

The Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training  
Foreign Affairs Oral History Project

**Shanghai Stories: 30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the U.S. Consulate in Shanghai**

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## SHANGHAI STORIES

### **Don Anderson, Consul General (1980-1983)**

When we first arrived we were all housed at the Jinjiang Hotel. I had a suite which doubled as our social gathering place, and Roz Fishman, my secretary, also had a suite which doubled as the Consul General's office. We had a practice of gathering at the end of the day for "Happy Hour". On one evening there was a knock on the door and I answered it. A man was there, and he said "I represent McDonnell-Douglas and I'm the only American businessman resident in Shanghai. Could I come in for a drink?"

### **David Hess, Branch PAO (1980-?)**

On April 24, 1980, US efforts to rescue our Foreign Service colleagues held hostage in Iran failed. On Friday, May 2, we received word from the Public Security Bureau that on Saturday there would be a large-scale demonstration against the United States held in front of the Consulate General. CG Don Anderson was out of town.

Saturday morning, Joe Borich and I assembled at the consulate. Public Security assured us that we would be safe, and to make us feel better, parked about two companies of armored Public Security troops behind the old American school, which at that time was a naval research lab.

At about 11 o'clock, we spotted the mob coming down Urumqi across Nanjing. There appeared to be about 5000 people. On closer inspection, we noticed that there were four Middle Eastern students in front carrying a banner "USA Hands-Off Iran!" The other 4996 demonstrators were apparently just curious Chinese who followed along to see what was going on.

We kept the gate closed, but one of the four real demonstrators called out demanding to see the Consul General so that he could present their demands directly to him. We shouted back that the CG was out of town. He lowered his standards and said any American would do. We told him we were closed and to come back Monday.

They never came back.

### **Thomas Biddick, Consular, later Political Officer (1980-1982)**

I served as Consul in 1980-82 and was one of the original Shanghai crew along with CG Don Anderson, Joe Borich, Tom Lauer, Dave Hess (USIA), Roz Fishman and Chips Carpenter. I opened the consular section and then moved to political when Steve Schlaikjer arrived to head consular.

In those early days, I was the only consular officer and handled nonimmigrant visas as well as ACS, including some interesting citizenship cases involving Americans who had survived the decades of revolution and separation. Our local employees were all assigned by the Waiban.

It was my honor to be the first on the scene in January 1980, followed shortly thereafter by CG Don Anderson, Joe Borich, Dave Hess, Tom Lauer and several others with their spouses and families. We initially stayed in the Jin Jiang Hotel and enjoyed the amenities of the club across the street (the old Cercle Sportif from French Concession days), including a massive indoor swimming pool, bowling alley and ballroom where a gala celebration was held to mark the New Year. The consular corps consisted of the Polish, Japanese, French and U.S. consulates. Resident Americans were few but well-acquainted with the consulate, including some old-timers from "pre-Liberation" days, a few students and teachers and the folks from Nike and Pan Am. We would ride out to Fudan University in the consulate pick-up for softball games. Visitors from the U.S. included the singer John Denver, who stayed with Don and Blanche Anderson at the residence and entertained us at a private party there. I also remember a visit by former president Carter during that period (1981) and of course the CODELs such as that headed by Senator Howard Baker who visited the PLA submarine base at Wusong.

Change was in the air with the Dengist reforms underway and there were social tensions brewing in the aftermath of the Cultural Revolution. Security was sketchy in those days. While riding my bike to work, I was passed a note (in Chinese) informing me of a threat from a disgruntled Wenzhou NIV applicant. Later a person fitting that description was caught by local guard trying to make a run into the consulate compound. And then there

was the morning when the CG discovered a young fellow hiding in a downstairs bathroom. He apparently had scaled the wall but didn't do any harm.

**Steve Schlaikjer, Consular Officer (1980-1982)**

We have a couple of 1981-82 vintage group photos of the Shanghai Clippers softball team (sponsored and coached by Pan Am), including some with visiting pitcher-songwriter John Denver.

The event Tom Biddick recalls was a major impromptu city-wide demonstration after midnight on 19 November 1981 following the China national men's soccer team defeat of Saudi Arabia (that futbol powerhouse) 2-0 in a World Cup final round qualifying match broadcast live from Kuala Lumpur. The event left a deep impression on me.

China's hopes were high that it would represent Asia-Oceania in Madrid in 1982 in its first time competing, post-Liberation, for the World Cup. The government, including government controlled press, at first encouraged the spontaneous demonstrations of patriotic fervor that crowds in Shanghai and elsewhere had exhibited in an earlier 3-0 victory against Kuwait. But late-night street parades continued after the great defeat of Kuwait (with clanging gongs, drums, shouted slogans "Zhongguo Jiayou, Zhongguo Wansui, Zhongguo Diyi", etc.), troubling the sleep of party leaders (not to mention, literally, that of the US Consul General and his wife), and the Party propaganda organs ordered in various ways subtle and direct that, while patriotism was wonderful, there would be no more demonstrating "next time" after the upcoming KL match with the Saudis.

Watching the game on TV in Biddick's Huaihai Gongyu flat, Joe Borich, Tom Biddick and I (and Tom Lauer?) were intrigued to hear, even before the final whistle blew, fireworks popping off in the distance in a 360 degree arc. We could feel the city, around midnight, stirring and levitating. We got up, too, went with our bikes onto Huaihai Road, and followed the curb-to-curb flow of pedestrians and bicyclists left (eastward), towards People's Square (the old Racetrack opposite the Park Hotel). I got separated from my colleagues after a pair of young Shanghai men (stage-whispering back at me occasionally: "Ni zhidao, Zhongguo meiyou ziyou, Zhongguomeiyou ziyou") beat a path through fellow demonstrators to let me, the loudly-announced "Meiguo Lingshiguan" guy -- now walking my big former Taipei Police Department black-framed bike -- proceed like Jesus on Palm Sunday. I stage-whispered back: "hey, Deng Xiaoping's not so bad, don't say China has no freedom." I kept flashing two-to-zero hand signs and yelled "er bi yi" a lot, smiling, hoping to keep the conversation limited to sports.

We never got quite as far as People's Park, as the flow turned into a flood that dammed up around Sichuan Lu, with city buses mired in the crowd like caterpillars in honey. Ten thousand Shanghailanders (including the trio of rather obvious Consulate General staffers) stood, stock-still, eerily quiet, waiting to see what would happen. To me it seemed people were looking around to see if anyone would step forward to lead this movement. Not long after this pause, however, the Gong An decided enough was enough,

formed into battle lines, and charged the crowd near me, wielding cattle-prod-like night sticks. The charged charge sent a wave of demonstrators away from the center of the thoroughfare, and it (they) broke over me. Pressed to the hard pavement, my bicycle sprocket cutting a digital arc in one calf, the soft steel frame bent in a V around me, I heard a pile of what felt like ten panicking Shanghailanders collectively scream above me. I thought: “what a really stupid and embarrassing way to die, suffocated by a bunch of demonstrators who broke at the first sign of trouble!” In the end a couple of helpful bystanders (plainclothes police??) took me to a local Gong An paichusuo, where dozens of police were being mustered out into the night from their barracks. After a bemused look at my consular ID card and a few polite perfunctory questions about what in the world was I doing out on a night like this, the desk sergeant sent me home in a small PSB truck, my bent bike stuck in the rear cargo space.

Tom Biddick’s first-hand political report of the soccer demo the next day was a model of Foreign Service on-the-scene reporting. As I recall, he included the thought that the students, workers, and sports fans of Shanghai sensed that a social-political movement might have started that night, but the crowd lacked leadership or, frankly, any obvious common goal. Plus ca change?

China got beat in a later game by Kuwait and did not go to Madrid in the end. But hopes were raised.

### **Tom Lauer (1980-1982?)**

I can’t add much to the description of the great demonstration. I do recall that by 10 or 11 p.m. phalanxes of young men on bicycles continued to move toward the square chanting “Zhongguo-Zhongguo” in low and defiant tones. They were angry.

I do have an anecdote about the presence or lack thereof, of foreigners in the city at that time. Shortly after my family arrived (wife, daughter and two boys -- all young and blond), we went to the zoo. When we went into the building that housed the great apes we saw, not surprisingly, great apes and about 150 Chinese, most with families. Within seconds all of the Chinese had their backs to the apes and were staring, maybe in disbelief, at the five blond-haired, Chinese speaking space aliens.

### **Tess Johnston, (1981-1986 and 1989-1996)**

I served here -- unique in the Foreign Service, I was later told -- for a total of 12 years: Sept. 1981 - Sept. 1986, then Sept 1989 - Oct. 1, 1996. (Surely that must be a record?)

This description of Tess’ first assignment in Shanghai is excerpted with permission from *Permanently Temporary: From Berlin to Shanghai in Half a Century* by Tess Johnston, published 2010 by Old China Hand Press.

