

Tuesday June 2- I got a second cholera shot in the morning and left Uppsala by noon. I ate lunch in Stockholm at 2:00 p.m., then I bought \$350 travelers checks at American Express. Drove on to Bo Moller's farm. I was really cold and had a strong reaction to the cholera shot. (Speedometer start of triplllllll!)

Wednesday June 3- Since my scooter is getting only 20 km/li we worked on our scooters a while. Couldn't figure out what was wrong, but tightened nuts on stand and greased front. We looked over the whole farm. It is a good deal like Wisconsin farms but they don't have any cows at this one. We dug on the foundations for an extension to the house. We drove back to Kungsör in hopes of finding someone who would look at my scooter (unsuccessful.) Bought groceries. Watched T.V. Slept under 3 blankets.

Thursday June 4- Still cold and rainy. This farm has no cows, just pigs and they grow wheat. About 2/3 of the land is in forests. Halfway to Norköping it really started to rain. I waited at a little kiosk. Arrived in Norköping soaked. Temperature 68°. I left the scooter at a shop where they replaced the gaskets in the fuel line and carburetor, cost 33 s. kr=\$6. Drove on to the vandrarhem in Granna. There was an Indian boy from Kenya and a group of Swedish speaking Finnish students. We all had a good time.

Friday June 5- I drove to Helsingör, it was cold at first but gradually a little warmer and finally sunny. This is a beautiful vandrarhem in a big garden. Very new attractive cabins in the Swedish traditional and fine workmanship. The Swedish here all sounds like Danish which I find rather amusing. I am beginning to realize that I will be sorry to leave Sweden, perhaps because of the effort expended in partially learning the language. Nevertheless I continually long for warm sunny weather. (280 km idag)

Saturday June 6- I had breakfast on the ferry to Helsingör. Got to Sven Schmidt's about 12:00 noon. I had a lunch of raw hamburger, onion, raw egg sandwich. Went sailing with MaryAnn Schmidt. In the evening I enjoyed it at Tivoli.

Sunday June 7- Went sailing all day on Sven's boat. It was a

long trip from Copenhagen to an island Vin halfway back to Helsingbor - Helsingor. The island is Swedish. It was a long way back and we used the motor and the mainsail. Watched Danish T.V. in the evening "Det var rolig! "

Monday June 8- In the morning I went with Sven to the Danish world war II museum. Then I ate at "lile apoteck". I intended to drive only to Nykabing but ended on taking the ferry to Germany and continuing to Lubec. It is still cold and rainy.

Tues. June 9- Drove to Hamburg. Visited professor Heinz Menzel and Dr. R. Guldentsch at the University. I saw a telefunken digital computer which actually squeaked. The geology department here has 80 students, 50 % foreigners from developing countries. There are 20 students in Geophysics. I stayed in a hostel at Luneburg.

Wed. June 10- Drove over the hills to Clausthal- Zellerfeld to visit a fellow who was supposed to be interested in correlation analysis at the institute für geophysics. No- one was at the whole institute, not even a secretary. Drove on to Eshwege where I spent the night at a nice hostel with an uncomfortable bed. Full of kids 15-16 and were very friendly.

Thur. June 11- After late breakfast and a look around the town with the kid's school teacher I drove on. This was the first day that it was really warm and sunny. Luggage carrier came off, fixed for 5 marks. I saw a little village with a wall completely around it just off the main road. I drove in and had a beer at a quaint little hotel. Not a tourist trap. The city was full of farmers and their fat wives. Although it was early I was charmed and quite sunburned so I spent the night. 4 marks incl. breakfast

Fri. June 12- Long haul to Munich. I took the autobahn because it was the only good way, but much less scenic. I had lunch in a U.S. army canteen which I paid in dollars and not in marks. I had a very big beer in the worlds biggest beer hall. There was a polka band in lederhosen. Since I don't like big cities I drove the first 20 km towards Insbruck. It seems to be a

tourist area and I had to pay 6.90 DM. A lot more sun today.

Sat June 13- Took a slow ride to Innsbruck. Picked up a hitchhiker who said he was a doctor of philosophy in mathematics. I saw a lot of interesting white water..... on Innsbruck, at least on Saturday, it seems that a majority of people drink beer at beer gardens. A large number wear lederhosen and many wear hiking boots and pack sacks (complete with fresh alpine flowers sticking out). I would have gone hiking, but there did not seem to be any organized groups.

Sun: June 14- Left early in the morning up the Brenner pass on the old road. Most traffic now uses the autobahn. I expected a steep road, but 3rd gear was sufficient. I saw the bob-sled run. That really looks lethal. After crossing the Italian border I went to Trento and then took a more obscure road to Feltre. At last I got away from the tourists and it seems, the tourist prices. Went past many old interesting ruins. The hostel in Feltre, once I found it, is in the old city by the main square on top of a hill. All of the buildings look as though they once represented great wealth, but now the windows are just boarded up. The people are all very clean and properly dressed. It is quite unlike anywhere north of here. The women all wear nylons and heels and ride the back of their husband's scooters among these impressive ruins. People sit together in front of little shops and drink wine which they pay 4 cents per small glass. (5 ounces) This town has only a very moderate amount of traffic, but there are two policemen, dressed all in white, directing traffic very seriously. One gave out two tickets that I saw, so I avoided their intersections. It thundered and lightened all night and rained in the morning.

