

Fowler West's notes
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stop in Saigon
enroute home from
India

December 13, 1966

Allen Dupree and Clyde Johnson of the Dallas Regional Office of the Post Office Department arrived at 9:15 A. M. in 205 Federal Building. We left in Mr. Dupree's Valiant about 9:35 and drove rapidly to Belton where we were five minutes early for the Beautification Award. ^{for the Belton Post Office} There was a nice crowd and the ceremony ended at 11:15, at which time, Judge Bill Black began driving us to Killeen for the luncheon with Mr. A. C. Adams and the Nolan Creek Watershed folks. We had driven only a block or two when it was discovered that I had failed to remember Mr. Poage's brief case which he had left in the back of Dupree's car. Mr. Poage, of course, was very excited and distressed, as was I, but luck was on our side. As we whipped back into the Belton Post Office parking area, we found that Mr. Dupree had not left for Marlin. Therefore, I quickly retrieved the brief case and we started again for Killeen. We drove to a point where we could see the Stillhouse Hollow Dam site and then drove on to Killeen. We went to the Cowhouse Hotel and into the Sugarloaf Room. I sat between Roy Smith and a rancher by the name of Kiser. The unique feature of this lunch was that there were no speeches or ceremonies. I had a large and very excellent steak. We then drove with Judge Black to the site of the groundbreaking ceremony. The weather was very clear and in the mid 50's. The site #1 is on the Fort Hood Reservation and General Haines had matters under control with the III Corps Band, MP's, and coffee and doughnuts. After the nice festivities we boarded Mr. Adrian Barnes' car with Mr. A. C. Allen and Mayor Baumann. We

drove to the Killeen Airport where Mr. Barnes' Sesna 128 awaited us with the pilot, Mr. L. C. Durham. We waited around for a photographer, who didn't arrive, and finally departed at 4:05 P. M. It took us one hour and five minutes to reach Dallas (5:10) and our Braniff was due to leave at 5:20. We had to run with our luggage from the private plane area to the Braniff concourse. I couldn't keep up with Mr. Poage but we finally made it. When we arrived in Washington at Dulles at 9:15 we discovered that about 4 inches of snow was on the ground. Damon Casey was there to meet us. He had been there for three hours since John O'Neal¹⁶ departure for Texas. Although the snow was still blowing we made it in with little difficulty. We stopped by the office and left some luggage; then we dropped Mr. Poage at his home. I went to Casey's.

December 14, 1966

I awoke at 7:30 but rose at 7:55. Tommy Hess fixed me a bacon sandwich. I arrived at the office at 8:30 and found Mr. Poage behind his desk at work. I spoke with Charlie Blake about the Killeen School District matter and then went to Dr. Calver's office where Mr. Arnold gave me a cholera and tetanus shot. I then went to the Committee and worked steadily the rest of the morning. After lunch with Kitty I returned to work and at 2:35 we left for the briefing at the USDA. We arrived there and met with Mrs. Jacobson, John Schnittker, Eskie, Secretary Freeman and other officials - some from the State Department. It seemed obvious that these officials wanted to make it appear that Mr. Poage's recommendations would have a bearing on the President's

entering into new PL 480 agreements for January and February (prior to the elections in India on February 15). Finally everyone admitted that the U. S. would be more pleased with Mrs. Gandhi's re-election -- she seemed to be the lesser of evils. Mr. Poage emphasized that Americans were tired of feeding India when she slapped us every chance she got. All **present** rather reluctantly conceded that India should at least keep her mouth shut instead of openly criticizing U. S. policy, **especially** in Viet Nam. We left for ~~the~~ National Airport at 4:15 P. M. -- hurriedly checked our bags and were in the air just after 5 P. M. We were due in at 5:47 but due to drizzle and heavy traffic at Kennedy Airport, we did not arrive until 6:35.

We had a stewardess get an agent to help us take our bags directly off the plane. It was cold and very windy. Our bags were, of course, the last off the plane. The agent told us he would phone ahead for transportation. It was then 6:48. We ran. For 1/2 mile we ran! I could not keep up with Mr. Poage, although I tried as hard as I could. We finally reached the transportation center, and, at a second glance, we found a Pan American limousine which rushed us to the appropriate point. There were several radio messages concerning our plight en route. Finally we boarded the plane -- tired and winded. It was indeed luxurious, but I wondered why we couldn't catch planes like other people.

Dinner was served consisting of lettuce and olives, a delicious scallop dish, baked squab, a variety of cheeses, and cherry jubilee ice cream -- served with several kinds of wine and champagne.

December 15, 1966

About 10:00 P. M. (New York time) I went to sleep and soon awoke at 1:30 A. M.; however, we had gained five hours so it was 6:30 A. M. in London. We landed in London thirty minutes later, after being served a Continental Breakfast. We went to the Transit Passenger Lounge, and I bought \$5.45 worth of souvenirs and \$4.50 worth of film. We reboarded Pan American flight #2 at 7:45 A. M. We then took off for Frankfurt. We had 80 Peace Corps Volunteers on board destined for India. Unfortunately most of them were dressed as if they were going on a hike -- some as if they had been on a hike. Naturally, some had beards which were poorly kept. These resembled our "demonstrators" in the U. S. Not all were so poorly kept. No doubt they are all bright people, but it seems unfortunate that the majority feel that their intellectual capabilities require them to assume a different appearance. Too foggy to see any of London. When we landed it was foggy, misty, and about 39°. After we became airborne we were served a large breakfast of an omelet, ham, rolls, fruit, and coffee. We flew over Belgium.

Next we landed in Frankfurt, Germany, and we had to take our hand luggage off of the plane. Mr. Poage and I left our suit bags, however. The whole ritual seemed senseless. Upon entering the terminal we were asked if we had any cigarets, coffee, or tea. The officials looked into some of the luggage carried by the passengers, not ours. It was about 34° or 35° and had been snowing. Inside the terminal, I purchased what I hoped to be a German doll. We then had a short flight to Munich

where it was about 30°. There had been more snow there. The German houses were very attractive from the air. Here, again, all passengers had to leave the airplane, but we didn't have to carry our luggage -- absolutely senseless it seemed to me. From the air we could see dozens of little villages about a mile or so apart. The land was almost totally cultivated, but now covered with snow. There were neat blocks of forests all around. I think we were over six hours ahead of New York time. It was then 1:00 P. M. and we were en route to Istanbul.

