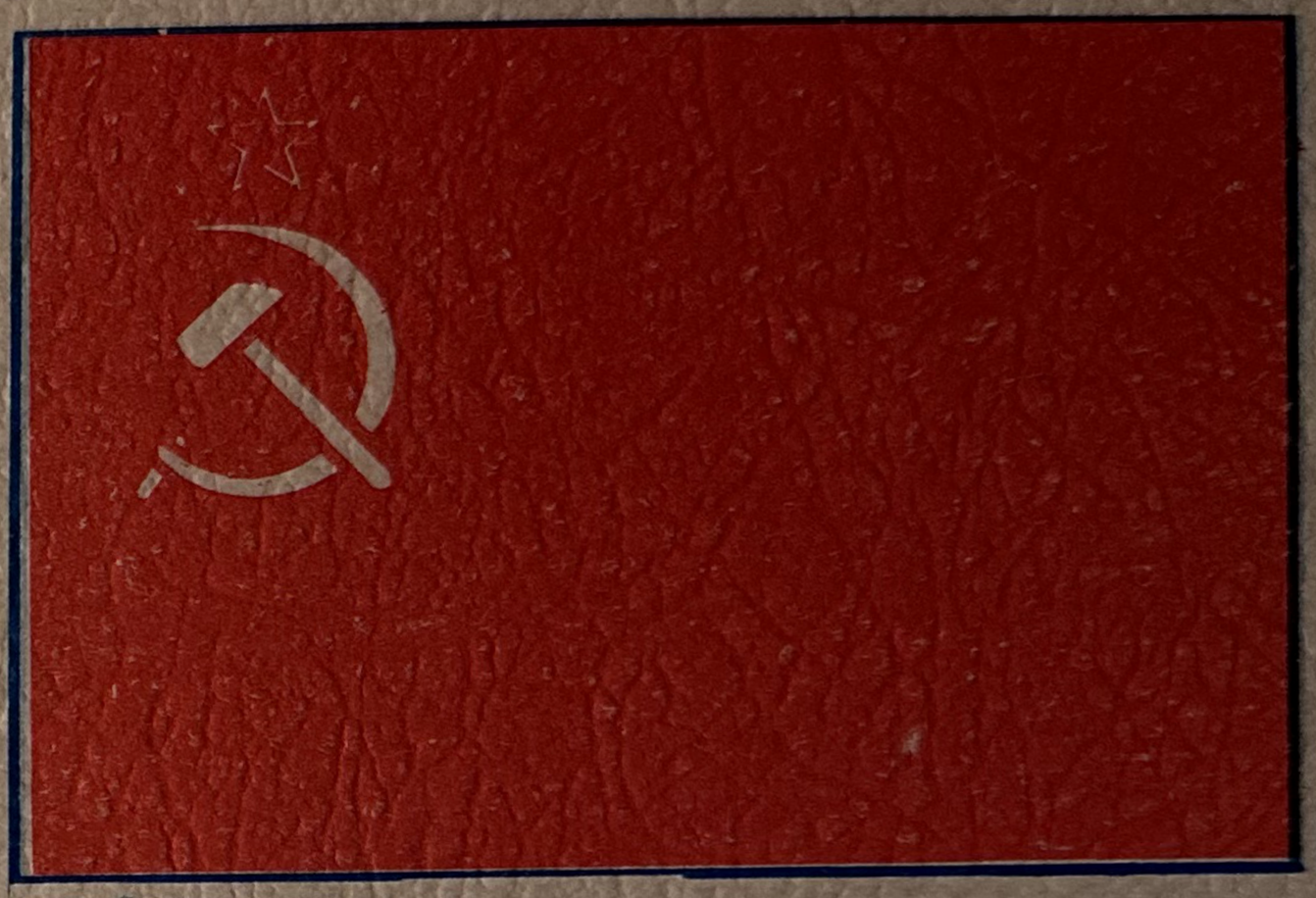
Forty Days Behind The Iron Curtain

With Mary Jane



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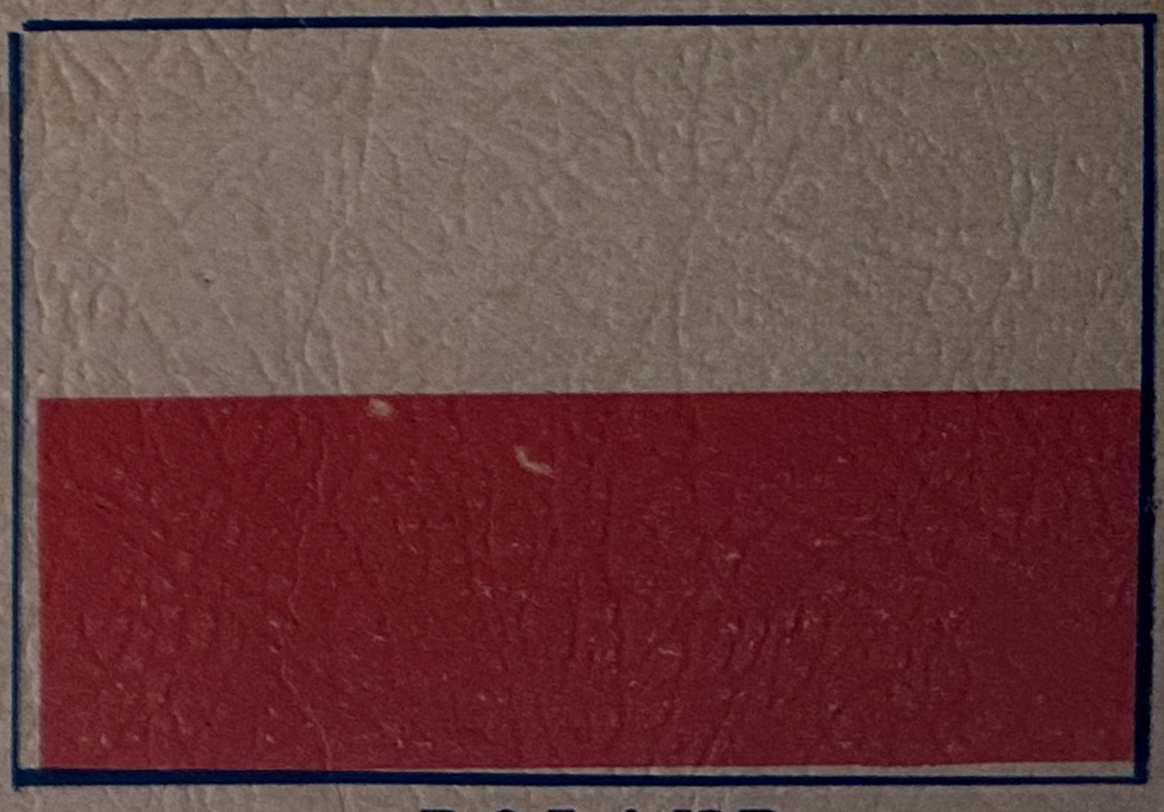

POLAND

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Rachel F. Lawson

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Rachel T. Lawson

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This picture was made just before leaving New York on August 16. Myself, Anna Freydberg, Irwin and his wife, Kitty.

FOREWARD

My sincere appreciation to Irwin Freydberg, president of G., H. & E. Freydberg, who made this trip possible for me. It shall always be one of the highlights of my life.

I am not a writer but have attempted in my feeble way to relate some of the interesting experiences of this trip and at the same time to give a brief description of the three capital cities we visited and the way of life of the inhabitants.

Rachel F. Lawson

FORTY DAYS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN WITH MARY JANE

A glance at the title of this account of my recent trip to Eastern Europe and the U. S. S. R., would throw you into a state of quandary and cause you to wonder whether or not this was an enjoyable or a regrettable venture. I hasten to say that the six weeks spent on this tour, along with a most congenial group, turned out to be one of the most pleasant and interesting experiences in my life. It now seems like a wonderful dream, and it is difficult for me to realize that I was so fortunate to represent and introduce "Mary Jane" colorful and uniquely designed frocks to the doting mothers of the young lassies in Russia, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. I describe the mothers as "doting" because apparently they worship their children and are eager for them to have the pretty and better things of life, which they have not had and do not have. The children are healthy specimens, well developed, having rosy cheeks and wearing winning smiles along with drab but neat and clean clothes.

It was early one morning in May, 1967, when my son, Fred, awakened me and out of a clear blue sky inquired as to my plans for the summer. Dazed, I asked why he wanted to know. His reply was - "Irwin and I have planned a trip for our mothers for the last two weeks in August and all of September."

The word "trip" appealed to me and I turned over and asked where we would be "tripping to" and his reply, without hesitation, was "MOSCOW." This was really an eye opener and I jumped out of bed, wondering if he were losing his mind. He then explained the mission. There would be an International Fashion Apparel and Textile Exhibit to be staged in Eastern Europe and "Mary Jane" would venture, along with sixteen other participating U. S. A. products, to encourage expansion of trade in these countries. With little enthusiasm, I told him that I would go and at the same time wondered if the trip would ever materialize.

I believe it would be well here to state some facts and figures relative to "Mary Jane" dresses which are manufactured at the rate of 8,000,000 annually.

G., H. & E. Freydberg, Inc., of New York City, have manufactured Children's dresses for the mass popular market in the United States since 1908. Today they are the country's largest single manufacturer in the children's dress industry. These dresses are sold and advertised under the name of "Mary Jane" for infants, toddlers, children and young girls through size 14. They are sold in more than 9,000 retail stores accross the United States, and are advertised in 14 leading national publications.

The manufacturing plants employ approximately 2,500 people and are located in several states. Laboratories are maintained in several of these plants where new fibers and fabrics are tested as soon as they are developed by the textile industry. One of the most important developments which proved itself quickly is PERMANENT PRESS, (garments which need no ironing). "Mary Jane" was among the first to produce volume children's wear in this new permanent press fabric and is today the largest manufacturer of permanent press children's dresses, the demand for which is growing rapidly.

Throughout the year, the variety of styles and designs created for "Mary Jane" dresses changes constantly with current trends and different seasons. Each year there are as many as 3,000 different styles offered to the buyers in the showrooms located in the Children's Wear Building, 130 West 34th. Street, New York City.

G., H. & E. Freydberg contracts with The Appomattox Garment Company to manufacture these dresses and ship them to customers all over the world. There are thirteen factories involved with the largest one located in Appomattox. Irwin Freydberg is president of G., H. & E. Freydberg and Fred H. Lawson is president of The Appomattox Garment Company.

I gave little thought to the trip until I received a form to apply for a passport. It was necessary to obtain visas for each country to be visited and each to be accompanied by a picture. I was vaccinated and given the necessary shots to complete a World Health card to

be sent to Simmons Group Journeys, Inc., New York City, who directed our itinerary. I complied with each of these preliminaries, still dubious as to whether or not I really wanted to venture this far from MY HOME TOWN.

In the meantime I was receiving communications from the United States Department of Commerce, and Bureau of International Commerce, sponsors of this exhibition under the auspices of the Department's Mobile Trade Fair Program. The United States regarded this venture as an important step in fostering better trade relations between our country and others, as well as a gesture of International Goodwill. They were briefing the participants on "Do's and Don'ts". Pan American Airways offered tips on clothes to wear and take and the necessary articles which would be difficult to purchase in these countries. Peter Corn Associates of New York City, a design and exhibition organizing firm, who directed the U. S. A. exhibition and fashion show, informed us as to the participants under contract; the selection of The Swinging Six who would provide music for the fashion show and would be co-sponsored by Kent Cigarettes; the selection of models from The Fashion Institute of Technology; and the naming of Miss Eleanor Lambert of New York City as consultant for the American Fashion presentation.

In the meantime and in between times, Irwin was sending me magazines and news clippings relative to Russia and Eastern Europe. Among them were the "American's Tourist Manual for the U. S. S. R." and a Russian phrase book which proved to be most helpful.

Having flown commercially only once and never on a jet, two weeks before the BIG TRIP, I "jetted" to New York City to meet Mrs. Anna Freydberg, Irwin's mother, with whom I would travel. The same morning while in flight to New York on one of the two jets owned by Piedmont Airlines, the other jet crashed near Asheville, North Carolina, killing 87 passengers. Among this number were John T. McNaughton, the newly appointed Secretary of the U. S. Navy, his wife and son. When learning of this crash that same evening while having dinner in Anna's apartment, goose pimples covered my body. Immediately, without a word of comment, "me and myself" cancelled my trip. Realizing that invitations had been issued to a "Bon Voyage" party for me

by friends in Lynchburg, I planned to call them as soon as I returned to the hotel that evening and tell them there would be no "Bon Voyage". After placing the call, I was told the line was busy. I later calmed down and cancelled the call.

The following morning Fred called me at the Freydberg office and asked if I planned to return home by plane or train, saying that he had rather for me to travel on my return trip ticket. I surprised him by saying that I would return by jet as the odds were with me. I was told on my return home that some friends had wagered as to whether or not I would travel home by jet after hearing of the crash.

I found Mrs. Freydberg to be a charming, vivacious and most attractive lady, speaking with a distinct Russion accent. She had undergone an operation six weeks previously but was fast recovering and very excited over our approaching trip to her native country. Mrs. Freydberg was born in Odessa, Russia, and lived there until she was 12 years of age when she moved to the United States with her family. She had an interesting and colorful life before and after her marriage to the late Mr. George Freydberg, president of G., H. & E. Freydberg until his death. Even though she and her late husband traveled extensively, this was her first trip back to Russia.

When Anna first learned of this trip, she immediately began to brush up on her native language and when we reached Russia, she was speaking it quite fluently. She creditably served as our spokesman and interpreter on many occasions and was told by some "Muscovites" that she spoke the language beautifully and with such a soft tone. The Freydbergs were the parents of a son, Irwin, and a daughter, Mrs. Evelyn Ableson.

Just a week before the European tour, Anna came to Appomattox to visit me and make a tour of the factories. She made quite a hit at the Bon Voyage party given by Mrs. Garland C. Fitzgerald and Mrs. Yuille Holt in Lynchburg. The more I was associated with

Anna, the more confident I was that we would make compatible travel-mates for six weeks.

Business cards had been engraved for us and we were designated as "International Sales Directors" for G., H. & E. Freydberg, which made us feel rather important. In the meantime, we were delighted that Irwin and Kitty, his wife, decided to make the trip to Russia and spend two weeks and then return home via Paris, in ample time to enter their three sons in school in Chapaqua, N. Y. where they lived. I have often wondered how we could have coped with the first few days we spent in Moscow had they not come. They took the initiative in making ready the Mary Jane kiosk at Sokoliniki Park where the International Fashion Apparel and Textile Exhibits were set up by twenty-seven countries.

I awakened very early on the morning of August 16, realizing this was "D-DAY", and weather-wise, a georgeous day. I pulled in the morning newspaper, and following a habit of long standing, I first read my fortune in the Star Gazer. I was none too happy when I was warned - "Stay near home - Don't wander afar." I immediately dismissed (or rather tried to dismiss) it from my mind and made a pot of coffee. Members of my family who had given me a cook-out dinner the night before, began to arrive and sip coffee while I did some last minute packing. I then tramped up and down Lee Street and told my neighbors "good-bye". I could not hold the tears back when I kissed my dear neighbor, Mrs. Natalie Robertson, and told her good-bye, assuring her that I would miss her and would hurry back home. Her bodyguard dog, Trixie, stared at us and wagged his tail as if he knew something was up.

When I walked out of the front door of my home, it was with mingled feelings. I was truly in a state of skepticism, not really knowing WHY, WHEN, WHERE, WHAT, or HOW. Two of my sons, Fred and Jack, and a very dear cousin, more like a sister, Nettie Dresser Martin, and my eldest grandson, Tommy, drove me to the airport. We were met there by two friends, Kilburney and "Jiggy" Holt who were waiting to wish me "Bon Voyage".

I departed by jet at 8:35 A.M. After sipping coffee and munching on a donut, and at the same time recording the first two hours of this exciting day in my diary, we were told that in seconds we would be landing at LaGuardia airport. It was then 9:30.

When I called Freydberg's office, my friend Ellie, telephone operator, said, "Mr. Fred is on the line. Would you like to speak with him?" Fred had just walked into the factory at Appomattox after taking me to the airport and in the same length of time I had arrived in New York- FAST WORLD.

I went to Anna's lovely and spacious apartment at Sutton Place. I found her all excited, packed and ready to take off. After lunching with Anna, I made another call to the office to have them relay a message to Fred concerning some insurance matters. Again, Ellie said, "Mr. Fred is on the line. Would you like to speak with him?" You can bet I did! Again I said good-bye. Fred's version of these aftermath calls was that I telephoned him twice before leaving New York.