Mon. June 15- I drove to Venice. It rained in the morning on the way. At Venice you had to cross a bridge to the city. As soon as you are over the bridge you must park and take a boat. I tried to walk to the American Express. I had a map, and theoretically it is possible, but finally I gave up and took one of the boats which runs like a bus line. (Cost 55 lire= 8 cents) When I got there I found that lunch time in Venice is from 12 to 3! So I had

lunch, good but still expensive, \$1.60. At American Express I got more travelers checks \$500 and \$100 in cash and met some American girls who had studied in Italy for a year. I was sort of tired from the rain, heat, driving, walking and boat ride. They cheered me up a good deal and told me where the youth hostel was and how to live more cheaply in Venice. In the bunk room that evening I heard an English boy speaking such bad French I could nearly understand it. It turned out he was talking to a Hungarian boy who knew little English. I invited them out for a glass of wine, cheap, 4 cents a glass, 12 cents total.

Tues. June 16- I introduced the boys and girls I had met (all about 20 years old). We visited a museum, a church, a bell tower, had sandwiches on a boat to Lido a famous beach. Everyone was very cheerful when we sat down at an empty outdoor cafe, our gay disposure perhaps soon encouraged a lot of other people to sit there too. I stayed another night in Venice.

Wed. June 17- I drove to Trieste. Goofed around a lot trying to find the American consulate, never did. Finally ended out at the hostel, there I met a group of specialist from Turkey, Greece, Yugoslavia. Found out there was no need to go the U.S. consulate, just go to the border. They say water is good in Yugo and Greece, get local currency before entering Yugo and Turkey for a better rate. Carry extra gas in Yugo and Turkey. Ham sandwich and wine= 25 cents I had three orders.

Thur June 18- Bought an extra tire and wheel for my scooter so I would have a spare which cost \$13. Got a 5 liter can for extra gas. Went to border, in ten minutes. They didn't check baggage or ask questions about currency import (\$1= 850 dinars outside Yugo, \$1= 750 dinars inside). Trieste was very rich. Rural Yugo is quite poor. Drove on an excellent road to Rijeka (Fiume). Ate and was a little disappointed considering price. Many many German tourists. Drove on to Karlobag. The sea is beautiful and the road is excellent. Anywhere you look in the water you can see beautiful fish (small 6 inches). Hotels are fairly expensive \$2 but

you can get a room in the town for about a dollar. All the rooms in the town are controlled by a central office. You can't dicker on the price. The room I got was very clean. Five people in a small 3 room house. Indoor "outdoor" plumbing. Religious pictures all over. Couldn't drive to the house because street is narrow and has steps. House made out of stone but has electricity. Another communist meal from exactly the same menu they had 200 kilometers back. Ate with nice Parisians. After supper I moved my scooter and a kid tried to charge me 90 dinars (15 cents) for all night parking (a town of size 300.) I refused to pay and we went back to the tourist office to see if we could find someone to translate. A fellow who spoke English told the kid not to charge me. He turned out to be a good friend, a civil engineer on a gang of 400 road construction men. He treated me to a coffee at a ritzy "Germans-only" motel. His friend treated me to the local specialty, cherry juice. He also told me a lot of Yugoslav words and how to count.

Dorđe Rokic

Tabla 4

Split, Jugoslavija

(Dorđe= George)

Fri. June 19- The road is really spectacular and it has been from Trieste. I woke at 5 and thought it was 7 so I went up, but had to hang around town to get my passport back from the tourist man at 7. I bought about a 2lb. loaf of bread for 92 dinars = 15 cents and a bag of cherries. Drove and drove. Excellent road most of the time, but I was shortly to get a change. Just after the road turned incredibly bad. I had to use 3rd gear in order to go slow enough. Very tiring. Then I came to a fork in the road which said SPLIT 68, SPLIT 82. I tried the 68, but after 100 meters I gave up and took the 82. After an hour or so I came upon a group of people. A policeman stopped me and then let me pass slowly. I realized this was the scene of an accident and I passed a body covered by a white bloody sheet with the group of people standing 50 feet away. I was frightened and determined to leave Yugo soon. A while later I met a couple from Denmark, had some good food and revived my spirits, also came back onto good road. I drove and drove past Omis. I went up a big hill and suddenly the road got incredibly

bad again so I went back down to look for a room. I went to the tourist office, they sent a man with me to the room. It was locked so I was to wait while he went to find the key. He never came back. When I went to the tourist office it was closed. Tough luck! Even the expensive hotel was full so tough luck, I slept on a park bench. It wouldn't have been too bad but the Yugoslavs are really curious. When you drive thru a moderate size town everyone stares at you. They also stare at my scooter. Despite the fact that it is a popular Italian model they have probably never seen one like it.

Sat June 20- After a none too comfortable sleep I went back up the mountain (at 3:30 a.m.). The road is so rough and narrow that I stopped to let on-coming vehicles pass. One time after stopping on the side on some "squishy" gravel I fell off the scooter and skinned my knuckles. After a couple of hours of this I found myself back on good seacoast road and went to Makarska. I met an English girl who sings for a German music group touring Yugo. Neither of us had talked english much with anyone who could really speak it so we enjoyed talking about our experiences. She recommended a room just south from town which I went and took. I met a fellow (also called Đorđe) who spoke a little English because he was in an American hospital during the war. Several people have showed me their bullet holes. They have many conspicuous monuments throughout the countryside for the Germans and Italians to ~~see~~. He wanted me to go to visit his uncle who had spent some years in Australia and would speak English better than he could. First I swam, then I slept, then we took my scooter to a tiny village high up on the mountainside. In a one room stone hut was everything. Two smoked pigs hanging from the ceiling, also some hams. Electric hot plate, chickens running around the table about which we sat. I was offered wine mixed with water (bitter), calf cooked over and open fire (delicious), bread baked in Makarska), cheese, considered this all a big treat. The uncle (Joseph Vitlich) said his father was in America and purchased one share in the Arizona Sulphur Co. for \$100 in 1917 (father is M. Vitlich).
 Joseph Vitlich
 P.O. Tucepi
 Dolmacija, Jugoslavija