We had lunch -- refreshments, veal (from Maxim's) and splendid French pastries which I passed up. We gained another hour and arrived in Istanbul at 4:00 P. M. It was a great sight. The Golden Horn was very obvious and the water all about was calm and mostly a clear green. At the airport we were able to shop at a very nice gift center. I bought three dolls and two knives. I wish I had had more time. We began our departure at 5:10. Our flight to Beirut was very nice indeed. The city looked familiar as we approached; however, I had a mistaken idea of where the airport was. When we landed it was about 6:30; an embassy man was there to meet us. We drove in an airport vehicle to the VIP Lounge where we met Hyde and Mr. Dole. They said they had taken a nap in the afternoon and both looked refreshed -- a contrast to us! They had spent a full day in Beirut. We spoke for a few minutes with our embassy people who were quite courteous ~~indeed~~. After about thirty minutes we had to depart. Our plane took off about 7:30 P. M. and we headed toward Tehran. Hyde had his tape recorder on hand and talked

awhile to the stewardesses. The recorder worked quite well. Its sound was of high quality and it was small and portable. About 10:30 we landed in Tehran and we went into the airport lounge. We did some shopping. I purchased another doll, a bracelet, and a few other trinkets.

December 16, 1966

Finally about 12 midnight our flight was announced and we boarded and prepared for take-off. We raced down the runway and heard a loud pop like ~~the~~ one we had heard in Munich. Just about the time we should have been lifting-off, the pilot began bringing the plane to a halt. For a second it began rocking but we managed to slow down and the pilot announced that he thought we had a blown tire in the front landing gear. We deplaned and returned to the lounge. We waited there while Pan American bought us refreshments and told us a tire had not blown and they were examining the number 4 engine. After a very tiring wait, the pilot told us he felt we should not risk the performance of engine #4 and he felt he must call a crew rest. The earliest we could leave would be 1:00 P. M. that afternoon. It was then after 3:00 A. M. In the meantime, Pan American would take us to a local hotel where we could rest. We had to surrender our passport and somehow I was separated from Hyde, who was carrying my suit bags, as well as Mr. Dole's and Mr. Poage's. I got in an airport bus with Mr. Dole and we were driven to the Siner Hotel. It seemed that Hyde and Mr. Poage had been taken elsewhere -- which meant that neither Mr. Dole nor I had any of our belongings. However, their group arrived and finally

we were given rooms and I went to bed shortly after 4:00 A. M. We woke up at 8:00 A. M., per Mr. Poage's suggestion, contacted our embassy for a car, and Hyde, Mr. Poage, and I had breakfast at the hotel. Our car came and we drove to the embassy where Ambassador Armin Meyer, who had been in Beirut when I visited there in 1964, met us. He was very accommodating and invited us to lunch at his residence at 1:00 P. M. He cabled India about our delay, and then gave us a car, driver, and one of his assistants for a guide. The Ambassador called to check our flight and learned that it would leave at 3:00 P. M. We left the embassy and drove to a gift shop where I bought several items. The Persian handwork is lovely. The main talents, **other than carpet** weaving, are centered in tiny mosaics and copper and bronze work. We then drove out into Tehran and saw the Shah's palace and other points of interest. Although Tehran is not a modern city, it is not as dirty as I ^{had} expected. The main streets are wide and have trees on either side. There are streets named for Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Roosevelt. The city is built on a sort of inclined plane, and the open sewers rapidly drain away. The trees along the streets are irrigated by these drainage ditches. The weather was ideal and we were told that it sometimes snows in Tehran in the winter, but not often. We drove to the foot of the mountains. Mountain climbing is popular there. The mountains are large and brown. They are extremely rough and rocky. There seems to be no vegetation thereon. Snow is easily seen at the top of this range. In the distant northeast the snow covered peak of Mt. Demavend was visible. It towers 18,000 feet or more.

We then drove to the Siner^{Hotel} to pick up Mr. Dole who was waiting out front. We went to our rooms and secured all of our luggage and checked out. We arrived at the Ambassador's about 1:02 P. M. -- two minutes late. He and Mrs. Meyer are gracious hosts. The Agricultural Attache to Iran, Mr. _____, was present with his wife. We had a nice meal of wild bird and rice. The conversation was enjoyable, but the meal still was a bit too formal to suit me. There was always a servant waiting for you to serve yourself from an elegant platter of food. After a tour of the house which was luxurious -- but not nearly like the residence in Honduras, we proceeded to the airport in the official car -- long and black with the flag flapping away. The Ambassador accompanied us and had us driven to the plane on the runway. No one else had boarded. The Ambassador had our passports brought to us. He and Mr. Poage have become good friends, it seems. At 3:30 we took off and after about three hours we landed in New Delhi at 8:30 local time. I slept for two hours on board. It made me feel a bit better. We were met by Ambassador and Mrs. Chester Bowles. She, oddly enough, was in an Indian woman's garb. They were both very nice. Hyde and I remained to retrieve the luggage and passports. Finally after too many Indians got into the act, we loaded the luggage into the car. In the mass confusion, we wound up with an extra suitcase which we returned to the airport. We drove to a guest house (embassy residence) near our Embassy -- a very elegant place called Roosevelt House. We attended a briefing, had a short supper, and at 1:40 A. M. I prepared for bed. We were to rise at 6:30 and meet with the Minister of Food at 8:00 A. M.

December 17, 1966

After a night of restless sleep (about 4 1/2 hours) I rose at 6:30, dressed and went downstairs, where I met Mr. Poage and Hyde. Mr. Poage and I walked around the elegant grounds. The flowers were quite nice. It was rather cool. We then had breakfast (bacon and eggs) -- just our party. At 7:50 we left in cars to see the Minister of Food, ^{Subramaniam} ~~Supraniam~~. He did not look like what I thought he would. He's a rather small fellow with a rather unimpressive appearance. He made me think of a salesman who ~~is~~ ^{was} totally sold on his product. He had an answer for every criticism. In fact, I don't recall hearing him admit that he could be mistaken about any of his plans. He has an excellent command of English and handled himself well. No doubt, he is a capable fellow and probably no one else could do a better job than he; however, suggestions from the members fell off him like water off a duck's back. He would not give an inch on Mr. Poage's cotton proposal. He said that his farmers were in a democratic society and that India could not force them to grow crops other than cotton. Everytime he did not have a ready explanation for India's food problems, he would come up with the statement that India was a young democracy and should not be expected to progress too well. He and Poage got into a rather enthusiastic discussion on cotton, and Poage was backed substantially by Senator Miller; however, Dole in private indicated that he did not fully agree with Poage, but I don't think he will say so in a report or publicly. One thing which disturbed me was the fact that

Ambassador Bowles sat just to the Minister's side and stepped in in his defense whenever key questions were asked. Since coming here, we have been besieged by people whose solution is merely to send India food with little or no hesitation. Frankly, I have not been impressed by any of our people over here. Not a one has indicated that we should require more of India as a condition for our continuing aid.