Anna and I traveled by taxi to Park Avenue where we boarded a special bus to the John F. Kennedy Airport. Excitement along with enthusiasm was at its height. Models, musicians, exhibitors and personnel of Peter Corn Associates were busy tagging baggage, (and, incidentally the tags were lavender, my favorite color) and affixing to each piece of luggage a Red, White and Blue label, marked "The Good Look of Fashion U. S. A." The young men were wearing plaid trousers and black ties and were carrying fur lined coats. The adorable girls, extremely mini-skirted, were equipped with extra eyelashes, wore attractive coiffures along with a BIG smile and appeared most friendly. They, too, were laden with fur coats, gifts from Peter Corn Associates. At this time the temperature registered a HOT 82 degrees and the coats appeared to be surplus cargo.

Arriving at this huge airport, I was fascinated by the spirit of excitement which prevailed. It was a most colorful place, thickly dotted with people representing many nations. Some were arriving, others departing, some gleeful and others tearful. I was most attracted by the adorable children, some of whom were crying while others were happy and excited over an anticipated trip.

Many of them were staring out of their bright eyes, not really knowing what all of the commotion was about.

Joining this throng of travelers, I spied a handsome and outstanding couple entering one of the many doors. I quickly recognized Irwin and Kitty, laden with baggage. They spent considerable time having their baggage and many bundles of Mary Jane brochures weighed. These brochures, thousands of them, were printed in the languages of the countries we were to visit as well as in the English language.

Kitty, with a captivating smile, looked queenly in a stylish black and white wool suit with matching accessories and wearing an orchid corsage. She wore her grey-streaked hair in a French twist. Many of these busy travelers turned to take a second look at this attractive lady.

While snatching a sandwich, we were asked to have a picture made standing by the Pan American jet on which we were to travel to Helsinki, Finland, where we would board a Russian Aeroflot to travel to Moscow.

Just prior to our departure we were escorted to the Control Tower by a Duty Officer from Pan American Public Relations, for a briefing by personel of the Department of state. We were frankly warned that we would encounter many difficulties on this trip at the exposition and elsewhere. We were urges to display patience and tolerance and not to show frustration but instead just SMILE, SMILE and SMILE.

"The Russians have shown tremendous interest in trade, and this attempted penetration of business into the Soviet Union is a serious commercial undertaking and a crucial time in our economic development. This will be a wonderful experience for all participants and we expect you to receive a warm welcome. The Soviet has displayed a Goodwill towards the U. S. A. and is very much interested in the American way of life," said Mr. Lacy.

We were expressly warned not to discuss the Viet Nam War nor the existing race riots in our country.

It was suggested earlier that we take with us souvenirs to be given in place of tips. We did carry lip sticks, nylon hose, ball point pens and a number of Kennedy Half-dollars. We gave these out generously to waiters, elevator operators, taxi drivers and maids and they were greatly appreciated as they are scarce items in the countries we visited. Of course, there were no Kennedy halves and we gave those to our interpreters, exhibitors from other countries and those who rendered us special services.

At 7:50 P.M. with 122 passengers, 74 of whom were members of the U. S. A. Mobile Trade Fair, we departed New York on Pan American Flight No. 40. The weather was perfect for flying. We were told that we would be flying 600 miles per hour at a height of 5½ miles. Anna and I arranged to be seated together with Irwin and Kitty diagonally accross the aisle from us. At 9 o'clock we were served a delicious dinner - fruit cocktail, cornish hen with dressing, lima beans, asparagus, tossed salad and baked custard topped with whipped cream - a real feast.

Shortly after midnight, curled up on our seats, we were sleeping when the Captain announced if we would look out of the left side of the ship, we could view the Aurora Borealis, the Northern Lights in luminous stream. Seeing the beautiful sky lights truly justified being awakened.

We put down in Oslo, capital of Norway, at 8:15 A.M. with a temperature of 55 degrees. We were told to turn our watches up five hours. Many of the passengers left the plane for coffee, souvenirs and to write cards. The hand-knit sweaters sold at the airport were colorful, beautiful and expensive. The Olympics are often held in this Scandinavian country. Following our take-off, one hour later, the uniformly laid off farm lands were clearly visible to us. The small but neat homes, many of them painted red, and the out-houses were fenced in -- the country was mountainous, topped by beautiful pine trees.

We landed in Stockholm, capital of Sweden, at 10 o' clock in a pouring rain with a temperature of 45 degrees. We donned our raincoats and ran to the airport where we again had coffee, wrote more cards and shopped for souvenirs. Kitty could not resist purchasing some fur-lined bedroom slippers. When we took-off at 10:45 the rain had subsided and we could view the green farm land

fields which were uniformly laid off in perfect squares. The homes were neat and attractive with numerous flower gardens.

Our next stop was in Helsinki, capital of Finland, where we arrived at 1 o'clock. The weather was clear but chilly, registering 68 degrees. We had a delicious luncheon at the airport consisting of ham, herring, sardines, boiled potatoes and strawberry sundae. While lunching we could see the Russian aeroflot landing which would "lift" us to Moscow. It was putting down with parachutes opened to reduce speed of plane while landing.

Finland is foremost in fashions and furniture designing. It was here that we saw some of the "miniest miniskirts" being worn by the native girls who were very pretty.

Irwin and Kitty were joined here by Mr. & Mrs. Carl Merk, friends from New York City, and a most attractive couple. They traveled with us to Moscow where they spent several days sight-seeing.

When boarding the aeroflot at 3:30 P.M., it was announced that we would be flying 800 kilometers per hour at an extremely high altitude. These figures frightened me as this plane did not look as secure and new as the Pan Am we had left at Helsinki. The weather was favorable, with a beautiful blue sky crowded with innumerable floating white clouds, resembling cotton candy sold at carnivals. Looking down, we could clearly see the railroads, highways, lakes and well cultivated farm lands encircling the attractive farm houses.

A bountiful and delicious meal was served at 4:30 by friendly and pretty Russian stewardesses. On the tray were several slices of Danish ham, Spanish rice, caviar, cucumbers and a delicious rich pastry. To add color to the tray, a very green apple was placed in the center of the tray, and around it, hard fruit-centered candies.

At 6 o'clock we landed in Moscow and were greeted by personnel of the American Embassy who were there to assist us in clearing customs and getting settled.

Our passports and visas were turned in and we were required to fill out declaration forms, listing all money, paper and silver separately, traveler's checks and jewelry.

We traveled by busses over 15 miles of rough roads to the Hotel Rossiya, to which we had been assigned, located directly across the wide street from the Kremlin and Red Square. (A picture of this hotel and the Kremlin can be seen on the front cover of Look Magazine - Oct. 3, 1967 issue.)

The spacious lobby of this 3,000 room hotel was crowded with people from many nations, most of whom were there on the same mission we were, the International Trade Fair. The hotel clerks, all ladies, seemed to be in a state of confusion which caused a long delay in the assignment of our rooms. Peter Corn was there to greet us and worked with Isabelle J. Ryznar, a professional multi-lingual courier with Simmons Travel Agency, to the end that we were soon escorted to our respective rooms. Before going to our rooms, we were served another meal, strictly Russian food, the sixth in the past 24 hours.

Anna and I were assigned to room No. 08-010 on the eighth floor. It seemed that we walked down a mile-long corridor after leaving the elevator before reaching our room. We were pleasantly surprised to find spacious quarters with wall to wall carpeting, a private bath and comfortable beds with real Irish linen sheets and pillow cases.

We were required to deliver the key to our room to a designated "key lady" whenever we left the room. These pleasant and friendly ladies were stationed in the corridors and it was mandatory that each guest either be in his or her room or give the key to the lady nearest the room. From our room we had a bird's-eye view of the construction of an additional 3,000 rooms to this hotel. A majority of the construction workers were women, dressed in overalls and engaged in mixing mortar, laying brick and terracing the court yard.

On Friday morning we awakened to a new world. We had turned our watches up another two hours, making seven

hours difference in our time there and back home. When it was 7 o'clock in the morning in Moscow, it was midnight in Eastern U. S. A.

After a breakfast, consisting of a very good egg omelet, slices of black bread and warm coffee served in demitasse cups, we found our way to the office where we exchanged American dollars for Russian rubles. The exchange was nine rubles for ten dollars of our money, and nine kopecs for ten pennies.

In the USSR all tourists are handled by one government tourist agency, INTOURIST. This agency runs hotels, steers the tourists through customs, provides guides and translators, directs all group transportation, handles baggage, conducts sightseeing tours, distributes meal coupons, arranges tickets for travel or opera, exchanges money and extends every conceivable courtesy. It is a remarkably efficient organization. It is said that the most important unofficial function of INTOURIST is to see that all "foreigners" - Chinese or Americans, see the "best side" of Soviet life.

After traveling in the Soviet, we realized there was no risk in asking questions, walking alone on the streets or taking pictures in designated places. The American tourist is welcome because the government is overly anxious for the American dollars they spend.

We were told that when Stalin lived, his pictures and statues were numerous throughout the Soviet. It is almost impossible now to find either picture or any monument to his memory.

Lenin's pictures and statues are literally everywhere. Many public buildings, parks and schools bear his name. Oversized pictures and statues may be seen up and down the streets, in parks, theatres and every public building. Lenin was the founder of Russian Communism at the time of the Russian Revolution, fifty years ago last October. During the celebration in Moscow, millions of people crowded the city to participate in the colorful celebration. A huge bronze statue of Lenin was unveiled in the Kremlin. The statue is 12 feet tall and is mounted on a grey granite pedestal. Newspapers revealed there

were 47 marriages performed every five minutes during the celebration. A special wine was concocted and named "The Anniversary Wine".

The emphasis today is so strong on Lenin, it is difficult to remember that Stalin lived between him and Krushchev, who is seldom mentioned. I recall hearing one Muscovite say that Krushchev was "clever and possessed personality."

After seeing and talking with many Muscovites, I have come to believe that Communism is their Religion and Lenin is their GOD.

Perhaps it would be well at this point to give you a brief description of Moscow, a city 800 years old and the capital of the USSR. With a population of nearly 7,000,000 people, it is the political, industrial and cultural center of Russia. It is here that one can see the distinctive features of the modern Soviet city and sense the full-blooded life of the Soviet people who are actually engaged in building a Communist Society. It is recognized as one of the most beautiful cities in world. It is in this city that one can commute by the swift and immaculate underground stations on the Metro, (Subways) to visit institutions of learning, theatres, art galleries, museums, exhibitions, picturesque parks, stadiums, fantastic heated swimming pools, factories and other attractions.

The Moscow Kremlin is a great monument of Russian and world architecture. The Kremlin is the seat of supreme organs of state power of the USSR, namely, The Supreme Soviet (Parliament), the Council of Ministers and the Venue of Congress of the Communist Part of the Soviet Union.

The Lenin Mausoleum stands in Red Square. The endless queue of people coming to view the familiar features of their leader is evidence of their great love and respect for him.

Spasskaya Tower, one of the most beautiful towers of the Kremlin, rises in Red Square. The welcome chimes of its bell-clock are heard daily and at midnight over Moscow radio.

More than 90 per cent of the Russians could not read or write in 1917 and now practically everyone is literate. They have discovered a new world by being able to read books, magazine and newspapers. To encourage this, daily newspapers are spread out under glass at each bus stop and Metro station, in order that people may read them and keep up with current events while waiting for transportation. There are many spacious book stores throughout the city, where men, women and children queue up to make purchases. A large majority of the people carry with them, in a mesh bag, books and reading material and take advantage of waiting periods by reading along the streets.

Russian parents encourage their children in doing their homework. They positively know their sons and daughters have no future unless they take every possible advantage of their educational opportunities.

Children of elementary school age wear uniforms and look very neat. On the first and last days of the school year and on all holidays, each student carries a bouquet of flowers to school for decorative purposes. I was fascinated to see these boys and girls, dressed in uniforms with red ties, and carrying colorful fall flowers en-route to school in September. I was traveling to the Trade Fair by bus early in the morning and the children were swarming on every street. There are no school buses as the schools are located so that each student can walk to and from his designated school.

A typical Russian child's education is as follows: After the mother has been alloted three months time to recover from the birth of her baby, State owned nurseries take care of the baby and the mother returns to work. At the age of three, the child is transferred to a State Kindergarten. He remains there until the age of seven when he enrolls in the first grade. He starts to school one year later than the American child and with one additional year of maturity. He is faced with a curriculum of 44 courses offered in the next 10 years, most of which are compulsory.

In fifth grade he chooses his foreign language. Suppose he should decide on French and after finding it difficult, he would like to drop it. In the Soviet

Union, he can not drop the subject. At the end of his tenth year he has completed six years of French and speaks it fluently.

Because he is ambitious, he now takes a national competitive examination for college entrance. He scores well and probably has the choice of ten universities. He then decides on Moscow University, the show place of Soviet education. In the Soviet, the government pays all college students from $30.00 to $60.00 a month, depending on his major choice.

Moscow University now boasts of 40,000 students, including correspondence students. Residents live in dormitories, two to a room with private bath. They enjoy the best living facilities most of them have ever known. There are gymnasiums, tennis courts, outstanding art exhibits, operas and educational trips which they may enjoy.

The University grounds contain 250 acres of beautifully landscaped terraced grounds. Many flower gardens are dotted over the entire acreage. The University is made up of 37 separate structures, containing 22,000 rooms, 1,000 laboratories, 150 lecture halls, many dining halls, snack bars and other facilities too numerous to list.

I was quite excited when my interpreter, Tanja Patekkara, offered to take me on a tour of this world known University, in which her sister was employed as a geologist. It is the desire of all tourists to view the city of Moscow from the top floor of the main building which is 32 stories high and has a spire of 725 feet. The overall view of the capital city was really breath-taking on this clear day. Near an artificial lake on the campus, we could see busts of great Russian scientists, comparable to a hall of fame.

A pass is required to enter the University unless you are accompanied by an INTOURIST guide. We were met at the door by Tanja's attractive sister who was allowed to escort us through a part of the main building. We had lunch in one of the teachers' cafeterias which was an interesting experience for me. I am confident we walked miles up and down the long corridors. I was told that the center planks in these corridors were worn down so badly from traffic that it was necessary to replace them each year.

When coming down from the thirty-second floor on a self operating elevator, we attempted to get off at three different floors but the door refused to open. I was really frantic as I have a phobia of being locked in any place. I could hear Tanja and her sister talking in an excited tone of voices but knew not what they were saying. I thought surely I would smother to death. We then went to the basement floor and the door opened. I was the first one to make an exit, and not again did I get on an elevator. The stairway was good enough for me.

RELIGION

Practically all Russians under fifty years of age do not hesitate to say they are confirmed atheists. They seem to accept communism as their religion. They do not hesitate to state that this is the only life and the grave is an absolute end.

For fifty years the Communist Party has conducted a campaign against every form of religion. No Soviet citizen can believe in both Communism and GOD. They are taught this distinction in the schools.

It has been said that religion in the Soviet is all but dead and its death should be complete in 15 years when the old people die. No Bibles are for sale in the thousands of book stores throughout Russia. The book stores do sell "Bible Stories" which turn out to be political attacks against religion.

On my second Sunday in Moscow, I attended a Russian Orthodox church near Sokoliniki Park, where the textile show was set up. I felt very sad and depressed after seeing approximately 50 very old men and women, shabbily dressed and maimed, standing with heads bowed, and some weeping. There was an elderly man at the front of the church dipping an old worn-out broom in a tarnished brass bucket and slinging water on these pathetic people while mumbling some words which I could not comprehend. One elderly lady, supported by two canes reached down to kiss the floor and was unable to straighten up again. I assisted her and she smiled at me with tears in her eyes and I reciprocated with tears. The church had evidently been magnificent many years before but it had really deteriorated.

Anna and I visited a church which was constructed of marble and apparently had been very ornate inside in years gone by. This structure had been abandoned for many years and the pigeons had taken over.

A priest who heads the Soviet Institute of the Roman Catholic Church in Rome, said - "We are training missionaries to go to the Soviet Union when it is again free to receive the gospel. We are not thinking in terms of years but, if need be, in terms of centuries."

MERCHANDISING

All stores in the Soviet Union are state-owned and the prices are manipulated by the Government and are exceedingly high.

Anna and I visited GUM'S Department Store, the largest in the Soviet Union. It is located across the street from the Kremlin. It is estimated that 300,000 customers visit this store each day and are served by 4,000 employees. In this store which covers blocks, everything is sold at prices which seemed exorbitant to us. The Russians are enthusiastic buyers and shop seven days a week. The traditional patio was in the center of the store, separating the various departments. The store is several stories high.

