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Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives

Benjamin O. Davis Jr. Collection - Clubs and Organizations, Taipei American School

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Chinese Embassy
1 Mayfair Bally Gunge
Calcutta, India

August 13th, 1976

Dear Tony,

I am extremely sorry to have delayed my answer to your letter for such a long time. As you probably learned from other sources, my husband and I had been on an Asian tour for the past six months. We had some rather unusual experiences on the trip, and I am sure many of these will be of interest to you.

Your letter arrived just as we were leaving for the airport to catch a CIPCJAL plane-Ceylon Indonesia Philippine China Joint Air Lines. Aboard the roaring machine, as I was having a last look at Ceylon, someone tapped on my back, and a shrill, familiar voice pierced my eardrums. "Ma-ay!" I heard as I turned around abruptly. Whom did I find but our beloved Phyllis. Twenty years had elapsed but she had not forgotten how to make herself heard. She introduced me to her husband, the great, great grandson of that famous British poet, Robert Southey. A poet with a big heart, he is on his way to success. Phyllis, as I remember, was not interested in poetry, but there she was, trying in vain to quote lines from Southey's "Cataract of Lodore": "Dancing, and prancing, and... Oh, I forgot.....canning, banning, fanning.....Ah, I love poetry!"

At Jakarta, Indonesia, we met Jennifer with her extremely tall husband and her medium sized son. Funny, isn't it? So many years now, and Jennie hasn't grown a bit. Her husband, a rich businessman who owes his success to Jennie's secretarial help, owns a large estate just outside the city. It took nine hours on horseback to cover their estate. Jennie is still as peppy as ever.

A newspaper on the breakfast table caught our attention, "Two-star General Bogart on a Two-Day Good-will Tour of Jakarta." We doubted the identity, but, to satisfy our curiosity, we decided to go downtown to watch the parade. A jet-propelled car passed by; a second one whizzed past. We waited a long time for the third which gave out beautiful flashy rays in reflection to the sun. It was Bogie and Lynn! He was as dignified as his father thirty years ago. His keen, observing eyes suddenly noticed us waving, and he waved vigorously back. He received us at the Embassy later, and asked us to go with him to a Hobo Party given by Andrew Wee III in Shanghai.

We arrived by jet just one minute before the party was to begin. Andy blindfolded us, and spun us around and around until we were dizzy; then he fired two shots and said, "Two birds down, now let's go, the gun's pointing at you." We marched forward, not knowing where, bumping into each other and stumbling. Andy then said, "Blindfolds Off." We found ourselves in the most beautiful tunnel built in the most exquisite architectural design we had ever seen. Turning around, we saw Andy pushing a large cart, and his two sons each pulling a wagon cart full of food. His elder son resembled in every way the Andy we knew back at T. A. S.

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