After seeing the Minister we drove to another government office building, and had a brief visit with the Secretary of Food, Dias, and the Secretary of Agriculture, Sivaraman, who seemed a bit more prepared to go into detail, however, time ran out before we could get much good from the meeting. We hurried to the airport where we boarded a DC 4 and took off for the state of Bihar. We had a box lunch on the plane. We were met by officials at Gaya and loaded into several rather old cars. It was warm and dusty and very dry. Although we were told there had been a 3" rain in the last couple of weeks, I could not tell it. We were taken to an area outside of town. There were virtually no crops being grown. We visited a fair price shop and saw villagers receiving their ration of 6 oz. per adult per day and 3 oz. for children. They had to pay 3/4 of the market value. The grain was evenly divided between milo and wheat which came from Kandle (Milo) on the west coast or Calcutta which sent most of the wheat. After the March harvest, Bihar will receive grain from neighboring states. The situation in Bihar is indeed critical. Normally

they grow over 85% of their normal needs. After the two year drought, only 40-50%. It is easy to see how famine could erupt. Those who had no money were given red cards and obtained their rations free. We saw three such people. One was a crippled man who pulled himself along the ground. Another was a little blind girl and a third was an old, old woman. Mr. Dole, Hyde, and I walked over to a village of mud huts. The floors were dirt and filth was everywhere. We then drove to a very strange place called Bodhi[?]gaya. It is one of the Buddhists most holy places. There were beautiful temples erected by other Buddhists nations such as Thailand and China. The main temple was erected at the spot where Buddha was enlightened. The fifth generation of the tree still stands. Buddha was sitting under that tree when his visions came. We bought a few souvenirs. I bought five strands of beads for one rupee each. I also bought two statues of Sheeba, the Hindu god of Destruction. We had tea there and were treated very nicely by our hosts. We then headed back to the plane and took off for Patna to spend the night. We drove to a State Guest House (where we five of the party spent the night). We had about 1 1/2 hours to shop. This city looked more oriental than any other we had seen. There were bicycles and rickshaws all around. The streets were crowded and our driver had one hand busy on his horn all of the time. We had unbelievably close calls constantly. We stopped in a rather large shop where I bought some figurines and a few other trinkets -- including a sandalwood elephant. We stopped at a

smaller shop where Mr. Poage and I bought 10 paper mache^d birds and 2 wall plates. We then had another hectic ride back to the guest house where we then had a dinner facing us with local officials. First, we were shown our rooms which were ~~v~~ery large and high-ceilinged. Mr. Dole found two lizards on his bathroom wall. We went downstairs and everyone assembled in chairs around the walls of a large room. The congressmen and two or three officials sat at one end and everyone listened to their talk. A representative ~~form~~ CARE and Father O'rourke of the Catholic Relief Service arrived. It was a good thing that Senator Miller carried the brunt of the conversation because Mr. Poage was obviously asleep most of the time and it was understandable. I nodded a few times myself. Mr. Poage awoke enough to discuss geography and he spoke well enough to let his appearance be known. The state is undertaking a vigorous policy of water wells (250,000) since the Ganges water table is high and reliable, but the picture was bleak indeed. At long last we adjourn^ed to the din~~ing~~ room where we had a rather untasty fish and bird meal. Of course, we would not drink the water, but I was really thirsty. When the meal ended we went up to our rooms. I had noticed a few mosquitoes down in the dining room and I saw that there was a mosquito net around my bed. This was something new for me. Suddenly everything seemed very strange -- I guess it was. I went ~~on~~ to take a bath and discovered that the bathroom was in pretty ^{PROV} bad shape; however, I made it and went ~~to~~

bed. That night I heard what sounded like an animal roaring, and the locals made a good deal of noise shouting back and forth. I had no trouble going to sleep at 10:00 P. M., and I slept soundly until 6:00 A. M. The birds were making all kinds of jungle noises. One reason I slept so soundly was due to the steady hum of mosquitoes outside my net and a few in there with me.

When we visited the Fair Price Shop the day before, we saw something which pleased Mr. Poage a great deal. The Indian government had a work project where workers dug soil and piled it up, forming reservoirs to catch the rain whenever it falls. Each worker was paid for the amount of earth he moved. The average salary was 1 1/2 rupee per day -- about 20¢. Now the medically desired intake of grain is 18 oz. per day. The minimum amount should be about 14 oz. The overall average in India is 13 to 14 oz. It was felt by our people that these Indian workers who were digging so enthusiastically ~~digging~~ in this worthwhile project were able to obtain about 10 oz. per day -- six at the discount price at the Fair Price Shop and four on the market.

At the meeting prior to dinner in Patna, Senator Miller emphasized the fact that the U. S. is not in the best of conditions to be of a great deal of help due to the war in Viet Nam. Although the government of India had taken a stand against the war, these people seemed to understand our position and not a word was spoken against or critical to our stand in Viet Nam.

December 18, 1966

After breakfast we drove to the airport where we took off for Purnea to the north to view the Eastern Kosi Canal System. I felt good for the first time on our trip. The weather was ideal. We had an hour's flight and to our left we could see the great Himalayan Mountains. We spotted Mt. Everest which is the highest point in the world -- over 29,000 feet. These were right on the border between Nepal and Red China and were an awesome sight, although they were over 150 miles away. We landed in Purnea and were met by a very enthusiastic group. They put flowers over our shoulders and took us by car to a building where they arranged a short briefing on the system. The goal of this most prosperous area of Bihar is to have 2.8^{million crop} acres of land under irrigation by 1970. This is 1.4 million acres of land, but it averages two crops per year. This section looked prosperous. Its people seemed well and energetic. We drove through some canal areas and saw a great deal of rice being harvested and a very fine wheat stand along with mustard seed. The temperature was about 60°. This area has had 85% of its rainfall and was self-sufficient. After the winter harvest they planned to send some of its food to other areas of India. The people here were small and lived in jungle-like huts. They were very friendly. I later learned that cobras were common in this area. We were told that the cobra was not nearly so dangerous as the small and sluggish Russel's Viper which was more likely to be in the fields. The cobras stayed around the trees and barns. The Russel's Viper's venom usually kills within

fifteen minutes. The only chance a worker has if he is bitten on the toe is to quickly cut off the toe.

