

13 Yan Alas Road, Soi 3,  
Tung Mahanak,  
Bangkok, Thailand.

5th August, 1966.

Dear Harold,

Many thanks for your letter of July 30th received yesterday, and to you and Lady Caccia for so kindly having asked Alexander Fuerstenberg to lunch. I have not heard from him since and do not know where he is at present, but I am very sure that he enjoyed meeting you both and the lunch with you immensely. I will copy out the nice things you wrote about him in your letter, and send them to his father which I know will please him very much.

I am glad you do not know what Sir Charles Bell's Chinese name "Pei-Cha-li" means, but Leo Lamb will probably be able to tell you. My Chinese name - I do not know who gave it to me - was "Pei Loi-ye" and means "Friend of the people".

As regards the tragic Gareth Jones affair, there are two things I did not mention to you in my letter of July 21st: One is that I heard at the time that before leaving Pekin for Mongolia, the then British Military Attaché in Pekin - I think his name was Colonel Lockhardt, but I am not quite sure - that may have been the name of the then American Military Attaché in Pekin - warned Jones on no account to go to the border of Jehol since it was infested by bandits. If the British Military Attaché really told Jones this, then he was to blame for what happened, but, as you rightly say, 'blame' is the wrong word for he took a risk as many travellers and journalists often do. After all, we all took a similar risk in going to Prince Teh's place and might have fallen into the hands of bandits anywhere. I see your point that it might make matters worse for the Jones parents to realize "that their son had nobody to blame but himself", but I still think that if the parents knew that I who, apart from Mueller, was the last European to see their son alive, and had offered, so far as I would be able to do so, to answer any questions they might want to ask, they would have wanted to read my story 'Ill-fated Journey'. But Sylvester, in his curt reply to me, refused to send them this story, so I did no more about it and now do not even know whether his parents are still alive.

The other point concerns myself: When Herbert Mueller returned to Pekin without Gareth Jones, he brought along Jones's diary of his trip to Mongolia which Jones <sup>had</sup> asked him to forward to his parents. Mueller gave me this diary which I immediately brought to the British Embassy, asking them to forward it to the Jones parents. Shortly after Bidder of our Embassy whom you will remember (he was afterwards Ambassador in Addis Abeba and in Bangkok and died two years ago) told me that they had found out at the British Embassy that some pages in the diary were missing, and had said - I don't know WHO said this - that I had removed these pages. Of course I had never done anything of the kind, I had not even read the diary. Please forgive me for mentioning all this, it is just to round off the picture of this tragic affair, and will explain to you why I wrote in my last letter that "I will never get over it".

With all good wishes,

*Jones was,*  
*Leopold.*