I made some purchases in this store which proved to be quite an ordeal and time consuming. It is necessary for a purchaser to queue up to select the merchandise he desires. The clerk will then make out an itemized bill for your purchases. You then again queue up at a cashier's window, pay the stated price of the items you wish to purchase and receive a cashier's receipt. The third time you queue up at the counter at which you originally selected your merchandise, present your receipt and receive your merchandise along with a friendly smile. I saw no cash registers while in Moscow. Calculations are made on an abacus, which is a wooden instrument with a series of black and white beads which can be shifted back and forth on five or six pieces of wire. It has proven to be fast, and apparently accurate.

Men's clothes there are extremely expensive, and of very inferior quality. I was approached by a man who inquired if I would like to purchase some Russian art. Remembering that we had been warned not to buy art from individuals, I told him that I was not interested. In his broken English, he made it known to me that I would not have to pay him in money but only send him some second hand clothes when I returned to the United States. I shook my head negatively and walked away as I did not want to become involved. Very ordinary men's suits sell for $85.00 or more.

The display windows of this store were decorated with ultra modern and expensive clothes for ladies. Manikins, outfitted in expensive furs, evening gowns and fetching sports clothes were placed in the windows but to find these clothes for sale inside was impossible. Dresses which would normally sell in the U. S. A. for $10.00 or $25.00 would be priced at Gum's Store for $40.00 and $75.00. The women there wore clothes comparable to those which we sell here at rummage sales. However, they always looked neat and clean in spite of their excess avoirdupois.

The city streets are filled with peddlers who sell everything from ice cream to ladies hose. Ice cream was introduced to Russia in 1934 when Mikoyan, a Russian, visited the United States and carried back with him the recipe. "It is so delicious it sells well on the streets even when the temperature is below zero," so Tanja said. I can personally vouch for this rich and tasty cream as I truly ate my share while there.

Taxis are numerous in Moscow. Cab drivers are sometimes called "cowboys" as they drive very repidly and seldom observe "spot lights" or pedestrians. Moscow has no speed limit. Twice I rode in a taxi across the street from the hotel to Gum's Store for fear of being run over by a taxi had I walked across.

SOKOLINIKI PARK

Anna and I visited Sokoliniki Park after exchanging money. The park is 15 miles from the hotel and The

International Textile Exhibit was being set up for the opening on Tuesday, August 22. There was a crowd of people standing in front of the hotel awaiting their turn for a taxi. Anna saw a taxi pull up and the two men, next in line, crawled in - she inquired (in Russian) if their destination was "The Park" and the driver answered - "Da Da", meaning YES in Russian. (Incidentally, that was the only Russian word I learned while there.) Anna motioned for me to crawl in the back seat with the two strangers, and she, without hesitation, stepped up in the front seat by the driver. They looked at us a little bewildered but their reaction was surprisingly friendly. They introduced themselves, saying they were from London and were there for the same purpose for which we had come,exhibitors at The Textile Show. We exchanged business cards and they assured us they were happy to share the taxi and positively refused to allow us to pay our share of the fare. Taxi fares there were very cheap - only about $1.50 for this distance.

We spent several hours wandering around the park which covered several hundred acres. We had a nice lunch at a side-walk cafe with very interesting people. I was craving something to drink; in fact I had almost become dehydrated as I had not found any beverage which did not contain alcohol since our arrival. We were told not to drink water from the spigot. I finally spied a "water wagon" - paid the price for a drink and after the first sip, threw it out. I was later told it was "charged water", very much like our carbinated water with a bitter taste. On my return to the hotel, I found some orange juice at the bar, costing 80 kopecs (cents) per small glass. I drank three glasses without stopping and would have gladly paid ten times that amount for this delicious imported juice.

The main dining room in this hotel was very spacious and decorated in a golden color, drapes and floor covering. We had dinner here with Carl and Kitty Merk who traveled with us from Helsinki. A nine-piece orchestra with men and women soloists provided the dinner music. It was a custom there to completely fill one table with guests before starting another table. Due to this procedure, we were privileged to eat at tables with many interesting people from countries all over the world. It was strange to observe that practically all foreigners could speak a "leetle English" and I could only speak a "leetle French"

and no other language. We managed to communicate though.

Two of the most polite people with whom we shared a table were exchange students at The University of Moscow. They were natives of Africa. The young man was a law student and his girl friend was studying medicine. Their meal was served to them shortly after they invited us to sit at their table. They refused to eat until we had ordered and been served. We insisted that they eat as the food was getting cold but they waited at least an hour for us to be served. During this time they danced gracefully and sipped champagne, inviting us to join them in a toast. The young man spoke Oxford English beautifully and his plans were to come to the United States in 1968 and serve as a legal interpreter at the United Nations.

Irwin and Kitty were keeping quite busy assisting in decorating the Mary Jane Kiosk at the United States Exhibit Hall, Number 19. Traveling with our group from New York was Toni Gerard, decorator and displayman. When interviewed after the trip, Toni said - "I realize more than ever that necessity is the mother of invention. The venture was a true American pioneering trek. It is evident that the people in the countries we visited were hungry for American merchandise and ideas and were attracted to colors. They would have liked very much to buy the merchandise we had on display but we could not sell it. In each country we gave away some of our merchandise as well as some of our personal clothes."

Toni worked for Macy's Store in New York City for 25 years and resigned this position to be associated with Peter Corn. His "trade mark" is his self designed colorful bow ties which he wears, some of which he left in these countries.

With an INTOURIST guide, Anna and I made a tour of the Kremlin on Monday. We met Nina, our guide, at 10:30 A.M. in the lobby of the hotel. We walked safely across the street to Red Square where there were long lines of people at each place of interest. The Kremlin or "Fortress" can best be described as a single monument to Russian Cultures. Its priceless

collection of art and antiques is almost inconceivable. There are many spacious halls within the square, the largest being Georgievsky Hall, which is dedicated to Russian Victories. Magnificent and priceless ornaments are everywhere, including one-ton chandeliers.

The Mausoleum containing the sarcophagus of Vladimir Ilych Lenin, is open to the public. Daily, thousands of Soviet citizens and tourists line up for blocks outside Red Square to view the body which is preserved in a crystal crypt. Tourists, accompanied by guides, may enter at predetermined times without a long wait. After seeing the soldier guards, stationed on either side of the door of the mausoleum, change on the hour, we entered the tomb. Inside it was very chilly and damp. After walking down several flights of steps, I found my gloveless hands to be very cold. I put them in my coat pockets and as I was approaching Lenin's body, a Russian soldier lifted my hands from the pockets. It frightened me terribly until I was told later by the guide that recently a viewer had pulled a pistol from his pocket as he walked past the body.

Buried in the Kremlin walls are famous Russians, including Lenin's wife. Entombed at the rear of the Mausoleum were Russian celebrities, including Stalin. Fresh flowers decorated each grave except that of Stalin, which was most noticeable.

In the old Kremlin Palace we saw costly furniture, carpets, table cloths and gold-embroidered tapestries which reflected the elegant living of the former Czars. It would be impossible to describe adequately the regalia displayed in any one of the museums. The thrones of yesteryears were studded with jewels as were the extravagantly jeweled gowns worn by the wives of the Czars; the stately mounted horses wore harness and saddles studded with diamonds, rubies, pearls and emeralds; elaborate fragile furniture; deep piled oriental carpets; and priceless family portraits in gold frames decorated with priceless stones.

Throughout Red Square and all of Moscow were gorgeous flower beds which are cared for by the older

Muscovites. Scarlet sage was the predominant flower.

After an early dinner this same evening, we boarded a special bus at the hotel and traveled to The Palace of Sports where a fantastic fashion show was staged by the countries participating in the exposition. Latest fashions for men, women and children were worn by models from their respective countries. A twenty-five piece orchestra delighted the audience of 15,000 with every type of music. When reminiscing, this evening stands out as one of the most colorful and enjoyable of my entire trip.

Providing the music for the U. S. A. style show was "The Swinging Six", home-based in New York City and who often appear on television. Four talented young men and two very attractive, pretty and talented young ladies composed the group, managed by Ron Cummins. Each of the Six was a featured soloist during the program. They were given a big ovation and applause registered high when they sang as a group, "We Ain't Goin' to Study War No More", and other popular American songs. Their popularity climbed high after each performance in Moscow, Warsaw and Prague.

"Mary Jane" dresses were modeled by children of the American Embassy. Our very own Kitty Freydberg gracefully appeared before this huge audience and modeled the matching "mother" dresses with the young girls. Their appearance was wildly applauded.

The following news item appeared in a Russian newspaper, released by the Associated Press, the day prior to the initial fashion show.

RUSSIAN SHOW TO GLITTER WITH AMERICAN FASHIONS

"We will not have any topless bathing suits, but we will have almost everything else you can imagine," said a United States participant in the forthcoming Moscow Fashion Festival.

About 150,000 Soviet citizens, a majority of them women, are expected to see the U. S. A. fashion shows

which will feature everything from $750.00 cocktail dresses to sequined pajamas.

Whether Russian women, long resigned to "frumpy frocks" and drab designs, will ever see the glittering fashions in Moscow stores is another question.

Andrew Wingate, fashion show director, said, "We do not expect to sell certain items but included them just to make the show look bright and gaudy."

TEXTILE SHOW OPENS

The Exposition Show opened Tuesday morning, August 22, at 9 o'clock at Sokoliniki Park. We were amazed that such mobs of people visited the twenty-seven country Textile Show from the very first day through the last day on September 5. The U. S. A. Exhibit Hall was located at the rear of the park. It was not a desirable building and a rather difficult one to decorate attractively which is partially the cause of the poor showing made by the U. S. A. George Alexander of New Jersey, representative of Celanese Corporation of America, when interviewed on his return said, "Though we made a poor showing I feel that we were smart to participate. We were guinea pigs in a move toward peaceful East-West trade and everyone who made the trip tried to put their best foot forward." George's wife, Dorothy, traveled with the group as a model, making her debut at the Palace of Sports. She did an excellent job and proved herself to be most popular.

It was estimated by Russian authorities that 40,000 people came through the gates daily, paying an entrance fee of 10 kopecs. Each day I would think - "Well, surely there are no more to come tomorrow," and the next morning they would be there waiting for the doors to open and would march through until the doors were closed in their faces at 7 o'clock each evening. They would linger at the Mary Jane Kiosk and admire the colorful dresses with their many styles. When they read of the perma-press feature (printed in Russian on the Kiosk), and saw the picture of an iron with an "X" mark across it, they would clap their hands and laugh aloud. The children pointed to the dresses with the matching dolls and looked so wishfully at them - Oh, how I wished I

could give one to each of them! The mothers would smile and say - "Oh, A M E R I C A". One mother told me in broken English, that she had read of and seen pictures of the U. S. A. fashions but she had little hope that they would ever realize their dreams and have an opportunity to purchase them.

The Americans were left pretty much on their own and were able to move around in Moscow and at the Trade Fair without interference.

I spent many hours during these nine days communicating in various ways with the Russian people. We had on display some novelty dresses appliqued with ducks and kittens. As the mobs came by our Kiosk, I would press on these little appliqued animals and cause them to squeak. The onlookers would scream, clap their hands and laugh. I saw more gold and stainless steel in their mouths than I will ever see again anywhere. They would want to touch them and "see how it worked". I allowed the children to squeeze them and they were really thrilled. These dresses were quite soiled and worn when we left there. I am keeping them for pleasant souvenirs. Irwin said that I created more laughter in Russia than most comedians. As you know, laughing is contagious and to see them laugh, I would laugh and we had a "laughing good time".

Irwin brought with him a polaroid camera which created quite a sensation. It was the first that some of them had ever seen. He took pictures, produced them in a matter of seconds, and it was all a mystery to them. A very old man, a veteran of World War I, and who spoke a "leetle" English was fascinated with the operation. He let it be known that he wanted his picture made with Kitty. After posing with Kitty he was presented the picture. Irwin asked how he would explain to his wife having his picture made with a pretty girl. He grinned, holding the picture tightly, and disappeared in the crowd. The next afternoon this character returned, bringing with him his wife and introduced her to Kitty. Being as gracious and friendly as Kitty is, she explained to the elderly lady, through our interpreter, how and why the picture was made, and everybody was happy. The old man

then wanted another picture made with his wife and Irwin acquiesced.

We were very fortunate to have secured through IN-TOURIST, the full time services of an interpreter, Tanja. She was a very pretty and timid young lady of 22 years. She was a student at "The Institute" where she was majoring in English and French. Her father was a retired Colonel in the Russian Army, having served in World War II. Her mother was a French instructor and she had one sister, a geologist at Moscow University, whom I have mentioned before. She was at the pavilion from 9 o'clock each morning until the closing hour at 7 o'clock each evening.

Tanja spoke English exceptionally well. Some of her expressions were most amusing but one could easily "get the point". She was extremely interested in the United States and every phase of our life, expecially fashions, education and salaries. Each morning she would produce a written list of questions to ask me, and I, in turn, had as many or more to ask her concerning their way of life. Some of her answers were quite frank and others were indefinite and evasive. I am sure she felt the same way about my answers. One morning she said - "Mrs. Lawson, your slip is dripping." The same morning the interpreter for Hanes Hosiery, informed me that "my underwear was exposed." The same night I found a needle and took a tuck!!

The afternoon when Tanja and I were riding in a taxi to Moscow University, we passed a multi-acre breath-taking flower bed. The colors were vivid and blended beautifully. Remembering that she had previously told me that she did not believe in God and when death came that was the END, I asked her where she thought the beautiful flowers came from which made Moscow such a colorful city. She shook her head to say that she did not know. I passed her one of Norman Vincent Peale's Pocket Cards - "The Way to Have God's Protection", and asked her to read it. She willingly did so and remarked, "Very interesting". I insisted that she read it again and very slowly, hoping that she would offer further

comment. After reading the card the second time, her comment was "Very impressive". I had an impulse to leave the card with her and honestly believe she would have accepted it but we had been warned NOT to give out any religious literature.

Tanja voluntarily told me that when she was quite small and spent the summers with her grand-parents, they carried her to church and had her christened. She then told me that her parents had never forgiven them for this action.

One day I heard Tanja say - "There goes a BLUE STOCKING". I inquired as to what she meant and she said all girls in Russia who were not interested in FUN or FELLOWS at the age of 25 years, were called BLUE STOCKINGS. She also explained to me that each Russian child's middle name, whether boy or girl, was that of their father with the correct gender added. For example - her father's name was George. Her middle name was Georgivana, and if she should have had a brother, his middle name would have been Georgivch.

Russian women wear their wedding bands on their right hand as do the men. The mothers wear attractive pins of varied colors, revealing the number of children they have. The wooden pins have little doll figures on them, the number of dolls denoting the number of children they have. Due to a Soviet-wide housing shortage, few couples have more than three children. Their apartments consist of one or two rooms and several families share a bath and kitchen. We can truly appreciate our country when we see first hand the ways of life of other countries.

The number one problem in each of the countries we visited is HOUSING, so we were told. Hundreds of large apartment houses, some covering an entire city block, are built without much thought to their durability. They look very well from the outside but mortar is said to be used too sparingly. Plumbing fixtures are built in the walls with no thought of allowing for repairs. While in the Rossiya Hotel we had considerable trouble with the plumbing - three nights there was no hot water and two mornings we were without cold water.

Since housing conditions are so crowded and they have so few conveniences in their flats, in order to spend less time at home the Russians attend every type of cultural production offered. An opera seat costs as little as 14 kopecs (15 cents). It was said by some of the residents of New York City in our group that down-town Moscow seemed more crowded with people than New York City. When there is nothing else to do, they go home. There are too many to walk on the wide side-walks, so they take to the middle of the streets. But, when taxis speed down the street, they scatter.

The impression we received was that the women worked very hard, doing all types of laborious work which is usually done by the men in our country. They keep the streets imaculate by sweeping them constantly. They do every type of construction work; drive trucks; work in the sewers on the main streets; manage the hotels and theatres and any and all types of work to be done.

Tanja voluntarily told me of the routine followed by a Russian woman before and after child birth. The expectant mother stops work two months before the arrival of her baby. She is sent to an established country home where she receives medical care, well balanced meals and is required to take daily exercises. She is taken to a hospital for the delivery. The mother is allowed to remain with her baby and breast feed him for 90 days. She then returns to her respective job and the baby is cared for by an older relative or taken each morning to a nursery provided. Married women are paid their regular salaries when absent from work on account of pregnancy but unwed mothers are not. Abortions are legal in Russia.

There are very few privately owned cars in Moscow. The prices are extremely high for the cheapest manufactured car. I was told it would require every cent a man could earn in three years to pay for a car. The average monthly salary there is less than $100.00.

The masses travel by subways, buses and railroads. In traveling to and from the park each day, we passed two railroad stations. People were lined up two and three blocks, awaiting their turn to get inside of the

station to buy tickets. Others who had arrived on the trains were waiting in long lines for transportation to their homes. They were laden with bags of fruit and vegetables brought from the country. While we were there peaches, grapes, plums, watermelons, cucumbers and tomatoes were in season and they were delicious.

