cream (Breezewood) at a very nice McDonald's where the "employee of the month" served us. On to the Pennsylvania Turnpike where we began looking for a room in 2 cities prior to Hagerstown with no success.

Were put on a waiting list in Hancock but decided to go on. Frustrating but pretty drive way off the main highway to Indian Springs where they have never heard of motels and we were very proud of ourselves for keeping calm, cool and cheerful. Finally found our way to Hagerstown where we checked in the "Luxury Budget Inn" (not either), settled in and strolled next door to a family restaurant for blackened pork chops and fish. Fairly early to bed after some reading, resolving to never again to indulge in such a late and filling meal.

Sunday – October 16 (Hagerstown to Rockville, MD)

Left Hagerstown at 9:15 am after breakfast of granola, fruit, coffee, vitamins and protein – well fortified, endured 90 minutes drive to Rockville without incident. Arrived at Rockwell determined to find our way without further instructions but soon agreed that this was not a realistic proposition, neither was the 2nd proposition of asking instructions from gas stations and local police station a very realistic one. Semi-helpful clerk at the police station was unable to find Elena's street name on the local map. Finally made a list of instructions after we reluctantly made a phone call to the house. We had the street name incorrectly as McGrader when it was Magruder!

Greeted with open arms by Elena and Igor and almost immediately invited to sit for coffee, bread, cheese, hors d'oeuvres and lively conversation. Up to our room for quick nap and then joined by an American/Russian couple whose son (on honeymoon in Hawaii) is a geographical scientist working in oceanography. Nice conversation, then to dinner at a favorite Chinese restaurant "The Peking Chef" for a great meal. Returned home for a quick photo session and early to bed.

Monday – October 17 (Rockville, MD)

Up early and arranged to take Igor to Gaithersburg after breakfast with Elena and Igor (and walk with Bobby). Found our way without too much difficulty to the Department of Motor Vehicles, where a very nervous Igor was hopeful that he would be happily handed a Maryland Driver's License without incident. Unfortunately his fears were somewhat realized as he found that he would be required to provide proof of a clean record in Michigan first.

Returned to the house for a few quick phone calls re: same for Igor and then a short nap followed by lunch fixed by Igor. Decided to perk up with all by spending the rest of the afternoon at a local theater for a film that Igor wanted to see - "The Accused" with Jodi Foster and Kelly Magilles. Film was enjoyed by all and we returned home to find Elena preparing an early dinner of a great roast, caviar, mushrooms, marinated herring, sauerkraut, onions, pickles, garlic and etc. Yan Kuk at the table with us.

Early to bed after reading and in anticipation of an early rise to drive to the Richmond area as we had told Aunt Alice by phone in the morning that we would arrive by 10 to 10:30 am.

Tuesday – October 18 (Rockville, MD to Charlottesville, VA)

Up early for breakfast with Elena, Leo's walk with Elena and Bobby, and conversation with a sleepy Igor who was to accompany Elena to the store. Plans were made for a return visit in April for Russian Easter and Kyra's Baptism. Left by 8 am and on our way after waves and goodbyes, arrived in Mosely (suburb of Richmond, inhabited by a very small population including the Fosters) at 11:00 am.

Again, feeling adventurous, decided to find our own way and were successful this time with the help of a small country store clerk. Very proud of our efforts, we arrived to surprised look of Aunt Alice at the door of her new "rural" residence of only 6 months. Served coffee and cake with preserves while enjoying a lively conversation about relatives, Enfield, Mule Day, etc. Photos were given and a cup that had belonged to Grandma GG – photo session of house and surrounding area, brief walking tour through the house with an explanation of photos – nice lunch of sandwiches, salad and ice tea, then joined by a "laid-back" Hibbs for more conversation and photos.

On our way after encouraging them to visit Michigan next summer and arrived at Charlottesville area for a frustrating, unplanned tour of less desirable areas while looking for a motel – settled on "University Lodge" motel with an East Indian proprietor and after a very nice walk to a nearby Chinese restaurant for a good meal and some conversation with the Chinese waitress who was shocked with Leo's statement that he is ¼ Chinese. Enjoyed a dessert of Lichee, then early to bed and sleep.

Wednesday – October 19 (Charlottesville to Buena Vista, VA)

Early rise at approximately 5:30 am – after some discussion and a short nap, up for a healthy breakfast of granola, condensed milk, honey, pine nuts and dried fruit with banana. On our way by 8:45 am to Monticello. Arrived with a multitude of senior citizens who curiously checked us out as an abnormality to blue hair and cane-assisted walkers.

The tour of Monticello was very interesting and educational. Jefferson called for state and local governments to safeguard the rights and property of citizens. He held that all men had the right to be informed, and thus, to have a say in the government. The protection and expansion of human liberty was one of the chief goals. He also advocated reforms to the state systems of education. He believed that their citizens had the right and should be educated no matter their circumstance or status in life.

He was OUR kind of man! We did much photography of the grounds which was somewhat stressful due to the inability of positioning 2 cameras on one tripod! Bev was exasperated by senior citizens who constantly intruded into her carefully framed panoramic shots with Leo in a blue funky sulk due to appropriated tripod and lack of same to do some real classy hypofocalling!

Bev somewhat miffed when a friendly photographer complimented her on her "antique" Nikon while Leo kept his face straight during that conversation.

We started our official "Blue Ridge Parkway" tour at 12:48 with an appropriate opening shot at the entry. Our spirits were somewhat lifted after seeing the awe inspiring beauty of the colorful fall foliage and the breathtaking views of the mountains and valleys. Traffic was relatively light and we covered 30 miles in 2 hours of photography with an elevation of moods and spirits. Light meal at Whetstone

Ridge and a scenic drive to Buena Vista on Hwy 60 just 4 miles off the Parkway. Stopped at a pleasant motel – “Buena Vista Motel” for an early night after a journalistic catch-up

Thursday – October 20 (Buena Vista, VA to Blowing Rock, NC)

Another early rise and repeat nap after some discussion. Out of bed for a granola and fruit breakfast in the room and on our way by 8:25 am. Leisure scenic drive through Otter Creek with shots of the “Terrapin Mountain” (highest point on the Parkway in Virginia – elevation 3950 feet), peak at Fallingwater Cascades (too dark to photo and waterfall was just a trickle), “Peaks of Otter” and “Purgatory Mountain”. Leo took a comfort trip at the waterfall and assisted the trickle – Bev in approaching, progressively high discomfort. Final relief was attained at the “Smart View” camping grounds.

Shortly after beginning of our drive along the Parkway, we were surprised, as we rounded a curve, to find a small deer loping along down the middle of the highway towards us. It was apparently less surprised than us, the deer moved out of our path slowly to its right and continued jogging merrily into the woods

Stopped for nice lunch at milepost 174 at the “Woodberry Inn” for a sumptuous buffet with ice tea. Then onwards to Mabry Mill, Meadows of Dan and the North Carolina stateline at milepost 218. Through the help of a detailed map, that we picked up at a Ranger Station at Rocky Knob, we found motels and eating places. The friendly ranger was shocked that we made it this far without the official map!

Enjoyed the visitors along the way with a high concentration of senior citizens of all shapes, sizes and temperaments, mostly trim, neat, well-dressed and friendly

Stopped for the night at Blowing Rock (milepost 292 on Hwy 321) at the “New River Inn”. Very jolly, friendly host with a booming cheerful welcome. Great cabin type rooms (all maple and oak with a very Southern atmosphere). Some minor shopping for doughnuts and cinnamon pinwheel sweet rolls. Snacks and TV till about 10 PM.

Friday – October 21 (Blowing Rock, NC to Newport, TN)

Drizzly, overcast morning resulted in a later than usual start. Watched Donahue’s program – “Is marriage better tha living in sin?” – interesting observations by the participants. Left the motel at around 10 am for a breakfast, country style, at the “Blowing Rock Café”

On the road by 11:15 with some concern about the weather – visibility very poor with many patches of fog. However some interesting photo experiences, including, Leo getting lost on a footpath and wandering around in a mild panic along leaf covered trails and mountain streams.

Brief stop at “Moses H. Cone” Visitor Center and purchased an audio tape of mountain ghost stories. Interesting listening as our van weaved through spooky patches of fog. Bev particularly liked “The tale of a tail”.

Spent the night at a “Budget Hotel” in Newport, Tennessee.

Saturday – October 22 (Newport, TN to Utica, MI)

Uneventful return to Utica, Michigan and “Home”!

APPENDIX I - Travel Diary of Canadian Rockies & NW USA Trip (August 19 to September 8, 1989)

Saturday – August 19 (Our home to Grayling, MI)

We left our home on a sunny morning at approximately 11:00 am escorted by 2 brethren of the Dark Power (Steven & Shanana) and made it all the way to the “Star” Family Restaurant on Rochester Road where we stopped for a nice breakfast.

On the road again by about noon – M59 & I75 northbound. Short coffee break and a “pit” stop near Saginaw. Delayed morning start was due to a poor translation of instructions for the Luggage Carrier Assembly. Reassembled it 3 times with curses and consultations in English, Russian and Danish.

Heavy traffic with lanes narrowing down to one lane due to construction. Bev & Leo remarking on how convenient and handy a “CB” would be under these circumstances. Reached Houghton Lake by about 4:00 pm for a nice visit with Mom, Dad, Kendra, Sammy and Tammy. Mom served us a tasty turkey dinner and Dad brought out our birthday present – a “CB” radio.

Some cute photo sessions with Kyra and Tammy. Drove on after hugs and best wishes to the “Aquarama Motor Lodge” for the night.

Sunday – August 20 (Grayling to Paradise, MI)

Getting Luggage loading to a science – Leo and Alan loaded it in 7 ½ minutes! The weather was overcast and drizzly, but we had a leisure breakfast at “The Copper Kettle”, enjoyed by all but Leo due to his cold hash and eggs. On the way again at 9:30 am with a short pause at Mackinac to pick up brochures and traveler information and to discover that Bev’s photo exposure meter does not work!!!

Arrived at Paradise, MI approximately at 4:00 pm and were met by a jolly “Berliner”, Heidi who had an animated conversation with Alan in German. We tried to call Uncle Oldrich and Aunt Fran but the phones were not working. Got over to the Bitnars at approximately 5:30 pm for a “super” visit, both they and Michael looked great. Many hugs, photos and videos and then off to the “Paradise” restaurant for dinner of baked chicken. Kyra was an angel, as usual.

Returned to the Bitnars for a nice conversation, more photos and photo viewing, pie, ice cream, tea, coffee and a video show. Minor excitement was generated by an “emergency” phone call from Igor which was resolved quickly by a return call to Washington DC. All impressed by the mature behavior of Mike, who has 2 years of college and 1 year of cadet school to become a State Police officer. Returned to the “Traveler’s Motel” after a photographic escapade with 3 snowmen in the dark! Anxious to see if jovial expressions warrant 4 yellow pieces of tape. To bed by 11 pm after preparing clothes for next day.

Monday – August 21 (Paradise, MI to Nipigon, ON)

Up at 5:00 am for a very, very long day!!! Because of the anticipated unusually long day’s haul, we decided to leave without a major breakfast. Small snack in the room – tacos for Leo, crackers for the rest. Kyra had milk. On the road by 7:30 am – Hwy 123 to Hwy 28, then east to I75 and Sault Ste Marie. Changed currency on the US side at Can \$ 1.15/US \$ 1.00 and we were off to Canada.

Slight formality at the immigration post and the Engelsens received a new stamp in their passports. Easily found Hwy 17 on which we will be nearly all the way to Calgary. Stopped at an Indian Trade Store for purchases of matching sweatshirts for Bev and Leo, moccasins for Kyra and postcards for Alan and Gitte. Many photos and then on our way to Michipicote Bay for a delicious fish dinner/lunch (wonderful trout enjoyed by Bev) and a beautiful view enjoyed by all – a few photos and on our way. Very long remainder of day's journey with stop at a bridge over a rolling stream where Kyra dipped her feet in the chilly water – more photos, soda water and change of drivers and on our way again, much to the pleasure of the local fisherpersons.

Arrived at Nipigon, tired, hungry and somewhat irritated by the long ride (434 miles) through frequent construction areas – quickly revived by a nice trout dinner for Leo, Alan and Gitte and Greek salad for Bev (milk for Kyra). On to the “Beaver Motor Motel” to settle in for a much needed rest with baths for Kyra and Bev. Glad to be well on our way – we are grateful that most of the remaining days of our travel will consist of less mileage! Man at the desk was humorously irritated due to being left to tend the desk alone when he'd “rather be mixing concrete” and reservations give him a “headache”!

Tuesday – August 22 (Nipigon to Nester Falls, ON)

Up at 5:05 am, out of bed that is and on our way at 7:00 in heavy downpour – drove for 1 hour before stopping for breakfast and shopping at Thunder Bay. Fantastic breakfast at “Golden Waffle” restaurant – cheese blintzes for Leo, pecan cinnamon waffles for Bev and grilled cheese for the Engelsens with 10% discount – much excitement generated by Leo's discovery of a “man-sized” toilet. Kyra's 1st experience in a High Chair was successful! Shopping at connecting mall for postcards, stamps and mail box. Stop at A&P for lunch supplies and juice, ice for the cooler and on to Kakabeka Falls and small photo session although somewhat overcast, drizzly but warm.

Long drive resumed towards Nester Falls – found a lovely picnic area at a new provincial park information center area. Nice lunch of cheese, crackers, bread and juice and a few photo and video frames. Continued on in great anticipation of viewing the International Falls – with hour getting late, and all somewhat tired, we decided to pass through the area without viewing the falls, when we found out that they were not immediately visible and a gas station attendant showed a nonchalant attitude when questioned about the same. All somewhat disappointed but optimistic, Gitte verbalized satisfaction at substituting 3 puddles for same - - - on to Nester Falls where we entered the “Lake of the Woods” area (our favorite so far). Beautiful small winding inlets and lakes, all connected, wonderful photo opportunities. Gitte and Alan ecstatic upon arrival at a lovely yellow log resort – “the Arrowhead Motel”. Weather warm and sunny – photos after being greeted by a very helpful gentleman – brief walk around the area and then we drove to dinner, stopping for fantastic photos of some small falls near an archeological dig site, also photos of the motel area from across the lake.

Nice dinner of walleye and a beautiful view of the lake, seaplanes across from the motel/restaurant. Met a very friendly gentleman traveler from Chicago, saw humming bird and returned to our rooms for a good night sleep.

Wednesday – August 23 (Nester Falls, ON to Brandon, MB)

Up at 5 am and on our way by 7:30 – somewhat hungry and sorry to leave this beautiful area – few stops for photos at lovely falls across the bridge. Leo concerned about Bev lying on the pavement for best photo view – on to Kenora for breakfast of oatmeal after some discussion of where to stop.

Husky atmosphere, crowded and leaving much to be desired – decided on a motel/restaurant with nice view, pleasant service by a young mom of 3 girls. On our way for travel through the plains area interrupted only by a photo session at the border of Ontario/Manitoba. Leo demonstrated to all why one should carry a camera bag at all times – two trips back across the road leaving tripod and subjects in precarious positions – nice break and on to long journey to Oasis (found on map by Alan). After a stop in Winnipeg for colorful experience at backing on a one way street – video session in Winnipeg – rolls and small pies purchased by Gitte and excitement/entertainment provided by colorful local inhabitants over cake cost, cake box and general irritation.

Impressed by friendly attitude and helpful nature of a passing lady and a boy in offering to assist if we were lost, offset the negatives inside the bakery. Lunch of rolls, cheese, meat pies and juice – Kyra really enjoying being held and the outdoors. Enjoyable lunch hampered only by flies in abundance. Cute little lady in a baseball cap enjoying her lunch in her car. Arrived at Brandon at 7:00 pm, very nice rooms at “Journey’s End” motel, and a crib for Kyra, who enjoyed a quick swim in the tub after a warm and sticky day. Got dressed and out for dinner across the street in an Ukrainian restaurant with a nice young lady waitress, very patiently answering Leo’s questions re: nature, origin and preparation of all of the entrees. Borscht was enjoyed by all except Leo, kielbasa, kasha and cabbage with pierogizs was enjoyed by all. Kyra was hailed as the most beautiful baby ever seen by the waitress and we left an extra large tip.

Kyra all smiles and in good humor as usual, on to our rooms for a good night sleep. Some discussion by Leo with a gentleman traveler from Winnipeg who “knows someone from Hamtramck”, blueberries enjoyed by Alan, Gitte and Bev.

Upon arrival at motel – Alan was impressed by the “greeting” and had an exciting conversation with a woman standing in the road in front of the lobby, wondering if all are greeted in this way by chatty female in shorts and halter top.

Thursday – August 24 (Brandon, MB to Swift Current, SK)

Reluctant to arise, finally up at 5:30 am and on our way at 7:30 after a breakfast snack of cookies and coffee – 2 or 3 postcards written and mailed after first stop at an Information Station and welcome area into Saskatchewan. Photos of the sign with the 5 travelers – rolling wheat fields beside the station – spoke with a nice German couple travelling in a VW van with German license plates.

Breakfast in Saskatchewan at Moosomin in a nice restaurant/motel – Gitte very hungry as was evidenced by an order for 2 large breakfasts, pancakes for Leo and Egg Benedict for Bev, bottle for Kyra. All appetites satisfied, resumed our journey to Swift Current with a stop for a photo session at a hay mound with Gitte showing adventurous spirit in portraying the Statue of Liberty, while Leo, Bev and Kyra demonstrating what happens to those who “mess around in the hay”.

On to Regina and a shopping excursion to the local Safeway for purchases of deli items, bread, fruit and H2O. Rewarded by a persistent pursuit of a picnic table in Pense (local inhabitants total 560), very friendly and helpful people found us a nice shaded table with all of the necessary facilities close at hand. Great meal enjoyed by all with sweet potatoes enjoyed by Kyra via Papa - - on for uneventful 1 ½ hours to Swift Current with Leo Buscaglia accompanying us (his voice) – a brief photo session of unusual clouds and train. Arrived early in Swift Current, set up the rooms with Leo, Alan and Gitte off to investigate a shopping mall in search of postcards, etc. Bath for Kyra with play session enjoyed by

Kyra and Mom, bottle and off to sleep early while adults enjoyed KF chicken salad, rolls, tea, pie and assorted etc's – postcards written and to sleep by 10 pm, weather becoming quite cool.