The canals we saw are fed by the Kosi River which enters the Ganges not too far away. Here we saw some of the Mexican wheat from the seeds imported from Mexico.

At 11:00 A. M. we returned to the plane and departed for Madras. We had a box lunch of local fish and some sort of fowl. We flew over the great city of Calcutta and saw about 40 ships in the Ganges. The city is said to be about the fourth largest in the world and, from the air, appeared to be huge. We flew down the delta and turned toward Madras.

At approximately 4:30 P. M. we landed at Madras. I slept most of the way and had a bad feeling when I awoke. At the airport we learned that we had a reception at 6:15. Most in the group felt that the reception had been cancelled. Mr. Spivak had sent a wire but it had not reached our folks in Madras. Mr. Dole was hot about it. We had counted on being able to do some shopping. Spivak was able to get them to cancel the reception and this meant we were free to shop until 8:15 when we had a dinner as the guests of the officials of Madras. ~~We were therefore able to shop.~~ Dr. Albert Franklin, our Consul General, went with Mr. Poage, Sen. Miller, and myself to shop. I purchased a set of elephant bookends made of rosewood at one place. I almost bought a large elephant of rosewood, but didn't due to lack of space. At another spot, I bought a rosewood cobra and

an Indian doll for Kitty. We returned about 6:30. In the meantime, Hyde and Mr. Dole had gone shopping. I received a call from Mr. Spivak, saying he would like for me to come to his room and join him and others in the party in a pre-dinner refreshment. I finally got there about 7:50 and saw Jim Boulware, our Agricultural Attache, and Sen. Miller. I risked the ice cubes. I hope they were okay. We were in the Imperial Hotel and it is nice. The bathroom plumbing is old and the showers are directly above your head and cannot be tilted. They are also big around. However, this place is very clean. There are many boys who almost fight to help you with your bags or any other way. They are most attentive and you feel for them.

At 8:05 we left for Rajaji Hall and dinner with Mr. V. Ramaiah, Food Minister for the State of Madras. We arrived at probably the most picturesque place in which I have eaten. It looked like a palace. It was very stately and we had to climb about thirty steps to enter. The State Officials met us on the steps. There were large white pillars at the head of the stairs. The hall was built in 1803 by the British, of course. Inside the room was surrounded by balconies on the second floor. The ceiling must have been 50 feet high and fans hung down about 40 feet and slowly turned. There was no air conditioning. Normally the temperature was warmer, but lately it had not been above the mid 80's, so one of our people told me. As we entered, many pictures were taken and we were served one of about four kinds of fruit juice.

I selected a delicious grape juice. We looked at portraits of former British Governors of Madras which were along all sides of the room. Lord Cornwallis was one; he later became Governor General of India. We had a nice dinner of fish, French fries, chicken, brussel sprouts, and mashed potatoes. We were served by skillful waiters dressed in white with blue hats. Very little talk took place about our mission there. After dinner, Hyde and I drove out to some character's home. He claimed that he wanted Hyde to have one of his tiger skins. He was a big talker, bragging about his fast rise in the government. He said his sister received her Doctorate of Education in Los Angeles. He noted that he was in the party opposing Mrs. Gandhi's Constitution Party. He said he made 3,000 rupees per month and went hunting often. He said that India had liked Kennedy but was not so fond of Johnson. He said Mr. Kennedy was concerned about the world, while Johnson was less broad minded. He would not comment on India's progress in solving her food and population problems. After having a coke, with more ice, we departed and arrived at the hotel about midnight. This fellow assured Hyde that he would find a tiger skin one way or the other and send it to him. He said Hyde could respond with another gift if he cared to. I doubt if Hyde will ever hear from him. Hyde talked with him about their politics, etc., but I saw little use in it.

December 19, 1966

I got to bed at 1:45 A. M. and had a nice night's sleep. I ~~awakened~~^{awoke} about 6:00 A. M. I dressed, assembled my belongings and went downstairs. Some boys carried my luggage downstairs. We had breakfast of papaya, tea, and fried eggs. We then proceeded to a shop to buy a bit of the local crafts. The shop keeper had agreed to open up two hours early for our convenience -- and his profit. About 8:00 A. M. we headed for the docks. Along the way, cattle wandered all over the place, including the main streets, disrupting traffic and eating the park flowers and shrubs. We were told that the cow was not considered quite so sacred as it was in the north; however, I could not tell it. Along the river's bank squatters had built thatch huts. How they could exist, I don't know. Filth is everywhere in these towns. Upon arriving at the docks, we were met by port officials who showed us a model of their harbor. There were a few ships full of fertilizer unloading. We were told that one problem often cut their unloading speed in half. This problem developed when old ships or rough weather caused seawater to enter the holds and mix with the fertilizer. This made the fertilizer so hard that workers had to chop the mess loose so it could be unloaded. The fertilizer was then placed on a large mat and lifted out of the hold and into the dock where it was emptied into railroad car hoppers. After a substantial portion was placed in the hopper it was emptied into jute bags by way of a trap door. Probably 150 lbs. was placed in each bag. The

bag was then sewed by hand and taken into the warehouse. The sacks could then be taken to the other side of the warehouse and loaded onto railroad cars.

The milo and wheat could either be brought in on tankers or freighters. At Madras the ships were unloaded by machine into the portable hopper cars. The workers then let the grain out of the trap doors into large bags which were immediately hand-stitched and taken into the warehouse. There were hundreds of dock workers who were all small and thin but seemed to be in relatively good spirits. They were all friendly. It was raining on our arrival and work had been suspended as a result; however, the rain slackened and work resumed. The workers were among the highest paid laborers in Madras. They are paid by the port authority. Their base pay is five rupees per day, but they receive extra pay if they surpass the base amount of work. We inquired and found out that the average wage was about ten rupees per day in Madras. The ration is 10 oz. per day for adults and 5 oz. for children under twelve. Although one source told me that no more grain was available and all the workers got was their rationed 10 oz. per day, other officials assured me that the workers were able to obtain rice and some milo or wheat from the black market -- private sources. They estimated that the workers consumed about 14 oz. of grain per day which is the basic accepted intake and about the Indian average -- if not a bit higher. We went on board a Greek ship and watched them

chipping away at hardened fertilizer.