In 1925 he was offered \$2000 for this share but he didn't sell. Recently he decided to sell and it was to be taken care of by a relative of his wife in Beograd (Belgrade). This relative claimed to have lost some essential paper, so, no money. Now Joe Vitlich would like me to check up on how the stock was disposed of. This I will certainly do. Then I went back to my room (800 dinars= \$1) to really sleep. Joe had said you had to work much harder in Australia than Yugoslavia, but you got much richer. He hauled logs out of the woods with a team of horses.

Sun June 21- I got up at 5:00 a.m. to go to Dorde's house. We were supposed to go fishing at 4. There were 2 other guys hanging around Dorde's house but we couldn't understand each other. After an hour and a half I went home to sleep. It turned out Dorde overslept. I went swimming and lazed away the day and tried to get this diary caught up. In the evening I was sitting here on the veranda trying to get caught up when a bunch of friends of the landlord arrived. Big party, me invited. Sardines, bread, ham, wine, and some kind of local liquor something like schnapps. I offered cigars which I had bought in Denmark. Most thought they were extremely terrible, it seems they don't have cigars here. They all liked Roosevelt and Kennedy. Don't know about Johnson. Not so keen on Truman and Eisenhower. After Tito dies, RANKOVIC (who is vice president), but they prefer a guy called KARDELJ. They want me to take pension here at 3000 dinars a day, but I think it is too high (= \$4) so I eat bread and sardines and salomi from the grocery store for about \$1 and another \$1 for the room.

Mon June 22- Another day of laziness. I went to Dorde's house again but he says he went out at 3a.m. with a light and has already finished fishing. I think he slept again. The Yugoslavs are very partial to Americans. It is really unfortunate that so few are here. One day an old worker was hitch-hiking. I gave him a 2 kilometer ride. He tried to give me a package of cigarettes for the ride. I'm sure it wasn't worth that to him, he just wanted to be friendly. About 90% of the tourist cars are German D and the rest, from my

observations, are about equally divided between B Belgium, F France, NL Netherlands, DK Denmark, and GB Great Britain. I saw no cars from USA, Russia, or Sweden, but a few from Switzerland. Spent some of the evening talking to kids. All nouns and many verbs are quite easy to teach each other with sign language. You can also figure out some fairly abstract words like same= izto.

Tues June 23- While I was swimming one of the kids brought me a note which says, "come here" so I went up^{to} the cottage at which I am staying, and there is another friendly old fellow who thinks he can speak English. He says if I come to his house at 6:30 p.m. we will go and set out his nets and we can pick them up in the morning. Then he goes home to sleep. I talk to the boys who are building a house next door. One speaks French. The house is built by pouring cement and rocks into wooden forms. Each day the walls get about 15" higher, but I won't be able to see how they do the roof. This house will cost 3 million dinars = $3,000/1,000 = \$4,000$. It is about 25ft by 30 ft. These fellows take lunch from 12-3 and keep giving me wine (mixed with water) and finally I get sleepy and wake at 6:30 in time to go to the house of Andrij Sestic (Sheshtich) Makarska-Tucepi, Jugoslaviya. The first thing he does is give me supper. Then he explains that it is a full moon and the fish can see the net, so it is not worth the trouble to put it out. He showed me his outboard motor which appears about 5hp and cost about \$200. Then we went to a "tourist-patio" by the Adriatic (called Jadran in Yugo) and he bought me a soft drink. I suspect he paid about 4 cents, but they cost the average tourist 10 cents.

Wed June 24- Because of the extremely bad roads I took the ship to Dubrovnik. I have to push the scooter up an uncomfortable gang plank, but a stranger helps. I am traveling 2nd class, but it doesn't seem to matter if I go back on the 1st class deck. A big bottle of beer costs about 12cents and the weather is quite hot. There is a big fat German tourist in red shorts, striped shirt and gaudy gold rings. He really looks funny. An artist (from Ukraine) sketches him and later everyone laughs when they see the pictures. The fat German buys the artist beer. I arrived in Dubrovnik, undecided whether to take the ship out that night or to hang around

and see the town. While at a place where you have to pay to park your scooter and walk into the old fort in which 3,000 people live and most of the business (tourist) still is, I met a young lad, age 14, who speaks the best English I have heard in Yugoslavia. He says rooms, 700 dinar = \$1. So I say perhaps, but first I wish to look at the town. He says he will wait but I tell him to come with me. We look over the town including the father's lunch and wine shop. There are 3 Russian destroyers in the harbor, all strung up with lights so that their profile is quite impressive. Later that evening at an outdoor theater I wander past, I see a bunch of Russian sailors giving a performance, choral group, orchestra, and later some kind of acrobatic dancing, a sort of cross between ballet and folk dancing. (unlike American sailors in port) Before it is finished we got rained out. I stayed in the boy's home.