Friday – August 25 (Swift Current, SK to Calgary, AB)

HAPPY 6 MONTH BIRTHDAY TO KYRA!! Awake at 4:45 for heavy discussion! Leo up for shower at 5:15 and Bev fully awake by 5:30. Rainy and cold morning – coffee for 2 and peaches enjoyed – on our way by 7:30 with all in jovial moods. Kyra delighted with cute toy given to her for her 6 month birthday (lawn mower shaped with bright colors). All noted and praised our obviously improved organization in packing the car for the day.

Stopped at Maple Creek for breakfast of soup and grilled cheese for Gitte, Alan and Bev and eggs with sausage for Leo, amused by the typical western atmosphere and the locals. Kyra was presented with a gift of a book (baby animals) and card from Auntie Gitte and Uncle Alan. After putting book in the mouth, she agreed that they have “good taste”!

Alan & Gitte off to the bank, while we purchased a few postcards and passed up a deal of \$150 for our tripod. Uprooted plant lying across the trunk of a driver ahead of us raised some questions and possible explanations. Stopped at a local super market and on our way to Calgary. Stop at the Alberta at state line welcome tourist station – signed the guest book – weather clearing at 2 pm – snacked on fruit and arrived at Calgary at 5 pm at the Budget Motor Inn. To room to settle in and out for enjoyment of culinary highlight at the “Keg and Cleaver”. Unusually large and complete salad bar, enjoyed by Bev, Alan and Gitte, while Leo found escargot filled mushroom caps irresistible! All treated their taste buds to a superb teriyaki steak and ginger broiled shrimp with corn on the cob with wonderful bread. Followed by coffee and Leo sampling the special house dessert of “Lemon Silk Pie. Off in search of the Olympic site for a photo session, and then return to rooms. Bev was somewhat disappointed when the caretaker at the Olympic site was inconsiderate in choosing seconds before the “best shot” to extinguish the flame!

On return to the room, Kyra bathed, still in great humor. Leo to 7-11 for laundry supplies and Bev up with clothes duty till 12:00 midnight – several postcards written in the interim and a phone call from the Engelsens thanking us for the lovely day.

Saturday – August 26 (Calgary, AB to Golden, BC)

On our way at 7:00 am to Banff – brief tour of Banff and breakfast at “Phil’s Restaurant” – wonderful menu but food mediocre, continued on after buying postcards. Many photos taken at the town center, flower gardens and administration buildings – amusing melodrama observed with a young man and woman traveling with an older couple, presumably their Mom and Dad. Mom was obviously disenchanted with Dad and emphatically refusing Dad’s amorous attempts at redemption – all angry and poker-faced, noticed upon pulling away that the name given to their truck/camper was inappropriately “Joy-Craft”.

On to Hot Springs where we made a quick tour of the parking lot before going on a gondola ride. Kyra riding “kangaroo style” in Papa’s pouch. Cold, rainy and overcast with quick glimpses of view from the mountain – few photos of the friendly mountain inhabitants with horns. Leo making good use of the video equipment.

After an hour’s drive with the weather clearing somewhat, we arrived at Lake Louise at 15:30. Many other visitors, verbalizing enjoyment of the beautiful view through chattering teeth. Long photo

session for Leo, while Bev and Kyra warmed up in the car – mutual decision not to take the gondola ride at Lake Louise due to impaired visibility and chilly temperature. On for early arrival at Golden. “Golden Gate Motel” with a lovely view – Gitte more postcards and dinner at “The Pillars” Greek restaurant – salmon for Bev, barbeque ribs for Leo and house specialty of prime rib for Gitte and Alan – return to rooms for early to bed for Leo and Kyra, Bev playing “Beaute Shop” till 11 pm. Good night rest had by all.

Sunday – August 27 (Golden to Hope, BC)

On our way by 07:30 am – all in good humor with many stops along the way for mountains, clouds and very impressive scenery. Stopped at the beautiful town of Revelstoke when we were unable to find the glacier on passing through the Glacier National Park. Revelstoke was a lovely town, nestled in a valley with gorgeous scenery at each turn, we found a quaint little German restaurant with authentic cuisine – wonderful brunch enjoyed by all with Kyra entertaining everyone with gurgles and chuckles while proud of herself in the new role as “Big Girl” in a highchair. Luscious soup, Ruben, bratwurst, sauerkraut and hot turkey sandwiches followed by a Black Forest cake, strudel and ice cream with cheese cake (for Leo). Photo session of 5 satisfied customers surrounded by a lovely floral setting of the cottage-like restaurant fare. On to many photo sessions of beautiful winding lakes and mountains. Visited a “Ghost Town”, somewhat touristy but pleasantly surprised to find a lovely garden setting with an old railroad engine, continued along later in the day, as the weather became more overcast, towards Hope on the toll highway with stops to change drivers and for “hyper focals” of mountains through weeds and train track.

One additional stop for shots of sun/ scenery with “star filter”. Arrived at Hope early and were somewhat distressed to find that our rooms were on the upper level with steep stairs to climb, Alan also upset at the high rate for 2 queen size beds. Relocated across the street at the “Alpine Motel” and Gitte with Alan off to a small restaurant next door for seafood platters, Leo engrossed in making arrangements per phone for social activities in hopes of seeing a few Shanghai friends. Bath and playtime for Kyra who now says “Mom-mom-mom-mom” for bottle and laughs and giggles constantly. Off to dreamland after being fed by Mom and a marathon post card writing session engaged in by same. Leo fast asleep by 11 and Bev shortly after.

Monday – August 28 (Hope to Nanaimo, BC)

Awoke to heavy discussion and a pleasant morning. Late start was justified by a short drive expected to Vancouver and a light travel day – potential major disaster was averted by removing a missing roll of 24(ISA 400) film from Bev’s camera where it had accidentally found its way – packed and on the road by 8:30. Short stop at the travel center – on to Vancouver with plans for stopping for breakfast near same. Frustrating stop at a small suburb and unable to find food – return to crossroad and continued to Vancouver – Bev and Leo becoming increasingly agitated from lack of food – tempers not improved with attempts to follow scenic route and decision to eat on the ferry after 1 hour’s wait in line for the ferry ride.

Disappointed with the available food and service on the ferry – had rolls and coffee interrupted by photo activity by Leo. One and a half hour ride to Victoria area with expectations of lovely, relaxing, scenic drive squelched with realization that the solid red line on the tour map was not the road as expected but 1,000 small zig-zagging connecting roads. Leo and all of the well-meaning back seat drivers becoming even more agitated. A short stop at a beach area to escape the “hot air” within the

van – on to Nanaimo with visions of vittles becoming predominant. Stopped at Duncan at “Pioneer House” restaurant for curry for Leo and spinach salad and soup for Bev – Kyra in high chair with pillow ate mixed veggies with gusto – muffins and tea Alan and Gitte, who were saving their appetite for bigger and better things in Nanaimo.

Arrived at the “Bluebird Hotel” and spoke with the lovely lady at the desk. Up to our rooms and Alan and Gitte settled into Suite #30 with stove, refrigerator and lots of room – minor disturbance while Bev became well acquainted with the bathroom. Leo off for coffee with Alan and Gitte, but changed his mind and Alan and Gitte went for lovely seafood dinner at the “Van Gogh Restaurant”. Bath for happy Kyra with play session with Mom and Dad - - playing possum with Mom until put into crib, then eyes wide open suddenly and laughing. Leo on the phone with attempts to reach Marina Kezin who in turn was trying to reach him. Spoke with her mother and said he would return the call on the next day.

Tuesday – August 29 (Nanaimo, BC)

Off to a somewhat late start after deciding to sleep in this morning, expected at George and Jean Tzvetkoff’s only at 14:30 pm. Leo, Bev and Kyra walked to breakfast with stroller – breakfast of crepes and potato pancakes was mediocre

Had a short romp with a puppy on the lawn near the office and following a suggestion given by the lady at the front desk, we went to the Rutherford mall to find an Indian store after picking up Alan and Gitte. Visited Post Office – purchased socks for Bev at the mall and off to the Indian store for major purchases of matching deerskin shoes, T-shirts for all, necklace for Steve and lovely cards for our European friends. Returned to the motel to prepare for our social visit and arrived at George’s home at 14:45. Introductions and social chatter with Kyra playing with the grandchildren Erin and Michell (their son Steve’s children). Took a tour of Nanaimo drive to the Cathedral Grove and drive to Port Alberni, where there was a large untouched cedar forest with some trees over 300 years old. Photos taken, then back to the house with a brief shopping trip to the local grocery store for “Pampers”.

Wonderful, scrumptious dinner served by Jean – Leo in his glory after spicy kasha, fresh salmon (caught by son Andy), served with zucchini, asparagus and a beef dish with rice. Cheese cake and melon for the finishing touch with coffee.

Pleasant meeting with Walter, who arrived after the meal with some banana bread (made by his wife, who also was a nurse) in hand. All enjoyed it with coffee and animated conversation of “old times and experiences in Shanghai. Photo and video sessions followed with video viewing later by all. Brandy was served and more conversation followed before a reluctant exit to return to the motel.

Leo called two other friends and we were off to bed preparing for an early awakening tomorrow.

Wednesday – August 30 (Nanaimo, BC to Everett, WA)

Early start to catch the ferry at 7:00, arrived at 6:40 and on our way towards Vancouver by 7:15. Found a table on the boat for coffee and muffins while doing a marathon writing session in order to finish cards to European friends and postcards to family. All finished except to our friends at the table. Diaper change for Kyra while waiting for the expected arrival time

Search for directions to Olga (ne Orlova) Jorgensen’s house was successful and we first stopped at a gas station and market nearby to finish postcards, rest, “potty” and food. Arrived at Olga’s for nice conversation, again, of bygone times after introductions – all impressed with the lovely artifacts

throughout their lovely residence. Were joined by Darryl (Olga's husband) and proceeded off to a Chinese (naturally) restaurant for a nice but fast lunch and more conversation of travel and experiences.

Quick exits, good-byes and apologies in order to be at Tania/Marina's at the expected time. (Tania Soboleff is the widow of Leo's classmate in SJA – Orest Sobeleff and was visiting from Brazil). Photos upon arrival of Marina (Tania's daughter) before her departure to work as an airline stewardess. Lovely visit, coffee and desserts were served by Tania and grandchildren were enchanted by Kyra and very well behaved and attentive – tour given to all by them of their rooms. Met their paternal grandfather and on our way for a 2 hour drive to Everett.

Finally found Motel 6 after an exasperating attempt to follow written instructions – settled in then dinner of soup and meals at "Momma's". To bed early.

Thursday – August 31 (Everett to Yakima, WA)

Up early for breakfast at "Momma's" – Gitte had pancakes and cornflakes, Alan had oatmeal, Bev had grapefruit (special) and an English muffin, Leo had pork chops and eggs (also special) and on to a 3 hour ride to the Lorentz home with one short stop for free coffee at a visitor's center and a photo session, while Leo phoned John. Directions were given for our speedy arrival at the Lorentz residence and all were met with open arms (Persian style) by John and Godriz for tea and lively conversation with John in the living room re: the "hostage drama" in Iran. John proudly recounted his accomplishments and we were duly impressed – enter Davina (their daughter) and more introductions. Topic was changed to gymnastics and Davina's accomplishments. Met son Nathan on his arrival, very nice, polite and considerate young man, lively conversation continued after a tour of the "children's" rooms. Leo was agog at Nathan's computer.

Dinner was served – a nice meal of a rice dish, fish and salad served by John's wife, Goldriz – photo session was interrupted before dinner was completed as Nathan had to be on his way – cookies from Israel where Goldriz was for 3 months (she had arrived home just a day before our visit), cake was enjoyed as well.

Goldriz was very taken with Kyra, whom she held while the rest of us enjoyed our meal and insisted on holding her through a great deal of the visit (Kyra was equally agreeable to the arrangement). More photos in living room and outside with John giving us instructions for suggested visits along the way to Yakima. Goodbyes with resolve to repeat visits soon.

First stop was at "Multnomah Falls", 2nd largest water fall in the USA of over 600 feet'. Few photos taken from the parking lot across the street since we had no time to take a walk through the tunnel under the road for a closer look and view.

On to 2nd stop at the "Bonneville Dam and Fish Hatchery", where we saw the fish ladders from below and above with fascinating views of salmon swimming up-stream to spawn. Few photos taken and Kyra was obviously excited by the sound and sight of water – looked as if she would like to join the fish. Continued on our way through the beautiful rolling mountains and valleys following the Columbia River along the border between Oregon and Washington States towards Yakima, which turned out to be a much longer trip than expected – frustrating, as we had no time or light for potentially fantastic photos. Hungry and tired we arrived at Motel 6 to find that Bev, Leo and Kyra's room was on the

upper level without a parking spot near by – needless to say we all slept well when heads finally hit the pillow.

Friday – September 1 (Yakima, WA to Coeur d’Alene, ID)

“Slept in” till 5:30 am, up and ready with plans for breakfast and drive to Spokane, hopeful to meet with Don Hamilton (Photographer friend of Leonid) and his wife, Lorna. Made phone call to same with recorded message left – 2nd call just prior to leaving at 7:30 was successful. Hamiltons agreed to wait for our arrival prior to leaving for a planned weekend camping vacation. Delighted by the great highways we made very good time and decided to stop for breakfast at a small town called Vantage for quick much needed refueling of the travelers and the travel vehicle – great breakfast of wonderful omelets (Spanish with bacon) for Bev and Leo and oatmeal for Alan, eggs and hot cakes , which Gitte was surprised to find were pancakes (again) – feeling much better we resumed our expedient trek to the Hamiltons, where we arrived to find a note on the door and son lying on the lawn.

Playful romp with a calico cat and a rest in the wonderful sun until greeted from car window by Don and Lorna. Welcomed with open arms and much enthusiasm – Don, an extremely energetic, talented and interesting guy, wife the same but appeared to keep Don’s feet on the ground at times. Tour of their studio and discussion of the upstairs gallery and downstairs work and developing area. Main floor had an interesting array of photo paraphernalia. Photos taken of all and gifts from Don of photos taken by him Alan & Gitte and Leo & Bev, also Garrison Kieller photo, loan of his tapes from Don’s valued collection and film for Bev. On our way after nearly mistakenly taking one of his lenses and new batteries for Bev’s lens finder in an attempt to repair.

On our way to Coeur D’Alene where we were met by rain. Used the opportunity to rest and do washing. Gitte finding American laundry fascinating, photos taken, returned to rooms. Gitte and Alan went shopping for much needed food supplies for the next day with a stop after at a KFC for carry-out dinner. Nice quiet succulent dinner in Bev, Leo and Kyra’s room of chicken, mashed potatoes with gravy, beans, rolls and seltzer water. Kyra fast asleep after wearing Daddy out for 2 hours while Mom doing laundry. Slept through the entire night and next morning till 6:30 am

Saturday – September 2 (Coeur d’Alene, ID to Yellowstone Park, WY)

Up extra early due to time change and the impending long journey – impressed with lake and hope to return someday – accompanied by Garrison Keiller with great delight of all. Stop at Butte for great steak meal for Bev and Leo, halibut for Gitte and Alan. Beautiful scenery from Coeur d’Alene to Yellowstone exit at Garrison.

Stopped at information and greeting station for rest and spoke to a very nice and cordial gentleman in a pottery shop who suggested that we visit Cody and enthusiastically gave us hope of seeing lots of animals, including elk who “fight” outside of the lodge on the front lawn.

Arrived tired and somewhat irritable after the long trip at the “Mammoth Hot Springs” motel, irritated due to long walk without easy access to the rooms, but problem was solved by an eager and cheerful bell-hop. Gitte and Alan off to find coffee and food – Bev and Leo satisfied with bagels, cheese dip and peaches. Relaxing break to write more cards. Kyra exhausted also promptly asleep after nursing. Restful night had by all.

Sunday – September 3 (Yellowstone Park, WY)

Up at 5 am on a beautiful sunny morning and to breakfast for Leo, Bev and Kyra at the dining building, Gitte and Alan ate in their room. Met them in the dining room and on our way after exciting viewing of a local elk herd of an exhibition of how to keep your ladies under control – fun experience with great photos and video.

Began walking to the geyser area and decided to take the car – good decision! Many photos of beautiful geysers, hot springs areas on our way with many stops at Norris for photos of geysers and basin – returned after a full circle to the Tower Falls area where a nice gentleman in the “photo section” saved Bev’s vacation by recovering the film tab in a roll of Ectar 25 film.

Ice cream, walk to the falls and return to “Mammoth Hot Springs” to begin our trip to “Old Faithful” area between Norris and Tower Falls – very mountainous windy road. Arrived at the “Old Faithful Inn” and got situated in our rooms after picking up more film and Kendra’s T-shirt. Leo and Bev on to the main dining room filled with reservations, made decision not to eat, reversed and joined Alan and Gitte after a very long walk to the adjoining motor lodge buffet. Bev off to photo shop after arriving in search of someone to assist with her “sick” range finder – found out only that the batteries were OK.

Wonderful fish dinner enjoyed by Bev, while Leo spent an endless 20 minute patiently waiting for some luscious ribs. Animated conversation and short photo session with a young man from Italy. Returned past “Old Faithful” over the wooden walkway to our rooms under clear sky, very dark and stars filling the sky. Welcomed retirement for all.

Monday – September 4 (Yellowstone Park to Gillette, WY)

Took advantage of “closed road” as an excuse to sleep in a bit. 6:15 am, after a somewhat restless night (heat in the room was set too high – turned down finally at 2:00 am). On to breakfast as planned with all articles packed and ready for bell-boy by 7:30 only to find a line already assembly for check-out. Finished with breakfast by 8:30 only to find out that “Old Faithful” had erupted at 08:19 without our presence – decided to wait for the next scheduled “show” at 09:30 – good photos taken and on our way for a beautiful drive along Yellowstone Lake with much control exercised from temptations to stop every 5 minutes. Stopped at east entrance for ice and Kyra’s buffalo after stopping by the roadside for a close close-up of a real live buffalo grazing. Approached within 10 feet (cautiously). Buffalo, unlike many viewing visitors appeared to be unfazed by the encounter.