One of the few times I was skeptical and frightened while on the trip was the afternoon I thoughtlessly returned to the hotel from the park alone in a taxi. The driver was a husky man with a red beard. After making him understand where I wished to go, I got in the back seat. When we left the park, I realized that he had taken exactly the opposite turn from the usual one and the streets and buildings did not look familiar. We rode quite a distance and I felt sure that we should have arrived at the hotel. I pulled from my purse the Norman Vincent Peale Travel card which was comforting. In part it said - "God watches over you - visualize the great kindly face of God watching, guiding, protecting you and your loved ones wherever you or those dear to you may go. Thank God every day for his watchful care and affirm- 'He is my refuge and my strength. . . In Him will I trust'." After reading this for the second time, I looked up and was happy to see RED SQUARE!! I gladly paid him twice the fare we usually paid for this trip and gave him a generous tip.

I had been told that the fastest, most popular and convenient type of transportation in Moscow was the subway system, transporting millions of passengers each day. Each station has its own distinctive structural and architectural features and are immaculately clean. One evening after the pavilion was closed, Tanja and I walked to the station nearest the park to travel by subway to the Palace of Sports for the Fashion Show. The subway was not crowded, as they run every three minutes. Large colorful pictures of Lenin were hanging in the stations and subways. After riding about 20 minutes, we arrived at the station nearest the Palace of Sports. When we came out of the station, it was necessary to ride on a wooden escalator almost perpendicular for five minutes before reaching the street. I shudder now when I realize just how deep we were under the ground. That was my one and only subway ride while in Moscow.

Sunday, August 27, was designated as AMERICA DAY. All exhibitors were requested to be at the park early to make preparations for a gala day.

A buffet luncheon was served in our pavilion from 11:30 A.M. to 1 o'clock. Ambassador Thompson, Embassy personnel, members of the Press and a number of Russian V.I.P.'s were there to enjoy champagne, caviar, hors d'oeuvres, sandwiches and fruit. The musicians and models added color to the occasion.

In response to engraved invitations issued earlier in the week by Ambassador and Mrs. Thompson, our group attended a reception on Sunday evening at 6 o'clock at the Spaso House, home of the Ambassador and his family. Also attending were Russian "men of authority" and their wives. The Spaso House, of colonial style, was elegantly furnished and we Americans were proud of it. We received a warm welcome from the Ambassador and his gracious wife. I presented them with a brochure from the Appomattox National Historial Park and they assured me of their appreciation and of their interest in this park. There was a striking resemblance between the Ambassador and the late United States Senator Harry Flood Byrd. I was compelled to mention this likeness and Ambassador Thompson's reply was - "I have been told this on many occasions. This pleases me greatly as the Senator and I were very close friends."

A petite young lady introduced herself to me as Mrs. Pat Richmond. I remarked that her last name was the same as the capital of my home state. Immediately she said - "You must be a Virginian, and from what part of this state?" When I proudly told her that my home town was Appomattox, she beamed and said that her father and grandfather were also natives of Appomattox. I learned that her grandfather was Mr. Samuel Cheatham, a brother of "Uncle Hut" who with his lovable wife, "Miss Molly", owned and operated the Appomattox Hotel for many years. Her father was Henry Cheatham, all of whom I knew quite well.

Irwin later introduced me to Oka Takashi, a Japanese. He was representative for <u>The Christian Science Monitor</u> in the Soviet Union. I inquired if he knew

Ralph E. Wagers of Boston, a brother of my late brother-in-law, Ned A. Wagers. He assured me that he knew him quite well and had been associated with him in his work. Ralph has served on the editorial staff of The Monitor. He is a science teacher and a past International Lecturer. The very next day I found several late issues of The Christian Science Monitor in my hotel room and was very happy to have them. I passed them on to others in our group to enjoy. Small world after all . . . !

Delicious food and mixed drinks were served in real American style. Especially appetizing was the shrimp cocktail as well as french fried shrimp. The consumption of such a quantity of food in so short a while reminded me of a "disappearing act". The following morning en route to the park on the U. S. A. bus, Jack Schaffer was asked if he enjoyed the reception. He said he surely did and it only cost him the price of having a suit cleaned as he filled his pockets with shrimp. Jack, from Monroe, North Carolina, a representative of The Singer Sewing Machine Company, was a real character and missed his calling when he did not choose to be a comedian. He entertained our group to and from the park each day with his quips and relating the humorous experiences he had encountered in Moscow. Shortly after Jack arrived, his Declaration Sheet was lost and it was very important that he locate same. After a diligent search and being sent from one office to another, he was desperate and unable to locate it. Exasperated, Jack said, "If I had only one more ball point pen to hand out, I could have traced it down." Jack was very popular with the group.

We left the reception in ample time to arrive at The Palace of Sports where the fashion show would be staged with Foreign Officials, Exhibitors, Press Corps and Diplomatic Corps. as special guests. The show went over BIG to a capacity audience. The U. S. A. models and musicians were featured as it was AMERICA DAY. They received an overwhelming applause.

Anna and I had ring-side seats and sitting near us was a small Russian man with a huge handle-bar red mustach. Being a little on the tipsy side, he really

put on a side-show which Anna and I enjoyed almost as much as we did the fashion parade.

The following day, Anna and I arranged for tickets to travel to Leningrad, later in the week. In the mean time Anna contracted a cold and was feeling some ill effects from her recent operation. Irwin and Kitty felt it would be better that she return with them to New York on September 1. Anna insisted that she did not want to leave me as I would brand her as a "deserter". After assuring her that I understood and although I would miss her, I wanted her to do what was best for her. I had made friends with other members of our group and felt sure that I would be fine. She then began to make her arrangements to return home and we cancelled our trip to Leningrad. Irwin and Kitty made this trip as did many others in our group, and reported it to be well worth the time and cost of approximately $150.00. A visit to the Hermitage Museum was the high light of the trip.

A couple of nights before Anna left, after finishing dinner at 9 o'clock, we stopped in the lobby to write cards. We were conscious of many very bright lights and the usual crowd of guests were huddled in the lower end. After we were seated at the writing desk, we were approached by a man who inquired in Russian language if we would like to take parts in a Russian moving picture. Anna thought he was joking and relayed to me the conversation they had. He assured Anna that he was not joking and asked that we stay seated and write cards or read a newspaper and act naturally. We agreed and thought it would be lots of fun. We saw professional actors and actresses sitting at the desk, another behind the clerk's desk and another carting luggage. The name of the picture was "The Dull Season". When others in our group came from the dining room and recognized Anna and I sitting under the bright lights and they were asked to move on, they wondered what was really taking place. The following morning, in fun, we were asked for autographs and were told that we should be wearing dark glasses. I feel sure that we will never see the picture but it was fun.

All tourists while in Moscow receive their mail at the same address - Poste Restante, K-600 - I Gorky Street. Mail sent to our group was designated as "Members of The International Fashion Apparel and Textile Exhibit". A letter was mailed to me at this address two days before I left home and I did not receive this letter until two weeks after my arrival there. It was sent Air Mail, the rate of postage for which is .25 cents per half ounce. I did receive other letters which arrived nine days after being post-marked. I was really happy to have Phil Lanitis, a model and also a exhibitor for Levi-Strauss, to deliver to my room one night two copies of our Home-Town weekly paper, The Times-Virginian, and eight letters. I read every word even though I knew the news was stale after reaching me 14 days after publication. Phil, a very nice young man from New York City, was not only an efficient mail man but a shrewd card player. He excelled in playing rummy but as luck would have it, I beat him at his own game and he called me "The Champ".

The Freydbergs left for home on Friday, September 1, and I felt rather lonely when I said good-bye. En route home they stopped over in Paris for three days.

The last week in Moscow really passed swiftly. We were busy attending operas, Russian Ballets and concerts. I did more sight-seeing with Tanja and had an interesting boat trip. We saw one moving picture, cinemascope, "War and Peace", depicting the French Revolution. When the main feature begins, no one is admited to enter until the end of the show.

With the Trade Fair closed, I really felt free to take advantage of more sight-seeing tours. Tanja always accompanied me; therefore I had no language barrier. I wanted so much to visit Tanja and her family but she purposely would not invite me. The Russians do not entertain in their homes as their furnishings are scarce and conveniences few.

When I realized that I was losing weight rapidly and was forced to insert tissues in my shoes to keep them on, I inquired of our "key lady" if there were scales in the hotel. She smiled and shook her head negatively. The next morning she had her son to bring a set of scales from her home and placed them in my room. I stepped on the scales and the figure "66" came up. I immediately realized that their measure of

weight was different from ours. I explained to Tanja and after 15 minutes of figuring she came up with a reasonable figure. She could not understand why the American ladies were so concerned about their weight. She had read about our being diet-conscious. It was very evident that the Russian women did not attempt to count calories or wear girdles. In the show windows of Gum's Department Store, I saw about a half-dozen very fancy girdles, black, red, and pink, tagged with a price of $25.00. These garments were of inferior quality and designed differently from ours.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wallace, exhibitors, of New York City, invited me to be their guest for dinner at a Hungarian Restaurant, within walking distance of the hotel. The menu was printed in Russian and Hungarian languages and we could not read either nor could our waiter speak English. We settled for chicken dinners. When we stuck a fork in the chicken, the blood oozed out. George could only make the waiter understand that we wanted the chicken cooked more by striking a match and holding it under the plate. He returned the chicken one hour later, after overcooking it but we could not relish it.

Everyone raved over the caviar, except me. I did not like the highly seasoned fish they served nor the black bread. Delicious tomatoes and cucumbers, then in season, were served with all meals, without peeling. I ate ice cream daily and enjoyed their many flavors. An individual serving of potatoes was enough to serve a small family.

I was called by some in our group, "Mrs. W.C.T.U." because I refused to partake of any alcoholic drink. The setting of the table included five or six different types of glasses around each plate - one for vodka, one for beer, others for wines and still another for champagne. Awakening one morning with a headache, I felt that I must have a large cup of coffee for breakfast instead of the usual demi-tasse which by custom was used. I attempted to get over to the waiter by gesticulating with my hands that I wanted a very large cup of hot coffee and no "leetle" cup. He seemed to understand and said "Da Da, Madame." After a long wait, he served me

the same demi-tasse of warm coffee placed in the center of a large dinner plate. He really thought he had pleased me. I thanked him profusely and gulped it down with one swallow. I actually lost 12 pounds while in Moscow three weeks and one day but quickly regained this and more while in Poland and Czechoslovakia.

We were scheduled to leave Moscow on September 28, at 9 A.M. The evening before we were instructed to place our baggage in the corridors by midnight. We met in the lobby at 6:30 and traveled to the airport where we were served breakfast.

En route to the airport on special buses, we were told that the feeling in Warsaw towards the U. S. A. was extremely tense at this time. The Polish officials had declined to make available the Palace of Culture for the staging of our Textile Exhibit and Fashion Show, as originally scheduled. We were told that the American Embassy was interceding and that matters would surely be straightened out by the time of our arrival. We were warned to remain cool and calm and to accept the existing delicate situation without critical comment.

On arrival at the airport we encountered much confusion - weighing baggage, filing declaration forms, exchanging Russian money for American money and clearing customs.

It was an ideal day for a flight and each member of our party was bubbling over with anticipation of our stay in Warsaw. As soon as breakfast was served, an announcement was made that there would be an hour's delay in leaving. We thought nothing of it and this hour passed very quickly while we shopped in the hard-currency shop at the airport. These stores were named "Berizoka Shops". American money could be spent in these shops and we believed that we received much better values than in the stores where we spent Russian money. I brought home as souvenirs a number of unique wooden toys, an amber necklace, decorative spoons, attractive dolls, nests of Easter eggs and cigarettes. Some of the cigarettes were three inches long, two inches of which was the filter and tobacco in the remaining one inch.

We were told later that there would be another delay of two hours, due to a "FOG" in Warsaw. We did not exactly comprehend this delay as planes were landing and leaving constantly. This two hour delay seemed long and tiresome and when we were later advised that we would not take off for another two hours, we became very suspicious as to what was really the cause of this five hour postponement. A number of the exhibitors,headed by George Alexander, contacted the American Embassy and two of the secretaries came immediately to the airport.

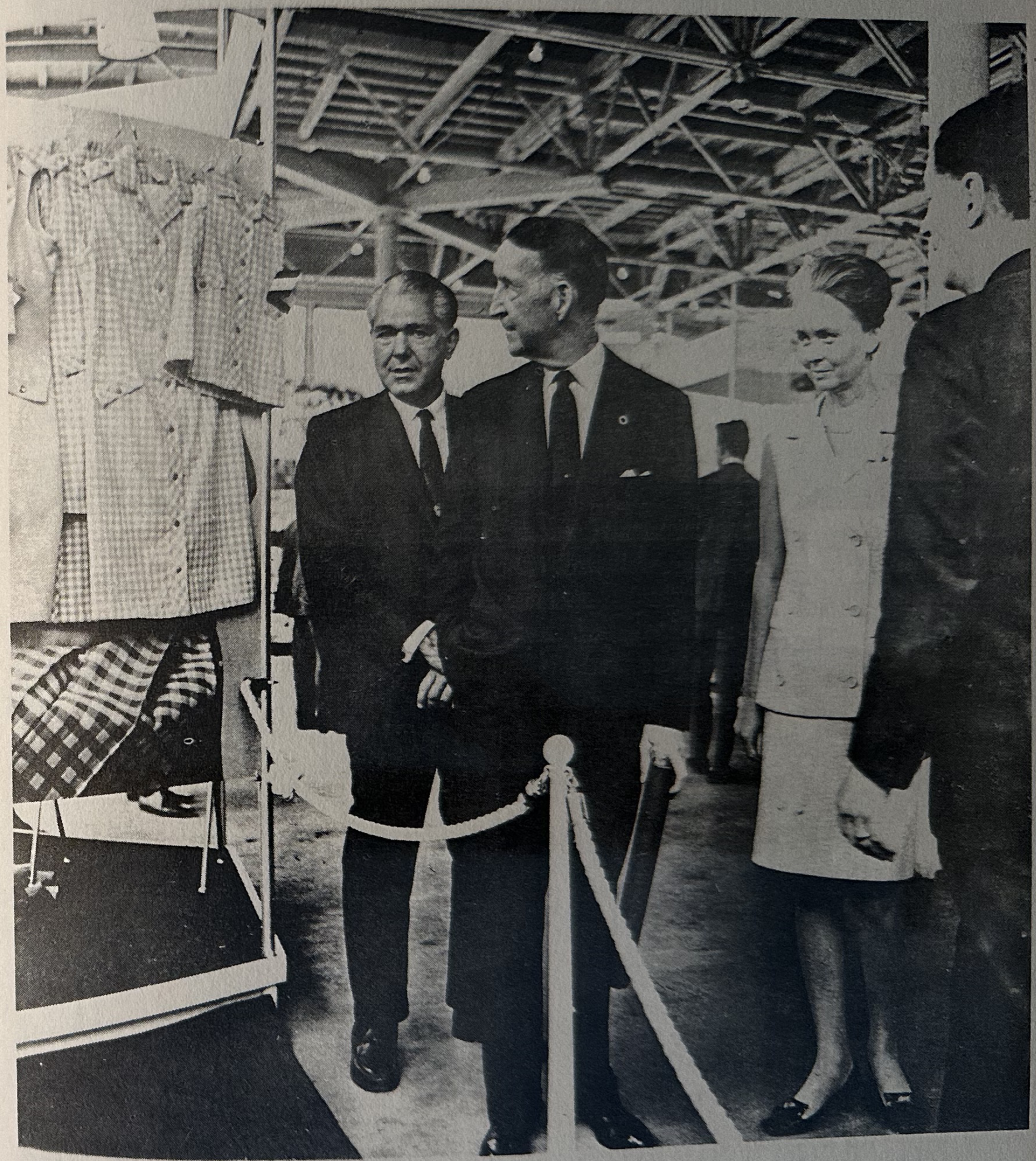
Our lunch, which was to be served en route, was brought from the aeroflot to the airport. During these two hours some of the group slept, others played cards, made music and did more shopping. During this long wait members of our group really got to know each other better as we had lived such busy lived in Moscow.

We departed Moscow exactly seven hours after our scheduled take-off at 9 o'clock. The only reason we were given for the delay was a "fog in Warsaw". We learned later it was a "political fog" instead of weatherwise.