Thur June 25 - I found about the ship schedule to Corfu, Greece. I walk all around on the top of the wall of the city. At 6 p.m. I went to the fathers (Duric Marko, Dubrownik, Y.N.A. 22) wine shop. After a while the boy is there with all of the relatives. A blind fellow about my age walks in and sits next to me. The boy Nikso says to me in English, "He is blind". Although the boy knows the blind fellow he doesn't know that he speaks English. This sparks a conversation which is to last until quitting time 9:30 p.m. The blind fellow works with the summer theatrical productions. He learned English at some University with tape recorders in 9 months of 3 day week, 3 hour a day sessions. He also listens to voice of America which is not jammed, except in the Russian language.

Fri June 26- In the morning I went out with Niksa in his rowboat and we went out to the island and went swimming. There were some small fish which we tried to catch with our hands, but we couldn't. I fashioned a net out of my tee-shirt and we were able to get some. Then I ate at the only cheap cafeteria which I had found in Yugoslavia and went to get my boat ticket. It was \$12 for scooter, \$5 for me. It was plush boat with a swimming pool. I went cheapest class, but they told me, the bar is on the 1st class deck, you can go there if you like. I went there and read all the magazines. Then I got to

Bari, a fellow said he would show me to the hostel so he went with me on my scooter. Fine, but much to my surprise, he wanted money. I talked to some American girls also going to Corfu who recommended I drive to Otranto and then talked (!) to some Italian boys who studied geography, but didn't speak a word of English.

Sat June 27- I drove to Otranto, Italy. The clutch cable gave out again because the repair job in Yugoslavia was faulty. I went on the ferry anyway because it left at 3p.m., but the Vespa repair service was closed for noon siesta from 12 to 4 p.m. The Greek boat was charming! None of the snobism of the Italian line. There was an old piano on the main deck, people played and sang. The crew socialized with the passengers, many of whom were young. People sang over the ship's loudspeaker. I met a group of Australians and also the girls from the Bari hostel. Of the 4, 3 were studying to become M.D.'s and have one year left. At Corfu I couldn't find the hostel, since it was dark so I took a hotel, \$1.25.

Sun June 28- Next morning I had the scooter cable fixed promptly, efficiently and well, with a new cable. Went to a museum. Then I found out how cheap and delicious Greek food is and re-met an English and a Swedish fellow. We went to the beach. I sent post-cards, went to the Post Office, and tried to get a haircut. Only when all the barbers were closed did I discover it to be Sunday. In the evening I got back on the ship and met the girls again. We got together a big group of 12 and some of the ship's personnel helped us get cheap accomodation in a nice hotel, 15 drachma = 50 cents at Igoumenitsa.

Mon June 29- In the morning we ate some special Greek pastries made mainly with honey. (This diary was written one week behind aboard ship at this point.) Then I drove ahead of the others to Ioannia where they caught up to me. I suggested we go thru a limestone cave nearby. Every-one liked the idea so after buying a lot of fruit, especially sweet black cherries at a little stand. The cave was nearby, but really hard to find in a little village. They called it "speleo", Greek for cave. To find it I finally picked up a small boy on my scooter and drove with his directions. The cave

really was spectacular, about one kilometer of path and many steps. The stalagmites made a cheerful ring when we hit them with our knuckles. They had an elaborate lighting system which made things show up especially well. Finally we came out on the side of the mountain and walked down a trail. Then we went to a place called Dodani, an ancient amphitheater and had our lunch. Coming back out onto the highway Noreen Rudd, one of the girls, scooted with me. Then we drove south, I could hardly keep up with the car which contained 6 girls at this point to a little town at the Southern end of an almost enclosed bay. After haggling a bit for rooms. I got a single for 20 drachma (= 60 cents) and the girls got doubles for 15 each. Included in the price was the hotel owner's son who stood constantly in the hallway peaking thru cracks etc. Then although the sun was nearly down, we went for a swim. The townspeople thought it really amusing that anyone would go swimming at this time of the day and we led an entourage of about 15 kids (maybe 25) to the bathing place. The water was fine but the real entertainment came from the kids. Lynn Beattie 2535 Alberta Street, Vancouver, B.C. Canada, was especially clever at entertaining the kids. Finally I was with all of the boys and the girls were with the girls.

Tuesday June 30 I woke up and went out and got a haircut (24 cents) and posted a letter. When I went to buy a stamp with a bill of about \$30 it almost broke up the post office. Then I drove on to the ferrying point at Antirion to the Peloponesian peninsula. The girls passed me along the way, but I caught up at the ferry. I seem to go about 10 minutes later in one hour than a car. We had more interesting honey cakes on the backlava ferry. On the other side at Rion there was a group of fruit sellers and some fellows selling skewered lamb. This naturally took us quite a while to pass. I think this was the first time in my life that I ate figs. The water here was really clean so we decided to go swimming. While waiting for the girls to dress I met a fruit peddler who spoke pretty good English. He thought I was a Swede, but he told me how he likes English and Americans. So then I bought some tomatoes from him. After they were bought and paid for, he gave me another one! I now recall that I have met a lot of people by a