Next stop was Cody and the “Trail City Ghost Town”, where Gitte and Alan toured and Bev took photo shots for 20 minutes. Pressing on through varied mountains and plains (all beautiful), we arrived at Greyhill, nice little town with western stores. On to Shell (population 50) for a quick stop at a lounge café where we interrupted a party in progress (it was Labor Day) and were politely requested to go “down the road a piece” to the “Wagon Wheel” family restaurant. Great steak (prime rib sandwich, fillet mignon and chicken fried steak) on a small terrace porch overlooking a brook.

Continued on our way for a long 5 hour drive to Gillette through very windy mountainous scenic country until Hwy 90. Arrived at the “Prime Rate” motel and were met by a pleasant surprise – lovely spacious rooms with Indian décor, courteous, enthusiastic young man at the desk was very helpful (he was the proprietor’s son). Leo, Bev and Kyra off to the whirlpool for a relaxing soak. Kyra in her glory in the warm/wet surroundings showing off for the video. Restful and quiet night after some night-time discussion.

Tuesday – September 5 (Gillette, WY to Rapid City, SD)

Up late at 6 am (alarm not doing its job). Bright and Sunny morning, packed and on our way after a nice continental breakfast at 7:30. Rode toward the Black Hills area through rolling plains dotted with working oil wells. Alan, very concerned this morning about some blood in his urine last night. We reassured him that it could be due to the altitude and the prior exhaustion.

One hour drive to the Tower Rock area and many photos with a visit to the information center for the story the “Devil’s Tower”. Some excitement was generated by three playful deer jumping the fence and crossing the road in front of us, then stopping after jumping the fence on the other side out in the field to observe us with great curiosity, before loping away across the field. Viewed and photographed 3 climbers on the Tower and spoke with a young man on a motorcycle who was on leave from Florida (Navy), doing a 10-day quick tour. Photo session of Alan with deer in the background, then with cautious but curious prairie dogs. More photos and shopping at a store near the entrance and followed suggestion to drive to Sundance for a meal at “Higbey’s” – nice taco salad and sandwiches, very Western and homey atmosphere.

On to view “Mount Rushmore with some minor irritation at discovery of “touristy atmosphere” – spent 2 hours in photo sessions, then a stop at Keystone, a small shopping village close to Mount Rushmore, photos of nice fireplace with Kyra – interesting walk through the tourist and antique shop – arrived at “Motel 6” at 7:30 pm – telephoned Steve.

Leo and Bev tired and argumentive re: dinner or staying at motel – Leo off in a huff with Gitte and Alan and Bev joined them in a short time later on foot with Kyra. All more relaxed, happy and forgiving. Enjoyed a nice salad and sandwiches. Kyra having a ball playing with the top in a “big girl” chair. Returned to motel by 9:30 pm.

Wednesday – September 6 (Rapid City to Sioux Falls, SD)

Time change today – sunny warm morning, up at 5:30 am. Breakfast in our room of granola and yogurt – Kyra bright-eyed and entertaining Dad’s video with a proud display of her newly found ability to sit up, surrounded by pillows, wearing new T-shirt from Tower with ponies.

Late start after looking for mailbox for G & G day card – one step behind the mailman. Another late start after stopping for “staples” of soft drinks and jerky – quiet, uneventful drive with curiosity slowly stimulated by signs proclaiming “Wall Drugs” the “everything store”! Stopped with intentions of satisfying curiosity and spent 2 hours touring the largest most equipped “Drug?!” store ever seen. Many photos and video pictures of the delightfully decorated décor, taking 5 minutes to enjoy 5 cent cup of coffee. Fun photo session outside with special focus on “Bronco Buster” Leo and “Romeo” Engelsen.

Reluctantly on our way to a stop at Murdo in the early afternoon at the “Star Family Restaurant” - prime parking spot selected between 2 police cars and feeling very safe, enjoyed a great meal of pork chops for Leo, cod for Gitte and Alan and walleyed pike for Bev, with apple pie and ice cream enjoyed by all. Kyra made friends with Grandma of 3 girls (waitress) - purchased place mats and hurried on our way to see the “Corn Palace”.

Arrived at same after precariously following directional arrows leading through the small town of Mitchell. Somewhat hurried photos before the setting of the sun. Ice cream for Alan and Gitte and nice T-shirts for Bev and Leo (Broadway & Pink T for Bev and a Tiger for Leo). Spoke to a nice young lady who Kyra especially liked in a small shop – reminded her of “Sissy”. Adventurous Bev

trespassing in the local Police Station/City Hall for rest-room. Stopped again around 2 or 3 pm at a nice rest area, overlook for a few photos and conversation with a navy vet.

Bombarded by a “bug shower” on the way to the “Motel 6” for our room at Sioux Falls. Before retiring, all together had a meal in our room of cheese, crackers and dip with corn chips. Then, Bev and Leo huddled together to sleep on a vibrating bed – all asleep within 5 minutes!

Thursday – September 7 (Sioux Falls, SD to Oshkosh, WI)

Unanimous agreement to rise and shine at 4 am with the intent to leave at 6 am. Heavy rain and stormy, but we were out of bed by 4:30 am and on our way at 6 am with Bev driving through heavy rain and storm – van returned to bug-less condition – stopped to eat at 10:45 at “Windmill” restaurant in Dexter – Gitte unimpressed with Minnesota landscape, proclaiming “it’s very Scandinavian – I should have stayed at home”.

Leo was surprised at finding a “baby-changing” station in a rest stop near Lakefield in the Men’s Room! Bev was ecstatic proclaiming victory for women’s rights like Garrison Kiellor’s description of life in Minnesota were verified. Crossed the Minnesota/Wisconsin border before becoming aware and stopped at the visitor’s center in Wisconsin for photos and visit with a nice lady who gave Kyra information re: Oshgosh.

Rode back over the bridge to photograph us with Minnesota sign, took a wrong turn trying to return over the bridge a 2nd time – frustration – on our way again driving non-stop to Oshgosh for a 1 ½ hour of frantic shopping and photos. Arrived at our room at “Motel 6” at 6:30 pm. Some confusion re: our room, crib, and a gentleman who had been evicted just before our arrival from the room that they gave us. Finally settled down and unpacked into rooms 143 and 141. Rested for an hour with Alan not feeling well. Drove to ‘50s Drive-in for a nostalgic fast-food dinner with photos. Early to bed.

Friday – September 8 (Oshkosh, WI to Utica, MI)

Slept in until 06:15 and left at 08:30 am with a stop for breakfast at nearby “Perky’s” – Bev and Leo had nice omelets and cold cereal for Alan and Gitte. Kyra now so proud of her ability to sit up in a high chair, keeps Dad entertained by dropping toys to see how fast he can retrieve them. Decided that it was impossible to go home happy without 1st returning to Oshgosh for Mom and Dad!

15 minute shopping trip developed easily into 45 minutes – Gitte and Alan very frustrated – Mom and Dad trying on all available sizes of bib overalls much to the dismay of all waiting to use the dressing rooms – returned to the car, broke but happy – leaving many happy faces behind us as well.

Potential 3 hour drive to the boat, developed into 1 ½ hour – passed Poland, Denmark, etc – arrived early at the dock. Tickets purchased, waited 1 hour for loading, very disappointed with facilities and management. Long and hot boat ride with Kyra having difficulty getting to sleep – cooler on the deck but very humid. Time change and arrival at dock in Ludington, MI at 8 pm, airconditioner on, headed for home.

APPENDIX J - Chapter I (Beverly's Summary our 1st year in Russia - 1991).

Zdrastvooyt^eh ! *To all of our friends and relatives at home and in various places abroad. As much as I would prefer to send completely hand written letters to all, practicality has set in and realizing that there are several interesting experiences and facts regarding our new environment that we wish to share with everyone, I've decided to write a general letter of information and enclose it with our next correspondence to each of you. Besides, my dear and efficient moozh (that's Russian for hubby) has been standing ready to lead me into the realm of the P.C.----so here goes.*

Well, as you can see, here we are safe and sound and adjusting with enthusiasm to our new home. We've been here for two months now and have run the gamut of nearly every emotion we know how to express---and then some. All in all, I would say that our days are predictably unpredictable and always interesting if one keeps an open mind. Things never occur as planned or on time and everything is subject to change. The local phone system is unreliable and since most folks don't have a phone anyway, we never know when company may arrive.

We are delighted to report that our finished residence is much larger and nicer than we had anticipated. We have nearly every modern appliance that we enjoyed at home in the States, however, as we've discovered from experience, if something doesn't function for one reason or another, one does not simply pick up the phone to call a repairman. It is a great deal more complicated, since most of our appliances were shipped from other countries. The renovation completed in our apartment by the Danes is lovely and unique. The walls are covered with a corrugated paper material that is painted to color preference. The ceilings are unfinished knotty pine panels that I particularly enjoy as they put me in mind of the cottages in northern Michigan. We are also pleased with the results of our own efforts in planning, purchasing and shipping all of our furnishings, equipment, supplies and etc. Careful planning paid off and we are seldom heard to say..." I wish we had remembered".

For those who would like a quick tour of our living quarters...follow me. Our apartments are on the fifth floor of what is actually a hotel of sorts, although it is not really discernible from the many other apartment buildings in the area. There is constant activity and a security doorman. There is also a double elevator which is operative... most of the time. After entering our main door, there is a three room (+ bath) to the left designated for Leo's offices and a two room (+ kitchen and bath) area to the right which is the guest quarters and awaits your visit. Straight ahead another main door leads into a large, very bright and colorful hallway which Kyra claims for her playhouse, climbing equipment, car, toys and such. At the end of the hall is a double security door which opens to a glassed in area leading to a fire escape.

We keep the outside doors locked but by opening the inside doors, can enjoy the sunshine and extra light through the day. The area to the left in our residence includes a mirrored dining room with a window open to a small kitchen. A smaller window on the opposite side of the kitchen opens to a cozy family room and library where we can enjoy tapes from home, write letters or just relax in matching recliner rockers. There is also a storage/workout room where most of our supplies are kept and we can watch ourselves working off the pounds in another mirrored wall. This area is Leo's favorite as it also houses his very own bathroom—

completely uncluttered by feminine articles and, most importantly, always available!!

To the right of the large hallway is a living room where we can also watch videos and view the two available T.V. channels and English cable Super station. Kyra is happy to see Kermit the frog and her Sesame Street friends speaking Russian in specials and we see Russian Disney every Sunday eve. Although we didn't have the cable channel at the time, we were able to witness fairly adequate coverage of the recent events in Moscow. To continue with our tour, a large laundry room and very large freezer are also located on this side as well as our bedroom and Kyra's room where—if you were to visit—she would probably show off her “big girl” bed, complete with Sesame Street and Little Mermaid bedding and her collection of favorite books. Kyra and I share an appropriately cluttered feminine bath on this side as well. There are a total of three walkout balconies which we will soon have enclosed for safety reasons and will then feel more comfortable using. Blinds cover all of the windows and so far we have not missed the absence of draperies. To glance out of any window at night, one might for a moment imagine themselves in New York or an apartment area of any American city... but hardly so during the day.

We are located in what is referred to as New Town and certainly appears as such. There is constant construction underway in every direction and this encouraging progress (in three work shifts) is the view that we enjoy from every window. Most of the new buildings are apartments, long spoken for by families now sharing dwellings with other family members and their families. Along with food distribution, housing is one of the largest problems now being addressed in the Soviet Union. We are indeed living like royalty, comparatively speaking.

The twenty-five year young city of Togliatti, itself was constructed on the site of the old Russian town of Stavropol-on-the-Volga. It is located about 600 miles S.E. of Moscow on the Volga River and named for the longtime Italian Communist Party secretary Palmiro Togliatti as an honor to the Italian Fiat company contracted to build the giant automotive plant here. It is the home of a large hydro-electric power station as well as many other factories and industrial organizations, but by far the most important is the Volga Automotive Works (VAZ) which is responsible for the majority of autos (the Lada) produced in the Soviet Union.

The Zhiguli Mountains border on the east and the area is very green, similar in climate to Montreal, Canada and felt by the Russians to be one of the more healthy regions since a constant mild breeze cleanses the area and pollution is more controlled. There are in fact many camping areas for children and “health” camps along the Volga where one can go to reap the benefits of healthy “natural” living. In these areas car travel is restricted and only bicycles allowed. Much of the region is heavily wooded and in terms of landscape, might put one in mind of the foliage in northern Michigan, but the lack of tender loving care (lawn mowers, flowers, shrubs and etc.) can be an unfamiliar and offensive sight until adjusted to. The population is very young, average age being in the low 30s.

The reason that we are here, incidentally, is that VAZ has contracted G.M. to assist them in incorporating fuel injection into the manufacture of the Lada. In 1992 there will be new and stricter laws in Europe governing emission controls and VAZ must adapt. The Russians are also very interested in pollution control and environmental problems. We have learned from experience, as a matter of fact, that if one sits in a standing auto with the motor running it will not be long before a concerned—sometimes irate - citizen taps at the window with a reminder to turn off the engine.

Very low on the list of priorities here appears to be the planning, building and maintenance of the travelways. Construction, uncovered manholes, flooded areas and huge potholes dot the roadways which are unlined and unmarked in most places.

Traffic in what usually designates the center lane appears to flow in both directions---often at the same time. To complicate matters, lighting is very poor at night and hitchhiking is the order of the day (or night) as busses are grossly overcrowded and most Russians don't own cars of their own. Those who do may be found at times playing taxi for a few extra roubles. All of this was brought to our attention one evening as our first house guests, a lovely well dressed young couple we had met on a previous trip and their two young children of 2 and 4 years prepared to leave. Assuming that they had driven or been delivered to our door by family, we were shocked to learn that they had hitched a ride for the ten mile drive from the apartment they shared with her parents and planned to return that way. It was not uncommon they assured us, but as we drove them home we became painfully aware of yet another of the many day to day obstacles the average Russian faces just to function. There is so much room for improvement here and most, although they seem to show a great deal of patience, are anxious for it.

As to the Russian people, they are very similar to Americans in some respects and very different in others. Most are very well read, aware and intensely interested in the changes taking place in their country...as was apparent in the recent coup attempt. Although most are anxious for positive changes, they need direction and lack the knowledge and incentive it will take. After years of literally being taken care of by the government, they lack the initiative and understanding even though the will is there. They are used to getting by in the manner that they are accustomed to and like most of us, are wary of change when the new is unknown. They are very warm and caring people, very family oriented and children are often the center of attention. I have been showered with gifts of apples, plums, grapes, tomatoes, various sauces, jams and preserves...some complete with instructions.

For example, we were warned not to go outside after eating a particularly delicious raspberry jam as it is good for "opening the respiratory tract". Another is a medicinal cure-all which I am sure has-all! It must contain every berry and herb grown here, and tastes it too. We've been busy filling the fore mentioned freezer for the winter, and so I was very pleased when one afternoon I was descended upon by three lovely ladies: two Luda's (short for Ludmilla) and the daughter of one, Tanya. They spent the entire afternoon and evening instructing me in the

preparation of pelmeni and the canning of plum compote.

Pelmeni, for those who have not had the distinct culinary pleasure, are addictively tasty little Russian dumplings which take literally hours to prepare but worth every minute (according to Mr. K.). They are delicious! They are filled with ground lamb, beef, pork, onions and seasonings, frozen and cooked in broth just before eating. I can promise you that there will be some on the table for you to enjoy during your visit! Compote, for those who are curious, is a drink made by filling large gallon jars 1/3 full of fruit and then adding boiling sweetened water to the top before sealing. After standing for a while it forms a nice juice and one may also eat the fruit.

Also in the interest of filling our freezer, we have made several trips to the market. There are two markets. One is in Old Town and one in New Town. Here, the local farmers are allowed to sell their wares to the local residents at competitive prices. What is left is then bought up by restaurants, schools and etc.

On a weekend when the weather is nice one might well compare the market area to a crowded fair grounds. Rows and rows of stands on the inside and outside of a large building are occupied by merchants of all kinds selling various vegetables, a few fruits, meats and miscellaneous goods. Outside you can also find rows of individuals standing and displaying the items that they have come to sell. There are clothes, a few pairs of shoes (there is a real shortage), cats, dogs, birds, fish and any number of miscellaneous items.

There is hot Shashlik (a shish-ka-bob), local custard and a few other snacks that the locals are wary of since one isn't sure of their preparation. It's a very colorful place where almost anything and almost anyone can be found. Kyra enjoys sitting on Papas shoulders as we walk here. It is safer and of course with Leo's height, they are never out of sight! Most food items are sold by roubles per kilo and each seller has his or her own scale. The buyer must provide a container. Luckily we came prepared with plastic bags and I've joined the others in making a habit of washing, drying and reusing them due to a shortage. (Not a bad idea ecologically, either).

Buying meat is an especially interesting experience. One does not purchase a cut___it's a chunk. Further preparation - grinding, chopping, trimming and etc. takes place at home. Although it is not the most appetizing method of buying dinner, we've found the meats (and vegetables for that matter) to be exceptionally good.....probably because they are fresh and lack any preservatives. The price is right too, since \$1.00 is now equal to about 30 roubles, a move made by the government not too long ago to stabilize the market. For the Russian people, however, the buying power of the rouble is decreasing and their wages have not increased to compensate. To us the cost is minimal, but to the average Russian, exorbitant. We are also able to buy milk, cheese, sour cream, bread and various other items from a couple of private restaurants in the area with whom we have made special arrangements. This is especially handy since the average Russian must stand in line daily for most of these items...frequently separately.

In an effort to settle in and create a pattern of normality in our daily lives, we are each pursuing our own interests. Leo spends hours daily in his office devoted to this new venture and keeping the lines of communication open. Kyra and I walk a couple of blocks two mornings a week to a "kindergarten" where she is enrolled. It is a large fenced-in area where a red brick building houses several offices and playrooms. Each has a teacher and nanny and although some classes may have up to 20 or so children, Kyra's class has only 5-10 depending upon the day. There are designated play areas outside for each class (Russians believe in enjoying lots of fresh air) where a covered play area contains a large sand box, wooden car, playhouse, play platform and etc. We enjoy the outdoors even when the weather is much less than ideal. A long walk - parade style - is usually included in the activities. A long nap for Kyra is also usually on the agenda upon returning home on school days!