Madras serves as a lightening port for Calcutta. One example of this was a tanker with 35,000 tons of milo. It docked outside the Madras harbor and a smaller ship unloaded 12,000 tons and took it into Madras port. There 6,000 tons was unloaded and this smaller ship took the remaining 6,000 tons to Calcutta. The large ship also headed for Calcutta.

We left the port and headed for the airport. After a hectic ride through the crowded and rainy streets we arrived and rushed aboard the plane and were airborne about 10:15 A. M. We headed southwest for ^{Tiruchirappalli} ~~Tiruchirappalli~~ in the Tanjore District. This region is one of the fifteen of India's 340 which have received a concentration of assistance to increase production. The Indian government has embarked on a program of aid to areas which show promise in production due to water supply and good soil. This, they feel, is the best way to get increased production in a hurry. The Tanjore District this year could have used 80,000 tons of fertilizer, but only 48,000 was available to them. We were met at the airport by a group of State Officials and had beautiful rose garlands placed around our necks. We were driven into a rural area -- an intensive irrigation project center. En route we drove along the Cauvery River which was divided into two parts by ancient looking dams. Also at this point, a fork from upstream returned to flow just a few yards from the two new branches. This third stream was named the

Coleroon and was again dammed about five miles downstream. The streams meandered slowly toward the Bay of Bengal, about forty miles away. We were told that between this point and the Bay, 90% of the water is utilized at normal stages. It was at flood stage when we saw it. The dams looked like Roman structures with the aqueduct-like arches. We were told that as early as the second century, ancient kings utilized such dams in this same location. We first stopped near the dams at a building where we were shown a work map of the area involved. One thing which was quite evident was the fact that these people were extremely proud of their work. They competed with one another for a chance to say a few words about their work. We had coffee and cookies there and then proceeded on toward Tanjore, some thirty odd miles to the east. Along the way, we noted signs strung across the road saying "Welcome U. S. Senators" and similar greetings. Before our briefing, we were halted near one of the dams by a group of local citizens. There was a four piece band with horn blowers and bongo drummers. We enjoyed it immensely. As we traveled toward Tanjore, we noted the beautiful rice crops. We also noted that the trees were all numbered. We found that the state of Madras owned these trees and often sold them for fruit or lumber; therefore, the numbers served as identification. We saw near the airport and along the road several large granite rocks. On one was an old castle which now serves as a Monastery. As we neared Tanjore, we stopped at a center

where wells were being sunk to provide for irrigation. There we were again presented with garlands -- more beautiful than the first. We were also entertained by another band consisting of four long, crescent shaped horns. We proceeded into a sort of thatched tent where we were served coconut milk. The local farmers crowded into the area, and the less prominent people looked inside. Mr. Poage was invited to say a few words. He commended the people for their work and asked them if they thought they were receiving a fair price for their crops -- they said "no." Mr. Poage said that is what the people of his 11th District would say. They laughed a great deal. (Perhaps I should comment a bit on the Indian system, In each of the 17 Indian States, the local government purchases an amount of the farmer's harvest. This is in a sense a mandatory procurement for a constant price. A farmer in Madras sends his harvest to a mill and the government purchases from him 30% of his harvest, other than that used for his own consumption, for a fixed price . The remaining grain is used by the farmer to pay for the milling costs and to use for his own family. Any grain that is left over can be sold in the market for whatever the farmer can obtain. The 30% of what he does not use for his family is used in the Fair Price Shops where the ration card holders purchase grain. The farmer's family does not hold ration cards. If any remains, he could sell it to middlemen within his District. The percentage of government purchases varies -- in Mysore it is 10%. The ration is used as a device to keep prices

stable. For example, if the market price for grain rose ~~to~~ above the Fair Price rates [80-90% of government purchase price] the government would buy less, allowing more grain to enter the open market, pushing the prices down.)

One of the farmers present had a son who taught for five years at the University of Chicago and was now doing advanced research at one of India's top schools. I couldn't help but wonder if the son had forgotten his father who was still a part of rural India. We were deeply impressed by the intelligence of some of the farmers. Several spoke good English and praised very highly the technical assistance furnished by the Rockefeller Foundation.

As we left, the car in which Hyde and I were riding almost slid into a rice paddy. We were quickly pushed back on the road by 20 or so Indians.

We proceeded to Tanjore where we passed a Hindu Temple built in the 9th Century. Inside we understood that there was a Holy Place which could be visited only by Hindus. Unfortunately, we did not have time to get closer to the Temple than the road. We drove to the Ford Foundation House and saw our people there. We had a superb lunch of chicken, potatoes, curried boiled eggs, and several other delicacies. We were behind schedule and had to rush to another point in the city to see the Minister of Madras, _____ . He was an old man who entered the room with considerable ceremony. He was dressed like Nehru used to dress,

somewhat like and American soda-jerk. He presented Mr. Poage with a beautiful ceremonial necklace. Mr. Poage then gave him a Kennedy half-dollar which was greatly appreciated by His Honor. After a cup of tea, we had to leave. Again, the Minister echoed his praise and approval of American aid such as the technical assistance furnished by the Rockefeller Foundation. Little was mentioned about PL 480. The Minister did emphasize that they were shipping a good portion (200,000 tons) of their surplus rice to Kerala State. He said they would increase the amount if the harvest permitted it.

About 3:45 we left and headed for the airport. We arrived at 5:00 and took off, arriving in Bangalore, Mysore State, about 6:15 P. M. We were taken to a two-story building which reminded me of the old Providence Hospital Building in Waco. It was the State Guest House. We checked in; Hyde and I shared a room. Senator Miller wanted to go shopping (prior to a scheduled reception at 7:15 P. M.). He and Mr. Poage did. Hyde, Mr. Dole and I tried to catch them but when we arrived at the shop, it was closed, so we went on to the reception, where we were to meet again Food Minister Suberamiam. We were the very first to arrive and just after we stepped in, in came the Minister dressed in a gold suit -- much the cut of the suits we see the Chinese wearing -- with the high collar. We stalled for time and finally the Senator arrived. We had what I felt was a fruitful discussion. What impressed me about him was the fact that he was, in a way, humble.