One of the exhibitors in our group, a native of Germany, had been a prisoner of war in Russia during World War II. He was European color expert for Clairol products. While in Moscow he was watched constantly; his mail was censored; he received anonymous telephone calls and was made to feel most uncomfortable. This long wait at the airport really baffled him as he feared that his past record in Russia was responsible for the anxiety of the entire group. He took drinks intermittently during this seven-hour wait and when we were told to board the aeroflot, he had completely passed out. With considerable assistance, he climbed the steps of the plane. While in Warsaw, I asked Al just how he answered the question, "Have you ever visited Russia before?" when applying for his visa. He said his answer was "NO" as he was not there as a visitor but as a war prisoner and he was curious to come back and compare the difference in the two situations. He related to me some of the hardships he underwent while a prisoner and they were really shocking.

Our trip to Warsaw was most pleasant even though we were exhausted after the long mysterious delay. We had a bridge foursome and were enjoying some exciting hands when we realized it was landing time.

Red Square, Looking South, Moscow. The Square is the main point of interest in the Capital city. Lenin's Mausoleum may be seen in the front.



Irwin, Ambassador Thompson, Kitty, and Peter Corn, looking at the Mother-Daughter dresses in the Mary Jane Kiosk which was the first exhibit to the right at the entrance of the U. S. Exhibit Hall.

The SWINGING SIX, with Ron Cummins, director, seated in the rear. This group provided music for the U.S.A. fashion shows and were extremely popular in each country visited. Their home-base in New York City. Traveling with Ron on this trip was his attractive and friendly "little" wife, Francine. She is adoreable!

Shown here is four of The Swinging Six in action while Dot Alexander models a black velvet evening gown.

View of The Kremlin from Kamenny Bridge, Moscow.
I enjoyed a boat excursion trip the day before leav-

A portion of Moscow University at Lenin Hills
Moscow.

U.S. National Day "Odezhda-67"

THE AMBASSADOR OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

AND MRS. THOMPSON

request the pleasure of the company of

Mrs. Lawson

at a reception

on Sunday, August twenty-seventh

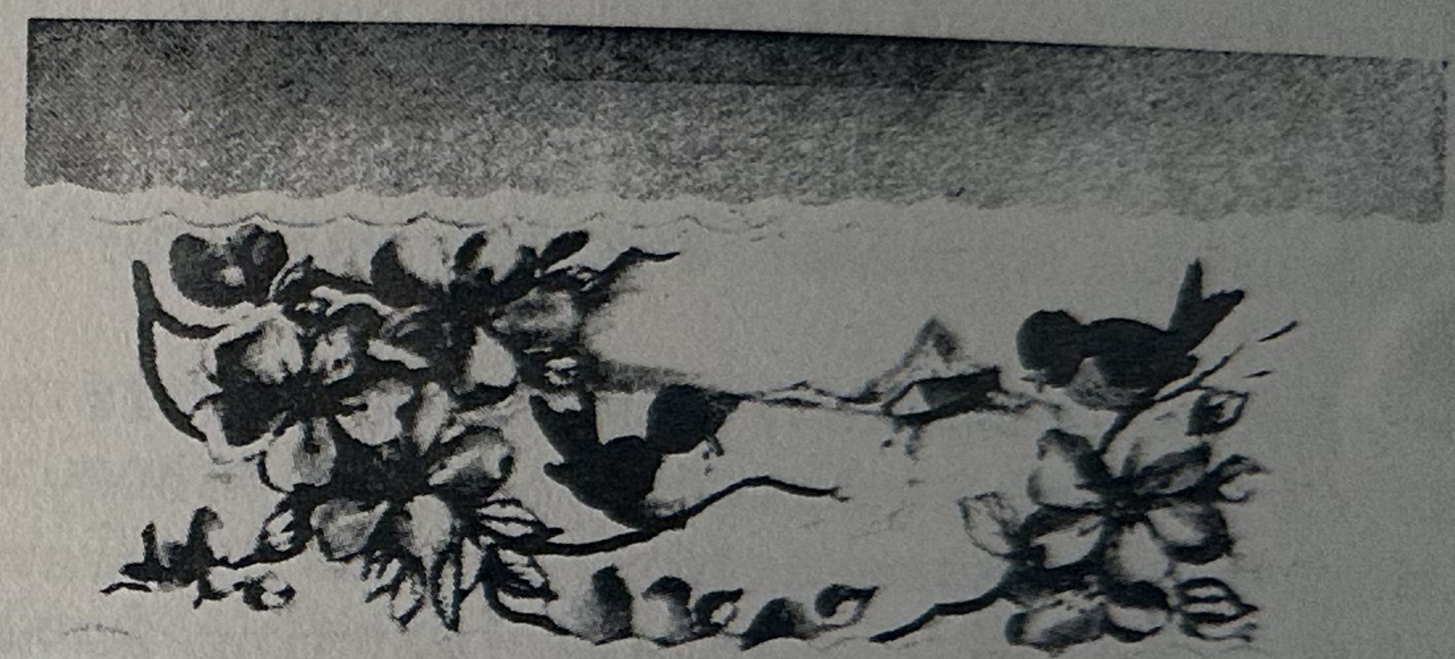
at 5-7 o'clock

10, Spasopeskovskaya Pl.

Shown at the entrance to the American Embassy in Moscow is Irwin, who is being greeted along with others by Mrs. Thompson, wife of The Ambassador.

This picture was made at the rear of the U. S. A. Exhibit Hall, Moscow on Sunday, August 27, which was designated as "America Day". From L to R - Ambassador Thompson, Peter Corn, Irwin, Kitty and myself. The other three men are attached to the American Embassy, and whom I can not identify.

The day of our departure from Moscow, Friday, September 8, spent at the airport on account of a seven hour delay in flight, was a most confusing one. Observing the activity there of the travelers, I was reminded of this verse which my "Mama" often quoted when there was an unusual lot of "going and coming" in our home at "Courtland"



Overheard in an Orchard

Said the Robin to the Sparrow,
"I should really like to know
Why these anxious human beings
Rush about and worry so."
Said the Sparrow to the Robin,
"Friend, I think that it must be
That they have no Heavenly Father
Such as cares for you and me."

Elizabeth Cheney

"HE CARETH FOR YOU."
- I Peter 5:7

WARSAW, POLAND

We were greeted by American Embassymen, news reporters and photographers after our two hour flight. Clearing customs and filing declaration forms was not as time-consuming here as in Moscow. We were escorted to the Metropol Hotel which was located in the very heart of the city. The weather was beautiful and very warm. We saw convertibles for the first time since leaving home.

Warsaw, capital of Poland, has over 1,200,000 inhabitants. It is a unique city whose heroic and tragic story is known throughout the world. As recently as 20 years ago, Warsaw was a wasteland of ruin and rubble. Some 700,000 people were killed in battle or otherwise by Nazi activities, while 85 per cent of the buildings were destroyed. Such was the tragic outcome of the war years of 1939-1945.

This now modern city is 700 years old. It is full of treasures of art and architecture, a majority of which have been faithfully restored in the past 20 years. It is an important city of culture and learning as well as industry and commerce.

Warsaw is famous for its hospitality which was truly evident during our visit. We were made to feel so much at home on all occasions even though we were termed as "foreigners".

Through ORBIS, Foreign Tourist Service, we arranged for sight-seeing tours. We visited Old Town Market Square where we viewed a documentary film of the destruction of the capital. After seeing this picture of Warsaw BEFORE and AFTER the war, one could truly realize the ruins and heart-aches caused by wars.

The Royal Route Tour was one of the most popular, lasting three hours. Krakowskie Przedmiescie, one of the finest streets in the city, was the starting point of this tour. It was lined with magnificent old churches, palaces and museums.

One could get an excellent view of Warsaw from the terrace on the 30th. floor of the Palace of Culture and Science, containing 3,288 rooms, the highest building in the city. This structure houses 41 different institutions, including the Museum of Technique, a Congress Hall seating 3,500, four theatres, three cinemas, many restaurants and cafes. This imposing building was across the street from our hotel and could be seen from any point in the city.

The Poles are generous and gracious to all Americans. They give generously of what little they might have to attempt to demonstrate their friendliness. Their number one problem is a housing shortage. They were busy building apartment houses and as in Russia, the women seemed to be doing the construction work.

Food is in short supply and a housewife has to devote much time to shopping for her family. They import very little food and the price of same is extremely high.

The average Polish worker makes from 1200 to 1600 Zlotys per month which is equal to $48.00 to $64.00 in our money. Rent is very cheap and most of this amount goes for food. There are few telephones or television sets and have little hope of ever owning a car. They are generally poorly dressed as clothing is expensive. Many wear American clothes sent them by relatives. No duty has to be paid on second-hand clothes. For the size of the city, there are very few stores in down-town Warsaw. They are crowded with people who are looking and not buying. Many Poles admit they must steal to live "decently".

Customarily the Polish people leave the city on Sundays and enjoy outings and picnics in the country to escape their crowded apartments or flats. In 1959, when they read that Vice-President Nixon would visit their city on a certain Sunday, they canceled their outings to the country and fled to the airport. I was told that approximately 600,000 Poles lined the 15 mile road from the airport to the city and waved and yelled hospitable greetings to him. Many times Nixon's car was stopped to clear the way of flowers thrown at him.

It was in Warsaw that Frederic Chopin, the immortal pianist, lived as a child and struck his first cords on

the keyboard. As a composer, he is credited with paving the way for the introduction of all modern music. At the age of 22 he settled in Paris, where he proved unpopular as a concert pianist and was forced to support himself by giving piano lessons. He died in France in 1849, and having requested that his HEART be carried to Warsaw after his death, it is now imbedded in the walls of the Holy Cross Church, a few minutes walk from the Academy of Arts where small Frederic gave his first concert as a child prodigy.

A number of our group made a bus tour of 30 miles to the restored childhood home of Chopin the first Sunday after our arrival. The grounds of the quaint home covered 13 acres and the landscaping, flower beds, streams of water and bridges were beautiful and picturesque.

During this tour we heard a concert of Chopin's compositions presented by a young Polish girl who won the most recent annual International Chopin Competition Award.

On this tour was a Mr. L. B. Sperry of Paris, France. He was most attractive and a lover of Chopin and his compositions. I have heard from Mr. Sperry since arriving home, and it is possible that he and his wife will visit the United States in 1968 and will contact me.

Now, back to my arrival in this beautiful city. After our assignment to comfortable rooms in this quaint, restored hotel, I sat for a while in a breeze on the balcony out from my room and "watched the world go by". Balconies always intrigued me and each night before retiring, I would sit and watch the throngs of people on the streets.

We were served a delicious meal on our arrival and were told it was the lunch which we missed earlier on account of the delay of our plane. It was announced that dinner would be served at 9:30. This meal was more like American food and we thoroughly enjoyed the breaded pork chops, french fries, lima beans, a tossed salad, hot rolls, topped off by a strawberry sundae. Best of all was the ice water and HOT coffee served in BIG cups. When the

Irwin snapped this picture of Tanja, our Russian interpreter, standing between Anna and me in the Mary Jane kiosk. I am wearing one of the dresses which Kitty modeled in the fashion show along with the children from the American Embassy.

The novelty dresses are shown here which literally facinated the children and their parents in each country we visited.

Irene and Elaine Akalovsky, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Akalovsky of The American Embassy in Moscow. These attractive girls, 12 and 10 years old, served as models for Mary Jane dresses in the fashion show and at the exhibit hall. Their mother, Mrs. Maria Akalovsky, was of great assistance to us as she spoke Russian fluently. Their home base is in Bethesda, Maryland.

A picture taken of me by Jack Schaffer early one morning in Moscow before leaving for the exhibit hall. This was made in front of the hotel which faced Red Square. The Scarlet sage bed was at it's height of beauty.

boys in the group first spied the tomato catsup, they gave a "Rah-Rah-Rah-" for Heinz. After that meal I knew well that I would gain the 12 pounds I left in Moscow and even more.

Following a "continental breakfast" Saturday morning, I located the ORBIS office and had dollars exchanged for zlotys. I spied a beauty salon in the hotel and was told that I could be "worked on" without an appointment. I literally mean "worked on" as I have never experienced such a scalp-gouging shampoo. By nature I am a tender-head and I was lucky that the operator, who was adorned with a chic coiffure of lavendar hair, only took a few seconds for the shampoo or I could not have possibly stood it. Just as she finished, Hugh Harrison, Clairol hair stylist for the U. S. A. Models, walked in, and in his feeble way made signs and tried to get the beauti-cians' consent to allow him to set my hair but I would still pay her for the job. At first she seemed suspicious but finally understood and seemed pleased to be paid for work someone else would do. I was seated under a dryer between two men, one an East German who had been given a marcel wave and the other an Englishman who had a "set" after a shampoo. All three of us were wearing red nets. This same thing happened in Moscow, although the ladies were outnumbered by the men, some of whom were hippies. The Warsaw salon was definitely more sanitary and the equipment more modern than in Moscow.

When I believed my hair to be dry, I made signs to the friendly operator to let her know that the same man who set my hair would comb it out later. She seemed pleased, as customers were beginning to come in rapidly and she had no assistants. I opened my purse and made signs to her to take out the amount of money I owed her. She smiled and took what I believed to be a lot of money for the job, but being ignorant of the value of their money I could do nothing but smile also. When she had taken all that she wanted, she threw me a kiss and I left. In Moscow the cost of a shampoo and wave was only 75 kopecs which was not so cheap for the type of service given in 30 minutes. The same combs and brushes were used for all customers without sterilization.

That same morning I approached one of the very friendly maids in the hotel and attempted to explain

to her that the heels of my shoes were badly worn and I would like to have them repaired. She seemed to understand, kissed my hand and said, "Yes, Madam." When I told Kate Ryan that I was having my shoes repaired in time to wear to the American Embassy reception, she warned me that I would never see those shoes again. She was of the opinion that the maid had the impression that I was giving her the shoes and was apologizing because they were "run down at the heels" She was right! Kate and her husband, Tom Ryan, were exhibitors for Hanes Hosiery Company and lived in San Francisco. They were a most attractive couple, very friendly and made the trip much more enjoyable for me.

In the afternoon the exhibitors were requested to attend a meeting at the American Embassy in the interest of our show. This was not on an International level as the U. S. A. was the only country involved here and would be the only country in Prague.

George Alexandria led the discussion for the exhibitors. There was a lengthy discussion and many questions were asked by the exhibitors and the answers to same by Embassy personnel were vague. The general impression received was that the outlook to negotiate in Poland was not encouraging.

The Philharmonic Hall, an elaborate and huge structure, was the place designated for the textile exhibit and fashion show after the Palace of Culture was not available. We were delighted that the Hall was within walking distance of our hotel. A number of the exhibitors went over Sunday evening to assist Toni in decorating the kiosks for the opening the following day, Monday, September 12. Toni had done a marvelous job of setting up the exhibits in such a brief time. A crew of five friendly Englishmen from London, did an excellent job of moving the show in trucks from one country to the other. There was a distance of 800 miles from Moscow to Warsaw.

I was disturbed when I arrived at the Hall and discovered that the Mary Jane dresses displayed in Moscow had been brought to Warsaw instead of being turned over to the American Embassy there for disposal, as had been pre-arranged by Irwin. I was told by Allain Carr of Peter Corn Associates, a young and very efficient textile show director

that he was advised just before leaving Moscow, if the dresses were left there, customs duty would have to be paid which would amount to a considerable sum. To add to this dilemma, the 425 Mary Jane dresses, plainly directed to Prague, had turned up in Warsaw along with an equal number of dresses directed to Warsaw.

I was in a quandary as to what to do. After advising with some of my good exhibitor friends, Frank Mooromsky, Levi-Strauss exhibitor from Brussels, William Frankfurter, European Clairol representative of Europe and whose home was in Germany, Tom Ryan and George Alexander whom I have previously mentioned, I was advised to display the dresses shown in Moscow and not break the seals on the Warsaw and Prague shipments, as they had cleared customs. This I did and it worked out very well. I contacted Robert F. Linder, Poland representative of C A R E and donated the 850 dresses to this worthy charitable organization. Bernard Woerf, of the American Embassy, assisted me in this matter of disposition. I was assured that this donation would be tax deductible for G., H. & E. Freydberg. I learned through Barbara, my interpreter, of a Methodist Orphanage near Warsaw and I requested that a number of these dresses be given to this charitable institution. Since arriving home, I have had grateful letters of acknowledgement from the superintendent of this orphanage.

Al Herbrick, Clairol color director of Europe, who lives in Neu-Isenburg, Germany, approached me one morning and asked if I would like to "wash my grey away" and serve as a model in the Clairol kiosk the next morning. Invitations had been extended to the beauticians of Warsaw to attend this demonstration. I had never used any color on my hair and rather liked my distinct grey streaks, but on the spur of the moment, and wanting to do something a little daring on this trip, I consented.