The staff is very proud of the fact that all of the decorations, toys, children furniture, small beds and etc. are hand made (most of it by them) and although it is not state of the art, they have every reason to be proud. The handwork, painting, craftsmanship and unique display design is lovely. We were very pleasantly surprised! Actually, the kindergarten is a day care and most of the kids arrive at 8:00 a.m. and leave at 6:00 p.m. or so. Kyra spends only the A.M. with them which includes lunch. Mom stays as well since language is still somewhat of a barrier, and everyone feels more comfortable that way.

I am still entertaining thoughts of introducing the concept of Nursery Co-op on a small scale somewhere down the road. On the way to and from school we pass many school children walking arm in arm and carrying brief cases and school bags. Common uniform for the girls is long sleeve black full dresses with white cuffs, stockings, pinafores and large net pom pom bows on top of their heads. Many also have a long braid down their back in typical Russian style. They are really cute! The boys wear navy uniforms and jackets with silver buttoned lapels and look very studious. There is a definite stress here on uniformity in keeping with the socialist mentality. Class time, even in the kindergarten, is very structured and children are encouraged to do everything together. Most even seem uncomfortable at times doing something other than what the group is doing. It's amazing to me - given the short attention span of most two year olds - that the teacher is able to accomplish this.

I'm sure that she must be exhausted at the end of each long day!

As I mentioned before, driving in Togliatti - or for that matter anywhere in Russia - is not for the faint-hearted and can be hazardous to the health and so, for this reason as well as convenience, we have a driver who takes care of our transportation to most places. We have an Astro Van which affords us an air of comfortable familiarity (we've owned three previously) but which at the same time draws long stares while driving and big crowds while parked. Young boys of 8 to 12 or so are particularly curious and have lots of questions. Leo also has a small Lada provided for him for work.

Our driver is a very nice gentleman in his sixties who has become our friend as well. His name is Nicolai and he, like most of the folks we've encountered here, seem to go out of their way to

see to our happiness. We have particularly fond memories of a beautiful, warm and sunny Sunday a few weeks ago when Nicolai invited us to his "datcha" for the day.

The drive was about 1-½ hours and took us to the rolling countryside beside a part of the winding Volga. The land was given to the village people some time back, it seems, and it was covered with rock, brush and trees. They divided it into small plots, cleared it and built small cottages by hand with whatever materials they could find. The plots of land are now thick with plum, apple and pear trees and every inch of the rich soil is utilized in the harvest of vegetables of all kinds. Here they spend every weekend (much as we would at a cottage) enjoying nature and working for their harvest.

Nicolai's datcha has running water, a kitchen with cooking facilities and two bedrooms and he is very proud of it. He is in the process of finishing an upstairs room. The Volga is about ½ a mile away---via a very winding, sometimes steep and rocky pathway. The view is beautiful and we felt in great shape after completing the climb down and back. We were joined by Nicolai's daughter (who is now teaching in Germany for 6 months), his son-in-law and also his daughter-in-law (his son died suddenly in a hospital two years ago) and her two young children, Nastia (Anastasia)- 11, and Serozha (Sergei)- 2 ½. Needless to say, Kyra was entertained all day and Nastia as it turned out was a great help to me and found it great fun to "trade" words. She would give me a "tomato" ----I would then return a "pahmeedor". Like most Russian children, she is very anxious to learn English and Nicolai tells me that she is practicing some special English songs to sing to me.

A highlight of our day at the datcha was a wonderful meal prepared by the entire family. Nicolai cooked his famous shash-lik on an open fire and there were boiled potatoes, fresh vegetables, freshly baked bread and watermelon and cake for dessert. Later on the way home we passed through a village where old women (often with their cows beside them) were positioned along the roadside. One could stop and exchange an empty gallon jar for a full one of fresh, still steaming milk. The milk needed to be boiled before drinking, but was quite creamy and good. The next few days were spent in canning and freezing the buckets of plums, apples and etc. that we had helped to pick on that delightful day.

We have made quite a few friends while here. One is a very nice young man named Urey and his wife Marina. When we first met Urey he was alone with his oldest daughter, Nastia- 9, while his wife and youngest daughter, Irena-6, were visiting relatives in Siberia (a five day train ride one way). He and Nastia spent a couple of enjoyable days with us and the entire family joined us for dinner shortly after Marina's return. Kyra thinks the girls are great fun and wishes that they'd come more often. Leo and I, of course, celebrated our mutual birthday on Sept. 9th and especially missed friends and relatives at home on that day. Urey was very thoughtful and touched both of us by stopping by with roses for me and a book for Leo.

We've also made friends with a young couple who speak English well. Seppo, a good-looking blonde Finn is here working on a building project and Tanya (a Russian) is a very lovely and vibrant gal whose company we enjoy. We recently accompanied them to a private preview

(arranged by Tanya) of a new Chinese/ Russian gourmet restaurant and club. It was very unique, a culinary delight and we gave it four stars without hesitation.

The language barrier continues to be a problem for me though less and less so by the day. The week of concentrated "Russian" I had at Inlingua prior to our move provided great building blocks but now the actual construction must take place. I had my first real Russian conversation on the plane from Moscow to Togliatti during our initial move. I was carrying the family cat who was on a leash (the usual mode of travel for pets here) and standing in the aisle while waiting for my seat. A small girl petted the cat and her father asked, "Kak zavoot?" ("what is the name?"). "Koshka zavoot Dimmock" (Smookey), I replied, very pleased with myself! Then, of course, the barrage of questions followed----Russians are very curious-----and much as I would love to have continued this lively conversation, I was literally at a loss for words. Unfortunately, this scene has been a familiar one and my desire and resolve to become more fluent in the Russian language is given a gentle nudge on a regular daily basis. To assist in this regard, we have enlisted the assistance of a lovely young lady in her twenties who works, attends school and now instructs me in Russian as well three nights a week for two hours each night. We are making great progress!

Our experiences here have been many and varied. One of the most enjoyable was a five-day trip last week by train to Moscow. We left at 6:00 p.m. and spent the night on the train in a private sleeper which was quite comfortable. We packed a "picnic" dinner and tea was served. It was relaxing, cozy and warm and the fall color along the way was in peak. Hopefully, it was only the first of many rail adventures that we'll enjoy.

Moscow is BIG!!! A Russian New York City, it seems. We spent the time with some good friends (a prominent Soviet photographer and his wife) who visited us in the States a year or so ago. We did some minor sightseeing and some major shopping for special articles from home and abroad at two foreign joint venture food stores. Stockman is a Finnish firm and The Irish House is, obviously, an Irish/Russian joint venture. It has only been open for a month. Both are expensive - about twice as much as U.S. prices. We understand that there is also a new German firm which is larger and less expensive. We were lucky to find most of the items on our list and Nicolai made the round trip drive to Moscow to carry home most of our purchases, including some precious ice cream and frozen veggies on ice.

While we were in Moscow we enjoyed a nice dinner at a very elegant "American Style" restaurant. It is the first of very few privately owned enterprises and somewhat of an experiment since this sort of individual business was not permitted a short time ago. The food was good and the service excellent, though the company was the most fascinating of all. We dined with a young man named Jaime who is a reporter on assignment in Moscow from Brazil's largest newspaper. Needless to say, the stories of his experiences (especially during the coverage of the recent coup attempt) were mind-boggling. His charming young lady friend, Maya (isn't that a lovely name?), was equally interesting. Recently changing her major from astro-physics to biophysics and chemistry, she is completing post grad work on her

Doctorate. Both spoke English well and seemed just as curious about us as we were about them.

In terms of economic strides here in Togliatti, there is so much happening that it is nearly impossible to keep track of. A young man we know is trying to organize a market for travel tours, another, a market for selling and exporting Russian art.

Still another, a Russian State Senator who we have become friends with, is in the process of organizing a very large international business seminar here to make companies based in other countries aware of the opportunities and needs here. Everyone wants to get involved in one thing or another and it's exciting to watch! Well, that brings you up to date on the life and times of the Kalageorgis as of late.

If you've made it all the way to this point (God bless you), I would like to share one more experience briefly. Although there have been daily trials and tribulations, for the most part our stay here has had a positive focus. The one exception was the attempted coup in August, barely two weeks after our arrival. It was indeed a frightening experience although I don't feel that we were at any time in immediate danger. Fear of the unknown can be very powerful and for a short time what would come next was anyone's guess. I can honestly say that our biggest concerns came from knowing that there were many who were worried about our welfare and well-being. Our satellite phone helped a great deal after the dust cleared. Even with all of the concern, I must say that it is exciting to be in the midst of such historic changes. We watched with great pleasure and reassurance (as I'm sure you did, too) while the masses of patriotic Russians gathered in non-violent but defiant protest against the threat to their newly adopted democratic principals ---- and the good guys won!---How thrilling!

In retrospect we'd like to thank you for all of your positive thoughts of concern, both verbal and written. We felt them all and feel very cared about! Keep them coming...letters would be appreciated, also!! Our courier system delivers every Thursday and we promise to answer all letters we receive. Our address is: Leo and Beverly Kalageorgi c/o GMOC - Togliatti, USSR

G.M. Bldg, Room 3-220 Detroit, Michigan 48202, USA

Our satellite phone is quite expensive, but we can be reached if necessary at: 011-873-140-2154.

Remember, we are 8-11 hours ahead of U.S. time. The apartment is fairly large so please let it ring at least 12 rings as we may be at the other end. We will be here with the exception of one week in early November when we are looking forward to our first R&R to Zurich, Switzerland (probably food for another entire letter).

We love and miss you all and are anxiously awaiting your letter - or visit! Big hugs from all of us- *DO SVIDANIYA*Love, Leo, Bev. and Kyra

P.S. As much as we would love to continue bombarding you with photos to ensure that you remember how we look, share some of the sights with you and most of all to show you how big

our little girl has become (she now wears her hair on top of her head occasionally and thinks she is most beautiful. We agree!), the problem that we face here is two-fold. First, the sight of a foreign photographer here still arouses a certain amount of suspicious anxiety in some. Secondly, the only film developing company in town (there was one, we understand) ran out of chemicals...a year ago. Obviously others list of priorities differ greatly from that of the Kalageorgis. At any rate, film must be sent to the States for development and then again for copies--- so please be patient. We have high hopes that there will be many improvements here and we will be able to continue enjoying and sharing our favorite hobby—albeit in moderation.

APPENDIX K – Chapter II (Beverly's Summary of our 2nd year in Russia - 1992)

PREE-VYET, dear friends and relatives (Hi!) *KAK PA-ZHI-VAI-ETEY?* (How are you?)

We hope that the answer is *O-CHEN HOR-AH-SHO!* ("Very well" or "good!").

Beginning with a sincere hope that all of you enjoyed a great Holiday Season and sending you our wish for everything wonderful in 1992! Can't believe that it has been only 5 months since my first attempt to tell you a "little" about our life here. So much has happened that it seems a much longer time.

We are delighted to have received so much correspondence—especially at Christmas time. It is wonderful to know that we have so many caring friends and family members who are concerned about our life and well-being, and that there is so much interest in the current Russian state of affairs. Receiving our mail has become a weekly highlight of our life here. We look forward with great anticipation to the arrival of our mail person who makes a special weekly overnight trip by plane from Moscow for the sole purpose of delivering our mail and picking up any we wish to send. On "mail day" we drop whatever we are doing, grab a cup of coffee and read everything aloud to one another. Even the bills! It's amazing how one misses even the little things! We never thought, for example, that we would get teary-eyed while reading the Sunday comic section of the News, but that is exactly what happened when one of our very thoughtful friends sent us a copy. We read and enjoy every letter, message and note—and, of course, photographs are an especially welcome bonus!

As you are probably aware, we are sending this letter from the Russian Republic of the Commonwealth of Independent States (C.I.S.) since the U.S.S.R. is now something to be found only in history books. We believe, as many here do, that the recent changes are for the best in the long run, and a positive step toward the goal of a productive Democracy. I won't attempt to describe in any detail the innumerable changes taking place internally. You are surely aware of their magnitude if you glance at any magazine stand, read headlines, listen to the radio or catch any T.V. news broadcast. Suffice to say that the changes are monumental, historic, rapid, continuous and seemingly never-ending. It seems a jig-saw puzzle of immense proportions and complexity that cannot be pieced together quickly enough for the benefit of the people in this region. Met by daily frustration, anger and despair, and rewarded only by the encouragement of occasionally discovering the "missing piece" that appears to fit the right description, they are tediously and methodically constructing a picture that they hope will someday reflect their mental image of the "good life".

Though there is much controversy as to how to go about it, all agree that with the pieces in place, the completed picture will be one of a shining Democratic society where business flourishes, everyone is fed, working, healthy and well educated, there are opportunities for all who seek them and peace reigns worldwide. The picture that they envision is a much larger and complicated one than they can imagine, as we Americans are so profoundly aware. Some of the pieces just never seem to fit and parts of the puzzle must be reconstructed continually. We all agree, however, that our vision of the completed work is a dazzling one and worth every ounce of effort. But-----where to begin?? We feel that more than any other factor involved, knowledge of what business is and how to do it is basic and essential to these people, most of whom were raised to believe that doing "business" was not wanted, needed or even, in fact, desirable or respectable. We are therefore enjoying involvement in a number of exciting new programs and propositions to assist the Russians in learning to assist themselves.

Leo has been asked to become an "Adviser" on the Mayor's Board for planning "Inter-Volga '92" a Business Seminar to be held here in Togliatti in late May of this year. Its purpose is to encourage foreign interest in this area associated with car dealerships, tourism, chemical industry, road construction, hotels and related issues. I have re-established contact with the Medical Community by meeting with the Chief Physician of the large medical complex here comprised of over 4000 medical personnel. We will be working on developing exchange programs aimed at introducing western expertise in nursing. The prospect is exciting and has many possibilities. We are also assisting in the proposed development of a Russian/American business school and exchange program which we feel will benefit the entire scene. In addition, we have many other projects that we advise on and attempt to assist with daily. It is not an uncommon occasion for someone to arrive at our door unannounced to ask our opinion of an idea they have or just to talk. We love it---as communication is the reason we are here. Unfortunately, nothing happens quickly in Russia and talking and doing are two very different things. Many ideas, though, have taken form and our hopes are high for the prospect of a flourishing business world in Togliatti.

Shortly after writing "Chapter I", we were descended upon by the largest group to visit us to date. We welcomed 25 in all- from various G.M. groups- all concerned with different areas of development in this venture. It was exciting! There is always a lot of preparation when visitors are expected. Flights, tours, meals, hotels, transportation, entertainment and business meetings must be arranged but we are always more than happy to greet English-speaking folks. The bonus is that they come bearing goodies from home that we request or can't get here. There is always a special dinner at the Chinese/Russian Club and also, time permitting, an evening or two of special programs (folk dancing, theatre, etc.). "Popcorn night" at the Kalageorgis is a highlight. We visit, take photos and hear all of the news and gossip from home! During this particular visit, we also took a cruise on the Volga. We were served a nice lunch, viewed and photographed the

beautiful scenery and beached for an hour or so to take a leisurely stroll through the greenery and birch trees. Everyone agreed that it was a unique and most enjoyable experience. They are a great bunch of people and we can see why, with people so congenial and hard working involved, this program is bound to be a great success.

After all of this excitement, we were more than ready for our first R. & R. to Switzerland. We took the train to Moscow. We have decided that train travel is the way to go here. It is cozy, relaxing, and warm and gives us time to collect our thoughts, read, play with Kyra and just enjoy each other's company. This particular trip had a new experience in store for us. We had purchased four tickets (for a four sleeper) instead of the two that we usually buy for a two-bed compartment. Our reasoning was that there would be a bed for each of us- (I usually sleep with Kyra)-and an extra for luggage. Although with four beds the area would be more crowded, the extra beds could be folded away during the day. Our Russian friends didn't like our plan. Four bed cars, they said, were less expensive and not considered "first class" - but they did not explain any more than that. I imagine our surprise when, after our departure, the officer in charge brought another passenger to share our car and make use of the extra bed!! Even though we had purchased the extra ticket, he explained, his orders were that all of the beds must be filled. He even brought his formal 'papers' to share with us. Arguing was to no avail and so we finally resigned to the inevitable in the belief that everything is for a reason and we would add this bit of information regarding the Russian system to our growing bank of knowledge.

'Alls well that ends well'- and as it turned out, the embarrassed young man who shared our journey was one of the new breed of promising and enthusiastic young Russian businessmen. He was traveling with his boss- a nice young man from Riga in the Baltics - who speaks some English and is developing his own company. They were on their way home and hadn't seen their families for months. We enjoyed their enthusiasm and company immensely, have kept in contact with them and wish them much success in their ventures!

On to some Rest and Relaxation! We spent one evening in Moscow at the beautiful and new Penta Hotel where we shared wonderful food and conversation with another G.M. employee and his lovely wife. Appointed to a special committee by President Bush, he had spent that week in conferences discussing future business possibilities between Russia and the U.S. He and Leo had worked together at the Hamtramck plant for years so there was a lot to talk about and it was a great evening. The next morning we flew to Zurich where we picked up our rental car at the airport and drove a few miles to the Hotel Zurich, spent a wonderfully relaxing night in our luxurious room and began, after a hearty breakfast the next morning, on our Swiss adventure.

As we know from prior visits and photos, the scenery in Switzerland is some of the most beautiful anywhere and it was even lovelier wearing its brilliant colors of fall. Our cameras were put to good use! From Zurich we drove northwest to Bienne where we enjoyed a nice visit with Marc and Dori Girard and their family. Leo and Marc shared memories of their G.M.I. days together and then we drove up into the mountains where our hosts introduced us to their favorite view. We photographed the city and surrounding countryside from above - with the outline of the magnificent Alps barely visible in the background. It was breathtaking! Later we dined at a popular nearby restaurant called FLORIDA. The food was wonderful and Kyra was entertained by the many-feathered creatures swimming in the winding waterway surrounding us. 'Palm trees' swayed and it was certainly unique - something that we had never expected to see in Switzerland.