simple gesture. When any potentially friendly person walks by and I have a bag of figs or cherries or something I just say "Here, have a fig, they are really good." After a while he drove off in his vehicle which is half scooter and half truck. Then we went swimming. The water was so nice and clear that we commented on seeing our own shadow on the bottom, 10 feet below. After the swim and usual sun I asked Noreen Rudd, 6060 Balsam St., Vancouver 13, B.C., Canada if she would like to ride with me on the scooter a while. She did and we decided to meet the others for the night at Olympia. After about 10 kilometers we had a flat back tire which took about 15 minutes to change to the spare, glad now that I bought it. On the way we saw a huge cathedral under construction. First we thought it was reconstruction, since we didn't know they kept building such style churches. I thought I saw sugar cane along the highway, but it turned out to be cane without sugar. They were growing a lot of tobacco along the roadside. Also watermelons. We came across a band of gypsies whose children were virtually the only beggars we came across in Greece. Finally we got to Olympia and visited the museum of the olympic games and then we went to the museum of the ancient ruins and then we went to the ruins. We were really impressed, but it became dark before we finished seeing everything and we had to leave the site of the ruins. We met the others and they had arranged a really nice hotel, quite cheaply. With a group we always got fine rates. Noreen and I went out to eat and we ordered just one glass of their resinated wine. We had been warned that we probably wouldn't like it, and it turned out, although we didn't know it then, that they didn't bring us the resinated type. It is wine with a distinctive flavor due to having been stored in resin barrels. (Olympic games revived by Baron Coumerin in 1896)

Wed. July 1 We went back to the ruins at Olympus. This seems to have been a place where they just had sports. But what elaborate buildings they must have been. Now only their base and a few isolated pillars and the foundations remained. All of the buildings related to sports, dressing rooms, bathing, stadium, track, etc, religious building associated with sports, and a hotel, as most of the athletes must have been visitors. Then we drove on, had a picnic lunch after Tripolis. After lunch we wanted to take a little nap,

but there was no convenient place. Even considerable searching yielded nothing but thistles, thistles, and more thistles with an occasional cactus. We gave up. Then we drove on to Argus where we climbed a rather long hill to an old fortification on top. We were really impressed with it. It had been built by Venecians. There were open wells and cisterns in various states of repair and seemed quite dangerous. Then we went on to Nafplion where we stayed at the hostel. Noreen and I ate a whole watermelon together.

Thursday July 2 First we visited Tirys, a ruin from about 1500 years before Christ. The fort had some walls 5 meter =15 feet thick. Then we went to the Mycean ruins, equally old. We were fortunate to follow a professor's lectures to his students. At the end we walked with candles down an old cistern which was shaped like a staircase cut into the rock. It seemed about 4 stories below ground. There were also some archeologists there busy with paint brushes removing the earth from around old pottery. Then we went on to old Corinth. These ruins are from the Hellenic time, about 460 B.C. Corinth was supposed to be a place of lush living. There were some remains of the Jewish synagogue from the Jews who gave the apostle Paul a hard time. After that we drove to new Corinth, heard a lot of electioneering for the mayoralty and had more watermelon and spent the night.

Friday July 3 Left Corinth, saw the canal which divides the Peloponesian peninsula from mainland Greece. Then we visited the ruins at Elefsis. These ruins were well preserved and would have impressed me more had I not seen so much of this nature in previous days. Then we visited a Byzantine church at Dafni. Some of the mosaic murals looked almost new. Then we went to Athens. The girls stayed at the YWCA for the warm water, but I stayed at the youth hostel.

Saturday July 4 In the morning I went to a lot of places and got nothing done. At the U.S. Embassy they said come back Monday. I ate lunch with Noreen, 3 Drachma = 10 cents for a ham sandwich. Then we went to the museum to see all of the more precious things, statues, pottery, etc. which had been taken from the ruins. This museum was quite interesting after seeing the ruins, but would not have been so interesting before because now we knew better what we were looking

at. Noreen had the bright idea to charter a boat so we stopped in at an agent. There was just the perfect thing available. Seven bunks cost \$55 per day or just under \$8 each. We said we would call back at 10:00 P.M. to the agents house if we had our group formed. That evening I ate at the Y, we met two boys who were teaching English in the Peace Corps in Turkey. Then we went to something called Sound and Lights a sort of narration given while different colors and intensities are shown on the acropolis, the narration being about the battle of Pericles and Xerxes and the building of the acropolis. We had found a group of 6 so we called the agent and chartered the boat for our big splurge.

Sunday July 5 Sunday morning we went to the Acropolis. Since it was also election day it was closed at 10:30 A.M. Then we saw the changing of the guard. Then to the city gardens for lemonade. Then we departed and I met a very friendly Greek tailor. He showed me a newspaper article that he translated to English about the Cyprus problem. The article compared the problem to the American negro problem, (83% Greek, 17% Turks) (90% White, 10% Negro). But 35% of the government officials are by U.N. agreement Turks whereas only 1% or so American government people are Negroes. The article was very critical of the American press for its pro-Turkish stand. I didn't think of myself as being particularly pro-Turkish, but he did. I said the island should be partitioned and 83% given to Greece and 17% to Turkey. He said it should all go to Greece. Many people have said that tourist traffic is especially low this summer in Greece because of the fighting in Cyprus. After this Costas Fiorakis, 39 Asklipiou S.T., Athens and Dutch girl he met at the hostel and I and Noreen went to a little restaurant on a roof top just below the acropolis. Wonderful view of everything from this highpoint. Once they removed the wine from our table and a moment later the police came to see if any wine was being sold on election day. We had the resinated kind, it tastes like mouldy bread. I wouldn't get it again.

Monday July 6 We went to the boat agent and paid our money, all 7 of us. I went to the U.S. Embassy and found I didn't need a visa to Turkey, but did everywhere else. I brought my passport to the Syrian embassy for a visa, they wanted to keep it overnight.

