

21 January 1971

Dear Hal:

Many apologies for the silence. There has been illness at my office, with overtime involved for me which cuts critically into my slim margins of time and energy.

I still don't have time to write a decent letter, but wish to assure you that your various notes and enclosures all appear to have arrived promptly and those needing it have been forwarded with appropriate instructions.

After a considerable silence, Hal called the other day to say he thought he had a job lined up and was moving into San Francisco to be near it. It turned out that it didn't materialize, and he has returned to his temporary quarters in Berkeley, at 1228 Evelyn Street, Berkeley, CA 94706. His phone number is (415) 524 9030. This is the same family with whom he stayed before when he was out of a job. He continues optimistic about finding work, and we expect to hear from him again probably next week. He doesn't expect to stay at this address long, but says it can be used as a mailing address until he finds another location. You no doubt will remember the family with whom he is staying. They have moved to Berkeley since the last time he stayed with them.

As far as I know, Hal has not yet seen Paul, although he says he knows he should. We are as mystified as you as to what is going on, or rather not going on.

We have passed along to him all the various enclosures marked for him, including your latest, the exchange with Bernabei. In an attached note and in a covering letter I made it clear this was from your file and should be returned to you.

In this connection, when ever you send us such detailed material, if we don't react it's because it's either beyond us or we feel incompetent to comment because of ignorance. We find all this most interesting, but in many cases we realize that we can add nothing to the discussion and therefore remain silent. Some of the names involved are unfamiliar, but on the whole we comprehend the direction if not the detail of your comments. In any case we appreciate your confidence and assure you that any such material will be treated with all the respect it deserves.

For instance your letter to Ervin was extremely interesting and fully understandable. We would be very interested in hearing what, if any, response you got from him.

There are some unanswered odds and ends in some of your back correspondence which I can deal briefly with here. As far as I know, I never encountered your agriculturalist friend Horvath. I did know slightly a Gen. Horvath, a Czarist army engineer who had built some famous bridge in Siberia for the Transiberian and was governor-general of the Transiberian at the time of the revolution. He lived in retirement-exile in Peking, and died in the late 1930s. Could have been a relative of your

friend, but I gather Horvath, although probably a Magyar name, is not too uncommon in Russia. The old general was an imposing man, fully as big as Garrison, but gentle and quiet in manner. In his time he was known as the uncrowned king of Manchuria, with headquarters in Harbin at a time when it boasted of two symphonies and assorted ballet companies. My recollection is that after the revolution, while the Japanese were invading Siberia with British and American help while the Allies fought the Reds in Poland and the Ukraine and Esthonia in the west, Gen. Horvath was supported by the Allies and remained quite some time in Harbin before the Allies decided the Soviets were here to stay and called everything off. The old man took over the former Austrian Embassy building in Peking, empty since World War I, and lived there until he died.

I not only agree with your friend Col. Castorr about China, this is something I feel very strongly about. He is quite right in his belief -- in my opinion -- that the US gave the Chinese no choice but to go Communist. I would go farther and say that we did everything possible to drive them into the arms of Russia, a power which China has had only arms-length relations from the beginning for very good reasons both powers understand fully. When the Communists took over in China, they were divided among themselves as to their future alignments. A very small pro-Russian faction naturally wanted close relations with Soviet Russia, but the size of this group was minuscule compared with the literally millions of Chinese whose sole foreign experience with western power nationals. For every Chinese who spoke Russian, I would say a thousand or more spoke English and had cultural and political ideas accordingly. I think that Mao made basically the same decision Sun Yat-sen had made -- that alignment with the West was unreliable. But I don't think it was Mao who decided China's vigorous swing into the Russian orbit, which was doomed to failure as history already has shown. This was decided by a small group of hard-nosed Communists who created incidents with ~~British and~~ British and American officials and individuals still in China, and we stupidly played into their hands. I say stupidly. It could have been deliberate on the part of a comparable jingoistic element in our own political spectrum, as witness McCarthyism and the Cold War psychosis which already had descended. It was miserable show all round, and totally unnecessary.

There is one other loose end you brought up some time ago -- Dean Rusk. I've long had theory that his attitude toward the Chinese determined by his no doubt bitter experience with Kuomintang officials in the CBI theatre. Their corruption and unlimited venality had to be seen to be believed. (Read Thunder Out of China, 1947, by Theodore H. White and Anna Lee Jacoby). I suspect Rusk jumped to the conclusion that ALL Chinese were like the ones he met while he was with Stilwell, and that he never got over this..

Otherwise, I know of no conclusive indications that Rusk was particularly racist, despite his Georgia origin. In fact, he appears to have taken it quite well when his daughter, who was attending Stanford here a couple of years ago, married a young Negro computer programmer. Yet he seems to have acquired somewhere an ineradicable hatred and mistrust of the Chinese. The Burma Road was the place to do it, no doubt about it.

I enclose a tiny clipping from the New York Times that seems to be the nearest approach to the boating incident you heard over the radio at Christmastime. As far as I could see, the wire services did not bring it out here, and we neither heard nor saw a mention of it on local radio newscasts or in newspapers.

Another enclosure is an ad for a book by your old friend, M. Vosjoli. Perhaps you may not have run across it.

I think this about cleans us up to date, except for your enclosure of some notes connected with subjects dealt with in Coup d'Etat. No, we haven't seen Coup, but shall be most interested when you get it reorganized as you plan. If you should get around to having a zerox copy made for us, we insist upon paying for it, and that's final.*

It remains only to say how pleased we are to hear that Mme. W. likes the lounging outfit, and how much we enjoyed handling this small and welcome chore for you both. Most of all, perhaps, we are happy to know that it FITS. We called HER to tell her, and SHE is likewise gratified. While we had HER on the line, we inquired about the extra pants. Always in stock, \$4.95, No sweat. Just let us know when you want them. Again, we would like to give your some idea of how pleasant it is to do something for someone you want to do something for, and enjoy the whole process at the same time.

Let me close with a final word from both of us that shoveling snow doesn't strike us as the thing you probably do best, although we do not doubt you swing a mean shovel. It just seems to us there could be a less tiring way to clobber yourself. Anyway, there are many of us who would feel happier if we could feel confident that you always -- as you say -- take it easy and pace yourself.

All the best from us both,



jdw

* Please say if you want these notes returned.