The next day we made our way south toward the Alps to Genève ... stopping along the way for many photos. We fought uncontrollable urges to run out into the lush, green terrain - arms spread wide - while singing "The hills are alive" ...ala THE SOUND OF MUSIC! Even Kyra seemed to sense the mood and began singing her favorite nursery rhymes in her car seat. We spent three somewhat rainy days shopping in the city of Genève - mostly the window type. Things were incredibly expensive and we resolved to save most of our shopping list for the States, where, believe it or not, the American dollar can buy more than almost anywhere in Europe (Russia excluded). Lake Genève and its surrounding area were gorgeous and definitely a highlight of our vacation.

We spent a week in Switzerland, gathering photos, memories and some peace of mind but every rose has its thorns, so they say. We had read an article (Oct. 91 READERS DIGEST) about 'Needle Park' in Zurich where a few years ago some well-meaning citizens had opened one of the lovely park areas to those on drugs - supplying food, clean needles and offering emotional and physical assistance and guidance. Needless to say, the area soon grew in size and popularity and the problem is now one of uncontrolled, gigantic proportions. Toward the end of our stay, while strolling from our hotel along a lovely quiet walkway beside a stream to a large and exclusive shopping area and Metro, we wondered out loud just where Needle Park might be located. Seconds later we noticed a few young people gathered across the pond. We watched in stunned amazement while several stuck needles into various parts of their bodies without any regard what-so-ever for anyone watching. It was an eye opening experience and saddened both of us greatly. A second more attentive glance revealed a large pavilion, music and lots of activity. Hopefully the area will be restored to its citizens and tourists soon..and hopefully someday the world will find an effective solution to addressing drugs and drug related problems. Till then we

will continue to enjoy occasional R. & R.s to gorgeous Switzerland and recommend it highly, but, like most tourists here, avoid this undesirable area.

Upon returning to Togliatti we were descended upon by two representatives of The FLINT JOURNAL (Flint is Togliatti's Sister City). They spent a week or so here - a good deal of the time with us - and were responsible for a wonderful ten-page special section entitled - T O G L I A T T I - which appeared in the paper on Dec. 29th. Carol, a lively, enthusiastic and intense young journalist also does free-lance writing for PEOPLE Magazine. Bruce is a very dedicated and capable photographer with a likable easy-going manner. They are both warm and caring people whose company we felt privileged to enjoy and whose article we felt even more privileged to be a part of! It was creative - yet humanistic and factual. This was their first Russian experience, and we were amused when talking to Carol via phone shortly after her return to Flint. Upon arriving back in the States the first thing she did, she confided to us, was to go to Meijer's and have "a religious experience". We understood completely!!!

During his stay at the only hotel in Old Town, Bruce became very excited when, passing through the lobby one day; he recognized Sebastian Salgado, and a world famous Brazilian photographer who we later discovered was here working on his fourth book. He also photographs for LIFE, TIME and etc. This book will focus on the 'worker' which explains his appearance here to photograph VAZ employees in action. It was a special thrill for us to meet, have dinner with and photograph him!

Just before the holidays Leo was required to travel for a week on business to Russelsheim, Germany and Kyra and I had our first opportunity to 'fly solo'. The mercury took a sudden dip the next day. Our windows, it seemed, hadn't been properly winterized with weather stripping and the effect of the sometimes strong winds and sub-zero temperatures combined with Russian windows - none of which close completely - became uncomfortable to say the least! (The problem has since been resolved.) We also experienced power outages which affected the use of the space heaters we were as dependent upon as the breezes literally swept through our apartments. Although the heating system here is not affected by such losses of power, it is not nearly enough to combat the cold unless the windows are well sealed. (The term 'central heating' has taken on an entirely new meaning for us. The steam heat is produced at a special plant which is 'central' in Togliatti and delivered via underground pipes. It is also completely controlled at the plant so there is no way to turn it up or down.) One of the blackouts also affected our satellite phone system, so we were without communication for several days. Needless to say, we were very happy to see Papa!! He had some exciting moments, himself, we learned, when upon boarding the plane to Moscow from Germany he found that the rock group THE SCORPIONS was his traveling

companions. He was amused to find that they were on their way to present Gorbachev with 100,000 D.M. of assistance.....this was the very day that the new "Yeltsin Government" was announced. We agreed that although their intent was good, their timing couldn't have been much worse!

Christmas in Russia is officially only two years old. It has always been a religious holiday, but not openly recognized. Santa (Detmorose) and the Snow Princess (Snegruchka) arrive on Dec. 31st. and bring fruit, nuts and candy plus occasional presents to the Russian children. It is all very new, but I'm sure that with the impending rise of the economy, it won't take long for commercialization to set in. In the meantime though, since we weren't able to participate in the hustle and bustle of the Holiday Season in the States, we decided to take a slow train to Copenhagen and spend the time with a very good friend and her family.

The train ride to Denmark and back was an experience in itself. We spent the second night with friends in Moscow to break the long four-day ride. There was a dining car of sorts available for a short time (after leaving Moscow and before entering Germany) where we enjoyed our only 'hot meal' in the company of a young comedian from Paris. He was delighted to find some English-speaking fellow travelers since neither he nor his wife spoke Russian and they were having some communication problems. Though he didn't appear to be feeling too humorous when we met, we did enjoy their company and promised to look them up sometime. On the third morning of our trip, we awoke to the sights and sounds of Berlin-an experience that we never thought we'd have. We encountered a situation there, as well, that we hadn't anticipated. It seems that the train tracks in Russia are much narrower than most (an intentional move made long ago for security reasons) and the entire train - car by car - had to be lifted and fitted with wider wheels for continued European travel. Early in the A.M. of the fourth day we awoke abruptly - missing the clickity-clack to which we had become accustomed. Gazing out of our sleeping car window, we were astonished to find that we were passengers on a LARGE ferry boat (train and all) and our question was answered as to how we would cross the body of water separating Denmark from Germany.

We arrived in Copenhagen rail station at 8 A.M. in the pouring rain. I volunteered to stay put and watch the gigantic mound of luggage while Leo - carrying Kyra - set off to find a cart or two. Although I was standing under a shelter of sorts, strong gusts of wind frequently brought the cold drizzle to my temporary haven and I knew that I would soon be drenched! Those of you, who know how concerned I usually am about my hair, will appreciate my distress. Finally deciding that the large hood on my heavy down coat would serve well as a tent, I reached back and pulled it quickly over my head. I imagine my surprise (and dismay) as I realized too late

that the open hood had been filling up with rain water as I waited! So----I arrived in Denmark in the disguise of a drowned rat.....not even recognized at first by our friend Gitte! Leo and Kyra found it rather amusing and I must admit, so did I Later in the day.

Festivities in Denmark during the Christmas Holiday are similar to those in the United States, so Kyra was able to see a Tree, lights and Santa—who even made a surprise visit to Auntie Gitte's home! Kyra answered the door and it was very exciting for all of us. Of course we taped and photographed.

Christmas Eve was very special. We were invited to the home of Gitte's daughter where we joined her family in dining on roast duck and wonderful side dishes and shared a special traditional dessert in which there was a whole almond hidden. The person lucky enough to find it was rewarded with an extra present and I especially enjoyed the game ... since I won! Later in the evening we gathered around the lovely tree which was ablaze with candles, held hands and sang Danish Christmas carols. We did not understand most of the words, but the feeling of warm hospitality was unmistakable. It was a lovely Christmas which we will always remember! Even though we were unable to be with our immediate family members, we did manage to speak with all of them by telephone on Christmas Day and when it came time to wish Steve and Shanan a Merry Christmas, they surprised us with a verbal present that couldn't have pleased us more. We were informed that we will become Grandparents in August. How EXCITING!! They will make wonderful parents and we are really looking forward to adding this new dimension to our lives!

Our journey back to Russia was even more exciting! Upon arriving at the depot in Copenhagen late at night to begin our trip, we discovered that the Moscow bound car was nowhere to be found. Further investigation revealed that it probably needed repair and would meet us in Berlin. We located an empty passenger car and slept covered by coats on large comfortable seats designed for 6.

After spending many anxious hours in Berlin the next morning we were "rescued" by an English speaking gentleman who directed us to still another station where our car would arrive. It took a while to move our luggage a few feet at a time, but after some major confusion and a few hours wait we were allowed to enter a sleeper---this time bound for Moscow! Although we will never know if it was the car for which we held tickets, the remainder of the trip was relaxing and quite comfortable and at a cost of \$12.48 round trip for all three of us combined, it was certainly a bargain!! (The monetary state of affairs of this country is becoming more and more confusing by the day while it attempts to adjust itself. While our train tickets were unbelievably inexpensive, a 4-mile taxi ride in Moscow cost us \$50.00.)

We toasted the New Year en route to Moscow with hot tea provided by the train attendant and reflected upon the exciting year past and the promise of an even more exciting one ahead.

During the period before and after our "European Christmas Vacation" we did our best to make our Russian home reflect the holiday spirit. Our maid, Lydia Maxceemovna, a lovely lady who is in her 40s, surprised us with a small foil tree, cards and some small presents which I know she went to a great deal of trouble to find. (Kyra loves her and calls her BABOOLA. She has two granddaughters just Kyra's age who live close by and love to come to play. She is also our cat and house sitter when we are away and has become like one of the family!) Our Christmas cards were arranged in a large tree shape in the entrance hall and Kyra and I had a great time making Santa cookies which we brought to school. I made my traditional fruitcake --- something new for the Russians and a hit with everyone.

On the home front, I am delighted to report that I am making great strides toward my goal of becoming bilingual. My second teacher, Maria, who teaches English to MBA students and executives confided that she had never had the opportunity to speak with an English speaking person before meeting me. Nevertheless, she was a very good teacher but, alas, had an extremely busy work schedule. I am more than thrilled with my third teacher, Irena, who works as an interpreter and secretary for an enterprising young entrepreneur who has his office here in our building. She also used to teach and translate at a military school nearby. Her English is very good and she has helped me immensely. I now visit the local market (Rinok) alone with our driver on weekend mornings and make my own purchases.

On Saturdays I spend two or three hours at the Rinok, which also includes what seems like miles of a huge flea market where individuals display on the ground or stand holding the items they wish to sell. Regardless of the weather - usually snow and often below zero - residents slip and slide on the icy ground while making the rounds and looking for bargains. Believe it or not, I enjoy it immensely! Leo stays home with Kyra and I can look to my heart's content—or until my feet freeze. First I make my purchases at the indoor market. I buy cabbages, carrots, potatoes, beets and whatever limited vegetables are available. Fruits are not as abundant during these winter months. I manage to purchase lots of mandarin oranges which are delicious and plentiful but expensive by Russian standards-50 roubles per kilogram. (The exchange rate is now 120/\$1.) There are also apples, nuts, butter, sour cream, cheese, eggs, grapes, raisins and an array of herbs, spices and homemade preparations. Meat is sometimes as expensive as 140 roubles per kilo (2.5 lbs) but beef and pork appear to be plentiful and very fresh. Chickens are more expensive and not very plump - but lack any chemicals and are quite tasty. I am not allowed to return home, though, without some of Leo's favorite fruit in my bag. You and I recognize them by the name persimmons—but Leo calls them "Ka Ka" (a holdover, he says, from his childhood days in China). Personally, I think that he wants them all to himself and this is his Freudian attempt to discourage my appetite. It doesn't work—my nursing vocabulary and experiences have provided me with valuable fortitude.

Inside the tepee shaped building which is protected but not heated, there are also a multitude of exotic fish, mounds of their wiggling food, many small furry pet creatures and birds of various type, sizes and colors. Outdoors there is an area - my favorite - where owners stand with a variety of heads, tongues and wet noses poking out from under their warm coats. It is only recently that folks

here have been allowed to own dogs and cats and it is a novel privilege that they take quite seriously. Most of the breeds are pure and beautiful. Collies, Afghans, German Shepherds, St. Bernards, Pinchers and many others can be seen walking their masters at any time of day. At the outdoor portion of the market I also admire and occasionally buy some of the beautifully knitted and crocheted items available in abundance. The prices are low, since to the Russians "hand-made" does not have the same connotation it does to most westerners. Most of the times they have to settle for these items, even though they would much rather have western machine-made things.

Prices here are rising quickly and the complaints of the people are warranted. Their wages cannot keep up and something will have to "give" soon! The advantage of living in a rural area such as Togliatti is that home grown produce, meats and dairy products are readily available and do not depend upon the receipt of shipments. Moscow, for example, which has many people to feed and depends entirely upon trucking, experiences a much different situation—in winter with bad roads and fewer available products as well as in summer with poorly refrigerated trucks, a shortage of trucking firms and poor organization in general. Most folks here in Togliatti have abundant supplies in storage (a result of very hard work during the warm months at their dachas or summer homes and gardens), but variety is certainly lacking.

The closest thing Togliatti has to a mall is ROOS - a shopping center of sorts. It is a two-story building with many specialized areas. One can find everything the economy has to offer currently. There are clothing departments, cooking supplies, tools, souvenirs and toiletry supplies. Many areas, however, require special government or work coupons in order to purchase, and the whole scene is reminiscent of a large department store in it's last days of a going-out-of-business sale. The sad thing is that the Russians say there used to be goods. The empty shelves are a sign of the stressful changes the country is going through. It is understandably difficult for these people to keep a positive and enthusiastic attitude!

T.V. here is taking on an almost western face at times. Local stations now "advertise" and the commercials are clever and entertaining. Talk and game shows are big and we always have the option of switching to the Super Channel from England to view a surprisingly current movie. The catch is that they are all dubbed in Russian-----all roles spoken in the same monotone masculine voice. It is frustrating, but amusing at times.....especially during love scenes! Recently a more familiar face and voice appeared when Leo was interviewed by a local station. Although we weren't watching when it was shown, he got rave reviews from our friends!

Soon after I press the last key to complete this letter, we will begin our first home leave. We are jubilant at the thought of seeing friends and family, snow plows, shopping malls and pizza. I'll be bringing a bit of Russia with me in the form of my latest project. I will visit my niece Kendra's class, speak on life in Russia and deliver 25 letters from Russian children of the same age (11 to 12 yrs.). When we return I hope to bring with me 25 answers, thus beginning some new friendships and in a small way helping to establish a base for future communications and positive relations between our countries. Two weeks ago I visited the Russian class here, accompanied by my teacher who

interpreted. I answered questions, talked about life in America and took photos. The children were very curious but extremely polite and courteous. When I asked what message they wished to send their American counterparts, they replied in unison, "tell them good luck with their studies!"—a universal students wish, I think. The teacher then said that she wished to send a message, too. She asked me to tell the American people and especially the teachers that "We Russians want you to know that we are very, very happy, after many years of 'cold' that there is warmth and understanding between our countries at last. We love Americans very much and think they are wonderful!" With a lump in my throat, I told her that we felt the same about them and that it was, in fact, just the reason that I was there.

These young people are **the future**, and if they can begin now to understand each other ... work together for a friendlier, happier and more peaceful world, they will be miles ahead of their parents and grandparents in paving the way! On that note I will end CHAPTER 11 with...

HUGS and BEST WISHES for a WONDERFUL 1992!!!

APPENDIX L – Chapter III (Beverly's Summary of our 3rd year in Russia - 1993)

GREETINGS , *DO-RO-GEE DRE-ZEE-YA E ROAD-SVEN-E-KEE* (Dear Friends and Relatives)

On the wall in Leo's office these days is a sign which reads, "IF YOU THINK CHANGE IS EASY, GO TALK TO A BUTTERFLY!". We both love finding clever words of wisdom and displaying them for all to see - - especially when the subtle meanings apply so aptly to our world. Normally such messages serve out their purpose in a few weeks, to be replaced by new ones caught by our ever-watchful eye. Somehow, we both feel that this particular sign will be around for some time due to its appropriate nature.

The struggle for change around us is constantly in evidence, and we touch base with its valor, honesty and courage every day. As we reflect on the events of this past year and make comparisons to what we see today, physical change abounds. The number of nearby apartment buildings we can see from our home has now doubled. There are many more small private stores, the Rinok is bulging at the seams, and there are many new schools, business ventures, organized activities and even more people, it seems. There are also a lot more roubles floating around, since their value has depreciated a great deal and it now takes more to purchase what is available. There are more T.V. programs, more advertisements and more attempts to westernize everywhere. Unfortunately, there is also more confusion and skepticism about how to bring about the needed changes.

Although the white blanketed landscape and nearby powdered forests are lovely, winter is always most difficult for the folks here. With crowded buses, bad roads, hazardous weather conditions and prices that are out of reach for the average citizen, every day is a challenge. Positive changes are coming slower than hoped for, but as in any culture, there are many who forge ahead bravely with strength of purpose and are rewarded with glimpses of the bright world to come.

In the past year we have become more and more aware of the array of talent in this remarkable country. Almost everyone here is well educated and most share a cultured appreciation of the Arts - - many being extremely talented in one or more areas themselves. It is our hope that they will be able to preserve these attributes while racing toward their foremost goal of becoming WESTERNIZED! There is a childlike honesty and naivety of spirit present and we would all do well to maintain or regain it. Often we witness certain insecurity, though, and the typical Russian fear of doing the wrong thing or offending. A classic example was a phone call we received recently. A feminine Russian speaking voice asked to speak with Mr. Kalageorgi. "I'm speaking", Leo replied. The lady quickly muttered an apology for interrupting - - and hung up! To our knowledge she never returned the call!

As 1992 draws to a close, we find ourselves enjoying our busy Russian life and our growing involvement in its many phases. Kyra has just begun classes at a new private progressive school slightly reminiscent of the Montessori methods introduced a few years ago in the States. She and her classmates of 3-5 years, play, study ballet, piano, music, art, drama and ski in the nearby woods...

all at a 3 year old level. There is an English teacher who works with the children once a day and they are all anxious to practice their new words with Kyra and her mom.

Papa's business world is becoming more active by the day as VAZ and G.M. approach production date for their combined efforts. He also continues to assist, whenever possible, persons who approach him with ideas, questions or requests for his opinion in all areas of development here. In his spare time, he is very active in corresponding with friends, ex-schoolmates and many new acquaintances that have a special interest in our Russian life. He sometimes attends meetings on Tuesday evenings in New Town with a group of Russians who wish to speak and practice English. Their meetings are informal and usually close with guitar playing and singing.