He frankly recognized that the aid from Australia and Canada had come as a result of U. S. contributions and pressure. He said several things of importance. Since Hyde had the notes I took at the meeting, I will write a summary of our discussion at a later date. Some of his main points were as follows: (1) He would not complain about donation aid under old II and III. We had been led to believe by our folks that India would greatly prefer Title I "sales." (2) He felt that by 1971 India would have phased out all concessional sales -- an ambitious goal. (3) Next year he said India would probably plant less cotton acreage than the 18 million she now has under cultivation. We thought she had 20 million now. (4) India would need 8 to 10 million tons from the U. S. of grain in calendar year 1967 in addition to the 2.1 she had requested since last August. After April (if she found she only needed 8/ ^{million tons} from us) we would have to furnish her with 1 million tons per month. If she needed 10 from us the figure would climb to 1.25 per month--this is what I had understood before, but I had been told I was wrong. (5) India planned to push for more aid -- food, fertilizer, or money from other countries such as the USSR. (6) She would be willing to accept harsher requirements once she got over the 4 month emergency. (7) India would closely examine the possibility of taking a higher percentage of the food grains in sorghums -- up to 25% now. (8) India would look into the possibility of shifting from non-food to food crops, but the Minister still felt

his problem was yield, not more acreage.

Although we had a dinner scheduled back at the guest house for 8:30 P. M., our meeting with the Minister lasted until 8:55 P. M. We arrived back at the guest house at 9:00 P. M. where we were greeted by our host, M. V. Rama Rao, who ~~is~~^{is} the Home Minister of the Government of Mysore. The table was very nicely set with two large papayas in the center. I sat by an assistant Food Minister in charge of distribution named Moni. I asked him what percentage of the grain was put in storage for any length of time. He said only about 10%, the rest moved directly to the consumer. Of this 10%, Mr. Moni told me that 10% was lost due to spoilage and rodents. I understand that the figure in the U. S. is 5%. He told me that his job is sometimes frustrating. Recently, they had received a car load of rice from Madras, (port). The workers failed to put a cover on the rice, and it rained on it. For many days, Moni said, the rice had to be spread over the ground to dry. What was not ruined was difficult to sell to his people. He seemed, however, very proud of his people. Our meal was delicious. We had fish and some lamb. Moni was a Hindu and therefore a vegetarian. They oftentimes do not even eat eggs or drink milk. Some even consider onions unsuitable. Moni said that most now eat eggs, milk, and onions. Hyde and I counted that we were served in approximately ten different plates -- very good service.

Hyde and I shared a room. When we finished eating it was

almost 11:00 P. M. Arrangements had been made to open a shop for us. The three congressman, Hyde and I went to the shop -- Senator Miller, Mr. Poage, and I stayed at the dinner later, but we entered the shop soon after the others. I blew about twenty dollars, but I think I got a good deal for my money. At 12:00 midnight, we left. Hyde and I were too tired to work on the draft of the statement Mr. Poage had sketched out. In general he recommended sufficient donations to be sent soon under Titles II and III with future shipments on harder terms -- rupees convertible to dollars at the end of the agreement -- with emphasis on family planning, self-help, and conversion of non-food. The reasons for the gifts of 2 million were to encourage others -- especially the USSR, to follow suit, to urge India to see more of our view on Vietnam and to emphasize our concern for their problems.

We arose at 5:00 A. M. and headed for the Bangalore airport. We boarded with little difficulty and took off for New Delhi -- a five hour flight. I was tired as the devil. However, as soon as we were airborne, it became obvious that all of our State Department people were hell-bent on keeping us from meeting together about our statement. Hyde and I went over Mr. Poage's draft. I recommended limiting the donation emergency shipments to "not more than 2 million tons." Poage agreed to this suggestion. We showed the draft to Dole -- he was reluctant. Senator Miller

wanted to mention only the emergency relief -- not future long-term deals. Finally we had a caucus at the rear of the plane -- standing near the men's room -- with Spivak about 15 feet away supposedly reading a magazine. However, he couldn't hear and returned to his seat. Senator Miller decided that he could go along with Poage but wanted a figure of 1.8 million tons. Poage said this was reasonable. Dole refused to say and took no part in the planning of the statement. Miller began drafting revisions to the basic statement. Once when Poage was reading his statement, Ide of AID was reading over his shoulder and I had to take his arm and guide him into his seat. Finally it was agreed that Hyde and I should cancel our invitation to ~~dinner~~ ^{lunch} with Indian agriculture officials. The dinner was scheduled at 1:30, and the congressmen decided they would go while Hyde and I worked out a typed draft which would incorporate Miller's revisions with Poage's basic statement. Although Mr. Spivak offered a secretary, we declined because of the fear of a leak of information in our own embassy. We finally landed at 12:40 P. M. and were driven to our Embassy and the Roosevelt House. There Hyde and I obtained a typewriter and began our revision of the statement. About 3:00 P. M. the congressmen returned and we showed them our letter. Senator Miller made a few changes, and these met with Mr. Poage's approval, but Mr. Dole was again reluctant because of the donations and because of the amount limitation. We had to hurry to the 3:30 meeting with our Embassy staff. When we arrived at the conference

room, the Ambassador and his crew were waiting. They had a cable which the Ambassador wanted to send in the next day or so. They wanted the Members' suggestions on this cable. The cable was to the President, urging that we meet India's needs and stress ^{ing} self-help. I mentioned family planning and the Ambassador said that should be in there. Altogether, the meeting was much better than I had hoped for. The Embassy folks had calmed down a good deal. Mr. Bowles assured us that he would keep in touch with Subermaniam about the cotton acreage proposition. Mr. Poage seemed pleased at this. Suddenly it was 4:50. The Ambassador had said we were to meet with Mrs. Gandhi at 5:30. Spivak said 5:00, and he quickly confirmed this by telephone. We rushed out into two waiting cars and took off for the government complex of buildings. The government buildings were of a beautiful/^{red} sandstone (punjab sandstone). We drove to ^{the building containing} ~~where~~ Mrs. Gandhi's office ~~was~~ and were led ^{directly} to her office. We paused very briefly in an outer office. She met us at the door (Mr. Dole presented me to her) with the cameras roaring in the background. After two or three minutes, the reporters were herded ^{out and} ~~put and~~ we were seated around the outside of Mrs. Gandhi's ~~888888~~ desk. She and Mr. Poage did most of the talking. She said little about the food problem. She commented that reporters always emphasize the most spectacular aspects of a story. She told of reading of divorce in America, not the many successful marriages that occur there. She wore a lovely red-violet sari. She looked just like a typical Jewish or