Seated in the kiosk and being stared at by 75 beauticians, I felt like a guinea pig and pleaded with Al not to make my hair too dark. During the demonstration pictures were made, and I thought - "Oh! if my family and friends back home could only see me right now." I became panicky. It turned out very well but there's always another day and I really almost hated myself when I looked in the mirror the next morning. Some of my friends liked

the change while others did not. I was not too concerned as I knew it would soon wash out. Al and Bill gave me quanities of Clairol products, more than I could possibly bring home but I shared with Barbara and others.

Ambassador and Mrs. John A. Gronouski issued invitations to members of our group to a reception at the Embassy following the performance of "The Good Look of Fashion" on September 13, between the hours of 6:30 and 8:00 P.M. The minute I saw the Ambassador, I recognized him to be an ex-boss of mine, a former Postmaster-General until he accepted the Ambassadorship. I used this as an entree, and during the evening we became close friends and had a picture made with other friends. The Ambassador and his charming wife were most gracious, friendly and possessed of out-going personalities. They were acclaimed by all of us as the perfect host and hostess. Delectable hors d'oeuvres, sandwiches and drinks were served.

I inquired of the Ambassador if he were the father of "MR. ZIP" and his reply was that he could not boast of being responsible for "MR. ZIP", but this mail speeder was in the making and introduced shortly after he left the Post Office Department.

On the following day I was told by natives of Warsaw that Ambassador Gronouski was a "jolly good fellow" and the most popular American Ambassador ever to serve Poland.

Mrs. Barbara Tyska was assigned to me as interpreter while in Warsaw. Thanks to Irwin who arranged for me to have a private interpreter throughout the trip which completely solved the language barrier. Barbara was 45 years old, very attractive and pretty. Her husband was a lawyer and journalist. They had three attractive children, two daughters, 10 and 14 years of age and one son, age 12. She was clever and spoke English well. She, alike all Polish people, was very proud of her country and became emotional when telling of their suffering in 1939 when the "Germans and Russians invaded Poland and divided the spoils."

The Polish people really speak their minds, as did Barbara. She gave me a hand-written statement relating some of the horrible crimes committed against the Jews

during the invasion. She was 17 years old at the time and had a vivid memory of these tragic days which she said she could not and did not want to erase from her mind.

Barbara was a teacher in a Methodist speaking school of 5,000 students. When she learned that I was of the Methodist faith, she asked if I would like to visit the school and if so, she would arrange a tour through the superintendent, The Rev. Joseph Szezepekowski. Knowing that Dot Alexander and Lynette Bennett, models, were members of the Methodist Church, I invited them to make the trip to the school by taxi, along with Christina, interpreter for Celanese, and another teacher in the school.

We were escorted into the office of the superintendent where we were greeted by an attractive and hospitable 77 year old Methodist Bishop. He entertained us for an hour relating his extensive and interesting travel experiences all over the world. His parents were Polish, but he was born in America. He served in the U. S. Navy during World War I and was stationed at Norfolk, Virginia. He was in a concentration camp in Poland during World War II. While in this camp he contracted pneumonia and was thrown out in a field to die. A railroad workman by chance, saw him and carried him home where he was faithfully nursed by these strangers and miraculously recovered. He eventually found himself in Crackow, former capitol of Poland, and later became pastor of the Crackow Methodist Church. While the Germans were still in Crackow, he took care of the British escapees who were hiding in Polish homes. While there he performed twenty-seven marriage ceremonies of British officers and Polish girls.

During this time, his wife and two children were taken to an extermination camp by the Germans but luckily escaped and were hiding out in the mountains. He said this account would be a story within itself.

George and Dot Alexander, Lynette Bennett and I left Warsaw by jet plane early on the morning of September 15, to spend the day sight-seeing in Crackow. We made the trip there in 45 minutes and returning by train the same night, we traveled seven long hours, arriving in Warsaw around mid-night. We had two private compartments and the trip was very pleasant.

Crackow has a population of 505,000 and is one of the oldest cities in Poland. It is a living monument to the thousand years of Polish history and culture and attracts many tourists. The city was saved from destruction planned for it by the Nazis, by the offensive of the Soviet Army which liberated Crackow on January 18, 1945.

We heard the bells of the renowned CHURCH OF ST. MARY, located on the famous Market Street. This church was founded in the beginning of the thirteenth century and contains many great works of art. The Royal Castle, built in Gothic style in thirteenth century, towers over the city. It is considered the most beautiful palace in Europe.

Through ORBIS we secured the services of a guide, an elderly retired school teacher, Elina, who really knew the history of Poland. I know we walked at least ten miles while on the tour. Elina seemed not to tire at all and when she bade us farewell at 2:30 P.M. she was to report to the ORBIS office to conduct another group over this same route. I envied her of her endurance. I was on the verge of passing out but was revived after we found a well-recommended restaurant and enjoyed a 3 o'clock luncheon served in five courses.

In the mean time, our show was attracting crowds which seemed small in comparison to the crowds in Russia. The fashion show was getting better all of the time and "The Swinging Six" were given a big ovation during and after each performance. Those attending the show the first day were by invitation only.

Tom and Kate Ryan, Toni and I attended opera on the evening of September 12. The theatre was the largest and most beautiful we saw on the trip. It covered one large city block and there were seven balconies. I enjoyed the magnigicent performance but all but froze during the two and one-half hours there. We had front seats and the air-conditioner was turned directly on us. I finally found a newspaper and wrapped my legs but was chilled through and through when I reached the hotel.

We were scheduled to depart Warsaw for Prague at 6:30 P.M. on September 16. That same morning Bob Henly, Dot Alexander and I heard about a "Flea Market" on the outskirts of the city and made a hurried trip there

to satisfy our curiosities. Bob, of New York City, was an exhibitor for Jockey International and also an outstanding model. It was difficult to get a taxi on a Saturday morning unless ordered through the hotel far in advance. We stood on the street for sometime trying to wave one down without any success. Bob asked me if I had an American dollar handy - I gave it to him and he waved the dollar bill at a passing taxi. Upon recognizing the American dollar, the driver applied his brakes instantly and threw his passenger forward and pulled to the curb. He jabbered with the passenger who reluctantly left the cab and opened the door and motioned to us. They really love the American dollar and will go to almost any extreme to get one.

The Flea Market was a rare curiosity, comparable to our rummage sales except on a much larger scale. Most of the vendors were sitting on the ground of this out-of-door space which covered approximately an acre. Others had tables or booths while some were selling out of antiquated trunks. One could find almost anything, including paintings, furs, clothing for all ages, glassware, jewelry, furniture and silver. This was a real experience! I purchased a silver tea pot, 12 silver demitasse spoons, a beautiful framed piece of petipoint work, an amber vase and several small items. I could have taken advantage of some real bargains had I been able to figure some way to get them home. At this point I had already accumulated so much and still had another country to visit. Irwin carried one box back for me. Another box of mine had been mailed by Mr. Woerz, of the American Embassy. Mrs. Woerz was extremely nice to me, having taken me on a sight seeing tour and shopping spree.

Barbara was at the hotel waiting for me on our return. I had invited her to have lunch with me. She presented me with a necklace, carved from deer antlers as a farewell gift. I had admired this necklace which she wore the first day I met her. I was later told that if you expressed admiration for something one had, it was customary to give it to you. After lunch, Barbara invited me to visit her apartment before my departure if time permitted. This came as a surprise and I was delighted to accept the invitation. We were fortunate to get a taxi to and from her home without waiting. I didn't want to take any chance of missing our plane.

The apartment was very attractive and as clean as a pin. She had a number of pieces of antique furniture and I regretted so much that I did not have time to find out how she salvaged this furniture from the ruins of Warsaw during the war. She had a large bowl of delicious grapes especially for me, she said, as she knew how well I liked them. I was captivated by her two daughters and son who were very bright and attractive children. They had extremely nice manners and Barbara seemed so proud for me to see them. Her husband was working and I regretted not meeting him, as Barbara had talked so much about "her man". I was told by a friend of Barbara's that her husband was quite brilliant.

There was no refrigerator in the apartment and Barbara explained that they were very costly and they could live without one. She said her children spent the summers in the country and in the winter she had a "porch refrigerator". She added that most families in Warsaw bought their groceries daily, shopped sparingly and had no leftovers to store in a refrigerator.

Barbara returned with me to the hotel and remained until the bus left for the airport. There was a hard currency shop adjoining the hotel and she assisted me in doing some last-minute shopping. I bought beautiful woolen plaid scarfs, embroidered bed-room slippers and feathered flowers. It was with a sad heart that I told Barbara good-bye and I knew that she was sad too as I saw tears in her keen black eyes. It was a mutual wish that we would meet again some day, somewhere.

Barbara Tyszka, interpreter, standing with me in front of the Mary Jane Kiosk in Warsaw. Racks of dresses were placed on either side of the kiosk. Barbara is wearing the necklace which she gave me. I have received several letters from Barbara since my return home. I have mailed to her a large box of clothing some for each member of her family. No duty has to be paid on packages marked "Used Clothing." The Polish people are pitifully poor and most appreciative of gifts

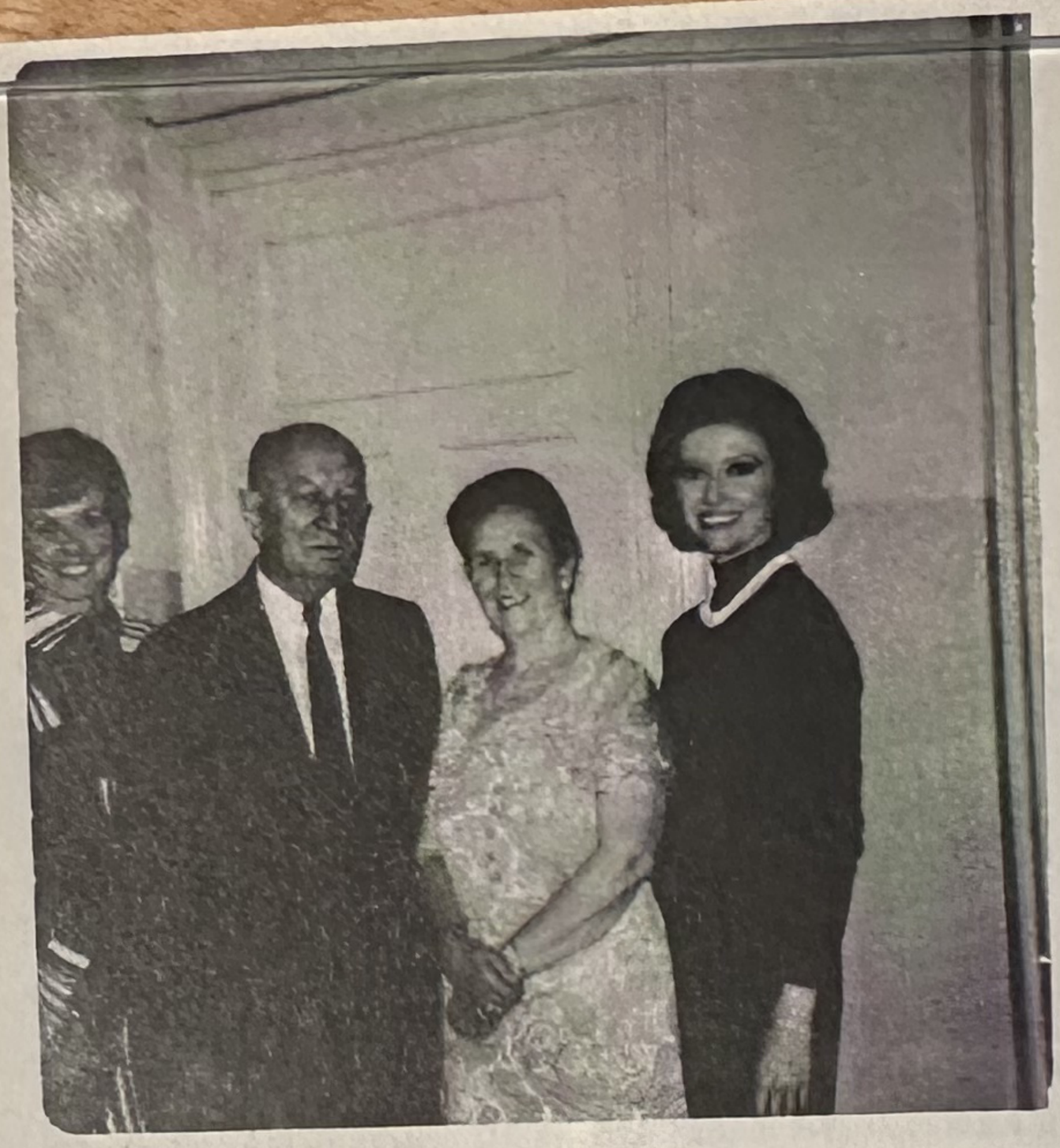
Kate Ryan, Hane's Exhibitor from San Francisco, is standing with me in front of the Clairol Kiosk on August 13 when I had my "grey washed away" before 75 beauticians in Warsaw. It was lots of fun being a "guinea pig" so far from home.

Kate Ryan, Hane's exhibitor, assisting me in Warsaw in giving our Mary Jane brochures. Tom and Kate live in San Francisco, and are world travelers. They are a friendly couple and I hope our paths will cross again some day.

At the American Embassy reception in Warsaw -
L to R Ambassador John A. Gronounski; Lynette Bennett,
a model; myself; Hans Dehninger, a representative of
Kent Cigarettes; and Linda Morgan, a model

The Ambassador of the United States of America
and Mrs. Gronouski
request the honor of your company at a reception
following the performance at the Palace of Culture
of the
GOOD LOOK OF FASHION
on
September 12, 1967
8:30 to 10:00 P.M.

American Embassy
Piękna Street Entrance



L to R - Dot Alexander, a model, Bishop Joseph Szczepkowski, Supt. of the English Language College in Warsaw, Rachel F. Lawson, representative of G., H. & E. Freydberg, and Lynette Bennett, a model, while on a tour of the Methodist college of 5,000 students.

The restored home of Fryderyk Chopin, near Warsaw. Chopin, world renowned pianist and composer, is credited with paving the way for the introduction of all modern

PRAGUE

Again, at the airport there was much confusion to clear customs and have baggage weighed. Our plane left on scheduled time which was quite a relief after our experience in Moscow. Dinner was served as soon as we had attained our flying height. We had a smooth flight with perfect weather conditions and enjoyed a few hands of bridge en route.

On arrival at Prague, and after clearing customs without too much red tape, we were taken to The Park Hotel.

PARK HOTEL where we stayed while in Prague. This hotel was ultra modern and opened only two months before our arrival. In the back ground can be seen the Julius Fucik Hall where our show was set up.

We were delighted that we had been assigned to this hotel as it was very modern and up-to-date, having been in operation for only two months. A five-course dinner was served us in the main dining room at 10 o'clock. The Czechs really go in for decorative food and serving it "A La Emily Post".

Prague, the capital city, has one million inhabitants. It is the most important traffic center in Czechoslovakia, having thirty railway stations and playing an important part in international traffic with airlines operating to all important cities in the world. The city boasts of many cultural institutions including museums, exhibition halls, art galleries, theatres and libraries.

Prague's musical life is concentrated at three opera houses and in numerous concert halls. In May of each year the International Music Festival, "Prague Springs," takes place with musicians and music lovers from all over the world participating. The flower beds throughout the city were breath-taking this time of the year.

On the Sunday morning following our arrival, Lynette, Toni and I caught a street car and rode into the city to locate the CEDOK office (Tourist Agency) to secure tickets for a three hour tour of the city that afternoon. It was a perfectly gorgeous summer-like day with a temperature of 72 degrees. Before returning to the hotel, we attended Mass at St. Jacob's Church, one of the most beautiful and oldest churches in the world. Following the service, we were allowed to go to the third balcony where we had an overall view of the interior, the ornate gold decorations, priceless paintings and imposing statues. It was built in the thirteenth century and has an organ with 6,000 pipes. Toni was thrilled to have the opportunity of visiting this Church of which he had read and heard so much. He is of the Catholic faith.

We returned to the hotel for lunch and immediately left on the tour, accompanied by many others in our group, including Tom and Kate Ryan.

We visited the Jewish Cemetery, the oldest Jewish burial ground in Europe with as many as ten or more graves, stacked one on the other. Over 12,000 tombstones are scattered among the gnarled trees at all angles, some partly sunken and others chiseled. The oldest stone there

bore the name of the renowned poet, Avigidor Karo, buried in 1439.

OLD TOWN SQUARE was one of the most interesting places on the tour. It is here that mobs of tourists stand every hour to view an old clock built in the fifteenth century. The clock has astronomical, sun, moon, stars, months, world position dials and the Twelve Apostles appear every hour on the hour. It was fascinating to watch it.