My activities have escalated to the point that I sometimes find myself with no spare time at all. I now teach a class called CONVERSATIONAL ENGLISH at a special school of exceptional students chosen to focus their last two years of high school on the world of finance and banking. It is supported by The Avto-Vaz Bank which is now the official bank of Russia. Students live dorm style in the lovely wooded area near the Volga River. One of the prerequisites for attending the prestigious school, aside from extensive testing, is the ability to speak the English language to some degree. Most students speak very well by Russian standards, but most of their English language tapes and books originate from England and they badly need practice in common usage of "American" English - - which includes, of course, a special knowledge of Americans and our lifestyles.

Enter Mrs. K.! It's a fun class but lots of work, too. There are two classes of 16 and 17 year old students with eight to each class. I work with the top two classes and there is competitive testing each month within the school to 'stay at the top'-so occasionally faces change. Each class is 1 1/2 hours long. We discuss current topics, learn new words and definitions and write to two sets of pen pals (one an Advanced English Composition class and one a first year college Economics class) in the States. We have open discussions on many subjects, keep diaries, play word games, make presentations and play act, but most of all just practice communicating. Particularly enjoyable for all of us were the first two weeks discussions about American politics which coincided with the recent elections. We learned political terminology, discussed the issues and candidates and voted, interestingly, the results and ratio were synonymous with those in the U.S.A.!!

I still take two Russian language classes per week and am moving along well in that respect. Meanwhile, many other activities and projects have gotten my attention. I am now the Vice President of a wonderful group which meets weekly in Olde Town for the purpose of speaking English and learning about America as well as actively encouraging participation in many efforts to support friendly relations, understanding and growth between our countries. It is called The Russia/U.S.A. Friendship Society and currently has about 60 or more members... Russians in all areas of employment here, as well as many students. Teachers, scientists, doctors, mountain climbers, music majors, engineers and students of various universities and vocational schools, they all share a common interest and speak English in varying degrees. Some of our activities and projects include

finding pen pals for everyone (anyone interested?), sponsoring programs to celebrate American holidays, starting a young people's American English speaking theatre group, starting a library of books and magazines in English and much more. Ideas and enthusiasm are abundant and once organized and channeled, I believe that this group will accomplish great things.

Our first contact with The Russia/U.S.A. Friendship Society came via an invitation to attend a program sponsored by them to recognize and celebrate Columbus Day. Unfortunately, we had plans to be out of the country during the time so explained that we could not attend. "You HAVE to attend" came the reply, "you are the only real AMERICANS in Togliatti!". So, to our complete amazement and delight, Columbus Day occurred in this Russian city nearly a week late. 150 people were entertained with speeches, dancing, a fashion show and children of all ages performing American songs. AMERICA! AMERICA! was sung in Russian and English and the effect was deeply moving. Then we all clapped hands and knees to the rhythms of DI NAH BLOW YOUR HORN and reminisced to HOME ON THE RANGE. For the remainder of the evening we were entertained with Russian versions of a multitude of 'old American favorites' and then presented with a copy of HI AWATHA in Russian. It was a great evening and only the beginning of our growing respect for this super group of people.

My other activities and interests are many and varied. I am working with two friends to establish a Russian - American grade school which will combine the best of both worlds. Hopefully, the special school will open its doors in September 1993 and begin with grades 1 - 3, adding a grade each year for the next few years. There is much information to collect and organizational work to be completed. Any comments, ideas or information offered at this point would be considered invaluable! At the same time, I'm also attempting to bring a chapter of Junior Achievement to Togliatti. There is new affiliate in Moscow and we are hopeful that they will assist.

My pen pal network has multiplied to over 100 now. Most are school children and there is much enthusiasm! I wish you could all have witnessed the delivery of the last 11 letters from a writing class in the States. I arrived at School #9 in Olde Town (a special school which emphasizes the English language) expecting to visit a small class of English speaking 13 and 14 year olds. Instead, I was ushered into a gymnasium of about 150 students who bombarded me non-stop for an hour and a half with questions about the life of their American peers. Their English was outstanding and their manner, sincerity and interest impressive and touching. Those chosen to receive the letters I'd come to deliver couldn't have been happier, I believe, if they had won a lottery. I took photos, promised to return soon and hope to find many more groups of interested American students of all ages in the meantime.

Lastly, much of my energy has recently been spent on organizing one of my brainstorms into a reality. With the help of some Russian friends, I hope to develop and offer a Student Friendship Cruise up the Volga River next June. The students ranging in age from 14 - 19 would travel north from Togliatti to St. Petersburg --- a trip of 5 or 6 days. They would spend 3 days touring palaces and witnessing the famous WHITE NIGHTS in St. Petersburg before railing to Moscow to view

the sights there. Enthusiasm and interest seem great on both sides and I believe that the experiences shared would not soon be forgotten.

Weekly visits to the Rinok continue to be one of my favorite activities and as we increase our knowledge of the people and language here it becomes more interesting and, of course, more fun. I have several 'friends' there now and try to make it a habit to greet each one. Words are limited, but smiles and gestures can go a long way! The 'perrits' (peppers) lady is one of my favorites! A tiny Korean person who is often difficult to locate in the crowded food market, she always has a cheerful greeting and Leo's favorite hot peppers. Once I shared a few memories of our trip to Korea with her, (via an interpreter), hoping that she would share a few of her own. She laughed and I was quite surprised to learn that she had lived in Russia all of her life and knew little about Korea!

Milk and dairy products can be purchased at the Rinok but one must trust that the seller is honest and has fresh goods to sell. Once I purchased a 3 gallon jar of "village milk" from an old peasant woman standing by herself near a counter. I silently sympathized with her plight, imagining her difficult bus ride to Togliatti in order to sell her few meager items. I even gave her a small present. Upon returning home that morning, I boiled the milk in preparation for bottling it. To my great distress (but ultimate humor), the fresh village milk clumped into a huge gluttonous mass with a texture characteristic of bread dough. Our driver and housekeeper were irate and informed us that it was powdered milk, prepared and sold as the more expensive specialty. We began to understand a little better their concern about buying from someone you don't know.

Since the 'powdered milk' incident, I have made friends with Tatiana Vasilliova, a lovely lady from the nearby village of Tashla - about 45 minutes away by car. Her husband is the director of the village collective farm there and she drives to Togliatti occasionally to sell mol-lo-co (milk) from her two cows, yt-sa (eggs), sme-tah-na (sour cream), tvor-ok (cottage cheese), fresh sunflower oil (which must be tasted to be believed) and mas-lo (butter). After seeing her many times at the Rinok, we became friends and she invited us to visit her home. We now send our driver, Nicolai, weekly, to purchase her fresh products (sometimes he has to wait while the butter is churned) and often join him to visit with her and her family. Their two sons are 9 and 16 and like most Russians, the entire family is hospitable to the point of making us feel guilty. Kyra loves to run and play in the country atmosphere. The puppy, dog, cat, chicks and calves keep her well occupied and she always has to be coaxed into leaving. But we are only allowed to go after sampling fresh blintzes, pieroshkies or pelmeni and tea, with fresh berries, apples and milk for Kyra.

We've been so pleased with the products we obtain from Tashla that when Nicolai suggested we buy our meat there as well, we thought it was a great idea. Market meat prices have soared to over 300 roubles a kilo -- almost out of reach for the average Russian worker. With some minor investigation and freezer preparation on our part, Nicolai left early one morning with what turned out to be less than adequate instructions. He returned late that evening with 50 kilos (150 lbs.) of mutton, 60 kilos of beef and an entire pig! He had spent the day helping to secure the meat and delivered it in warm unwrapped CHUNKS of 8-10 kilos each. We were amazed, astounded, shocked, horrified and

angry (with ourselves) ---- but still somewhat amused. We should have known that filling individual orders of this nature is just not done yet outside of crude packing companies and it was a big job for all concerned. Consulting my long-term memory for remnants of high school Home Economics cooking class information needed to prepare recognizable portions for freezing, I found my mental cupboard bare. I tended to rely on more recently stored information collected in Anatomy and Physiology Med. classes. The long day finally DID end and even after giving a good portion of the treasured commodity to Nicolai and Baboolas families, our freezer is full. I must confess, though, 'surprise' dinners are commonbut then they fit well into the Kalageorgis adventurous lifestyle!!

Speaking of adventures, we've had more than a few since our last writing. We have enjoyed two R&Rs and an exciting vacation trip this Russian summer. In June Kyra and I decided to succumb to Leo's urging to try a Club Med (Mediterranean). Being a connoisseur of sorts of the Club during his single days, he was 'sold' -- particularly after accidentally booking a family club instead of a 'singles' years ago. Now, after 3 glorious weeks of frolicking in the sun and sand, we are all hooked! In this unsettled, unstructured, unpredictable and constantly changing society wherein we presently reside, we've come to appreciate organization even more and it is indeed the ultimate rest and relaxation for us to enter a private world (if just for a week or two) where the only decisions required of us are whether to enjoy the warm sandy beach or expansive clear, blue swimming pools.. which of the many fun activities to become involved in, and how much of the beautifully prepared, huge, delicious buffet to indulge in 3 times a day. Flight, meals, activities, entertainment and etc. are all offered at one reasonable price with no needed concern for extras--except for independent tours. We always opt to take a couple of these, but that is in keeping with our lust for travel and learning about other cultures. There is a petit Baby Club for Kyra with activities offered throughout the day and evening. Although she prefers to spend the day with Mom and Dad, we do visit the kiddie affairs like crepe parties, special shows and face painting. We found that most of the young children also prefer to do the same, but the older children enjoy the camaraderie of their own age groups, free from the watchful eye of their parents. We are looking forward to this stage, too.

Our first Club trip was to an island called Ibiza off the NE coast of Spain in a cluster of islands called the Majorcas. It is the newest Club Med in Europe and quite modern. The clubs are operated and manned by beautifully fit and tanned students, usually between semesters, who are chosen for their language skills, talent, enthusiasm and congeniality. Most speak at least 2 or 3 languages. Kyra's favorites were Cindy (who she called Cinderella), a lovely young Belgian blonde who spoke fluent Spanish, French and English, and Anisa, and an equally beautiful and exceptionally friendly American student, whose Austrian parents made sure that she maintained their native language. She had mastered some French as well. There are 2 groups at each Club Med...the G.O.s (gentle organizers) and the G.M.s (gentle members --- that's us!). G.O.s are all very talented and each evening after completing their respective job (desks, food, office, activities, sports and etc.) they ALL participate in nightly stage productions in the " Big Tent". The shows were very professional and always closed with the G.O.s all on stage to lead with the traditional Club Med theme songs.

HANDS UP is Kyra's favorite and she quickly learned all of the words and gestures. It's a good way to end a full day of activity.

In Ibiza we all did daily exercises, ate well, slept well and, yes, took our vitamins. Leo enjoyed swimming and Kyra thought the kiddie pool was just perfect. It was! Mom liked the pool exercises and sun, we all enjoyed the beach and Leo and I began archery. We saw all 7 nightly shows and made friends among the G.O.s. We also enjoyed a 1/2 day jeep tour around the island during which we stopped to photograph the lush rolling terrain and gorgeous bays. Ancient Fort Ibiza was on the agenda as well and the entire experience was wonderful. The only drawback was an occasional language barrier which we turned into an opportunity to bone up on our French and German. We were not home a week before we found ourselves booking a Sept. /Oct. trip to Tunisia, Northern Africa at a club called Hammamet for our 3rd R&R.

Hammamet is probably one of the most beautiful clubs scenically and architecturally and this time we allowed ourselves 2 weeks. We are so glad that we did! Again French and German were spoken but we found that there were more English speaking folks. It continues to amaze us, though, that language seems to be only a minor obstacle in child's play. Kyra made friends from Argentina, Switzerland, France and Germany and only a handful of English words were exchanged. There was no question that they enjoyed each other's company or that they were able to make their respective wishes known. It is difficult to guess what Kyra will learn or retain, but we were pleased when she repeated "Guten Morgen" to a young friend and, on the plane home from Ibiza, stated, "Mom, I can speak French!----Merci!"

The Gulf of Hammamet is located on the NE coast of Africa in Tunisia just south of Nabl. After an hour bus ride from the airport in Tunis, we were greeted by the usual enthusiastic committee of G.O.s who easily accomplished their goal of making us feel like special guests. The club was gorgeous, food great, people friendly, weather humid but accommodating and atmosphere one of relaxation and fun. We soon turned golden in the warm sun, enjoyed beach and pools, and decided to partake of the offered activities to the max. I was 4th in an egg throwing contest, went for a sail in a catamaran on the high seas with 2 G.O.s one day, challenged my muscle power and sense of balance (both need work) on wind surfing, did yoga daily and won a gold medal for archery in the weekly Olympics! Leo honed swimming skills recalled from his Shanghai days as a lifeguard and participated in a group race. He was also very entertaining in a foot relay race! (Ask him personally about that one!) We both took daily tennis lessons and I played in a beginner's tournament after only one lesson - - much to everyone else's amusement! We planned to go parasailing but timing and the weather were not on our side. Kyra's favorite activities included horse and camelback riding along the beach, surf chasing, sandcastle building, clown and cat face painting, swimming and making lots of friends.

During our stay in Tunisia we took 2 tours. One was a horse-drawn carriage ride through the streets of Nabl with stops to witness pottery making, stone carving and the local colorful marketplace. It was very hot and humid so a leisurely walk along the beach on camelback at the end of the tour was

welcome -- if a bit uncomfortable for Papa Leo who suffered for a few days due to attempts to balance himself, a running video and his camera while astride! I wished I'd had MY camera to photograph HIM but was just as glad I didn't since it was a full time job to keep Kyra and myself comfortable and steady...especially when the camels laid down and stood up to allow mounting and dismounting. Shopping and bargaining in Nebul was one of my favorite things so I added an extra Friday morning tour to my agenda. The weekly Friday bazaar features pottery, leather, brass, silver and metal goods. Bargaining is in its most creative and challenging form and it is not a place for the faint of tongue! The goal, of course, is for everyone to feel that they made a 'good deal'. I was amazed at the ability of most of the merchants to switch languages but after learning of the excellent educational system in Tunisia, the pieces fit. A full 40% of taxes go to the schools and by the time of graduation, most students have been exposed to 5 or 6 languages... a necessity, I'm sure, due to their location and dependence on trade. The country is literate, clean, independent since the 70s and very proud of their accomplishments.

Our 2nd tour was of a more historically informative nature and took us to the ruins of Carthage where Hannibal was defeated by the Romans. The view of the sea was breathtaking and we were allowed to wander among the columns and few remaining structures at our leisure. As is usual on these excursions, we felt a sense of awe and a strange connection with the past as we were more able to visualize the things that history books can only touch upon!

We enjoy the exciting life we are leading these days and often ask one another, "Did you ever think that we'd be doing THIS?" While strolling a far section of the Hammamet grounds we agreed that without question neither of us had imagined in our wildest dreams, warning each other to "watch out for the camel dung!!" (...actually, that's not the exact verbiage). Neither did we expect that my nursing expertise would be applied to caring for a large posterior abrasion incurred by Leo during our 45 min. ride on the precarious backs of the ungainly animals. We also did not expect to utilize our enjoyment of photography in capturing a 'moment in time' during which a cobra snake was wrapped around the necks of Leo and Kyra-----but these are certainly real experiences and makes one wonder what waits around the corner!

Just prior to our Ibiza trip we spent a week in Moscow participating in the 2nd annual International Trade Fair. We were impressed by the multitude of exhibits including General Motors.. and their new Moscow dealership, TRINITY MOTORS. While Papa talked business with interested and curious prospective entrepreneurs, Kyra and I made the rounds and met some interesting folks. Medical supply and equipment companies, computer firms, foodstuffs reps, tool and die companies and condo builders were present, but the most interesting to me was AVON who hopes to CALL on the Russian market in the future. Coke was also there and very popular since they were giving free samples. It was an especially great week since #1 son, Igor, arrived at this time to begin a month-long visit. The following month was a whirlwind of activity as most of our friends were anxious to make his acquaintance and see to his entertainment. Little sis, Kyra, was his biggest fan and spent lots of time getting re-acquainted with her big brother. We even happily noted a hint of sibling rivalry complete with pigtail pulling and teasing! Igor said that he liked Togliatti and

hoped to return. We all enjoyed his visit and hope to have the opportunity to introduce other family members and friends to our young Russian town....which celebrated its 25th anniversary this year.

Speaking of anniversaries, we are very happy to announce that my parents celebrated their 50th in October of this year! We can't wait to congratulate them in person!! To commemorate the event, our youngest son, Steve, and wife Shanana presented them with their first Great-grandchild! (Of course, they made us Grandparents in the process as well!). Little Steven Richard will be 4 months old when we give him a hug for the first time, and we can't think of a better Christmas present!!!

It is my opinion that this Chapter is chock-full of all of the information that it can comfortably hold, so our Volga River adventure (a chapter in itself), info about the National Geographic Society's film made here in September and lots more news will have to wait till after the holidays.

It's December. Snow is lightly floating down from a hazy sky to settle in a white blanket over our Russian winter-wonderland. We can see it well from our 5th floor view. We've begun packing for our coming trip to the States. We look forward more than we can tell you to sharing this Christmas and the first days of 1993 with family and friends. The children, as always, will be the focus. They seem to emphasize the distance between our precious visits by demonstrating their ability to grow and mature at phenomenal rates. We adults would rather not discuss our "maturity" -- but "growth" is also abundant and we look forward to sharing it with each other at a different level. Mostly, we will enjoy and be grateful for just being together. We wish you and your families the same HAPPINESS!

Till Chapter IV, we send our LOVE, HUGS and BEST WISHES for all that is wonderful in 1993!

LEO, BEV & KYRA

APPENDIX M – Newspaper Articles in Russian Press

Interview by “Ploshad Svobody” on October 21, 1994 by Olga Poseeva

«AUTO WORKERS ARE SPECIAL PEOPLE, THEY HAVE GASOLINE IN THEIR BLOOD, THEY WILL PERSEVERE.»

Representative of “GENERAL MOTORS” in the Volga Region Leo Kalageorgi regarding the current events at VAZ.

Our reporter met with Leo Platonovich, so as to ask what does he think, with regards to the difficult financial situation of the Russian auto giant and the strike on the main assembly line.