Syrian lady. One thing which impressed me was the fact that she was so small and delicate. She was very nervous. She was always fingering objects with her hands. Once she scribbled a note then laid down the pencil. She seemed almost bashful -- not dynamic at all -- but pleasant. I noticed that she had various ivory carvings in her office. I think I saw a statue of Buddha. She had a silver military tank in the corner near the door -- to her right. Mr. Dole asked her for her autograph for his daughter. She happily complied. Mr. Poage then told her we should go and not take up more of her time. In a way, she seemed relieved. She mentioned what a burden she had meeting so many people in her home. Certainly she was under great strain, so near the election. Our Ambassador said he felt her chances of being the Prime Minister after the election, were only 50-50. Most people feel that she is not a stern enough person when she ~~speaks~~ deals with critical issues. Many feel she bends with the wind. As we made our exit, an official in the outer office said he would arrange to send us autographed photos of the Prime Minister. Hyde ~~and~~ stayed to give the name and addresses. The rest of the party went downstairs. I waited outside for Hyde. As I stood there waiting for Hyde, Mrs. Gandhi walked out of the office, surrounded by the press. As she passed where I was standing, she smiled at me. Finally Hyde ascended from the office, and we went to the cars. Senator Miller, Mr. Poage, and Mr. Dole, Hyde and I decided to go shopping, prior to dinner at the Roosevelt House at 6:30 P. M. We

went to the Inter-Continental Hotel and browsed around. I bought a small Indian doll for Kitty. We hung around there for awhile and then drove on back to the Roosevelt House. The dinner was a buffet. As soon as the Ambassador came, we served ourselves from a beautiful table. We had a large fish, cooked in whole. There was some sort of pork there also. We had agreed to have a meeting after the dinner to work up a final draft of the letter. The dinner drug on and on. Finally, we assembled in Mr. Poage's room and began our talks. Dole was reluctant and it looked as if there might be no signature from him. Finally, however, Mr. Poage and Senator Miller offered to change their recommendation of all donations to maximum of donations. Also we rearranged the order of the letter, placing the "reservation for further comment" paragraph in a more noticeable location. Dole then agreed. I frankly feel that he had worked himself into a bad place with his reluctance to sign and was happy to have an excuse to sign. Senator Miller then offered to type the letter. It was decided to send the Secretary of Agriculture a cable that night saying we recommended 1.8 million tons (mostly donation) to be sent soon. We also told him that Mr. Dole would hand deliver a letter to the Secretary as soon as he arrived in Washington, D. C., on December twenty-third. The Embassy folks had shown us a cable from Mr. Freeman which asked us to wire the President our recommendation as soon as possible. We did not follow this suggestion, however.

Finally, we returned to our room to face up to our tremendous packing chore. We had not had our excess baggage ticket transferred for the route we had decided to take. Mr. Poage wanted to send our purchases by APO. I objected and suggested we talk to Air France (which we were able to take from New Delhi to Saigon at 4:00 A. M. the next day). Hyde talked to Air France and they said it would be o.k. I went to great pains to pack my duffle bag. I finally went to sleep about 12:30. We were awakened at 2:15 A. M. and drove to the airport. Mr. Spivak accompanied us. The airport at New Delhi has terrible passenger facilities -- very dingy. John Shirley (our Embassy attache) came with a photographer. We boarded with no difficulty and took off about 4:20. I almost immediately went to sleep. The Air France plane was nice but not quite so roomy as the Pan Americans. We had the first three seats. Before we knew it, we were in Bangkok. We were given a breakfast check to eat in the terminal by Air France. We did not eat but spent the entire time (1 hour, 15 minutes) shopping. I bought a lovely Thailand doll for Kitty, two pretty pins for Doris and Mom, and a banner with Thailand on it. We returned to the plane and took off for Saigon. Frankly, I was very impressed by the appearance of the ^{people there} ~~girls~~. The girls were very pretty. They were just oriental enough to be strangely lovely. Their features were delicate -- not radical like the Chinese or the Japanese. The weather there was hot and humid. As we approached Saigon I

must admit that I was a bit apprehensive. As we approached Tan^Sanouk Airport, we saw several military planes and helicopters. We had to circle about thirty minutes or so because of the traffic. It, we were told, is the busiest airport in the world. We finally landed; it was after one. One thing I should mention -- while we were traveling from Bangkok to Saigon, a lady asked Hyde to look at her tape recorder, which was similar to his, but broken. I thought I recognized her, and when she returned to her seat behind me, I introduced myself and she told me she was Mrs. Albert Thomas. I told Mr. Poage and he and she rode together for the rest of the trip. As we landed, we were met by a Mr. Eason and a Mr. Cooper (whom we had seen on our trip to ~~Bar~~ es Salaam~~3~~ two years ago). We went to the VIP Lounge and our baggage was brought to us. I told Mr. Eason that we did not want them to do anything to interfere with their normal activities. He said we would be no trouble to them and they were happy we had stopped by. We went to our hotel which had just been opened. It was built by AID and our stay would not cost us anything. We went to our rooms briefly and then came down to eat lunch in the dining room with Mr. Eason. I had a steak which was tough and tasteless. When we finished, we left for AID HQ for a two and one half hour briefing. Mr. Donald McDonald who heads AID in South Vietnam gave us a very interesting talk. He pointed out that in 1966 our AID program totaled 700 million. It

was divided into four parts -- (1) Anti-inflation, 70%; (2) Revolutionary Development 5%; (3) War Related Activities, 10%; and (4) Nation Building. He said that the newspaper people had grossly overestimated the loss of aid through corruption and theft. They had estimated up to 40%. Mr. McDonald said his check figured about 3 to 5%. He said this loss occurs between the docks and delivery to the importer. He said that any theft thereafter cannot be attributed to AID and, anyway, it makes its contribution to the South Vietnamese economy unless the VC obtain it. He said the port congestion is improving, delays were shorter. He said that he thought the South Vietnamese government paid for any delay. Our meeting was at AID Headquarters Number 1. There were two main buildings. A summary of this briefing will be added to the end of this log.