After an hour and a half tour of the Castle and Cathedral, (which I can not adequately describe and will not attempt to do so) a number of us had tickets for the Bach Concert to be presented, and at the same time broadcast, in St. George's Church. Bach, a German composer of both voice and instrumental music, was the father of ten sons, all of whom were musicians. The concert was wonderful!

On Monday morning there was a breakfast in the hotel for exhibitors to meet the Department of Commerce representative and personnel of the American Embassy. After this meeting we traveled into the city and met with men of the Ministry of Consumer Goods Industry, hoping to get some leads as to how we could sell some of our products.

After this meeting I was brave enough to venture on a shopping tour alone, not knowing how to speak one word of their language. I felt that I must buy some shoes• as the four pairs I had brought with me were noticeably worn. While attempting to locate the shoe department by pointing to my shoes, in a large department store, a very nice lady, realizing my language barrier, introduced herself and offered to accompany me as she had "two hours of free time". She spoke English, French, and German well as she was employed by CEDOK as a guide. Her name was Marie Smejkalova. She accompanied me back to the hotel and had lunch as my guest. I gave her two tickets to the fashion show for Wednesday and she was delighted. She did attend and was so "spruced up" that I hardly recognized her when she came to the kiosk to introduce to me a friend whom she brought. Each of them brought me attractive souvenir dolls and said they were fascinated with the show and our American music. Marie later called me at the hotel to say "good-bye" and said she hoped to see me in America some day.

The exhibition and fashion show Tuesday morning at 9 o' clock in the Julius Fucik Building, a very imposing structure in the Julius Fucik Park of Culture and Recreation. The hall in which the show was set up was so spacious that the Fashion Show was staged in the same hall with a seating capacity of 1,000. The Park could be seen from our hotel.

The show was attended by invitation only for the first three days and was open to the public on the last day. Time seemed to be passing very rapidly now. There was so much to do and so many interesting places to be seen. My wrist watch played out and Bill Frankfurter loaned me one of his until I purchased a couple of them at a hard currency store there. A watch there cost half as much in American money as it would if paid for in CROWNS. Many of our group bought as much glass-ware as we could possibly take home. Prague is noted for its outstanding and beautiful glassware.

I was more than pleased with my Czech interpreter, Hana Hornungova. She was 42 years old, very petite and possessed more than her share of poise and refinement. She had been employed by ORBIS for a number of years and was an excellent interpreter. Her husband, an architect, wore a goatee and possessed an aristocratic appearance. He spoke English (Oxford) beautifully and had a very soft voice, as did Hana. They had two attractive teen-age daughters who were very appreciative of the dresses I gave them. They loved the Fashion Show.

Ambassador and Mrs. Bean issued invitations to our group for a reception to be held at the Exhibit Hall on Tuesday, September 19, from 4 o'clock to 5:30 P.M. Many of us re-gretted that we could not take pictures in color of the ta-ble before the guests started through to serve their plates. The flower arrangements were the prettiest I have ever seen! The platters of fool, especially the deserts, were a real display of professional culinary art. Over 500 guests attend-ed the reception and the Fashion Show which went over BIG. Later that evening a group of us attended opera and had a late dinner at a very new and up-to-date restaurant.

I accepted an invitation to go out "on the town" Wed-nesday night with Ron and Francine Cummins, Allien Carr and his girl friend, Chris Nelson, and Jan Pesek, manager of the Park Hotel. In limousine with chauffeur we left the hotel at 7:30 P.M. and returned at 1:30 A.M. We had dinner at

the "Restaurant Ozville Dreva", a very exclusive Monk Restaurant, over 600 years old. The food and service were the best, with a waiter assigned to each table. From there we traveled several miles to "The Wine Cellars" at the Golden Jug, an extremely weird looking place, where all of the party,(excepting me) enjoyed white wine. We visited several other interesting places and finally ended up at an exclusive night club where Ron insisted on roasting a chicken over an open log fire. We watched the chicken burn black while Ron's face roasted red. The men in the party managed to devour most of this overcooked fowl.

Jan Pesek proved to be a real entertainer. He and Ron kept the party laughing with their jokes and amusing stories. This is one evening that I shall always remember and feel grateful to these young people for inviting me to "tag along".

On Thursday morning, a group of designers from a Prague dress factory visited the Mary Jane Kiosk and asked for permission to examine the design and making of each dress. They were favorably impressed, according to Hana who listened to their side remarks. I could not understand their comments but I could detect from their expressions they were fascinated with the color combinations and designs. They sketched pictures of some of the dresses and made color photos of others.

Mr. M. Strumf, factory manager, accompanied the group. Through Hana he inquired if I would "give them the honor of visiting their factory the next day?" I was delighted at the opportunity. It was arranged that Mr. Strumf would pick Hana and me up at The Park Hotel at 8:30 the next morning.

This factory manufactured clothes for both children and women. We were taken to the show room and were favorably impressed with the styles, materials and excellent workmanship. Mr. Strumf then invited us to his office where he had arranged for two Czech girls, very pretty - one blond and one brunette - to model a number of the dresses. While this was in progress, we were served hot tea and cookies.

During the private showing, I remarked how very much I liked a dress the blond girl was modeling, a multi-colored print, purple predominating, of light weight wool material, shift style. The model was really beautiful and did much for the dress. Mr. Strumf told Hana to ask me if I really liked the dress or if I wasejust trying to be nice. Hana seemed a little embarrassed and was hesitant to ask me. I assured her that I thought the dress was beautiful. He immediately had one of the factory ladies to come in and take my measurements. The morning before leaving Prague, he came to the hotel and brought the dress he had tailored for me, the drop ear rings which the model had worn with it, and also a beautiful house coat. I could not express my appreciation in his language but luckily Jan Pesek happened to be in the lobby and assured Mr. Strumf that I was very happy over his generous gift.

The evening before leaving Prague, Hana and I were doing some preliminary packing when a very large "Check" man walked over to the kiosk and presented me with a large package and said, "For you, Madam". Upon opening it I was greeted by a huge stuffed kitty-cat with long whiskers and a curled up tail. It resembled a teddy bear very much. Through Hana, I thanked him and at the same time was wondering how I could possibly include it with my already overweight packages. This pleasant man beckoned for a little girl who was standing in a far away corner, to come over. He introduced her to us as his "little daughter" and said he would like to have a dress for her. Hana relayed his request and I smiled and gave an affirmative nod. His daughter was 11 years old, very pretty and definitely on the chubby side. They went to the rack of dresses and he selected a school dress and she held a party dress up to determine if it would fit her. They talked excitedly and he attempted to hang the party dress back on the rack and she would not give it up. Finally, he asked Hana to inquire if she might have both as she needed the school dress and wanted the party dress. Enough said! The little girl ran over, threw her arms around me and left very happy.

One of the most attractive and friendly families I met on my entire trip was the H. David Peel family. Mr. Peel was First Secretary to the Canadian Ambassador. His wife, Diana, was charming and pretty. They had two children, Ann who was 6 years old and Douglas, 5. Ann

modeled Mary Jane dresses along with other children in the Fashion Show in Prague. Each day, before the show, they would stop by and chat with me.

On the Saturday morning after the show closed the night before, Diana and Ann came over and assisted me in packing the dresses which I had donated to the Red Cross Chapter in Prague. The dresses had to be counted, customs cleared and receipts obtained and signed by the Red Cross director for tax purposes. With this job finished, Diana invited me to visit in their lovely home, located on a terraced hill overlooking the Castle of Prague. Their home was elegantly furnished in every detail and the Peel family was most cordial. David and Diana offered to take me on a sightseeing tour of Prague in the afternoon but I declined as I had already made plans to see a French moving picture.

Lynette Bennett, Linda Meisner, models, and I attended the 11 o'clock Mass at St. Jacob's Church Sunday morning. Throngs of worshipers were there, many of whom were tourists. After the service, we walked quite a distance around the city and made pictures.

While lunching at the hotel later, we noticed crowds of people passing down the street. We knew that some special feature of entertainment must be taking place at the Julius Fucik Park. Upon investigation we learned that an International Ice Skating show was being staged and televised. This was my first opportunity to view professional ice skating. Linda and I lost no time in joining the crowd and walking to the park. It was an extremely hot afternoon and when we walked into the sports arena, the cool air thrown off by the ice was most welcome. It was quite a thrill to sit among the 15,000 spectators and see these "ice artists" of all ages perform. We had excellent seats for only ten cents.

Immediately after dinner, the Peels came by to have me go as their guest to the Opera House. I dare not attempt to describe the theatre or performance due to my limited vocabulary and knowledge in this field of entertainment. I was held spell bound as I watched the marvelous performance of renowned actors. The Peels were accompanied by another member of the Canadian Embassy personnel and his wife. This, my last evening in Prague, was most enjoyable.

My first thought on awakening Monday morning, September 25, was HOME SWEET HOME! It was a gorgeous day to travel and everybody was in a dither attempting to pack their "loot" in as few containers as possible. I discovered some money which I had tucked away and I lost no time in spending it at a shop near the hotel.

Diana Peel came by and presented me with a beautiful pair of garnet earrings as a farewell gift. Jan Pesek and his attractive wife gave me a most unusual wooden charm necklace. Mr. Strumf arrived with the lovely dress and robe, both of which I have worn and enjoyed so much, I really felt like " A Queen For A Day", and so undeserving of this special attention.

When telling Jan Pesek good-bye and how much I enjoyed my stay in this beautiful hote, I mentioned that I would like very much to have a picture of The Park Hotel. There were none available on account of its newness. Since arriving home, I received a picture by registered mail along with an invitation to return to Prague.

I was most fortunate to have been assigned the three interpreters whom I have mentioned. Each one was most co-operative and gladly went the extra mile to assist me in any way possible. Each of them had certain words which they adored using and among them were Charming, Enchanting, Difficult and Clever.

We departed Prague around noon via Sabena Belgium World Airlines, Flight No. 786, arriving in Brussells, Belgium at 2:10 P.M. We spent exactly one hour there, shopping for perfume, linens and other souvenirs. We then departed for the good old U. S. A. on Pan American World Airways system, Flight No. 91.

A number of our party did not return home with us, having made plans to travel to other countries, among them Tom and Kate Tyan and Toni Gerard. Others lived in Europe and returned to their respective homes.

Our flight home was most pleasant with some playing bridge, others chess and rummy, with food and drinks served intermittently. The time passed rapidly as we gained five hours and were headed for HOME. There was much excitement when we first saw the tall buildings outlining New York

City shortly before arrival time. We truly had cause to rejoice and be happy as soon we would be reunited with our families and friends after safely traveling approximately 12,000 miles. We were truly thankful to God for being our co-pilot.

We spent more time clearing customs in New York City than any of the places we traveled. During this slow ordeal, I spied Anna, Irwin and Fred looking down on the crowd from the upstairs rail. Others in our party were waving, throwing kisses and shouting greetings to members of their families and friends who were there to welcome them home.

After collecting my baggage we left for LaGuardia Airport where the four of us had dinner and chatted before Fred and I left on a Piedmont jet for Lynchburg.

Awaiting us at the airport were members of my family and friends, all of whom I was so happy to see. After taking some pictures, I started on the last lapse of my journey.

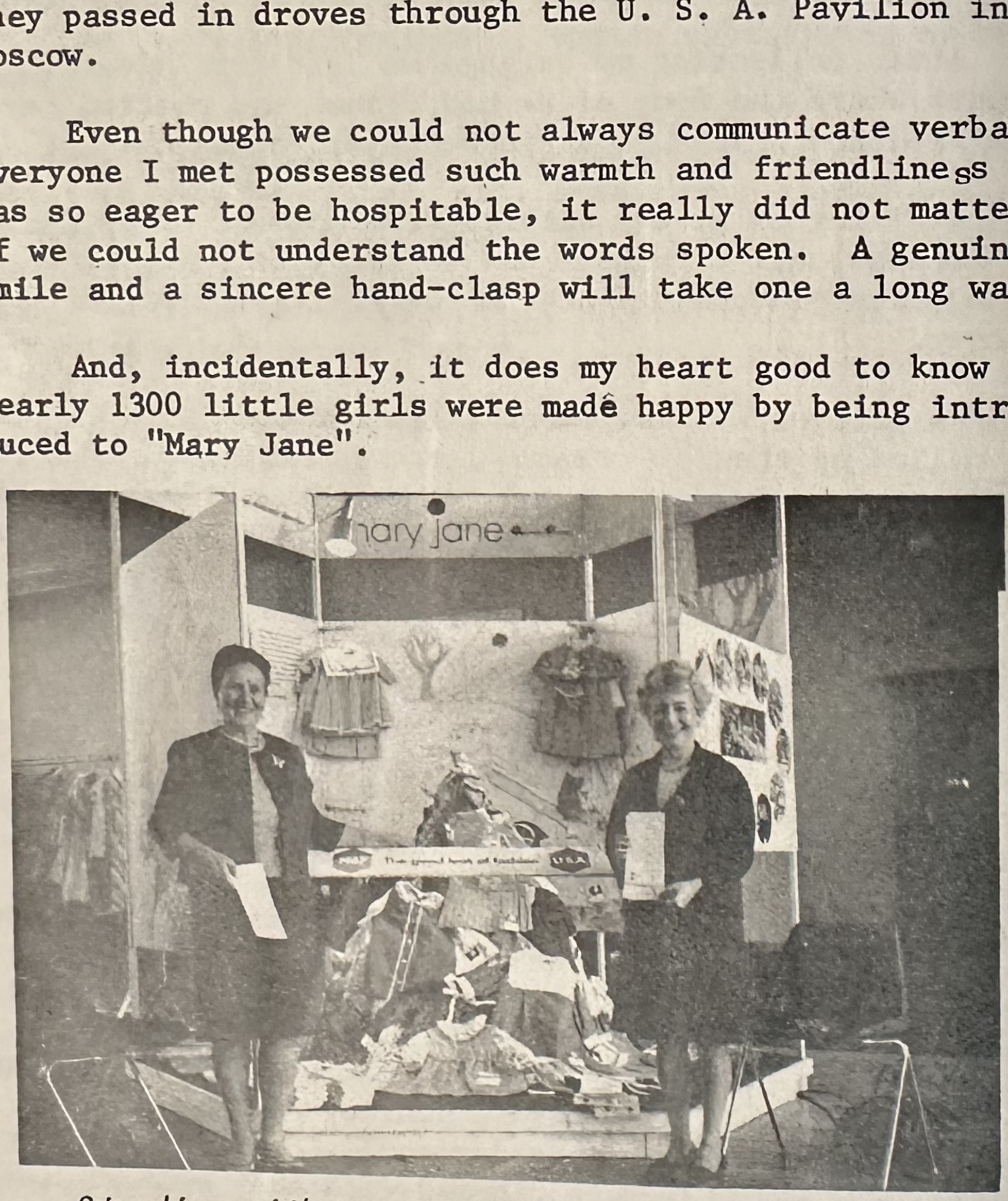
We arrived at "The Depot", (as our home town is often called by the "old timers") around midnight. The excitement of arriving home and the change in time, caused me to stay wide awake for the next 24 hours. Sleep just would not come! I realized more than ever before that the nicest realization of a trip is COMING HOME to family and friends.

One of my first visits made on my return was to see Misses Emma and Lucy Smith, two very dear elderly friends. These sisters can boast of the enviable ages of 89 and 92, respectively. The day before leaving on this trip, Miss Lucy presented me with a "duck wish bone", which she said would bring me good-luck. I was fascinated with the long string of wish bones which Miss Lucy produced, representing many fowls. She believed some "luckier" than others and the duck wish bone the luckiest of all. I kept this good luck piece in the same case with my glasses I give it due credit for a safe journey and dare not travel without it now. I told a number of people of its significance and they were charmed with this belief. Miss Emma greeted me thusly-"Rachel, I'm so glad you are safely home as I'm tired of praying for you!" Bless their hearts.

Before I started on this trip my niece, Hilda Wagers Wilson, of Virginia Beach, gave me a book to read, "I See Their Faces". The author, Ben Hayden, of Kingsport, Tennessee, was a friend of Hilda's husband, Gil H. Wilson. Mr. Hayden, as a newspaper man, made a trip to Russia and other Eastern European countries five years ago, along with a group of news reporters and writers. In this book Mr. Hayden gives a most vivid description of Russia, its people and their way of live. The book did not impress me when I first read it before the trip. I re-read it on my return home and then realized the author's ability to well describe the Russian people, their customs and ways of life. I can now close my eyes and truly "See Their Faces" as they passed in droves through the U. S. A. Pavilion in Moscow.

Even though we could not always communicate verbally, everyone I met possessed such warmth and friendliness and was so eager to be hospitable, it really did not matter if we could not understand the words spoken. A genuine smile and a sincere hand-clasp will take one a long way.