“Your question puts me in a somewhat embarrassing position. I am very closely tied with VAZ; this is our fourth year of work. I have a close mutual understanding with their management and deep sympathy for them having to experience such difficulties. They are well understood by me, they are very similar to the ones that we have encountered. We just had a full factory stoppage at “Buick” in Flint. The reasons, in truth, were the opposite. Here the complaint is that wages have not been paid, but in Flint - they are paying too much (there was a major reduction in personnel, people are working 60 hours a week and are upset that they have no time to spend with their families). I work in automobile manufacturing for 35 years, my experience is rather large. Strikes absolutely resolve nothing; they are a loss for all - the workers, management and shareholders. Because production lost is lost forever, it cannot be reclaimed. Even if one works on weekends.

Mutual non-payments? In America we do not have this problem. We have a different system. Here you do not use credit cards, check books, all payments are made in cash. But so much cash is just not available. Problems which have resulted here, really have no comparison to anywhere, you have to solve them in your own way, since there is no one to ask. However, I still have faith in VAZ's future. If I was younger, had more capital, I would buy shares in VAZ. I believe, that the people here are very reliable, very dedicated to their work - even at the expense of their own health. They will pull through. Auto workers - are a special people, they have gasoline in their blood, they love their work.

Another Interview in 1994

We asked Mr. Kalageorgi, the main representative of the General Motors Overseas Corporation's branch in Togliatti, to tell us about some results and plans of the American presence in Togliatti and in Russia. He told us the following.

In 1993 it was planned to finish the joint work of the three programs in nine, according to the contract “VAZ - General Motors”: implementing of “General Motors” systems to “Niva”, models “four” and “seven” (and also model “nine” for which multi-port fuel injection is supposed to be used). All these models have gone under certification and were also tested under winter and summer conditions in the Arizona deserts and Colorado Mountains. To both sides' delight the tests were successful. The cars with American systems have had successful northern tests on the “General Motors” proving grounds in Kapuskasing, Canada. Afterwards they were presented to the American press and business circles and that presentation had given some results: the dealers showed an interest to the production made in Togliatti together with the American specialists.

In July - August 1993 the pilot series of “Niva”, “Four”, “Seven” with General Motors systems were put into production. “The cars came off the assembly line by themselves, there was no need to push them”, Mr. Kalageorgi commented.

Of course, while implementing “GM” systems to VAZ cars we could not avoid problems. But according to Mr. Kalageorgi's opinion, who has been working in automobile industry for nearly 40 years, the difficulties with

material shortages and the necessity to adapt something are quite normal things, especially when we are talking about actually designing a new modification”.

“The main problems were the assembly problems”, - he says. Technological questions are already solved and your specialists know well enough how to do it”. This does not exclude further “GM” specialists’ support of the VAZ engineers, of course. And not only in the questions of production. The preparation work of educating the members of VAZ car servicing to the ways of working with the complicated systems is in full progress now. As Mr.Kalageorgi says he has several boxes with manuals and other papers on adjusting, calibrating and technical service of “GM” systems.

The representative of the corporation told us that when “General Motors” was signing the agreement with Vaz, it was fully aware that they were not dealing “with the third country”, and that is why from the very beginning they were talking not about selling spare parts but about technologies with the perspective to develop their own production. There is no doubt that AvtoVaz will soon be able to produce the whole injection systems itself and in fact to make ecologically pure car from start to finish. A serious question is raised - to produce in Russia on a joint-stock company’s basis almost all necessary spare parts, as well as highly technological ones, including injector, electronic engine control block. Mr.Kalageorgi thinks that the joint-stock ventures will be dealing with further development of technologies and will be oriented in their activity not only to the Russian market, but also to the nearest markets in Europe and Asia.

As for the corporation’s future plans in Russia, “General Motors” does not want to stop at Vaz only, they hope to sign similar contracts with AZLK, GAZ and other automobile companies. Moreover they would like to do this “via Vaz and together with Vaz”.

“General Motors” has another serious interest - to increase the supply of spare parts for foreign cars to the CIS market. The company is ready to supply spare parts not only for their own cars but also for all other cars coming to Russia such as “Toyota”, “Volvo”, “Fiat”, “Renault”, “Mercedes”, nearly everything you can think of, noticed Mr.Kalageorgi. The aim of the “General Motors” department is not to be restricted by its own framework, but “to go further” and to supply with spare parts all automobile productions

In the world without any exception, having changed the structure of spare parts production. Today the company is producing only 25% of “strange” spare parts in the whole production volume, and tomorrow this proportion should be fifty - fifty. That is why the perspectives of the growing auto mobilization process in Russia please the corporation, the management staff of which considers Russia to be a rich, talented country with big opportunities.

Vladimir Voronov.

KOMSOMOL PRAVDA - August 11, 1995

LET US BEAT OUR SWORDS INTO SPARE PARTS FOR CARS

The beginning of “The American wonder” is connected to the name of the automobile king Henry Ford. Will Samara become Russian Detroit, having executed the idea of the governor of the region Konstantin Titov?

Samara has initiated a grandiose project. More than thirty defensive enterprises of the region will change their structure to manufacture and furnishing products for LADA cars. The largest conversion program in country, which will require 345 billion rubles of state investments, and is designed for three years.

It was the Samara region governor, Konstantin Titov, who offered the idea to coordinate needs of VAZ with the production potentials of idled defensive enterprises. The production model, which is accepted all over the world, is taken as a basis - all supplier enterprises to be inside a 300-mile zone around the main assembly factory. This proposal coincided with the interests of VAZ management, which is determined to localize the supply of auto parts currently manufactured in the near & far abroad. The enlisting of the cooperation of the

new enterprises will allow VAZ to release a part of their factory capacity for the assembly of future models of LADA cars as well as to reduce their dependence on the accessory manufacturers, among which quite a number of monopolies have accumulated.

Thus, for the first time, they solved the main problem of the conversion - to find an appropriate sales market for the defensive enterprises. The authors of the program hope that all the subjects of the Volga region, where about 80 percent of the automobile industry of Russia is concentrated, will take an active part in its realization.

At present the first six projects, whose financing will begin yet this year, have been determined. The Tarasov Works will produce generators and starters - their characteristics will allow to supply domestic automobiles with air-conditioners, power window systems, and automatic headlights washing and power door lock systems. The facts show that the quality of the assembly in Samara is so high, that even prior to the beginning of the batch production the factory has offers on their delivery to the conveyors of GAZ, UAZ, Izhmash, AZLK and even Mercedes.

The vast interest of the Russian car builders will be aroused by the start of the manufacture of the first domestic airbags. This unique technology was developed completely by the local specialists of the defensive enterprises.

The eternal Russian problem - absence of means in the state budget for sufficient financing of the program - will be solved by a more active attraction of the private capital. Today the Samaritans have proposals from large Russian firms, which are ready to invest money in exchange for a block of shares of in the various enterprises. It looks as if it is the same story - The Great American depression, as you know, was buried by a powerful spurt in the motor industry.

“MILLION” – Interview by Irina Shemiakina MILLION – April 12, 1995

“We became better, more patient, more humane”.

He is also called Lev Platonovich. He is of Russian origin, came to Togliatti from the USA and is the “General Motors” representative at VAZ. He has been living in our city together with his wife and daughter for nearly four years. The first thing I noticed when came to the Kalageorgi apartment were the pictures of the end of the last century and the beginning of the current one. There were many of them. They were hanging on the wall; they were in a very visible place. Russians were imprinted on these pictures. There were no doubts about that. And Leo was telling:

My grandfather graduated from the Survivor Academy in Sank Petersburg and served at Tsar’s residence at Starker Selo. He resigned from military service before the revolution, and started work in Chinese Eastern Rail Road. My father worked in the same place later on. I was born in Harbin. Until the age of five years I spoke only Russian. But at a school in Shanghai, the teaching was conducted in English and French. In Chinese, I only learned to swear superbly.

A delicate girl with big grey eyes came into the office and greeted me very politely. We spoke with her a little bit in Russian.

This is our six-year-old daughter Kyra. By the way my wife chose the name. We did not want to lose the Russian roots. Our oldest son’s name is Igor: a Russian prince was called by the same name. I named my second son Andrei, because at that time I was reading “War and Peace”. They speak Russian not worse than me. And Kyra likes and knows Russian tales “Kolobok” (The Little Round Loaf), “Repka”(A Turnip). We also named our cat, which we brought from the States by Russian name “Dymok” (Smokey).

Tell me Leo, has your stay in Russia influenced you somehow?

It influenced both of us very much. My character is rather a hot-tempered and impatient one. We became better, more patient, and more humane.

Do you miss Russia while being in the States?

My dear spouse, who unlike me is a very real American. But after three weeks of staying in the States, she says: "It is high time to go home".

How do you consider the Russians?

We respect the Russians deeply. How is it possible to live with such difficulties, disorder, and uncertainty in the future? Many of our people would just lose heart and give up because it is impossible to live so. But you struggle, you have optimism.

What sort of people attract you?

Candid people. Enthusiasts. I am a little bit irritated, when to the question: "How are you?" - people answer listlessly, vaguely.

Who among Russians are the greatest in your opinion?

There are many. I have a very deep respect for the poetry of Pushkin. There is no such poet anywhere in the world. I respect people with whom I work here. I like very much Georgi Konstantinovich Mirzoev. He is the Chief Design Engineer at VAZ. I know how it is difficult for him.

Do you have many friends here?

Yes, but the pace of life is so high, that when weekends come we just want to have a rest. We visit our friends, but seldom. Some of the people feel shy - they think everything should be made elaborately. But this is rubbish. No need to cook anything. Simply sit down and drink a cup of tea. But it is not done so among Russians. They feel it is necessary to make a feast. We do not like to go to restaurants. Here restaurants are not for lunches but more for festive gatherings. People go there not to have something to eat but mainly to drink.

Generally we work during the weekends. We catch up on what we could not do during a week. We work this way for about two months, and then we go to Switzerland or Spain for a week. We travel often. This always opens perspectives.

And Leo started to enumerate the countries that he visited. I counted thirty countries.

You probably have many photographs?

Yes, for a week's trip, we take a minimum of five hundred shots. We spend much time in order to choose a good angle. Beverly specializes in portraits and I am more involved in scenery.

What artists or composers do you show preference?

We like Renoir, Van Gogh, Tchaikovsky. Here we go to the theatre "Koleso". We liked "The Stars on the Morning Sky" very much. It is a very impressive play. And "Filomeno Marturano" (Marriage Italian Style). Natasha Drozdova is wonderful. But unfortunately you do not have opera or ballet.

There is a saying written in Russian hanging in your office...

Yes, it says, "Everything is in flux, nothing is at rest." And I believe in that. Because what cannot be resolved today, will get untied tomorrow. No need to take it very hard be upset, if something does not go the way you would like it to go. Maybe it goes another way better...

Englishmen say "A newspaper either for breakfast or never". When do you receive the periodicals?

I am more patient. Every week the mail come from the States: magazines "Newsweek", "Time", but they are a week late. generally I watch TV "Ostankino" and second channel. I receive all the local

newspapers, including "Million".

How do you appreciate them?

Good. They are interesting. But there is a difference in comparison with the Western press. You describe too much on a theme. We are more compact. I am simply short of patience to read everything.

Leo, you have a very nice timbre of voice. Do you sing?

Sometimes. Before I used to play on a guitar, I played popular music and songs. I should start again. You see this is a Japanese guitar which was brought from the States.

And do you sing Russian songs accompanied by this Japanese guitar brought from the States?

Yes, "Steppe and steppe around"

Please, tell how are birthdays celebrated in an American family?

Usually, they give small presents, greeting cards. Dinner. A cake with candles. But in September my wife and I have birthdays on the same day, therefore we celebrate it more elaborately.

Is the Russian "cuisine" cooked in your house?

Beverly makes very tasty "pelmeni", "manty", patties with cabbage, "vareniks". But she says, that it is so much work with pelmeni, and I eat them too fast.

I testify, that the charming Beverly cooks very tastely because she treated me to cookies that she just baked.

Leo, please tell me what is the secret of a Hollywood smile? Why do only Americans smile this way?

That is not true. My wife has taught the kids in Bank College to smile. And you have a very pleasant smile.

You see, in many countries kids are taught to keep their faces serious in case people think that they are light-headed. This type of upbringing is prevalent with Russians and in Asian countries. With us, Americans, maybe we over do it. It is part of our culture. One should not show an unhappy face. We have a saying: "If you meet someone with a frown - give him a smile as a present".

[APPENDIX N - Travel Diary of Shanghai Trip \(March 13 to March 27, 2011\)](#)

Sunday – March 13 (Rochester Hills to Shanghai, China)

Our long anticipated, nostalgic trip to Leo's childhood and youthful years, started at 13:00 hours when Bev and Leo were picked up by Leanne and Danny for the drive to Metro Airport in Detroit. In route we picked up US\$ 500 in cash at an ATM machine for "emergency use". Everything proceeded smoothly, we arrived in ample time to board our 14-hour direct flight to Shanghai on Delta DL019.

The flight was uneventful (good!), but extremely uncomfortable and exhausting due to very limited seat space (especially for a 6'4" frame) and very cold with air flowing under the seats and chilling the feet and legs. Our sole protection was a couple of flimsy, small, totally inadequate blankets.

There were 3 consecutive in-flight, recently released movies, but due to lack of English subtitles (only Arabic or Israeli available), bad sound on earphones that kept falling off and interferences from people walking the aisles, we missed most of them. The food was "crappy" too!

Monday – March 14 (Shanghai, China)

We arrived at Pudong Airport, Shanghai @ 19:45 hours after our thoroughly exhausting 14-hour direct flight from Detroit. The temperature outside was a chilly 50° F with a slight drizzling rain. On arrival at the airport, Leo had some difficulties at the ATM machine near the Baggage Claims area to get some ¥'s through his VI SA card due to a covered keypad with no lighting (security reason) that was built for 4' tall individuals. After much effort succeeded in withdrawing ¥2,500 (maximum allowed at a rate of ¥6.5 per 1 US \$).

As advised, he kept the **official exchange slip**, he was told that they are the only way he will be able to change back local currency that he may have left over into US \$ when we depart (proved unnecessary). We were also told that we would need RMB's (¥) for everything, including the taxis, airport busses, etc. no one accepts dollars in Shanghai and only top restaurants (*not* most Chinese ones) will take credit cards.

At that point he was approached by a very polite, well dressed young Chinese gentleman, with a prominently displayed nametag on his suit jacket lapel. He politely offered in impeccable English the service of a taxi to our hotel, payable by VI SA for a nice price of ¥750 (\$115).

When he saw Leo's shocked expression, he quickly offered a "special" discount to ¥450.

Thanks to advice from Tess, we thanked him and proceeded to the Taxi line queue. It was not too long and we got a taxi fairly quickly who took us to the Donghu Hotel after a 45 minute drive.

On arrival at the hotel the meter read ¥216, since Leo only received ¥100 bills from the ATM, he gave him 3 bills and accepted the change in the dark. As he was fumbling with the bills to give the

driver a tip, the driver took off and Leo discovered that he had only ¥30 in his hand – Good start, 1st and ONLY “rip-off”. We later learned to avoid the red painted taxis and only used the white and gold ones which were very courteous and generally gave us a printed receipt for the fare.

The 5th edition of Chinese currency (released on Oct. 1, 1999)
 (shown here are the front and back sides of 1 yuan,
 5 yuan, 10 yuan, 20 yuan, 50 yuan and 100 yuan)



Present Value ~ US \$ 0.15
 Not in Use – Only in Coin form.
 For change & minor purchases



Present Value ~ US \$ 0.75
 Use for Taxi Fare and Street Snacks



Present Value ~ US \$ 1.50
 Use for Street Snacks and Taxi Fare



Present Value ~ US \$ 3.00
 Use for Taxi Fare and Tips for Hotel Luggage Porter



Present Value ~ US \$ 7.50
 Use for Small Purchases and Tips to Receptionist



Present Value ~ US \$ 15.00
 Dispensed by ATM – Usually break down to smaller bills at Reception

Prior to departure from the US, Leo printed the following for the taxi drivers.

东湖路70号 (Donghu Lu No 70)

At the hotel we were greeted by a very pleasant young female receptionist and were informed that the restaurant was still open till 10:00 pm. We quickly checked into our room, which was large, clean and comfortable, and came down for a fantastic Chinese dinner of 4 delicious dishes – “Ma-po Tofu”, “Pork chunks with skin and black sauce”, “Mixed vegetables” and “Mixed Fungi” – yummy for less than \$35!

The only disappointment was that the swimming pool, sauna and “work-out” areas were closed till April for renovation. However, we could get a full body massage for ¥280/hour (\$43) in our room.

Bev was relieved to find out that her steam rollers worked and sent text messages to Leanne and Kyra on our successful arrival. Shanghai local time is 12 hours ahead of US EST, this made it unnecessary to change our watches. Arranged our belongings and went to bed for a much-needed sleep. All very happy that our room was right next to the elevator!!!

Tuesday – March 15 (Shanghai, China)

Got up at around 10 a.m. to a cloudy, chilly morning (52° F). Called Tess Johnston and Amy at the Beihong Senior High School (former St. Francis Xavier's College) to advise them of our safe arrival and schedule our meetings. Ordered a breakfast of 6 “jiang-long-bao” delivered to the room (¥23 or \$3.50).

At around 11 a.m., went on our 1st stroll and ran into Tess just outside of the hotel. She was returning home with some fish for a lunch meal with her house guest. After a brief meeting and agreeing to meet a little later in the day, we were off to visit “Skunk Hollow”. Took a few photos of #38, my former residence where I lived for 14 years (1940 – 1954) and the surrounding apartments of my former neighbors in the area.

Leo was amazed on how few changes were made on Route Grouchy (now Yenqing Road) during those nearly 60 years since he last saw it. The houses in the lane were of the same color walls, window shades/shutters, doors and general décor. The only significant change was the replacement of the three, evenly spaced large fir trees that were in the center by a row of tall elms. At the entrance was the same small shed which used to be a shoe-maker's shop. The small grocery and produce stores along the street were still active and the same as before, except some of them were now selling freshly cooked street food. At the corner of Route Grouchy and Route Doumer (now Donghu Road) used to be an auto repair shop now it is a tire repair shop while the spacious garage behind was converted to a fish market.