We were a total of seven, five Officers on the second floor behind locked doors, the remaining two, the consular and the administrative officer, in the downstairs offices.

Every day as I walked up the curving oaken staircase and passed the stained-glass windows I marveled at the master craftsmen who had built this gracious villa.

Our offices were located in a series of former bedrooms stretching on either side of a broad corridor. My office, plus the files, and later the massive main frame of our first computer, was on the enclosed second floor terrace with broad windows looking out on the garden. The CG's office was located in a larger bedroom and he and his wife lived next door, "over the shop" so to say. Their living room and bedroom were, respectively, the former master bedroom and en suite dressing room, and their kitchen was on the far end of my office's terrace; we were separated by a heavy door from which the CG would emerge each morning. It was a compact but quite pleasant arrangement all around.

Unless we had special permission, we were allowed to drive our cars only within the 25-kilometer radius of Greater Shanghai. There were police-manned roadblocks on all roads to check inward and outward movement and a foreigner's car would be turned back if it did not have the proper papers. Thus trips to the two most famous two scenic cities nearby, Hangzhou and Suzhou, were allowed only by special permission.

#### **Stan Brooks, Consul General (1983-1987)**

Our work with Fudan University would be another Shanghai story well worth telling. A treasured memory is of Dr. Xie attending our showing of Amadeus.

From the Reagan visit, something you and/or Mary overheard at Fudan right after his 30(?)-minute speech. As everyone was leaving the auditorium, one young woman, who obviously didn't understand the function of the two conspicuous teleprompters the president had used, said to another student something like: "Isn't it amazing! Such an old man, and he memorized that whole speech!"

And I remember well our session with the endearing old painters, one in his nineties, the other in his late eighties as I recall. I've forgotten their names, but see them still in my mind's eye. And I still hear the younger one saying, with reference to his elder, "Wo buguo zhi shi yige xiao xuesheng."

One of the photos I sent to Shanghai is of Richard Pontius introducing a performance by Shanghai Music Conservatory students at the consulate. Richard told me about asking a student at the conservatory why is it that the Germans call their country the Fatherland, and you Chinese call yours the Motherland. The student instantly replied, "Never mind, America is Disneyland!"

A sign of the times. My alma mater the University of Wyoming has exchange programs running with Shanghai University and Shanghai Normal.

It was a small, happy and very productive post that I inherited from Don Anderson and it remained so as new challenges arose during my service there.

The only inspection in the four years resulted in a letter from Secretary Shultz announcing that Shanghai was one of the ten top posts worldwide in that cycle. In the exit interview with the inspectors, I pointed out two key facts that made my job easy: people knew their jobs and did them well with little guidance; and their teamwork was superb.

The most concentrated test was President Reagan's visit. Our performance was recognized in a group Superior Honor Award.

There are two more documents I'm happy to cite. One is Tess Johnston's Foreign Service Secretary of the Year Award. The other is the accreditation of the reopened Shanghai American School. This was obtained by my wife Claire after she took over as principal.

My general impression from those years is of visitors, visitors, visitors. Taxing but fun. Ambassador Hummel noted we were successfully handling almost the same volume of visitors as the embassy with its much bigger staff.

I expect that your archival research can turn up, inter alios, all the CODELs, the Reagan visit and pre-advances and advance, and Secretary Shultz's second visit (with Mrs. Shultz). As well as some or all of the following for whom Claire and I gave receptions or dinners.

Chicago Mayor Washington and party, San Francisco Mayor Feinstein, Mrs. Jay Rockefeller with children, Katharine Graham and party, Boston Children's Hospital Open Heart Surgery Team, San Francisco Opera Company, Brooklyn Museum Art Exhibit and various U.S. athletic teams.

Finally, here are a few more memories.

- holding monthly meetings with the small but growing American business community (there was no Consulate General).
- attending the rollout of the first MD-80.
- addressing a large Consulate General meeting in Hong Kong. The talk included some speculation on the future economic roles of Hong Kong and Shanghai respectively.
- hosting with Claire big Fourth of July picnics in the consulate garden. A good many Americans from around the consular district and beyond attended.
- going out on the streets to observe the big student demonstrations in December 1986-January 1987.
- attending as dean of the corps, with Claire, the reception aboard the royal yacht hosted by Queen Elizabeth.
- hiking alone for several days in the Huang Shan. No other foreigners, and few Chinese!

To read about the consulate today, and to remember how back then all personnel fit in the present main office building, is to be reminded of how much growth happened after the mid-eighties.

Re the re-establishment of Shanghai American School: Bonnie Wisnewski when we arrived was running a school in the servants quarters in the backyard of the compound using correspondence courses. Claire (Brooks) often went back to help. In December 1983, Bonnie and her husband were leaving for the states and Bonnie asked if Claire would cover the school while she was gone. The Wisnewskis didn't come back, and with the parents' consent, Claire stayed in the job until we left in 1987. As principal Claire along with the teachers decided to develop curricula for the school. Also in the second year Claire felt the school should be accredited and contacted the Western Association of Accreditation in California. In under two years the process was completed. And she started a Kindergarten and a small Nursery school.

Note: Photos contributed by the Brookses include:

- A copy of the White House photo, original size, of President Reagan, the Hummels and me at Shanghai Airport.
- A copy of a photo, enlarged to the same size, of Mayor Jiang Zemin pointing to something at an art exhibition. I'm standing beside him. The original likely came from the Waiban so archival research may identify the occasion.
- Three standard size prints of scenes at a Shanghai American School field day, an annual event held in the consulate garden. In the photo of four kids at the start of a sack race, note what "sacks" were being used.

### **Winter of 1986-1987**

Charlie Sylvester succeeded me in 1987. Larry Robinson, a strong political officer who served with both Charlie and me, did some fine reporting on the student demonstrations the winter of 1986-87. Here is another account of the demonstration from someone else who was an observer on the scene: "See the reference below from the NYT. As I recall, the demonstrations were also sparked by an incident during a concert at a campus in Shanghai when the police beat many students. These were almost certainly the largest demonstrations in Shanghai since the Cultural Revolution, and they foreshadowed what was to happen in 1989.

My enduring memory is of the demonstrations which took place right at the end of December were of tens of thousands of people in front of the Shanghai Municipal Government building chanting "Jiang Zemin, chu lai," and of the newspaper headline several days into the incident which paralyzed Shanghai: Xinminwanbao: "New Hairy Boy Found in Sichuan". I have always found that hilarious, and telling.

From the *New York Times*: "Those demonstrations in December 1986 and the beginning of January 1987 attracted tens of thousands of students and were starting to draw support from workers when the Government cracked down and imposed a campaign against "bourgeois liberalization," like Western democratic influences."

### **Kent Wiedemann (1983-1986)**

Many of us saw US presidential visits, which speaks to Shanghai's importance, and surely provided a lot of fun for us. Stan Brooks was Consulate General then (1983) and I

was his deputy. Reagan's speech at Fudan University, in which he recommended a belief in God, left a lasting impression. White House advance was irate when I informed them that the Jinjiang Hotel, where the president and party would be lodged, refused to remove its flagpole so the president's helo might land there in an emergency. The Jinjiang won that one, and I include a copy of the rules posted at the entrance to its club as a reminder of its poor attitude then.

**Lloyd Neighbors, Branch Public Affairs Officer (1983-1986)**  
**“Searching for Shanghai”**

An American historian once said, “The past is another country.” In the case of Shanghai 2010 vs. 1980 the past might as well be another galaxy. For those familiar only with the neon, chromium and glass of Shanghai today, let me take you back to when I first arrived there in August 1983. At that time I had studied Chinese literature and history since 1965, married into a Chinese family and lived in Taiwan and Hong Kong for seven years. But this was my first visit to the Mainland, and I was psyched.

Then came the reality. My family and I passed through immigration and walked over to the luggage pick-up area. There were no conveyor belts, just great heaps of luggage piled in the middle of the floor. I scrambled through the piles, finally found our suitcases and then walked out into the sultry Shanghai night. Our car glided through the dark, silent streets -- dim, decaying buildings on both sides, French sycamores leaning out over the road. Car lights flashed on and off, lighting up the scurrying, morose masses of Shanghai like a flash of lightning on a dark night.

“Why don't you turn the car lights on?” I asked our driver.

“It's against the law. Your might blind the other drivers.”

So, you just flashed your lights when you suspected someone or something was in your way.

Shortly we arrived at the Park Hotel with its dimly lit rooms and a shower that reeked of chlorine, evoking memories of high school swimming class. It took the local contractors three months to paint our three-bedroom apartment at the previously elegant Huaihai Apartments, so we were sentenced to one month at the Park and another two months at the Donghu Guest House. Soon we learned the importance of Elephant Glue Paper, a low-tech but efficient way of catching mice.