I got the second typhoid-paratyphoid shot. Later I went to Costas' tailor shop and talked to him a while. He said the Dutch girl he took out said she was a lesbian. At 7 P.M. we met and went to the harbor. I had to replace a spark plug along the way. The engine started missing and within 2 kilometers it was dead. The old plug looked O.K., but much to my delight, a new plug cured all the ill. We bought lots of watermelon and boarded ship.

Tues-Wed-Thur July 7,8,9 I write about these days together as it was mainly sailing, swimming and visits to little island towns. (later....I never did get around to writing about this idyllic time)

Friday July 10 We disembark and go our separate ways. First I picked up my passport at the Syrian embassy and brought it to the Iraq embassy for an Iraqi visa. The man at the Iraqi embassy was very pleasant and we talked for about an hour about the problem they have with Israel. I found out about a ship leaving the next day to Turkey. I bought spare parts for my scooter. I bought a pair of kahki pants (100 Drachmi = \$330). I talked more with people who had come from Asia. Slept at the Youth Hostel annex.

Saturday July 11 Went for my passport. Decided to get later visas in Damascus. Got a shot for tetanus. This took 2 hours and 4 sticks, partly because they must also test for allergy. Went and got my ticket for the boat, tourist class with bed and 2 meals plus scooter cost \$25 from Athens to Izmir and I understand the cost is the same to Istanbul. By the time this was finished, the banks were closed and I would not be able to change money in Greece as the ship was to leave at 6:00 P.M. When I got to the dock at Piraeus it turned out that the ship had not yet arrived. There was a great deal of confusion. Finally got on at 10:30 P.M. Tourist class is a room full of bunks, something like a Youth Hostel, but they supply the sheet.

Sunday July 12 Had a fair breakfast and an excellent dinner of many courses on the ship. Disembarkation at Izmir took about 4 hours. Much confusion was avoided by the help of a Turkish acquaintance.

Hasan Ozkul, 1691 Sokak. No:35 Karsiyaka - Izmir, Turkey
He bought me supper, having a smaller portion for himself and invited me to his home. He was learning English and wanted to talk.

We walked around the city in the evening. Some men were smoking a sort of pipe which they rent from the owner of the sweet shop or what ever they call it from which they purchase tea and other soft drinks. The Islam religion forbids drinking. Hasan says he says prayers 5 times a day with a sort of bead rosary but he missed a few today. He wanted to know if I had any sisters and said that he would like to write, so I gave him Lorna's address. He invited me to stay another day as there were, he said many interesting things to see at Izmir, but I refused on the grounds that this trip is way behind schedule, (if there were a schedule). I stayed at his room, free. That pipe above rents for 8 cents a load which seems to last a whole evening, anyway it lasted longer than I did. The gap between rich and poor seems greater here than in Greece.

Monday July 13 We had breakfast of meatballs, tomatoes, and hot peppers. These hot peppers were the first food I had on the trip which I just could not eat, too hot! Then I took Hasan to his job, "notary", and left town 8:30. Went thru Ephesus (Efes) but did not feel like sight seeing. Bought a watermelon and ate it by the roadside. About 210 km before Denizli the road got very bad and indeed was under construction. It was also very hot. About 10 km before Denizli, I decided I must rest (this is nearly a desert area) and I passed a bunch of men in some shade by a sort of drink stop. As usual, every eye was glued to me. I took a chair right in the middle and ordered Gazoz something like lemon soda. After a while I ordered tea, which they call Chy or Chi like the Russians. After a while I began to feel much more relaxed and cool and began to appreciate the scenery. Aside a sluggish stream sat a big camel. These camels really are big. I would estimate 7 or 8 feet from their mouth to the ground. I believe they could carry one of the donkeys you see all over Greece. The road was a hundred feet away but everytime a car passed we got covered with a layer of dust. A boy decided to splash water on the ground all around in our shade (the shade was made with a few poles as a frame loosely covered with cane stalks). I was amused to note that even water falling on the ground stirred up clouds of dust. A fellow was repairing shoes. The men offered me cigarettes which in a sense of courtesy I accepted.

When I tried to pay for my tea and soda they wouldn't let me. After about 3 hours the heat of the day was diminished and I drove on to Denizli. The first hotel I looked at was filthy. I decided to eat first and had two big shishkabobs at 2 lira each (1 lira = 10 cents). Then I tried to get directions to get to Konya. I began to suspect that I would have been much better off taking the ship to Istanbul rather than Izmir because the fare was the same and driving to Syria could have been on all asphalt roads, but now tomorrow would be all day on gravel roads and I would have to take a long swing to the north, an unavoidable 100 kilometers straight north on bad road. Then I found a tourist office but it turned out to be of no use, containing only a silly flirt who could read English out of a phrase book. I tried the post office but still no luck on my query (which of 3 routes should I take?) Some people are amazingly stupid as regards sign language. I must also say the Turks seem to act stupid generally, although I don't suppose they are dumber than anyone else. Then I tried the Police Station. More free tea and directions and another cigarette. One particularly friendly fellow told me of the best hotel in town (it was) and said I could park in the police garage. I showered. Walking around town I bought some fruit. I met a high school junior with pretty good English he picked up from some Peace Corps teachers. Three girls here last school year. He told me of some ruins of an ancient village Pamukkale 20 km distant and off the main road. Unfortunately I felt I had to pass this up too.