Proceeded west on Route Grouchy and checked out the passage where Sidney Shaw, Paul Codsì and Oleg Onatzevitch lived. Also little changes except that a high-rise building was erected behind Sidney's home where there was a concrete wall around a large open area.



Initial strolls and bus ride in the French Concession area

Walked on to Route Sayzoong (now Huaning Road) then somewhat exhausted with wobbly legs returned to our hotel.

The Donghu is a large complex consisting of several buildings. We stayed at the “Old Building” which was formerly one of the residences of “Big Ears Du Yuesheng” where he kept his opium, his guests, his bodyguards and had his parties. He was the head of the powerful criminal “Green Gang” that ran all the tongs in the French Concession. There are also several other buildings, a high rise, an older 1930 apartment building and several other detached small houses and cottages. As a boy, Leo used to pass the high stone walls every day on his way to school, wondering what was behind these walls. The Tea House at the corner, which was behind these walls, is now incorporated into a Japanese sushi restaurant.

At 1 pm, as agreed, we proceeded to Tess’s apartment which is in the apartment building on the grounds of the Donghu hotel – Building 3, Apartment 201. We met her houseguest Sandy and had a brief introductory chat, all four of us walked along Route Doumer to the former Avenue

Joffre (now Huaihai Road). We passed the small French Park (now Xiangyang Park) which Leo frequented often in his teen years. Took a few photos. Continued our walk on Avenue Joffre till Rue Roi Albert (now Shaanxi Road) to a bus stop for Bus #24 (¥2 each) to Route Frelupt (now Yongja Road), from where we strolled to visit various Art shops, including Deke's Old China Hand Reading Room on Route Zikawei (now Shaoxing Road).

When Leo first arrived in Shanghai from Harbin at age 4, he lived on Route Frelupt and used to walk home from Ecole Remi. He got lost one day on Route Zikawei, which was part river channel in those days, and was picked up by a friendly Russian/French policeman who took him to the main police station on Route Frelupt.

Bev made her 1st purchase with Tess's help – turtle neck sweater for warmth which was marked at ¥180 and was bargained down to ¥100! Shanghai was unseasonably very damp-cold, natives were complaining too. After some meandering around and visiting numerous shops as well as "The Old China Hands Reading Room" with many photos of the past "colonial" days of Shanghai and pictures of the various exuberant mansions and estates that belonged to the foreign "taipans" of those days, we returned, by bus, to Tess's cosy apartment for tea.

Tess liked her gift of "Selecta" and showed Bev some wonderful pearls which a friend of hers was offering at bargain prices. She also opened her mail and discovered a letter from the apartment management that she was being evicted in a month! She was quite upset, and judging from the load of books, papers and artifacts in her place – moving will be quite a task! Her apartment was Sam Moshinsky's former home in Shanghai. On our parting, she told us that due to those unforeseen circumstances, she would not meet us for breakfast tomorrow but will call us. Returned to the hotel for a nap, followed by dinner at 8:30 pm. Ordered soup, shrimp, veggies and ma-po tofu – way too much food but delicious.

It is frustrating in trying to communicate with people, so Bev recommended asking Jojo (very nice young receptionist with excellent English) to translate some basic information about Leo and his life here –

I was born in Harbin	Wǒ chūshēng zài hāěrbīn	我出生在哈尔滨
I lived in Shanghai from age 4 to 17	Wǒ zhù cóng 4 suì zhì 17 rì zài shànghǎi	我住从4岁至17日在上海
I left Shanghai in 1953	1953 Nián wǒ líkāi shànghǎi	1953年我离开上海
I lived on Yanqing Road	Wǒ zhù zài yánqīng lù	我住在延庆路
This is my first visit back	Zhè shì wǒ dì yī cì huí	这是我第一次回
My grandfather was Chinese	Wǒ de zǔfù shì zhōngguó	我的祖父是中国
His name was Tsin	Tā de míngzì shì huángjīn	他的名字是黄金
I do not speak Chinese	Wǒ bù huì shuō zhōngwén	我不会说中文
I am an American of Russian heritage	Wǒ shì yīgè měiguó de èluósī xuètǒng	我是一个美国的俄罗斯血统

We were anxious to try it out tomorrow. Also will try our first massages.

Went to bed at a reasonable hour. Leo's legs were starting to swell and hurt from the walking, so were Bev's knees.

Wednesday – March 16 (Shanghai, China)

Woke up early to a cool but sunny morning. Bev was up at ~4 am, Leo at 7 am. Made a phone call at 8:15 am to Philippe De Schryver, who was already at work, and introduced himself. Agreement was made to meet for lunch on Saturday, March 19 at 1 pm.

Called Anna Sharonova, daughter-in-law of the former Russian Consul General. She spoke wonderful English and is an English language teacher. We agreed to meet on Sunday, March 20th, time to be determined.

We had a nice combination Western/Chinese buffet breakfast at the Donghu hotel (¥176) at ~9:30 am. As we finished our 1st round, the waiters cleared our table of even the unfinished portion of our meal while we were visiting the fruit and salad bar – they thought we were done and were in a hurry to close down as it was relatively late for breakfast. After some confusion and embarrassment we were supplied new utensils and permitted to get our fill. Returned to our room for a nice nap till 2 pm. Woke refreshed and took a long, nostalgic, leisure walk in the French Concession – from the hotel along Route Henri to the large former Russian Cathedral. It was being renovated with an unclear goal in mind. The Russian Orthodox community in Shanghai today is too small to support it, but the Russian government negotiated with the Chinese government not to use it for other purposes. It may be opened as a museum; we were told that the interior artwork is nearly complete but could not enter to see for ourselves. We checked out the "Grape" restaurant adjacent to the cathedral and saw an extensive menu with better prices than our hotel.

Continuing north on Rue Tenant de la Tour to Route Ratard, we checked out the numerous "street food" stalls along the way – luscious! Turned east on Route Ratard to Avenue Cardinal Mercier and took photos of the Lyceum Theatre where Leo's Mom performed with the Russian Opera and Ballet troupe as a ballerina and Leo had his professional debut in the "Swan Lake" in a non-dancing part. The street walk was enjoyable with many photos of "pioneer" students, window shopping and the fascinating mixture of old and new architecture. Many people were wearing face masks to counter pollution and many bicycles and motor scooters on the streets and often on sidewalks. All the cars were well cared for, gleaming and polished with no dents or scratches. The streets were all at angles to each other with many sidewalk street vendors selling simple clothes like socks and underwear, music CD's and pirated DVDs of latest released movies. Many, many places to eat. Very few beggars who mostly focused on "foreigners".

From there we proceeded to the former "Cercle Sportif Francais" or the posh French Club where Leo worked as a life guard and swimming instructor. It was now the entrance of the Shanghai Garden Club, a subsidiary of the Japanese Okura Hotel group. We stopped over there for a cup of coffee and cake (impressive and expensive ~US \$40!). We ate in the area that used to be the swimming pool where Leo worked, now it has been converted to large pleasant cafeteria for business people and other "rendez-vous". After a short break, we continued onwards to the Cathay Theatre, which was still functioning as a movie theatre, on to Avenue Joffre and back to the hotel for a short rest.

At 7 pm, we met at the "Grape" restaurant for dinner with Tess, Sandy and two of Tess's friends Edith and Dianne who were on a short visit from the US. The food was good, Chinese style with numerous tasty dishes and more reasonably priced than in our hotel. However the restaurant was more frequented by Western expatriates and the food was more "Westernized" than the hotel, which Leo preferred

The ladies were all well-travelled and very animated interesting conversationalists. We had met Edith Benay earlier at a couple of the Old China Hands reunions in the Las Vegas and Portland. She is a Russian/Jewish lawyer from Los Angeles. Dianne was a former flight attendant for United Airlines for 40 years, prior to that she was a school teacher. Sandy, who graduated from Princeton, met Tess in Vietnam, in 1967, while they were working with the Foreign Service of the US State Department. We all had a great time.

After dinner Tess took us to a Massage parlor on the corner of Ave Joffre and Rte Doumer, where Bev and Leo enjoyed a wonderful, relaxing 1-hour "Aromatic Oriental Body Massage" for about US \$20 each. Massage was mostly back with some legs and arms. The massagists are well trained in acupuncture points and do a great job. Bev really needed the massage after having to negotiate 3 flights of stairs to the massage room. Leo was luckier as he chose a leg and foot massage which was on the ground level. Back to our hotel by 11:30 pm.

The bilingual statement of Leo's history proved to be very useful and impressive, generating a lot of Oh! and Ahs! from all that read it

Thursday – March 17 (Shanghai, China)

We were up early again to a sunny morning. Bev at 4 am and Leo at about 7 am. All still slightly "jet-lagged". Around 9 am we proceeded up Route Doumer to the "Element Fresh" restaurant at the corner. The trees were still there on Doumer as Leo remembered them but the Doumer Theatre was gone, replaced by a modern building. Across the street was also a posh restaurant in the mansion that was built by the rich Sephardi (Iraqi) Jews, Hannah and Ray Josephs. He was a famous architect that built many of Shanghai's Art Deco apartments.

On our way, we stopped at the “Dragonfly Massage Parlor” to check out their rates and the menu of their services. Made a note to go there this evening.

Element Fresh was a Western style cafeteria on the 4th floor of a modern high-rise building, called the “Kay Wah”, that was built on the grounds of the former Ste Jeanne d’Arc college that Leo attended for grade and middle school for 8 years of his childhood from 1940 till 1949. The school was razed down in the early ‘70s and several high-rise buildings were built on its extensive grounds.

The breakfasts were wonderful – Bev had a “healthy breakfast” consisting of a white egg omelette, yoghurt, black bread toast and freshly prepared tomato juice (very pulpy and tasteful). Leo settled for a smoked salmon omelette, with home fries, fried zucchinis and also wonderful black, multi-grained bread with very strong dark coffee. Fully refreshed, we walked from there down Route Pichon past Rou Lafayette to the Shanghai Museum of Arts and Crafts. This museum is located on the grounds of a mansion of one of the former rich “Taipans”, not sure which one, and has on-site artisans skillfully doing delicate Chinese paper-cutting, embroidery and lacquer work. There were also elaborate displays of costly jade and artwork some very valuable. The lovely building was built in 1905 and its elaborate lawns are a showpiece in itself.

We strolled on the 3 levels with great winding stairs and admired the beautiful artwork. It was fabulous, and so were the prices, ranging from about ¥30 (\$4.50) to ¥500,000 (\$75,000). There were gorgeous ivory and jade carvings, clay figurines, elaborate porcelain dolls, spectacular silk embroidered, ancient costumes, paintings and etc., etc., and etc.

From the museum, we hailed a taxi (carefully avoiding the red ones) to the “Xintiandi” area. This is an area east of the former French Park between Avenue Joffre and Rue Lafayette which formerly had a lot of old traditional “shikumen” houses where the poorer people lived. It has been brought up to date and divided into a pedestrianised north and south block with various restaurants, souvenir shops and outdoor cafeterias. It is where trendy dining, drinking, retail and sightseeing converge and is very popular with young people, tourists and party-seekers.

We stopped at the 1st cafeteria and had some jasmine tea with flowers in a unique mug and a snack of “ear” fungi and steamed buns. After this we took a casual stroll of the area which was full of Western tourists, Chinese teenagers in trendy clothes and very pricy stores. Around 3 pm we had enough and took a cab (white w/green) back to our hotel for a long-needed nap.

By 6:30 pm we were hungry enough to consider a visit to the “Grape”. We arrived there by 7:00 pm and had to change tables from a choice street-view one to a booth on the 2nd floor because of the cold. We later discovered that based on an edict from Chairman Mao, only cities north of Shanghai have central heating!

Leo was hungry and got a little carried away by ordering 5 dishes. We just barely managed to finish one and nibble on the rest. The bill was very reasonable - ¥126 or ~US \$19.00. Tipping is not customary and we took two boxes of food back to the hotel for later. Need to remember to restrict our orders to 2 or 3 dishes maximum for us two. Due to weariness, we decided to forego on the massages and hobbled back to the hotel completely exhausted. Leo was upset that he lost one of his favorite, light, black gloves (RT one) and was fast asleep by 8:30 pm.

Both were also having problems with the cameras, Bev's coin battery needed replacement and Leo's camera kept malfunctioning getting "corrupt data".

Friday – March 18 (Shanghai, China)

Leo up at around 5:30 am, Bev already up since 4:30 am, texted Leanne and Kyra – Leanne answered right away, it's 70° F in Michigan, much colder here! Watched some TV news re Libya, quake and tsunami in Japan, nuclear radiation concerns – hope that does not effect our return home through Tokyo. All terrible events on CNN! Had a couple of granola bars with coffee and got ready for the day.

Went to the lobby around 8:30 am and asked the girl (Helen) at the desk to call Amy at the Beihong Senior High School (former SFX) for directions. After a lengthy and animated conversation in Chinese, was given detailed written direction on a leaf of paper, nearly 1/3 of the page long, in Chinese for the taxi driver. Was told that the trip would take about 30 minutes depending on the traffic. Also asked about bus sightseeing tours and was given a tour schedule from the "Jingiang City Tours" company, which was located near the former French Club on the corner of Route Bourgeat and Cardinal Mercier.

Sat in the lobby waiting for the taxi and discussed options between a 1 day tour (\$60 for both) or a ½ day evening tour (\$40 for both) or both. Decided to decide later, tentatively scheduled one of them for next Monday. Taxi arrived and we were off by 9:15. Ride was exciting, reminded us of our experiences in Moscow traffic but much more turbulent. Would never attempt to drive here, cars maneuver within fraction of inches between them with drivers never blinking an eye. Constant games of "chicken" and aggressive movements.

Traffic was better than anticipated and we arrived at the school early, before our scheduled 10 am meeting. We were asked to wait near the guard house till a very gracious Amy appeared promptly at 10:00 am.

At the school's entrance, there was a large board with electronic letters in bright red – **"Welcome Mr. Leo Kalageorgi"**. Amy, introduced us to an elderly gentleman who was the retired former principal of the school, Mr. Cheng Jin Quan, and now the head of the Alumni Association. They

took us to a conference room where they gave us some green tea and showed us a book with photos of the school's 130-year jubilee. They thoughtfully marked the pages where there were photos of some of Leo's classmates and friends – many photos of Mario Machado as well as pictures with Bobby Augestad and Zoya Schelikis.

From there we proceeded on a tour of the school, with viewing of wall plaques of alumni and visitors. A very active photographer with a Nikon was snapping our every move and pause. They promised to send us some copies. Walked to the top floor balcony to take pictures of the famous clock in the background. Then to the courtyard where the students were playing ball, the track where Leo trained and ran his 1-mile race, with a large photographic reproduction on the wall of the original school. Took many photos and waved to the students in the windows of the classrooms. Following this we were invited to share lunch with the hosts – soup, pork on bones, noodles and “banana” tea.

After lunch, the current principal, Zhang Jun, showed up. She was an attractive gracious lady that had visited San Francisco for 2 months on an educational exchange and spoke some English. Everyone was very cordial and interested in us, gave us a co memorial book of the school's 135 year jubilee, apologizing that they were out of the 130 year version containing the photos of my classmates. They also gave us a beautiful souvenir gift bag with the school's emblem and two school pins with promises to send photos of our visit via mail and e-mails. They also turned up the heater in the conference room just for us during lunch! At noon, on the conclusion of our visit, Amy and the driver escorted us to our hotel.

After a 3-hour nap, we went on a minor shopping trip to get supplies for the room – yoghurt, strawberries, bananas and instant coffee. We had scheduled, for 19:00 pm, 90-minute massages at the “Dragonfly”, a full body oriental massage for Bev and a foot and shoulder massage for Leo – total cost US \$71.00! At 21:00 we had dinner at the hotel, were disappointed that our waiter friend was not there as we wanted to show him Leo's translated history sheet. Good dinner – too much again! Back to the room for texts to Kyra and Steve – Steven R. doing well in Army boot camp and has made friends. Watched the news for a while – nuclear radiation fears and aftershock concerns in Japan, continuing Middle Eastern problems and Libya's revolution updates, etc.

Agreed to take a full-day bus tour tomorrow – to bed.

Saturday – March 19 (Shanghai, China)

Up at 6 am, Bev washed hair, Leo off to buy “street food” – Round Bread w/onions (Yudo), Bread Sticks in Oil (Taping), and Rice Bread Buns with Pork filling (Pao-tse) – Great! With

`new coffee, yoghurt and strawberries! Agreed to meet Philippe at 1pm and arranged bus tour for Monday.

The desk ordered a taxi with brief Chinese translation of address – arrived in area but could not find the address, at a loss whom to ask, wandered around, got miss-directed to an office building, finally rescued by two Swedish girls with a cell phone, enabling us to contact Philippe (by Murphy's law both of our cell phones had dead batteries). He told us he would meet us at a Starbucks on the corner of the same place that we visited yesterday – "Xintiandi".

He arrived promptly, and we proceeded to the "Crystal Jade" Dim Sum restaurant. Great food! Leo and Philippe in deep conversation about GM. Our group also included Carmen, Philippe's 17-year old daughter and Jerome, his boss's husband, she was currently in Egypt for a 1-week meeting. Carla, Philippe's wife, will be returning on Tuesday, after seeing Thomas and Chloe in Aberdeen, Scotland.

Lunch was superb with fantastic juicy "Jiang-long-bao" (small steamed pork dumplings – Shanghai specialty), and other delicious dim sum. After lunch we briefly visited their apartment and then were driven by them to our hotel. Carmen took advantage of her mother's absence to go shopping with her dad. We will see them again this week after Tuesday when Carla arrives – maybe Saturday.

On our return, fiddled around with our cell phones trying to see why they were malfunctioning. Decided that they needed replacement on our return. After a short nap went to the "Dragonfly" for our 90-minute massages, after which we made appointments for 6:30 pm for both of us and then proceeded to the "Element Fresh" for a super dinner – Asian fish for Leo and a Salmon salad for Bev. Very reasonable prices and a wonderful waiter called Tom who spoke excellent English. Many of the young people in the service industry are students of English, honing up their skills by contacts with Westerners.

Sunday – March 20 (Shanghai, China)