At that time Chinese companies were just beginning to develop products for the international market, and they still had problems with the English names for them. In addition to the aforementioned Elephant Glue, they had another glue made from donkey and mule hooves. This was known as Genuine, Blood-nourished Ass Glue. Pharmacies also sold Atomic Pile Busters, which might have been an antidote for the previous product. Taiwan merchants, already with a degree of market savvy, were selling a diet drink known as Slim Tea. The Mainland version was, less euphoniously, Cut Fat Tea. My

favorite, however, was the package of sticky-rice dumplings filled with black sesame paste, known as Acme Glue Balls -- perhaps used to ensnare Wile E. Coyote.

The Park Hotel, despite its deficiencies was a great place to learn about Shanghai. It was located on Nanjing Road, in the heart of the city's still limited commercial district. Soon we learned that Shanghainese don't rush down the streets like their Hong Kong kinsmen. There's no room for that on the sidewalk, so they just mosey along. In those days the only big stores in the city were located along Nanjing Road, and on the weekend these were invaded by desperate shoppers from outside the city. The Number One Department Store, for example, hosted over 300,000 customers every Sunday.

One evening shortly after my arrival I learned just how crowded Shanghai could be. I had attended an official dinner just off Nanjing Road and come out to wait for my car. What I didn't realize was that a parade had just passed by and the crowds were only beginning to disperse. The sidewalks and the streets were packed with people. No way my car could get through. I would have to walk. I pushed my way through the crowd and turned onto a side street. It was full as well, but I decided to move ahead anyway. But after ten feet or so I could go no further. I tried to turn back, but people were already crowding in behind me. Gridlock -- with people, not cars. I stood there in a mild state of panic for 15 minutes, unable to move. Now that's a crowd.

Moving to the Donghu Guest House was an upgrade for us. It was a beautiful, though shabby old house that had once belonged to Du Yuesheng, the underworld overlord who in the 1930s and 40s ran drug and prostitution rings and helped Chiang Kai-shek take control of the city. Our next-door neighbor was Ed Shaughnessy, a University of Chicago grad student who was later to become one of the world's leading experts on Chinese bronze inscriptions and Chou dynasty archeology. Ed was from the Indiana Jones School of Archeology, always wearing a rakish fedora and a beautiful leatherjacket. He was not only flamboyant but brilliant as well. He spent long hours at the Shanghai Museum working closely with their leading experts on the classical bronzes. When he finished his three-month stint at the Museum, he drafted a long report for the Director, in elegant Chinese, a feat that still impresses me to these 30-years later.

Winter in Shanghai was also a revelation. Shanghai is not quite as cold as Washington, DC, but it is damp and does get below freezing at times. That was tolerable for westerners who had heat in their offices and apartments. But Chinese citizens did not. One friend who worked at the Shanghai Music Conservatory told me, "Last night I left a glass of water in the practice room. This morning there was ice in it. Can you imagine how students play under these conditions?"

Wu Gongzhan, the cultural assistant at the Consulate, also commented on the cold. "I grew up in Shanghai. Every winter I got chilblains from exposure to the cold. My hands would swell up and the skin began to peel off. But when I was 16, during the Cultural Revolution, I was sent down to the countryside, all the way to the Siberian border. It was 30-below-zero there, but our houses were heated. No more chilblains."

More than the inconvenience, more than the crowds, more than the cold, Shanghai makes me think of food. Just after the Cultural Revolution ended, the city of Shanghai, with a population of 12 million, had only 200 restaurants. Good food was considered counter-revolutionary, a bourgeois affectation. "Put some more sand in my rice, please. That's the way we comrades like it." By 1983, however, this attitude was beginning to change. A number of good restaurants were popping up, though trying a new one was always a risky endeavor.

One day my family and I had been wandering around the city for some time and were desperate to find a restaurant. The only one around was a "Qing Zhen Guan," ("Clear and Pure Restaurant"), a Muslim dumpling shop. There wasn't much clear or pure about the place, but we didn't have a choice. So we went in. The restaurant was about to close for an afternoon break, but the manager grudgingly let us in and sat us at a table that was strewn with the residue -- bones and all -- of a previous feast. The waiter, a cigarette hanging from his lips, a filthy wet rag in his hand, strode over and began to sweep the table clean, raking all the bones onto the floor.

"Don't worry," he said, "Someone will clean that up."

At that, a young girl appeared from the kitchen, snow shovel in hand. Quickly she began scooping up the detritus on the floor and cheerfully throwing it out the window.

"A trade opportunity," I thought. "A snow shovel for every restaurant in China."

Despite such experiences, we soon found some excellent restaurants in Shanghai. And we wound up haunting those places. My eight-year-old son Mark quickly became an aficionado. His favorite dish was "babao ya," (eight-treasure duck), stuffed with rice and mushrooms and all sorts of other goodies. One day when he and his sister were studying Chinese with their tutor, Mrs. Du, Mark said, "I love babao ya."

"Oh, then I'll make you some," replied Mrs. Du.

Mrs. Du was an elderly woman, in her mid-sixties, well-educated, but living in poverty, as did almost everyone in Shanghai at that time. Inviting an American family to her apartment was just not done. But she did it anyway. And we went to her tiny, efficiency apartment. Somehow, with only the most primitive kitchen utensils, and at great cost, she managed to prepare a sumptuous banquet, including Mark's beloved duck.

This kind of experience made Shanghai a wonderful place to live, despite the inconvenience, the shabbiness, the crowds, and the cold. Even under great hardship, Shanghainese remained optimistic. They were funny and smart and incredibly diligent. They befriended me at some risk to themselves, for dealing with an American diplomat was not a circumspect thing to do at that time. But Mrs. Du and others like her made my life and work in Shanghai rewarding. U.S. Government programs touched many of these people and changed their lives for the better. Following are a few more tales about my friends in that great city.

Muriel Hoopes (note: her name appears on the invite list for the April 1980 reception)  
“You have committed an expatriating act.”

When I first met Muriel Hoopes in Shanghai in 1983, she was in her 80’s, still energetic, but worn by time and travail, more travail than most of us meet in several lifetimes. She was silver-haired, wrinkled, stooped, but with a strong sense of self and a keen wit.

Though born in New York City, Mrs. Hoopes had lived in China for more than 50 years. In the 1920’s she lost her American citizenship, and now in 1983 the U.S. Consulate General in Shanghai was helping her get it back and that’s a story worth telling.

I had met Mrs. Hoopes at a Consulate General party and now I was visiting her at home - along with Peter Rose, a Smith College sociology professor, who came to Shanghai as a guest speaker for the Department of State. I had told him some of Mrs. Hoopes story. He wanted to hear more.

With that in mind, we went to visit Mrs. Hoopes on a cold fall evening. Mrs. Hoopes lived in a third-story, walk-up apartment in a battered old building that hadn’t seen much repair since 1949 and the beginnings of Communist rule in China. This was true of almost all the apartments in Shanghai at that time. In Churchill’s famous phrase, this was truly “an equal sharing of misery” for most of the population of Shanghai.

We climbed the dank stairs to Mrs. Hoopes’ apartment. She greeted us at the door, and we had our first glimpse of her Spartan cell, a single room with a bed, several rock-hard chairs and a 40-watt bulb dangling from the ceiling. The kitchen was down the hall, shared by other families on her floor. The toilet: a chamber pot. In the 1980’s, many apartments in Shanghai had no flush toilets. Night soil collectors made their rounds early every morning. In those days apartments did not have heat. Shanghai was south of the Yangtze River, and therefore, in the eyes of the central government, did not need heating – even though the temperature occasionally dropped below freezing. Mrs. Hoopes served tea and we gratefully clasped the mug with both hands to warm our frigid hands.

Professor Rose had written a number of articles on immigration and emigration in the United States and wanted to learn more about Mrs. Hoopes’ experience. Here is the tale she told:

In the early 1920’s I was working as a nurse in New York City. One day on the subway I lost my balance and stepped on the foot of a young Asian man standing next to me. I apologized profusely.

With apologies out of the way, my curiosity got the better of me. “Are you from Japan?” I asked.

Immediately the man drew back with a wounded look on his face.

“Of course not. I’m Chinese. Don’t you know about the 14 demands the Japanese made on China as part of the Treaty of Versailles negotiations? Why don’t we go out for lunch this weekend and I’ll explain it to you.”

We met for lunch. I discovered that Wang was studying engineering at Columbia on a scholarship from the Chinese YMCA. This young man from China fascinated me. We fell in love, got engaged and planned to move to China after Wang completed his degree.

Several years later we did marry and make preparations to go to Shanghai. In San Francisco we lined up for immigration procedures prior to embarkation. The immigration officer looked at my passport. He glared at me and said,

“You won’t be needing this passport anymore. By marrying a Chinese, you have committed an expatriating act. You are no longer an American citizen.”