Tues July 14 In anticipation of a very rough day. I arose at 5:00 A.M. to begin driving. After about an hour I stopped and bought a bowl of soup which seemed as though it were made with (curds and whey) cheese. After another 2 hours I bought a shish-kabob. Although gravel, the road was well graded and the weather not too hot when I arrived in Afyon. The city is built about a tremendous rock which is about 700 feet high. It has stairs going up it, but I couldn't find them. Later in the evening I met two jokers who wanted to be friendly. Lets go to the hotel restaurant they said. I said I had eaten, but I would join them but not eat. They proceeded to get quite drunk on wine and at the end they wanted me to pay \$2 of the \$3 bill. I insisted \$1 each but finally gave \$1.50.

Then they wanted me to go to some park with them. Didn't go. I was really disgusted by this experience. (Later they wrote me and I now take a more tolerant view of their indulgence.)

Weds July 15 I drove to Konya. There were^{vastly} about the size of this book. I also saw 2 dead horses and a dented truck. I saw a sheep herder carrying a rifle. Perhaps to shoot truck drivers with. I saw big sheep dogs which like to chase me. I went thru a bunch of museums and mosques. Fortunately I met an English speaking Turkish boy my age who explained a lot of things to me. Later when asking directions to a hotel, another fellow said he would show me so off we went. He proved to be a great help.

Ismet Borekci 3 Hu-US Ucus - Kontrol, Kulesi, Konya,
Turkey

He treated me to a big dinner and then after a walk around town we went to a night - club. There was music on the clarinet, a very exotic stringed instrument and a drum with a sort of horn on one end. The clarinetist wanted me to send him a good clarinet from America. The clientele were all men, no couples. The place was lighted like a class room. There were about 5 girls, a little tarty looking, whose function I believe was just to talk to the customers. They seemed nice and well mannered. Sometimes they sang with the orchestra. Hotel with hot water and private shower cost \$1.75

Thur July 16 In the morning I met a fellow Huseyin Karademir, Abdulaziz, Mah , Sain - Fahri -sok No. 9 Konya, Turkey. He is an elementary school teacher. He bought my breakfast and helped me buy a Turkish record to send home. He said he had a girl friend in Karamen which is on my way. I invited him to come along, and he did, but when we got there she was in another town so I went on and he took the bus back. I went on to Silifke and stayed in a hotel for 35 cents. The hotel was nice and clean but I was in a room with 2 Turks. At supper I met a bunch of truck drivers who surorisingly enough spoke some english and French. One owned 2 8 - ton gas trucks and said he made \$50 a day with them. He seemed to be spending it too. He treated me to drinks and rocky mountain oyster\$. These people seem to be more quick and clever than those I met in Western Turkey. I think I met too few to make generalizations.

Friday July 17 Halfway to Tarsus where there is a fort on an island just out in the sea I had a watermelon. Then I drove to Tarsus, the city where the apostle Paul was born, and met some high school boys in the tourist office who speak excellent English. They said I could stay free at a USAF camp nearby. After seeing the sights about town we went to it. 15 km. It consists of about 4 tents and no US personnel now. I found out what they do with the black market dollars they are so eager to get. They go to Turks who are outside Turkey and whose currency export is limited by law to a too small amount. Then the boys wanted to borrow my scooter and now I wonder where they are----- Well he borrowed it a few more times and came back late each time. His friend says he is rich, his father has 400 acre farm with 3 tractors. He says after next year he wants to go to college but there are 25000 applicants for the Turkish Universities and only 5000 are accepted and the rest will have to go abroad. We went to the movie "The Longest Day" which was dubbed in Turkish. The camp where we stay in for hunting boars for soldier recreation.

Sat. July 18 I bought some bulbs for the scooter and drove on to Adana. Rather, I rode in the back seat as my friend is such an enthusiast about scooter driving that he wanted to drive to Adana and take the bus back. He drives well and is interested in upkeep of the scooter. Then I drove on to Antakya which is Antioch in the English language. Today most of the people here are Moslems but there are about 100 Christian families (Greek Orthodox) and 10 or 15 Jewish families. This is the city where Peter and Paul did a lot of preaching. Hotel costs 60 cents. A pretty good supper costs 25 cents. For lunch I paid 30 cents. Breakfast 10 cents, but the food was a sort of rice porridge. In one week in Turkey I have spent exactly \$26 including gasoline and oil for the scooter, but I must admit I have been treated many times and stung seldom (once).

Sunday July 19 I arose early and drove to the Syrian border. After about an hour of complications I drove into Syria. Many military road blocks and once I saw a better housing district surrounded by Cyclone and barbwire fence with soldiers at the gate. The people

Seem poorer than Turkey. It is amusing to see the gasoline station signs in Arabic. French is the lingua franca. Then I came to the Lebanese border. All well until the last office where they decided to impound my scooter because I lack a Carnet de Passeges. They sent me off to Beirut to get one. I hitch-hiked getting an immediate ride with a French couple who had to do some extensive repacking to get me into their small car. Beirut was like coming back to Italy. Very much prosperity. I found the YMCA and checked in. Unfortunately I left my diary locked in the scooter at the border not anticipating the long while it would be before I would return.