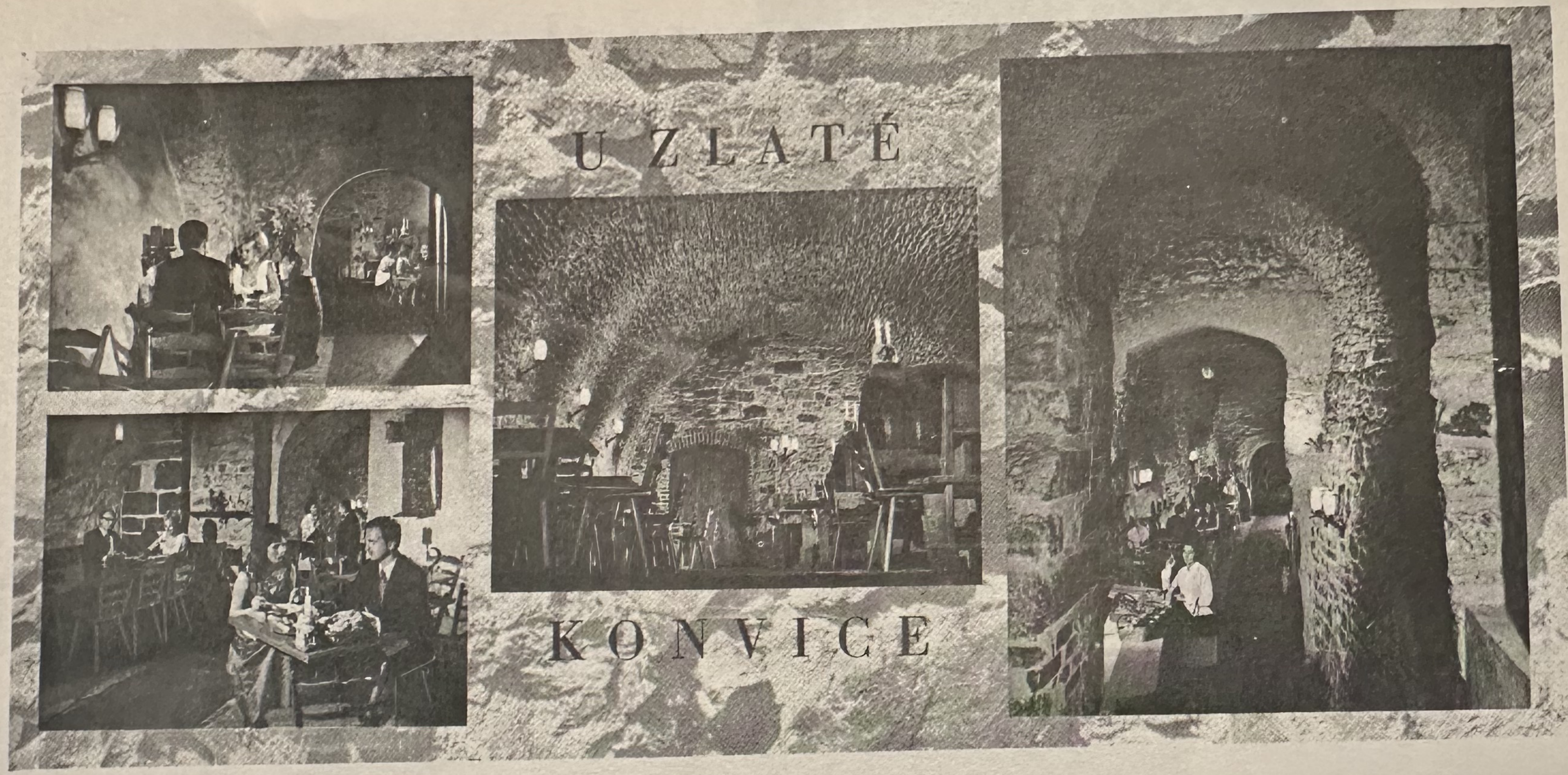
And, incidentally, it does my heart good to know that nearly 1300 little girls were made happy by being introduced to "Mary Jane".



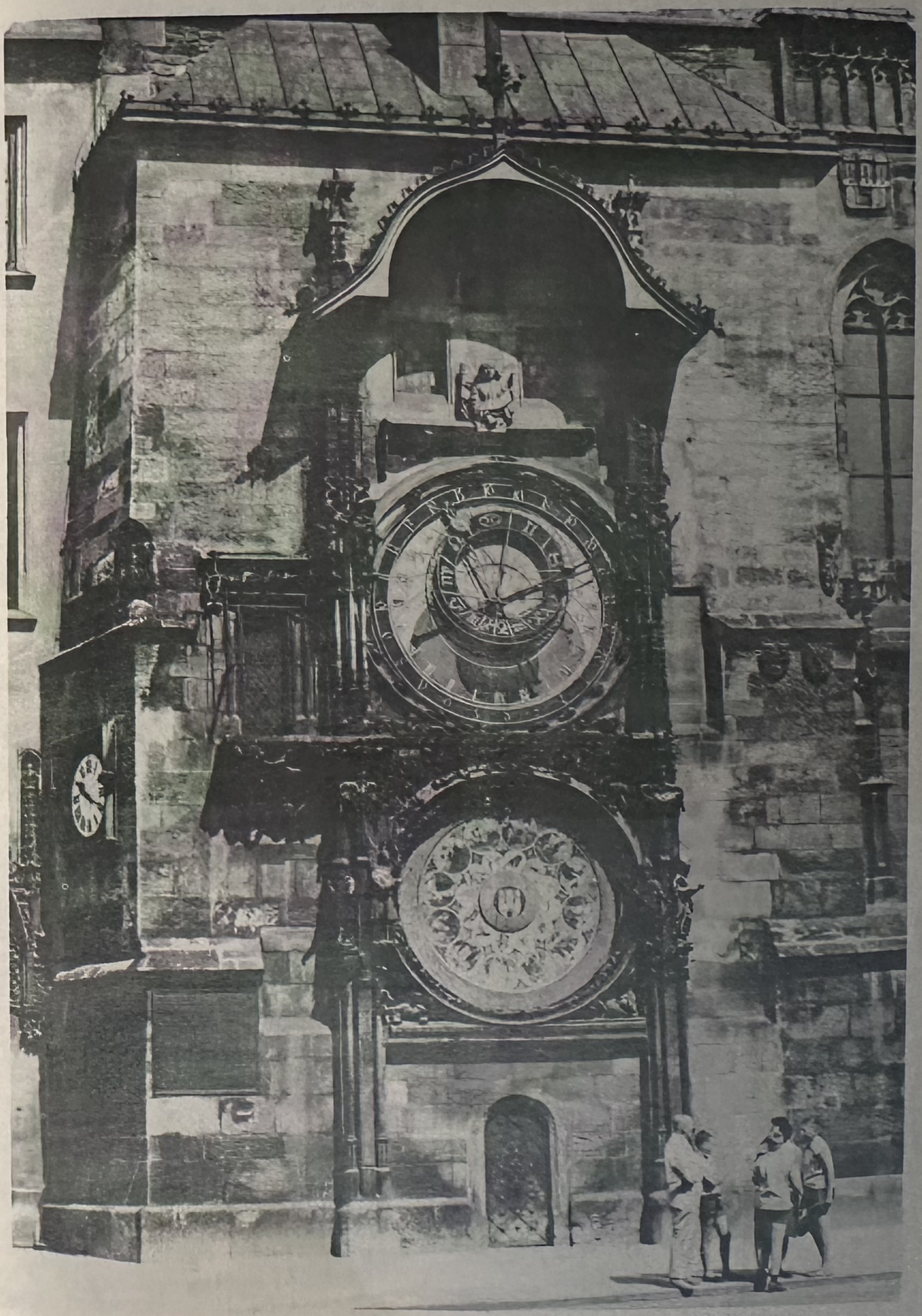
Standing with me in front of the Mary Jane Kiosk in Prague is Hana Hornungova, interpreter. I have received several letters from Hana since my return along with a beautiful Christmas Greeting card. Hana has a first cousin in New York City, who fled Prague during World War II and I have attempted to contact her to give her some first hand news of Hana, but to date have not been successful. She is a photographer for LOOK Magazine.

Lynette Bennett and Ambassador Bean shown at reception given our group in Prague.

Ann Peel, 6 year old daughter of Secretary and Mrs. David H. Peel. Ann is wearing a Mary Jane Dress which she modeled in the fashion show. Her father is First Secretary in the Canadian Embassy in Czechoslovakia.



The Wine-Cellars at The Golden Jug, Prague, Czechoslovakia. We visited these cellars on the night of Sept. 20.



A fifteenth century clock in OLD TOWN SQUARE in Prague.

The Castle in Prague - A tour of this magnificient and elaborate Castle will always be remembered.

The Julius Fucik Hall in which we exhibited in Prague. This is the main structure in a huge park which is visited daily by thousands of people. The flower beds and fountains throughout the park are well worth a trip there. It was in this park that we saw the International Ice Skating Show.

In this picture I am wearing the light weight French woolen dress and earrings made of Sun Flower Petals given to me by Mr. M. Strumf, a dress manufacturer in Prague. Shades of pink and purple are beautifully blended in this material.

CARE INC.

660 FIRST AVENUE – NEW YORK, N. Y. 10016
MURRAY HILL 6-3110 – CABLE: PARCELUS, N. Y.

FRANK L. GOFFIO
Executive Director

December 5, 1967

Mrs. Rachel F. Lawson
International Sales Director
G.H. and E. Freydberg, Inc.
P.O. Box 5
Appomattox, Virginia

Dear Mrs. Lawson:

It has been brought to our attention, by Mr. Robert Linder, Chief of CARE Mission, Poland, that at the close of the U. S. Clothing Exhibition in Poland, approximately 850 dresses were donated to CARE for distribution to various orphanages and T. B. Institutes by G.H. and E. Freydberg Inc.

Would you kindly have the enclosed forms completed in detail and two copies returned to my attention, at the above address, so that a formal acknowledgement can be issued for this generous contribution.

Yours very truly,

Vincent N. Garcia
Administrative Assistant
Procurement Department

MEMBERS OF
INTERNATIONAL FASHION APPAREL & TEXTILE EXHIBITS

NAME	COMPANY
Abate, Pietro	Singer
Alexander, George	Celanese
Alexander, Dorothy	Model
Becker, Ray	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Bennett, Lynett	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Berkson, Eleanor	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Bonneau, Thelma	Clairol
Bull, Derek	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Corn, Peter	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Caldwell, Helen Lee	Alyssa
Caoules	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Carr, Alain (Deputy Dir)	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Carrol, Thomas	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Carter, David	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Cerrato, Sam	U.S. Department of Commerce
Chavez, Gabriel	
Clarke, James	Fashion Institute of Technol
Cummings, Renn	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Cummins, Francine	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Dalrymple, Julia Ann	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Dehninger, Hans	Lorillard Co.
Drake, Samantha	Fashion Institute of Technol
Ellis, Dorothy	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Elpern, Joseph	Fashion Institute of Technol
Ferman, Misha	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Favale, Patrick	Allison
Fishman, Shirley	Fashion Institute of Technol
Frankfurter, William	Clairol
Freydberg, Ann	G., H. & E. Freydberg, Inc.
Freydberg, Irwin	G., H. & E. Freydberg, Inc.
Freydberg, Kitty	G., H. & E. Freydberg, Inc.
Fried, Emanuel	Singer
Fried, Blanche	
Gerard, Anthony "Toni"	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Hage, Joseph	Singer
Hanley, Robert	Jockey International
Harrison, Hugh	Clairol
Hawkins, Arlene	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.

NAME	COMPANY
Healy, Fran	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Herbrich, Alfred	Clairol
Hundley, Lajeune	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Kennedy, Zona	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Lambert, Eleanor	
Lanitis, Phil	Levi-Strauss
Lanigan, John P.	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Lapage, Diana	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Lawson, Rachel	G., H. & E. Freydberg, Inc.
Levitsky, Marina	Concord
Link, Jerome	Celanese
Lukeman, Alexander	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Matthews, Richard	Clairol
McClung, Sally	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Meisner, Linda	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Mignot, Jacques	Singer
Miro, Galina	Helen Lee
Mooromsky, Walter	Levi-Strauss
Nelson, Kristine	Levi-Strauss
Nieves, Richard	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Oehninger, Hanspeter	Vient Cigarettes
Reizner, Isabelle	Simmons
Richardson, Sanora Reignier	Photographer for LOOK
Ryan, Thomas	Hanes
Ryan, Catherine	
Quartley, David (Ukraine)	Singer
Schaffer, Jack	Singer
Simpson, John	Sears, Roebuck
Wingate, Andrew	(Chief Deputy Director)
Wallace, George	Celanese
Wallace, Jane	Celanese
Wallace, Susan	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Wallace, Mary Bolles	Peter Corn Associates, Inc.
Winteler, Edgar	Singer
Weiner, Harold	Ballston Knitting Concord Fabrics McGregor Doniger
Yellin, Robert	Russel Taylor Peter Corn Associates, Inc.

ITINERARY ESPECIALLY PREPARED

for

INTERNATIONAL FASHION APPAREL & TEXTILE EXHIBITS

in

MOSCOW, U.S.S.R.--WARSAW, POLAND--PRAGUE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA

AUG. 16.....NEW YORK. At 5:00 PM attend a briefing on your tour in the Office of the Control Tower in front of the International Arrivals Building, John F. Kennedy International Airport.

After the briefing, check-in at the Pan American World Airways System Terminal, JFK International Airport. NOTE: Kindly have your passport, World Health Card and I-94 Form ready to present to Pan American's representative.

Depart JFK International Airport, New York at 7:30 PM via Pan American World Airways System Flight No. 40. Dinner and breakfast the following morning will be served in flight.

AUG. 17.....Arrive Helsinki, Finland at 11:55 A.M.
Change planes.
Depart Helsinki at 2:35 P.M. via Aeroflot Flight SU No. 040

Arrive Moscow, U.S.S.R. at 5:10 PM

Party will be met on arrival and after passing through customs examination will be transferred to the Hotel Ukraina or Hotel Russia

AUG. 18.....In Moscow. During your stay breakfast each morning will be served at the hotel
through

Shortly after your arrival in Moscow there will
SEPT. 7.....be a briefing by the representative of the local Government Tourist Office. You will be advised of the time and place of this meeting by your Courier. At the briefing you will be given information on local sightseeing tours which you may desire to take on your own during your stay.

SEPT. 17.....In Prague. During your stay three meals each day are included.

through Shortly after arrival in Prague there will be a briefing by the representative of the local Government Tourist Office. You will be advised of the time and place of this meeting by your Courier. At the briefing you will be given information on local sightseeing tours which you may desire to take on your own during your stay.

SEPTEMBER 19

4:00 PM Reception at Julius Fucik Hall

5:15 PM Fashion Show for Foreign Officials, Exhibitors, Press Corps., and Diplomatic Corps. at the Julius Fucik Hall

SEPT. 25.....Party will be transferred to the airport in time to:
Depart Prague at 12:40 PM via Sabena Belgian World Airlines Flight No. 786
Arrive Brussels, Belgium at 2:10 PM
Change planes.
Depart Brussels at 3:10 PM via Pan American World Airways System Flight No. 91
Arrive NEW YORK, International Arrivals Building, John F. Kennedy International Airport at 6:30 PM

AUGUST 27 - AMERICA DAY

12:00 NOON - Press Reception at Sokolniki Park

5:00 PM to 7:00 PM - Reception at Ambassador's Residence, Spaso House.

8:00 PM - Fashion Show for Foreign Officials, Exhibitors, Press Corps, and Diplomatic Corps at the Palace of Sports.

SEPT. 8.....Party will be transferred to the airport in time to:

Depart Moscow at 9:50 AM via Aeroflot Flight SU No. 027
Arrive Warsaw, Poland at 10:00 AM.

Party will be met on arrival and after passing through Customs will be transferred to the GRAND HOTEL.

SEPT. 9.....In Warsaw. During your stay three meals each day are included.

through Shortly after arrival in Warsaw there will be a briefing by the representative of the local

SEPT. 15....Government Tourist Office. You will be advised of the time and place of this meeting by your Courier. At the briefing you will be given information on local sightseeing tours which you may desire to take on your own during your stay.

SEPTEMBER 11

5:15 PM Reception at the American Embassy.

8:00 PM Fashion Show for Foreign Officials, Exhibitors, Press Corps, and Diplomatic Corps at the Palace of Culture.

SEPT. 16....Party will be transferred to the airport in time to:
Depart Warsaw at 6:30 PM via Lot-Polish Air lines Flight LO No. 229. Arrive Prague, Czechoslovakia at 7:50 PM

Party will be met on arrival and after passing through Customs will be transferred to the HOTEL PARK (or similar)