This was shocking news, but unfortunately true. The Asian Exclusion Act of 1924 clearly stated that any American marrying an Asian alien lost his/her citizenship.

Wang and I then hurried over to the Chinese embassy where I was issued travel documents. I left for China the next day and have never been back to the United States.

After Mr. Wang and Mrs. Hoopes reached China, he went to work with the YMCA, which was an active, vibrant organization at that time. Mrs. Hoopes taught English at Hujiang, a private liberal arts college in Shanghai founded by the Baptist Church. They did well, raising a family during the difficult, but for them tolerable, period of Nationalist rule and the Civil War.

With the founding of the Peoples Republic of China in 1949, however, their situation took a turn for the worse. As part of an effort to boost the authority of the Communist Party, Chairman Mao turned to a virulent nationalism. In these circumstances Mr. Wang was doomed by his American degree and his American wife. It didn’t matter that Mrs. Hoopes was no longer legally an American. She and her family were still tainted by her long-since severed links with the United States.

What was a bad situation after 1949 became even worse in 1965 with the beginning of the Cultural Revolution, a time of national psychosis for China. Mr. Wang was arrested (who knows on what charges). Mrs. Hoopes was not sent to prison, but was held in isolation (house arrest) at the college where she had been a teacher.

In 1983, after the opening of the U.S. Consulate General in Shanghai, the Consular Section reached out to American citizens in the area and to others who might have claim to such status. By this time Mrs. Hoopes’ children had grown up and found a place in Chinese society. Mrs. Hoopes applied for a reinstatement of her citizenship. This was approved and not long afterwards, she made her first trip to the United States in more than 60 years. Unfortunately, her health was not good and she died not long after her return.

## **Much Ado about Music in Nanjing**

Without music life would be a mistake – Nietzsche

When I first arrived in Shanghai in 1983, the Chinese government had just launched a campaign to combat so-called “spiritual pollution” (jingshen wuran), pernicious cultural influences that were supposedly sapping the strength of the revolution. And, according to Chinese security authorities, much of the problem stemmed from foreign, particularly American, sources. One internal security document at the time warned that foreign diplomats would try to seduce Chinese citizens by inviting them to cultural events at the embassy. Then they would “drag them underwater and get them to reveal national secrets.”

Under such circumstances, cultural programming was difficult. Our opportunities to speak to the public, especially university students, were limited. Thus I was surprised in the spring of 1984 to receive an invitation to speak to students at Nanjing University. Authorities at the university were nervous about what I might say, so I suggested as a topic “American Folk Music.” The topic seemed harmless enough, so the powers that be gave their approval. What they didn’t get at the time was that the theme American Folk Music allowed me to speak freely about American history, religion, protest movements, freedom of speech, unionization -- all topics that would never be discussed in a Chinese classroom at that time. What’s more, music appeals to the emotions, and that’s how you change minds, not through rational argument.

In those days the level of English of Chinese university students was relatively poor. They could read well but had little experience listening to spoken English. Thus I planned to speak in Chinese and have the students listen to recorded songs in English that represented the breadth of American folk music. To help the students understand what they were hearing, I prepared lyric sheets so they could read along while they listened. The organizers told me about 100 students would attend the lecture, so I prepared 150 copies of the lyrics just to be safe. But when I walked into the crowded lecture hall with 150 copies of the lyrics in hand, I knew I was in trouble. At least 300 students crowded the hall, standing-room-only.

I immediately asked two students if they would help me pass out the lecture materials. Then I picked up the microphone and announced, “For today’s lecture I have prepared handouts, lyric sheets for the songs you will hear. Unfortunately, I don’t have enough copies for everyone. Would you please share these with the person sitting next to you?”

As soon as I said the word “share,” everyone in the room stood up and stormed the front of the room, surrounding my two student assistants. They began shoving and fighting. Papers flew through the air. Several students fell to the floor; another knocked over my microphone and broke it.

At first I was shocked by this behavior. Then, I thought, “Wow, I’m like Mick Jagger. They really want to hear what I have to say.”

I had just learned my first lesson in the economics of scarcity. In 1983, Chinese university students rarely met foreigners, particularly Americans, and even more particularly, American diplomats. So my lecture at the university was a big deal. What's more, I was going to talk about American music, a previously forbidden topic. To have a copy of the lyrics -- what could be better? Sharing was not an option.

Twenty years later, I was in Beijing at a dinner for artists and cultural promoters. A tall, well-dressed young man approached me and said, "Mr. Neighbors, you may not remember, but I met you in Nanjing in 1984. I was the student who arranged for you to speak about American music at the university. When the officials heard about the lecture, they were quite upset. I got scolded severely. But we all enjoyed the program very much, so it was worth the trouble."

### **Also from that time: October 1984 -- Delegation of American Writers**

(note from Bea Camp: at the time that Lloyd Neighbors was Branch PAO and Stan Brooks was CG, my husband David Summers and I managed joint two-week TDY stints in Shanghai from our embassy jobs in Beijing. I remember a meeting between US and Chinese writers, at which Gary Snyder proclaimed that the true oppressed of the earth are the grass and the trees. The *LA Times* wrote about this trip, which in addition to Snyder included Allen Ginsberg, Norman Cousins, William Gass. Francine du Plessix Gray, William Least Half-Moon, Maxine Hong Kingston, Toni Morrison, and Leslie Mormon Silko.

### **"Nine Writers on the Eve of a China Adventure" by Elizabeth Mehren, Times Staff Writer**

Twice in a single evening last week, Maxine Hong Kingston's mother telephoned her, obviously quite frantic. "When you get there," she told her novelist daughter in the first conversation, "keep your mouth shut." Soon, mother and daughter were back on the phone. "You know," Kingston's mother said, "some of that stuff you wrote was very anti-communist." Yes, the author of the widely hailed "China Men" and "The Warrior Woman" agreed, some of that stuff was definitely very anti-communist. "Well," said her mother, "tell them you didn't mean it."

### **Ira Kasoff, Commercial Officer (1985-1987 and 2004-2007)**

I was the second Department of Commerce officer posted to Shanghai, following the path-breaker, Genny Dean. I decided to keep our office in the little guard house where Genny had set it up - just inside the grounds, at the corner of Huai Hai and Ulumuchi Roads. It was tiny and unheated, but it was ours (everyone else was in the "big house" next to us). We had a small reception area where our two local staff sat, an even smaller meeting room that could seat two or three guests (as long as they weren't too big), and a small office for me, the lone commercial officer (compare this to the large staff and the sumptuous offices in the Portman that the commercial section enjoys today). We were quite busy, as American business people were beginning to discover Shanghai, but doing business in China in those days was definitely not for the faint of heart. We turned often for help to two "private sector" Chinese friends, the legendary T.C. Tao, who had set up

the first non-governmental consulting business in China, and the lawyer Richard Hsu, who was still active in Shanghai the last time I was there. It was a challenging job, but never dull, and under the enlightened leadership of CG Stan Brooks, and with great colleagues like Richard Boucher, Lloyd Neighbors, Keith Powell, Larry Robinson et al., it was one of the great experiences of my life.

I should also mention two of my proudest achievements from that time: first, and undoubtedly most important, establishing weekly Sunday afternoon football games on the consulate grounds. In addition to facing mundane challenges like organizing the players, finding a football, etc, we had to persuade the divine Claire Brooks to allow us to use the lawn for the game (a decision she later came to regret, given the damage we did each week), arrange with security to let the non-USG players onto the grounds every Sunday, etc. But the game became a fixture for the ex-pat community, and was a great morale-booster, particularly for hard-core sports-addicts like me. The other accomplishment was helping to found, with a small group of American businessmen, the Shanghai Consulate General, which was not unlike the founding of the Communist Party in 1921. I organized a small group (including Norman Givant, Ernie DeBellis of Foxboro, and a few others) in secret underground meetings, until the day we felt confident enough to announce its establishment. This duty fell to me, and I paid a call on the head of SMERT (the unfortunate English name for the Shanghai Foreign Economic and Trade Relations Committee). I discussed several items of business with him, and then casually said something like, “oh, and I’ve helped the business community form a chamber of commerce,” before moving on to another topic. He did not seem fazed by this, and we took this to be a tacit go-ahead. As readers undoubtedly know, the Shanghai Consulate General has grown to be the largest American chamber outside of North America, with some 4,000 members the last time I checked. Though I think they are still not officially recognized...

### **Keith Powell, Consular Section Chief (1985-1987)**

I served in Shanghai with Consul General Stan Brooks. He was a fine gentleman and his wife, Claire, a wonderful lady who did a lot to support the nascent American School and the expat community. A few incidents stand out in my mind from that time.

