



Danish Agricultural Marketing Board
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Dear Katia and Georges,,

Thank you very much for your letter; it was nice to hear from you again, and we are glad that you succeeded in getting out of Lebanon, while it was still possible. I have just today received a copy of telex from Abed to HO saying that he and his family are safe in IH's flat, that the other ex-employees also are safe, as far as he knows, and that our furniture is still untouched.

Ko was answering him on the telex, and even though it was rather garbled (he is about as bad with a telexmachine as Abed) I could understand, that Abed was offered employment with the Kuwait-office, which now apparently has been confirmed and Beirut consequently given up. For Giselle, Sossy and Ashia the payment of salary would stop by the end of July.

We are here getting daily satellite-reports from Lebanon in full colour - it is not a pleasant sight, even though they are showing how life is going on in West-Beirut (today we saw report from the beach-clubs and lines of cars waiting to get petrol at a price 3 times that of pre-war level). But otherwise I have the impression that life has become rather settled especially on the "other" side around Jounieh, and today we saw also how some girls were training in the mountains with M-16; they said they want to take part in the "liberty" of Lebanon.

I am corresponding with Nabil Shehadeh of Trading & Contracting Co. in Damascus, and he has promised to try to get my car out, if one of the coming cease-fires should keep for more than the usual 2 hours. I have suddenly started to worry a lot more about our belongings there, because it was recently decided

that after closing this office here, we have to return to Denmark. This is really the best thing that has happened since a long time, because I simply CANNOT STAND THOSE CHINESE BEASTS. Today I finally got rid of our "bright" officeboy: he had been invited to the Philippines where his brother is living, and telephoned at 10 o'clock that we would not see him again - nobody knew about that until he cared to call us. This is a strange behaviour, but I forgive him - just he will keep out of my sight. Then later on we received the much awaited information from HO about the compensation to be paid to the two others; the Abed and Katia of this office. They were awarded HK\$ 25.000 and HK\$ 20.000 respectively (1 HK\$ = US\$ 0,20), and while they have been rather polite, but oh so dull and cool, they suddenly were talking a lot, with eyes shining of disappointment and claiming to get their part of the 13th month salary (here called Chinese New Year Compensation), i.e. they went a long way to claim 9/12th (9 months out of a year) of this usual extra salary, when they 1. during 13 years have got a salary somewhat higher than could be expected in any private firm, and 2. have been "given" a big sum, which likewise no private company would do. Not one word of appreciation for this. On the contrary, the rest of the day they did nothing but argue with every word I told them. They have no soul, no feeling, no selfrespect .. I have heard that the Japanese are even worse (in general - of course with exceptions), and I am so happy that our transfer to Tokyo was cancelled; I could not have stand working in this area, where 90% of all importers are Chinese, for another 2 years. I almost vomit when I think of their lunch/dinner-invitations: pigs uteri, chicken claws, dried salted fish, dried fish bladders etc, and you must eat those items; not as I firstly thought: it is the leftover from another party.



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I wonder if you actually know what a pigs uteri is? Well, it is the part of the animal where the samll pigs are emerging; it is rather elastic.... And you would not beleive the sounds those people are making while eating: they take a bowl og rice, soup or any other thing in their left hand, a pair of chop-sticks in their right hand, move the bowl to their mouth and partly push, partly suck in noisily, and in less than half a minute the bowl is completely empty; at that time I might have got a few rice grains cought with my chopsticks, and it is only becaouse of hunger that I eat all those incredible things.

Like this office is closing, it has also been decided to close in Puerto Rico, and Frank and Ane are returning to Denmark early next year. However, a Danish Trade Office is going to be established there instead (you remember Hans Ole Svendsen in Jeddah, Hans Bechgaard in Kuwait; they were Trade Officers), and KO has asked me if I would be interested in getting that job. In a way it sounds attractive, because we get involved in all types of products, not only agricultural, and as Frank wrote: If you can get a reAsonable salary, then Puerto Rico is not the worst place (I should not

have mentioned about KO's and Abed's ability with a telex; my typewriting are no better, even though I woud say that the machine bears most of the blame: it is 15 years old and I found it when clearing our depot here). After having collected information about the job and payment, I find it now less interesting, and shall most likely end up with some kind of funny job in Denmark.

We are leaving here early September, and had first in mind to travel via Puerto Rico; this would cost an extra amount for the equivalent of which I could make a return flight from Copenhagen, so I think we drop that. Instead we keep Manila, Tokyo (to say that we have been there), San Francisco and New York, and from there we go either via Iceland, Ireland or London; it would certainly be an experience to meet you there, to repaat a pizza-treat and find a place where they serve hommos and the other wonderful dishes we used to get at Isaanbuli. Why do'nt you send me your telephone-number, just in case?

Of course those stupid Chinese here cannot even make a decent pizza: 95% bread and some skin of tomato in the middle. And they told us about a restaurant with the best steak in town (their eyes said that what we thought was a good steak at Phoenicia would easily be beaten by this piece of meat) It was served in a grill-restaurant, where it smelled as if they were grilling the meat next to our table (which they actually were, but apparently the chimney was stopped), they did not know what a Martini was, they had no sour cream for the baked potato, but never mind those small things, however not that the meat cost US\$ 10 per portion and was as tough as the leather of my new "Made-in-China" shoes - and the taste about the same.

However I shall not bother you more with my sad experience here in the "exciting Orient" - We wish you all the best, hope for a bright future for Lebanon, and see you soon, enshalah.