We returned to our car with Mr. Eason. Saigon is a teeming city. The streets are literally filled with bicycles and motor bikes. The traffic and exhaust fumes are horrible. I think it is a dirty city. There are numerous stately homes built by the French and tall trees. We drove out toward Ben Hoi and saw work being done on the Saigon River port facilities. The climate was very hot and uncomfortable. We were also very sleepy. In fact, it was hard for all of us to keep awake during the briefing. We learned that a reception was being held for Mrs. Thomas at some downtown hotel. Although we were very tired, Mr. Poage felt we should make an appearance.

We came back to the hotel at 6:15 and rested until 7:30 when we were to leave for the reception. My stomach was in bad shape, but at 7:30 I left with Hyde and Mr. Poage. We arrived at the party which was on the roof of a hotel. There were many people there. Mr. Poage was asked by Mrs. Thomas to join her in the receiving line -- poor fellow. There was a large buffet. A Vietnamese band did a horrible job trying to play American music. I wandered off to the side and someone pointed out an area near the airport where one of our planes continually dropped flares by parachute to keep the area lighted. There were many planes flying in all directions. Finally, at shortly past 8:00 we left and returned to our hotel for a welcome sleep.

December 12, 1966, Thursday.

At 7:15 I was awakened. I dressed and went down to breakfast. ~~Ess~~* I had a very weak orange juice, some very good sliced pineapple, a cheese omelet and terrible hot chocolate. At 8:00 A. M. Mr. Eason arrived and we left with our bags. We went to the military HQ in the Province of Gia Binh. We had an interesting briefing on the military situation, by some of our men. The problem, of course, is finding and identifying the VC. In the province, which surrounds Saigon, the VC have eight battalions. Before US forces arrived the strength was only 4.1. Now it is higher. The kill ratio is now a better 7.1. We left there and went with AID people over the province. We saw a new fish pond project which meant added income to a

small hamlet. The water looked so filthy to me that I didn't see how the fish could live there. They fed the fish cornmeal. The people also built their toilets on stilts over the pond so that the human waste could further enrich the already filthy water. We traveled on to a pig project. Here a family was given a pig. If the pig was sold or lost with out explanation, the family had to pay for it. They didn't have to pay for it, if the pig could be proven to be dead due to natural causes. The people could arrange for breeding and keep the ~~profits~~ piglets. We saw several healthy sows and some nice pigs. AID also furnished the people cement with which to build the pens. They, too, were in good shape. I then met an AID employee by the name of Wally Westwood, who was from Houston. He had been a roommate of Jim Metz at Austin College. He said that Jim was making a career of the Air Force as an officer. This was a surprise to me. He asked us to call his folks collect in Houston. We also promised to write letters for a couple of other fellows.

We went on to a peanut crushing mill where oil was extracted by machine. This building had been built with AID concrete. We also visited a vegetable farm and rice mill. Everytime we got out of the cars we could see South Vietnamese guards posted all around for our protection. The territory was beginning to get very dense in vegetation. It was easy to see why this was such a difficult war.

We left and started for the airport. All through the city

we saw sand bunkers with guards. Rolls of barbed wire were all about. The city seemed to go on as usual -- a very strange picture. We arrived at the airport shortly after noon. Mr. Eason, Mr. Poage, and I took the luggage over to have it checked. The place was hot and a mass of confusion. Our troops were all about. Signs that read "Merry Christmas" seemed irrelevant and meaningless. I don't see how the Christmas spirit could ever be felt in Saigon. Everyone we talked to seemed either totally unexcited about the coming Christmas and New Year's truces. Most felt it was not only futile but simply gave the VC a breathing period. Mr. Yang of the Travel Office of our Embassy, came and greatly expedited the process. He filled out our forms and saved us a great deal of time. After arguing about the fouled-up excess baggage checks (Pan American was not so lenient as Air France had been), we finally were permitted to check our bags by the Pan American officials ignoring Hyde's excessive weight and combining Mr. Poage's and mine. This whole business took about 3/4 of an hour.

When we returned to the VIP Lounge, Lt. Col. Bob Koenig had arrived. Hyde had contacted him the night before, and he had arranged to meet us at the airport. It was really ~~good~~^{nice} to see him. He said that not too much was going on where he was -- about 25 miles from Saigon. We made some photos and some recordings with him. Due to Mr. Yang's connections, we were permitted to board the plane early. We were late leaving due mainly to heavy traffic.

About 1:45 we took off and left Saigon. We had lunch immediately. I ate veal and drank champagne. About 4:20 we landed at Hong Kong -- the most beautiful place we have landed so far. It is nestled among high mountains. The airport is on the mainland. There is a beautiful airport building there, but the shops in the transit terminal were not as many as I had expected. However, I managed to drop ten dollars for a doll and a pair of brocade pajamas. About 5:30 we took off for Tokyo. Dinner was ready to be served again -- I wasn't hungry, but I ordered quail.

My meal came with two quail. They were pretty good and, as soon as I finished, we were preparing to land at Tokyo. The city looked bright with its lights gleaming. We had to fill out a cholera card and a doctor came on board, but he didn't do anything. It was only about 44° there. We walked into the airport -- along a lengthy corridor. Finally, we reached the transit lounge and there were a good many souvenir counters. I wound up buying two dolls, two compacts, tie clasp and cuff link set and a Tokyo pennant. We reboarded the plane and were off to Honolulu. We were picking up hours so fast that I lost track of time. As soon as we reboarded, we were given menus for dinner. Although, I wasn't hungry, I ordered veal and it tasted good.

Thursday, December 22, 1966

I went right to sleep, woke up at daylight, changed shirts,

and prepared for breakfast. I had eggs and sausage. We filled out our customs slips and approached Honolulu. We had a good view of Pearl Harbor and Diamond Head. We landed and found that Customs was aware of Mr. Poage's presence. They let us off the plane early and we were taken through quickly. We got courtesy of the port and were not inspected. Mr. Poage and I were below the limit, but Hyde had \$300.00 or more, due to his leopard and wolf skins. He was happy to get that break and pay no duty. I wandered around the terminal and purchased one doll for four dollars. We took off, got free headsets and I listened to Christmas carols. It was hard to believe it was Christmas time, but it was. About 6:30 we landed in San Francisco. We were met by a Pan American agent who was expecting Mr. Poage. We put our bags into lockers and got rooms at a nearby Hilton Inn to await our 1:35 A. M. take-off for Dallas where we were to be met by Mickey.