Elves: The consular section (all two officers and five FSNs) was located on the ground floor of the old house. We took in visa applications, sent in name-checks on every one, waited 15 working days for a response, then issued if no response. We had stacks of passports backed up for the slow name-check process. The Consul General lived upstairs in the Residence part of the house. Several mornings I came in and found stacks of passports moved and the data entry having been completed. It turned out that the Consul General’s wife (who helped us out TDY on a couple of occasions) had come down in the night and took stacks of passports to complete the data entry. Before I left we took her out for a consular section lunch and I gave her a certificate as a Consular Elf (ala the Elves and the Shoemaker story.)

The Million-Dollar Bar-B-Q: It is apparently gone now. But around the time I arrived, Corning Glass was finishing a joint venture building for some kind of glass firing facility in the Shanghai area. They had leftover special kiln-quality firing bricks from the project and they used them, at the suggestion of the Admin and Commercial Officers, to build a bar-b-q in the consulate backyard...over near the Green House (now the cafeteria.) It was, I suspect, the only bar-b-q that was certified up to like a million degrees of heat.

TGIF: We used to alternate TGIFs with the Australians who were then located across the street. One day the news spread through the community...they had imported a Container Load of Fosters Beer for their office lounge! It took the Aussies (with a little help from the rest of us) one month to go through the entire container!

American School: They opened the American School on the consulate grounds in what had been the garage (previously the stables, later the cafeteria, later the consular section, now...GSO?) They started a separate kindergarten in what had been the Greenhouse (now the cafeteria.) It started, Little House on the Prairie style, with, I think, 10 students 1-8. Kindergarten had like 15 children (including mine). The school received a donation from Northwest, McDonald-Douglas and other businesses and ordered a big wooden jungle gym set up. We had a weekend "barn raising" with the families bringing food, cooking on the bar-b-q (see above) and putting up this huge wooden climbing structure. (No idea when it came down.)

### **Gregorie W. Bujac, Diplomatic Security officer (1986-1987)**

Comments on efforts to secure property for a new consulate.

In 1986-7, I was the DS representative with Ambassador Salgo on a trip to visit prospective new compound sites. He was working on property issues in China, Eastern Europe and the USSR. OBO, then FBO had come up with a "cookie cutter" design for consulate compounds in China (Offices, CGR and Staff Residences.) Shenyang had been completed, Chengdu was almost done, but, Guangzhou and Shanghai did not have any property identified by the Chinese to pursue a new compound. Guangzhou moved into the "Esso Tower" next to the White Swan Hotel and that was that until the current effort. Shanghai on the other hand was in the midst of major new construction all over town. Since it was contemplated that adequate property could not be obtained in the near term, the suggestion was made that the Consulate General could easily be accommodated (Offices and Residences) in the new "Portman" project. The idea didn't have legs and for better or worse we stayed in the current location. In those days we also renovated a space on the compound for consular services. All in all it was a tight fit for everything.

### **Charles Sylvester, Consul General (1987-1989)**

Former CG Sylvester died February 7, 2010, just as we were beginning this project. An obituary in the *Washington Post* March 5, 2010 reported that while serving in Shanghai, "Mr. Sylvester enjoyed showing visitors the photographs of previous Shanghai consuls general on the paneled stairway wall leading to the Sylvester living quarters. He noted

that the long line of men with old-fashioned beards and hairstyles were often beneficiaries of the spoils system. “They tell me that every one of them in the 19th century was indictable,” he said....

**Frank “Pat” Wardlaw, Consul General (1989-1992)**

I arrived immediately after Tiananmen, shortly after dependents and non-essential personnel had been evacuated, and the political situation remained fraught for the next three years. The Shanghai leadership found it convenient to use us as a confidential conduit and as a public partner in a “normal” relationship. Indeed the partnership sometimes took a concrete form as I played tennis and bridge on several occasions with Zhu Rongji, then Shanghai Mayor, and Wu Bangguo, then Party Secretary. Given the tensions inspired by Tiananmen, this ambivalent relationship could have been problematic, but I was blessed both with unfailing professional support by a strong front office in Beijing (Ambassadors Lilley and Roy and DCM Pascoe) and two crackerjack reporting officers in the Consulate (Jon Aloisi and John Norris). And there were other positive notes. I enjoyed a series of capable consular officers, who bore with good humor the pressures of the unending visa line; the best secretary I worked within the Foreign Service, Tess Johnston; and a very sensible and helpful senior Chinese employee, Xu Bailing. (Note: Sadly, Xu Bailing died a few years ago.)

Living and working arrangements were somewhat less ideal in those days. Eva and I lived on the second floor of the Consulate, and while the ten-foot commute from breakfast table to office desk was nice, there was a certain lack of privacy. The absence of Marine guards, despite the wide range of our official activities in a difficult environment, compounded the problem in multitudinous ways. On one notable occasion a demented interloper managed to scale the walls, dodge the motion sensors and make it to the door of our apartment, where he tried to persuade Eva to open the door. (I was out, but she resisted his offer of diversion.)

In addition to serving as security officer-in-residence, I did occasional duty as guide. At the behest of my Japanese colleague one Sunday, I toured the Consulate with the then Chairman of Toyota. Mr. Toyoda, it seems, had been conceived in our residence back in the pre-war years when the Toyoda’s had been textile barons centered in Shanghai. His aged mother had returned to Japan for his birth, and had never seen Shanghai again, but now she had dispatched him to take pictures for her of the old family home. Mr. Toyoda was accompanied by a staff photographer, but either as an emergency backup or as a gesture of filial piety, he carefully snapped everything himself with a little pocket camera. I can only recall two visible reactions. He was delighted to note that our motor pool in those days was, with the exception of the CG’s Chevy, exclusively Toyota. The little rock garden in back brought him to a full stop. “It’s so...” Here he paused and gave a little shudder. “It’s so Chinese.”

**Nora Sun, Commercial Officer (1989-1991)**

My tour at the Consulate was during September, 1989 till December, 1991. The climate at the time was somewhat tense right after the June 4 incident. The only action at the Consulate seemed to be in my section -- Commercial Section!! We were the only ones with visitors and the local government was extremely receptive to any requests of meeting we made. The whole Consulate was rather quiet with no Congressional or Administration visitors -- very low key, except our section!

**Tess Johnston (1989-1996)**

In her autobiography Tess describes returning to Shanghai in September 1989 in the wake of diplomatic and business departures following the June events at Tiananmen. Excerpted with permission from *Permanently Temporary: From Berlin to Shanghai in Half a Century* by Tess Johnston, published 2010 by Old China Hand Press.

The Consulate was down to a skeleton staff and this left a big vacuum at a time when the reporting requirements were heavy and every hand was needed to get the reports back to Washington....

After my three year absence the city appeared to me virtually unchanged. There were a few new buildings on the road from the airport and one or two hotels. The five-star Portman Hotel was still under construction downtown, but work on it had now halted....

The hotels had previously been the main gathering places for foreigners and as housing had been in short supply, many had lived in them. Now the lobbies were eerily empty and restaurant waiters stood by to serve guests who never came.

**Jerome Ogden, Consul General (1992-1994)**

My tenure in Shanghai coincided with Shanghai's big push to become the "locomotive" ("dragon head" in Chinese) for the Yangtze River Basin, so a lot of infrastructure projects took off in that period, many with American technology. I participated in the ceremonies to open the first subway, the first stock market, the first elevated highway, the first fiber-optic international telecommunications link, the new water treatment plants, electrical grid modernization, etc.

In 1975, when I first visited Shanghai while at USLO Peking, the trip from Hongqiao airport to the city was mostly through farmland and low-rise hovels until you got to Jiaotong University, not far from the Huai Hai Consulate General office. So Shanghai's growth is a source of wonderment to me every time I go back

**Pam Slutz, Political Officer (1991-1994)**

Pam (Su Peiqiu) was the Political Office (vice Jon Aloisi), then chief of the Pol/Econ Section and DCG (vice John Norris), and finally acting CG (from May-October 1994, between Ogden and Borich). Her husband Ron Deutch (Du Rongjian), was the Management Officer.

We were fortunate to have been in Shanghai to witness first-hand the landmark economic, physical and political changes that took place during the early 1990s. Our first week (June 1991), we went to the top of the Jinjiang Hotel -- to see the lights of Shanghai. There were none! The city literally rolled up the sidewalks at 1800 hours: no night life, no street lights. We had to shop in the Friendship Store and use FECs. There were a few getihu (hole-in-the wall but private) eateries and small shops -- including the "black market" which wound around in the alleys in the former French quarter on Sundays. But these small entrepreneurs were constantly harassed by the local authorities. There was no traffic to speak of because no one had cars or motorcycles; everyone -- even we -- rode bicycles. There were no bridges over the Huangpu, only the tunnel (dangerous noxious fumes) or the ferry. Pudong was just fields. Getting to Fudan University was a long trip! And our friends at Fudan and other think tanks were nervous about meeting with us. Many dissidents were still in jail in the aftermath of Tiananmen. In short, Shanghai was a slum, milked dry by Beijing of all the revenues derived from its manufacturing/industry, and kept on a very short political and economic leash.

We had to hire our domestic and Embassy staff through DSB, and live in housing provided by DSB. As Pat Wardlaw has noted in his own contribution, we were blessed, nonetheless, to have Xu Bailing. Ron and I visited with him in Shanghai shortly before his death.

And then over Xin Nian in 1992, Deng Xiaoping went on his famous Nan Xun and said something to the effect that "it does not matter what color the cat is as long as it catches the mice." In other words, it was OK to be a capitalist: "socialist market economy with Chinese characteristics." And the lights went on in Shanghai! Shanghai went into a building and spending spree. Diane Long, then President of the AMCHAM, did a fantastic job of "door knocking" and attracting American companies. American Fortune 500 companies CEOs (GE, etc.) came to Shanghai eager to invest. McDonnell-Douglas began a second assembly line to meet demands from China Eastern and other regional airlines, and the local Volkswagen assembly plant went into overdrive.

Secretary of Commerce Brown visited in September 1994, (I believe) the first Cabinet-level visitor to Shanghai in many years. Overseas Chinese (read: those whose families fled Shanghai to Hong Kong and Taiwan in 1949) were encouraged to return and to invest. Many were given back their property (for example, the former gangster Du Yuesheng). Overnight, huge blocks of slum housing were cleared (razed to the ground) and people and their possessions moved to the "suburbs" where there were no schools, no transport, no shops. New high-rises with shiny glass windows and neon lights went up. In short order, thousands of people were moved to make way for two new bridges over the Huangpu. Buildings started to go up in Pudong. Migrant laborers, free to travel, left the rural areas and flooded into Shanghai in large numbers. Traffic snarled. Construction on the subway began.

Tess Johnston (and Deke Erh) spearheaded the attempt to preserve as much as possible of the old Shanghai -- especially its unique Art Deco architecture. But it was an uphill

battle. I still recall going with Tess to the site of one building (once owned by an American shipping company) that was being gutted -- to try to preserve the mosaic wall panel in the foyer. Too late, it lay in pieces on the floor.

Most of the Tiananmen-era dissidents were released -- only to be re-detained in the wake of the "Most Favored Nation" decision in May 1993 when US economic interests trumped our human rights concerns. Then when the US and other governments agreed to issue visas (and grant political asylum) to many of these dissidents and their families, the Chinese government issued them passports...and they left. I must have provided INS with affidavits for nearly a dozen individuals and their families -- most of whom have settled in Flushing, New York and have become LPRs. Congress released its hold on ASHA funding for the American Center at Fudan University.

We were among the first wave of Consulate staff to move out of "DSB housing" and into a very nice (albeit tiny) apartment in the Shanghai Center high rise apartment complex adjacent to the hotel (which was then part of the Shangri-la chain). For the first time, we were able to hire (and fire) our own domestic -- and Consulate -- staff without having to go through DSB. We began traveling by private car beyond the 25-mile limit -- to Nanjing, Yixing, Hangzhou, Suzhou. I was "permitted" to join a tour to Tibet in 1993, organized by expats residing in Shanghai. Unfortunately, in 1994, the same Shanghai FAO denied us permission to join the tour to Tibet and decided, after some deliberation, to ground us -- no more self-driving by private car to Yixing to buy clay pots! Some policies changed more slowly than others...

#### **Ronald Deutch, Administrative Officer (1991-1994)**

When the MSG detachment went fully active -- 1992 -- we secured the original front door facing the street and made the entrance at the garden side. We removed the original metal doors and had a set of heavy wooden doors constructed to look like the wooden doors on the street side. I also oversaw construction of the portico at the garden entrance.

Either RSO David Kidd or Russell (Dal) Polson could likely confirm the exact date the secure entrance went "live". We continued to use the old entrance but only for large rep events. I also oversaw renovations to the consular section and putting in a new secure pedestrian entrance at the street entrance.

I was usually in trouble with the DSB because I typically never got permission but just did it and then begged forgiveness.

#### **Joe Borich, Consul General (1994-1997), previously posted at consulate 1980-1982 as Economic Officer**

It was the spring of 1997 when Newt Gingrich, who was then Speaker of the House, arrived in Shanghai on Easter Sunday morning. He was scheduled to depart for Beijing that evening, but he was mine for the day.

Since it was Easter he wanted to go to church. On our way to the Protestant non-denominational church on Hengshan Road Newt made more than a few references to the “rampant religious persecution” in China that he’d heard and about. I allowed as how there was such persecution in some parts of China, but that it was nowhere near as widespread or systemic as he apparently believed. He was more than a bit surprised to find that there were easily over 1,000 Chinese in or outside of the church (there were too many worshippers for all of them to fit inside). We sat through an unremarkable Easter service (except, of course, for the fact it was all in Chinese) and then went on to our other events for the day, including a lunch with Mayor Xu Kuangdi and an early evening reception with Consulate General.

I took Newt to the airport after the reception and bade him farewell. Upon returning home I decided to give my mother a call, it now being Easter Sunday morning in South Dakota where she lived. Now, there are two things you need to know about my mother: 1) she was a devout Catholic (though quite ecumenical in her view on religion) and 2) she was a devout Democrat. (Somewhere along the way I lost my zeal for both of her passions.) Having wished her a happy Easter, I started the conversation as follows:

(Me) “Mom, guess what? I went to church on Easter Sunday this morning for the first time in 25 years.”

(Mom) “Saints be praised”!!

(Me) “With Newt Gingrich.”

(Mom) after a pause of about 30 seconds: “I’ll continue to pray for you, Son.”

### **Robert Wang, Pol-Econ Officer (1994-1997)**

I was head of econ-pol section for all three years and deputy CG to Joe Borich for the last year.

I recall there were about 20-25 American officers and staff (not including family) but may be a bit off. Non-State agencies included: FCS and Agriculture and USIS. We had loads of visitors, including: VP Gore, SecState Christopher and about a dozen CODELS each year. POTUS (Clinton) did not come until 1998 (although I went back to Shanghai from Singapore to help out). Notable CODELS included: Newt Gingrich, Sam Nunn, William Cohen (I think he came as Senator rather than Defense Secretary when I was there)

Particular memories: I attended the opening of the first MacDonal’d’s (on Huaihai road?), the first ring road (which opened on Oct 1, 1994 and apparently only had one usable entry/exit so the entourage had to make a full circle since it couldn’t get off the road otherwise...but it opened “on time!”), the Oriental Pearl TV Tower (where we took countless visitors) and the various trade zones in Pudong....not to mention the first Paulaner (next to the consulate) and Malone’s (next to the Portman).

Knowing that Joe Borich highlighted the Gingrich visit, I would highlight the visit of the USS Fort McHenry to Shanghai (1995). This was one of the first ship visits to Shanghai and we were told (by the Commander when we boarded the ship) that all of our sailors were instructed to be on their best behavior. But just in case, the sailors were asked to go ashore at least in pairs (sort of like when the first Chinese diplomats came to the States). The consulate set up tours and activities for the sailors, and the ship held a great reception on board for AmCits as well as some in the diplomatic community.

**Raymond F. Burghardt, Consul General (1997-1999)**

A major event during my time in Shanghai (1997-99) was the three-day visit by President Clinton. I have photos and even a copy of the unclassified scene-setter we sent.

The 1998 Clinton visit to Shanghai may have been the longest ever made by a sitting president to a constituent post. It was enormously complex. In addition to separate POTUS and FLOTUS motorcades, at times there also were separate motorcades and programs for Secretary Albright and Commerce Secretary Daley. In addition to Tom, we hired many other colorful people as TDY assistants. One memorable addition was my old friend Curt Perry, whom I recruited to handle all the Air Force 1 arrangements since he was a pilot who knew a lot about places and also spoke Chinese. I'm sure Curt's professional background generated considerable interest on the part of Deputy Director Yang and the MSS. There were later some allegations that I had brought Curt on board as "The CG's Drinking Buddy," but these were calumnious allegations.

Nora Sun writes: "CG Burghardt rounded me up for that well documented 1998 Clinton trip as well."

**Anthony Sariti, Branch Public Affairs Officer (1997-1999)**

For me the Clinton visit was most memorable. Many of my "war stories" of that visit (like the comments of my WH liaison who, as he boarded the bus for the airport at the hotel, told me the visit was good but that there had been "too much substance") would probably not be appropriate for publication. I attach photos of two (unopened) boxes of Clinton M&Ms that were handed out to selected consulate officers.

I arranged for President Clinton to visit an "Internet Cafe," something quite new in Shanghai at the time. Naturally, when we got there, the owner had stacked the place with the sons and daughters of friends and relatives, but still it made a very presentable "event" in tune with a modernizing China and policy of openness. As the President entered, he was immediately ushered to a table around which had gathered four or five young men, peering intently into their windows on the world. (Happily, the Chinese had unblocked the White House site for the day.)

The President engaged each of the web surfers in animated conversation. It was a great "photo op," and the cameras were rolling. I had positioned myself on the side of the room

next to two young girls who were also ostensibly busy traveling the information highway, but who nonetheless kept stealing glances over their shoulders at the president. After about 10 minutes or so, the President got up and started to leave. The disappointment in the girls' faces at not having had the chance to talk with the President was all too obvious to me, and so I decided to "make their day." As the President stood up and started to retrace his steps back to the waiting limo, I caught his attention in true Sam Donaldson style: "Mr. President," I said, "I think there are two young ladies here who would like to talk with you." That did it. The President, without saying a word to me, pivoted sharply and made his way over to the small table. Sitting down, he began to talk in his easy and friendly way to the female surfers in the room. As I translated for the President, he asked them what they were doing, and they proudly showed him the sites they were working with...women's fashion pages! Traditional cultural roles still held sway then, but these girls were not taking a back seat as far as technology was concerned. I often think of that day and am sure that at least two women in China will be telling their children and their children's children of the day they met US President Bill Clinton at the Internet Cafe.

#### **Jerry Ogden, Consul General (1992 – 1994)**

Re the Clinton visit, my friend Tao Wei of (GM) Youth Limousine tells the story of a crisis when the presidential limousine wouldn't start and the secret service wouldn't let any outsiders near it to try to fix it. Mr. Tao says someone in the consulate finally vouched for him and he was reluctantly allowed to check under the hood of the limo, which he managed to repair just in time. Someone who was actually there may recall the emergency and the facts more precisely...

#### **Robert D. Griffiths, Pol-Econ Chief (1997-2000)**

The 1998 visit of President Clinton was a huge undertaking. The President of course was the main focus, but the First Lady also had her separate schedule, as did Secretary of State Albright. In addition, there were several other cabinet secretaries and a group of six senators. And then there was Chelsea Clinton, who also had her separate schedule. I had a large matrix of where all the different groups were at every hour over the course of the three-day visit, and at one point we had six different motorcades in motion (the motorcade from the airport included 88 vehicles), a nightmare for Chinese security, even if they had not felt the need to control every event down to the last casual patron or bystander.

**Anthony Sariti** tells a behind the scenes story of the Internet Café.

During a tour of the then-new Shanghai library, it was also a tad puzzling that as President Clinton and his group walked through the facility -- which we had insisted remain open to the public -- not a single person bothered to even look up from his newspaper or book as the President walked by! I guess resources for control ran out, however, when we got to the stock exchange. There again, the place was open for business as usual, but this time apparently the people really were stock brokers and when the President walked onto the floor and began shaking hands, the place turned into near

bedlam as people were falling over themselves to shake the President's hand. It was an electrifying moment as the enthusiasm that these young entrepreneurial types had for the U.S. President was clearly evident. In mind, that image was the highlight of the POTUS Shanghai visit in 1998.

Another, more sober event, was after the 1999 accidental bombing of the Chinese Embassy in Belgrade. While the consulate did not sustain the damage that the Embassy did, after the crowds were disbursed from the streets that Saturday evening, we required a massive clean-up to deal with the garbage and debris that had been flung over the wall. Tensions were so high that the Embassy decided to not hold a formal 4th of July reception in Beijing, but left it up to the consulates whether to go ahead. In Shanghai, we did, in a modest but dignified affair that included the singing of the respective national anthems by Chinese and American soloists from the consulate community. To everyone's relief, the entire consular corps and all the appropriate Shanghai officials showed up, and we congratulated ourselves on how "Shanghai is different" and how we all wanted relations to get back on track quickly. After all, "The Emperor is far away." Sorry I don't have, or rather cannot readily find, any graphics to recall the event.

SAS moved to Zhudi from the 3rd Girls Middle School in the summer of 1997. Initially, the entire school met in a temporary facility a few blocks away while the current campus was under construction. Beginning in 1998-99, parts of the school began moving to the present Puxi campus as buildings were completed. I believe that the entire "Puxi" school was on the present campus by 2000. The Pudong campus was under construction in the fall of 1997 and classes began on that campus the 1998-99 school year.

**More on the Clinton visit from Tess Johnston, who served at the consulate 1981-1986 and again 1989-96 and is now retired in Shanghai.**

Excerpted with permission from *Permanently Temporary: From Berlin to Shanghai in Half a Century* by Tess Johnston, published 2010 by Old China Hand Press.

... one of the perks of my Shanghai Tours was that over the years I was privileged to meet numerous VIPs and a few U.S. presidents (Reagan, Carter, Bushes I and II and, most recently, Obama). The highlight for me was the visit in July 1998 of President and Mrs. Clinton, along with Secretary of State Madeleine Albright. For that I served as site control officer for the Ohel Rachel Synagogue, where Mrs. Clinton, Chelsea, and Mme. Albright paid a brief official visit. President Clinton, however, went elsewhere and I only got to meet him at the traditional "Meet and Greet" held earlier for the Consulate's personnel.

On that occasion, held in the hotel where the Presidential party was staying, the Ambassador spoke briefly, I lingered on the back row, far from the podium, as I had been up most of the night manning the Control Room and was weary and rumped. Imagine my surprise to hear the Ambassador mention my name as he handed the President and Mme. Albright copies of two of our books as their official Consulate gifts. The Ambassador then stated that I was famous in the Foreign Service for being the only

officer to ever curtail a tour in Paris -- and that to go to a hardship post which Shanghai then was).

I had a greater surprise when President Clinton called out, "Where is she, where is Tess?" Everyone looked around as I raised my hand, smiling modestly, I hoped. The Ambassador asked if I would come forward, but the President simply said, "Get up here!" -- Which I did, with alacrity, trying to smooth out my messy hair as I made my way forward through the crowd. He shook my hand, smiling and exuding the charm for which he was, and still is, famous; he then called for the official White House photographer to take a photo of me presenting the book to him and Mme. Albright.

### **Ohel Rachel Synagogue - notes from Bea Camp, Robert Griffiths and Tom Biddick**

**Bea Camp:** In 2009 Rabbi Greenberg came to the Consulate to thank us for past (and present and future) efforts on behalf of the Ohel Rachel Synagogue during the past ten years. He presented the consulate with a plaque "In honor of the important role in conserving the light of the historic Ohel Rachel Synagogue. Built in 1921. Celebrating 10 years of the revival of Ohel Rachel, 1999-2009" [Editor's note: the synagogue was opened in 1920, but not consecrated until January 1921] During the Expo in 2010 the synagogue was opened for Friday and Saturday services, but reverted to its only occasionally open status when the Expo closed. When I attended the 2010 Hanukkah celebration, I was again the recipient of effusive thanks for the consulate role over the years.

**Robert Griffiths:** In what must have been 1997, I got my first look at the Ohel Rachel Synagogue. Rabbi Schneier was visiting from New York and I joined CG Burghardt and others to accompany him to the site. The building was being used as a warehouse of sorts, and, after searching for an open door, we had to climb over several dusty rolls of carpet to get inside. The Rabbi had been there before and had something to show us. Making our way to one end of the very unkept building, he finally pulled back a curtain to reveal what had been the original Holy of Holies. An inscription in Hebrew was clearly visible engraved in the wall. From then on, the Jewish community, with assistance from the consulate, steadily worked with the Shanghai authorities to restore the building and, it was hoped, return it to the community for its original purpose. Despite the pressure of the upcoming Presidential visit, the authorities were unwilling to allow the building to be used again as a synagogue, but did clean up the building for the visit and by the following year refurbished for use as a museum. On occasion, the Jewish community received permission to use the facility for celebrations of Jewish holidays.

**Thomas Biddick:** Robert Griffiths' notes on the Ohel Rachel Synagogue bring to mind some further recollections of the Clinton visit to Shanghai in 1998, which likely was one of the more challenging episodes in the 30 year history of the consulate. Robert and CG Ray Burghardt headed the operation, which involved separate programs and motorcades for the President and First Lady. Ray, Robert and the consulate staff got caught in the middle of a series of disputes between the White House advance team on one hand and the Shanghai Waiban on the other. (Details to be provided in someone's memoirs).

To handle the complexities of the advance work, the consulate staff was augmented by TDY and locally-hired Americans. I was hired on contract as FLOTUS control officer, working with a capable group of event officers including Mike Michalek, Bob Wang, Beth Duncan and Tess Johnston. The Waiban was highly suspicious of my involvement as a Chinese-speaking consulate spouse who seemingly appeared out of nowhere. Meanwhile, the FLOTUS advance team was planning a human rights initiative centered on the First Lady's speech. Needless to say, this came to the attention of responsible persons of departments concerned on the Chinese side.

During the course of the visit, while the President was participating in a discussion at the Shanghai Library, the Waiban demanded a copy of our guest list for the First Lady's speech. Apparently they were concerned about the possibility of invitations being issued to human rights activists or other suspicious persons. It was decided that I would return to the consulate immediately to produce such a guest list. Once I was back in our safe haven on Huaihai Zhong Lu, a Waiban vehicle appeared at the entrance. From that point, I received a phone call every five or 10 minutes from Xu Bailing, relaying the Waiban's impatience. An exercise in creative writing was required, since we had distributed the tickets to the First Lady's speech in blocks to several organizations and did not actually have a guest list. After I produced this work of fiction, it was delivered to the waiting Waiban car and I then managed to rejoin the FLOTUS motorcade, my paranoia now in overdrive. Meanwhile, the streets were empty in the entire inner city of Shanghai as the People's Armed Police and other security forces enforced a security blockade.

The First Lady's speech was delivered without incident and the entire visit was deemed a success. But those of us directly involved took awhile to recover from the experience.

### **1999 Demonstration**

Excerpted with permission from *Permanently Temporary: From Berlin to Shanghai in Half a Century* by Tess Johnston, published 2010 by Old China Hand Press.

In May of 1999 I was reading on the balcony of my lane house when I heard the sound of shouts and excited male voices not too far away. As the road behind my flat led to the Shanghai Stadium I thought perhaps it was a Shanghai victory in a soccer game. That usually caused a riotous reaction. After the last major victory a friend had been down on the Bund when a massive and overjoyed crowd of fans swept through in waves of delirium. The crowd was so dense and the pressure so great that my friend propped his bicycle up against a sturdy light pole at the curb and then placed himself behind it for protection against the surge of the crowd. When they had finally swept past, his heavy bicycle was bent into a curve.

The crowd noise continued and indeed got louder, so I went in and turned on the telly to see what on earth it might be. It was then that I learned of our disastrous bombing of the Chinese Embassy in Belgrade. The crowd that I was hearing was at the front of my lane: It was Chinese students, enraged, screaming and chucking rocks and ink bombs at our

Consulate, which lay just across the fence. Of course I had to see what was going on so I headed down my lane toward the street.

Now everyone in my lane knew that I was an American and somehow connected with the Consulate -- trust me, the Chinese always know everything about you -- and I was the only foreigner living in the lane. As I walked along all my neighbors were talking excitedly and several walked toward me. Uh-oh, I thought, are they going to berate me, spit on me, who knows what? I braced myself. What did they say? They told me please not to go out onto the street because it was very dangerous for me to show my Western face out there! I may have been an Ugly American but I was their Ugly American and they did not want me to come to harm. That's China for you!

I thanked them and said I would be careful, that I was just going to peep out the lane to see how big the crowd was. When I got to the head of the lane I saw a whole line of armed police blocking off our entrance to keep the milling students out. They did not want me to go out either, but I talked my way through and lingered around the fringes of the crowd. They were obviously angry but somehow they did not seem that angry; they did not appear to be out for blood. I came back home and watched on TV as the events unfolded at the Embassy and at our consulates all over China. Chengdu got the worst of it. Their perimeter walls were breached and the CG's residence was attacked; luckily they were shaken up but not hurt, but it was a scary scene.

The next day I called a friend in the Consulate where he and some of the staff were still holed up. I told him that if the hostility spilled over into my lane I was going to crawl out my window, onto the roof and then drop down on their side of the fence into the Consulate garden. He laughed and said, no, no, if things got worse over on his side they would climb the fence over onto my roof and drop down into my flat. Either way, it was nice that we were all going to be in the soup together.

I think the protest went on for another day or so, but the students had to get back to classes, and the motorists and pedestrians got tired of the street being cordoned off, so things sort of simmered down, then returned to more-or-less normal. Our Consulate's Chinese char force cleaned off the façade of the main building, threw out the rocks and trash, and the staff probably updated our emergency action plan yet again. Then they go back down to business -- probably lots of reporting business. Another day in the Foreign Service life. I only wished that I could have been on the inside looking out instead of the outside looking in.

### **Doug Spelman, Consul General (2002-2005)**

In June 2005 we arrived home from a short trip to find that two North Koreans, two days earlier, had jumped our wall -- by climbing a tree outside -- into the compound. Thus began the most intense two weeks of my tenure, and for the whole Consulate. The story ended well, as we sent the two refugees off via Singapore to South Korea. But getting to that point involved non-stop negotiation and coordination with the Shanghai authorities, especially the Foreign Affairs Office and the police, the South Korean Consulate, several

airlines, the Embassy, and through the Embassy with the MFA and UN High Commissioner for Refugees Beijing office. Most harrowing was the very complicated efforts to arrange an x-ray screening for tuberculosis for the two refugees. The Department initially forbade us to let the Shanghai police take them out of the compound to a hospital (for fear they would repatriate them), but then relented. But by that time we had arranged for a portable X-ray machine, and did the screening “in-house.” They tested negative! Since we kept a twenty-four hour watch on our “guests,” the entire Consulate staff rose magnificently to the challenge. Quite a time, but ultimately a small success for a better life for the visitors.

**Ken Jarrett, Consul General (2005-2008)**

No presidential visits during my three years. But we did host the Special Olympics and held a reception on the Consulate lawn -- together with professional wrestlers. Michelle Kwan was there too.

**Beatrice Camp, Consul General (2008-2011)**

My interest in pursuing this consulate history project was sparked by DPO Simon Schuchat showing me the original invitation list and guest book from Don Anderson’s April 1980 reception that marked the official opening of the consulate. But I was also inspired by events during my first months that indicated an interesting change in official post-1949 Chinese hostility to two old China hands: author Pearl Buck and Yenching University founder/U.S. Ambassador John Leighton Stuart. In September 2008 I traveled to Zhenjiang for a conference on Pearl Buck and the opening of a museum in the house where she grew up; ironically, Chinese scholars now fear that Buck is being forgotten in the U.S. just as she is being rediscovered in China.

In November 2008 I accompanied Ambassador Randt to Hangzhou for the interment of the ashes of John Leighton Stuart, who was the U.S. ambassador in Nanjing when relations were broken in 1949. Mao later wrote an essay titled: *Farewell, Leighton Stuart!*, basically saying “good riddance” to Stuart’s departure. General John Fugh, whose father had vowed to fulfill Stuart’s wish to be buried in China, credited the Hangzhou burial to the intervention of then-Zhejiang Party Secretary Xi Jinping. At the gravesite we were surprised to hear “Amazing Grace” followed by the “Star Spangled Banner”; a group of elderly Yenching grads confessed they had hidden a tape recorder in the bushes, figuring that the Hangzhou waiban would not provide any musical accompaniment. Like Buck’s home in Zhenjiang, the childhood home of the once-reviled John Leighton Stuart has now been made into a museum that tourists can visit.

Given this seeming willingness to go with the ebb and flow of history, we were taken aback when our consulate reception in honor of Abraham Lincoln’s 200th birthday ran afoul of Chinese sensitivities. The day before the event the authorities called me in to ask that we cancel the event. Although we went ahead, half of our guests didn’t manage to join us. We had lots of leftover birthday cake as well as food for thought.

Meanwhile, the consulate kept growing and official visitors kept coming. President Obama's November 2009 visit to China started in Shanghai, where he held a memorable Town Hall meeting with students -- every step of which involved hard bargaining. Former President Carter came in January 2009 to help us commemorate the 30th anniversary of the establishment of diplomatic relations; he returned the following year for the Expo. Secretary Clinton visited twice.

But it was our efforts to ensure meaningful U.S. participation in the Shanghai Expo, the largest world's fair in history, that dominated most of 2009 and 2010. Despite heavy odds -- a late start, no government funding, a recession, and critics who thought they could do a better job -- Hillary Clinton's personal commitment to the project in 2009 made it work. From May through October 2010, seven million Chinese got a first-hand look at the U.S. via a visit to the USA Pavilion at Shanghai Expo 2010. President Hu Jintao came during the soft opening in April, followed in May by the Secretaries of Transportation, Commerce, and State. Madeleine Albright led the delegation for our National Day. My colleagues and I had the fun of greeting thousands of VIP visitors, including Arnold Schwarzenegger, Robert DeNiro, Rafael Nadal, and Crown Princess Sirindhorn of Thailand, as well over a third of the Politburo.

No story of modern Shanghai is complete without marveling over infrastructure developments. During these three years the Bund underwent a complete renovation, the Peace Hotel re-opened, the Shanghai World Financial Center was inaugurated as the (then) second tallest building in the world, and the subway system became the longest in the world. Most important for consulate employees was the opening of subway line 10 in April 2010, giving our folks living in Hongqiao a direct line between their homes and the Shanghai Library, a block from the consulate. The "Hongqiao Hub" now connects high speed trains, a new air terminal, and subways, all converging near the old airport. Train travel to Nanjing takes 73 minutes; Hangzhou in 45 minute by train.

*End of interview*