Monday July 20 - Tuesday July 28

I. I went to the American Embassy where they assured me 2 or 3 Americans have this problem every week. Go to the Beirut Auto Club. I did and they wanted a \$700 bank guarantee. This is completely unreasonable as my scooter is worth about \$150. I wanted to telephone Sweden, but the operator refused to try to put a long distance call thru until after 6. I was unable to reach my friend Sören Lindh that night but got him the next day. Since the phone call cost \$10 for 3 minutes I tried to explain to him what I needed in 3 minutes. This whole effort came to failure as he did not understand I had already been to the Lebanese Auto Club. On the 23rd I got a telegram from him "Go to Lebanese Auto Club." I gave up on this tack and went to the Bank of America. A very optimistic fellow there told me to try to find some U.S. business in the area to underwrite me. I tried to make contact with some Geophysical Exploration Outfits (GSI for one) but they all seemed to be one man offices with the man out of town. On the 25th I wired home to send \$500 the balance (\$240) which I would make up out of travelers checks I got the money on the 29th. The fees for the whole works came to about \$17 plus \$5 for my telegram and something for the one from home and no interest on \$750 for 3 months and having to spend 11 days in Beirut when I might have stayed 3. One bonus was meeting two friends to travel with scooters. They made a \$250 guarantee in Germany.

II. The Israeli problem Israel is completely boycotted by the Arab countries. Any of the following would have kept me from getting into Syria 1) Being Jewish 2) having an Israeli visa 3)

admitting to planning to go to Israel 4) having two passports. They asked to go thru my private papers. I could not sell my scooter in the Arab countries because the Vespa Co. has some dealings with Israel. I spent several days writing around reading books on the history of Palestine problem and one can't help but have a good deal of understanding why they hate the Jews so much. Jealousy is undoubtedly part of it too. The local solution to the Cyprus problem goes as follows "Send all of the Greeks in Cyprus back to Greece Send all of the Turks in Cyprus back to Turkey. Send the Jews to Cyprus. Let the Arabs return to Palestine." Right now there are about 1.2 million Arab refugees most of whom are unemployed (many unemployable according to the U.N.) and on the United Nations dole. Advertisement by El Al, the Israeli airlines was smeared out in the Time magazine I bought. I bought a map of the near east. Israel was inked out. I hear that most English speaking magazines have a special inoffensive version for Arab countries. The man at the bank said with a scooter one might easily make an illegal entry and exit going over the desert. No thanks!

III. The Town of Beirut

About 600,000 people. Despite the long time I was here I didn't see much of it. Everything looks quite prosperous. I was especially fond of carrot juice - made while you wait from about 6 carrots per glass, 7 cents 2) roast lamb sandwich 15 cents with spearmint leaves 3) ice cream 4) weak beer 12 cents/bottle

IV. The American University of Beirut

The campus looks quite impressive overlooking the sea. The library was open to the public but was rather disappointing. I stopped in the Geology department 2 or 3 times, but there was never anyone there

V. People at the YMCA

There was an Australian who had written London for money, but they were currently having a mail strike in London so I loaned him \$5 for a telegram. He had spent some time in Cyprus getting shot at.

There was a Canadian who was a volunteer for UNRWA = UN refugee welfare agency. He got paid a per diem allowance.

The guy who sort of ran the place was a young Lebanese and he constantly felt the need to show us all how important he was. Nobody liked him.

An Australian coming by land to England. He had spent a lot of time traveling by bus in Afghanistan and loaned me a book on Afghanistan written by Arnold Toynbee which I found quite a bore.

A German was taking airplane short hop to Germany. They all told me that from here on to the East people would try to cheat you everywhere especially in India. We will see. He said, Often you could not even get a fair price by refusing to buy. Little kids swarming around you and keep grabbing at your pockets.

Jack St. Onge, a Canadian from New Brunswick is driving his scooter around the world with a Dutch friend Ed Van Bree. They have big heavy Heinkel scooters with 4 - cycle engine, battery start, oversize airfilter for dusty roads. Would cost about \$800 new in the U.S. They have been camping but Jack doesn't like the idea so much because Eddy neither cooks nor washes dishes. They have a rather different temperament also so they will not be sticking too close together.

Wednesday July 29 My money arrived at 10:30 a.m. I went to the Lebanese Auto Club and much to my surprise I got the papers immediately. I went to the Embassy of Jordan, but it was too late to get a visa so I took the bus to Tripoli 45 cents and a taxi to the border \$1.60. Got my scooter with minimum delay. I didn't lock up my shock cords and they were stolen, perhaps by the Roman cycle parked aside mine. Drove back to Beirut. Bought plastic gas can and new shock cords.

Thursday July 30 Bought two copy keys to my scooter, neither of which fit. Got Jordanian visa, free. Bought 4 zippers. Left at 2:00 p.m. Ate along the way and arrived in Damascus about 6. I was much more favorable impressed with Syria here than in the North. There seems to be little poverty here and there are some very imaginative buildings. Driving down from the barren parched hills one comes to a ravine with trees in it and little gusts of wind are quite cool. The city is an oasis. At the hostel there was much talk about the corruption in Egypt. An Iranian chap was disgusted at having everything stolen. There was an amusing cartoon to this effect in the hostel book. Another fellow told me how after talking with the police for a few minutes, they would ask if you

want to change money at the black market rate. The Iranian chap sewed one of the zippers on my pockets and I sewed on another.

Friday July 31 I looked around town at St. Ananias church, the window which Paul supposedly was let down thru with a basket, some museum and graveyards. A 20 year old girl from the States wanted a ride to Jerusalem. We started off about 3:00 p.m. Planned to stop at Mafraq, but the map was in error and the road didn't go thru Mafraq but went directly to Amman. It was getting dark before we got to Amman and a Volkswagon stopped us and asked if we would like to have some tea. We said we would prefer to go to Amman and have it there. When we got there the boy driver and his mother invited us to their house. We got a whole big supper and offer to sleep there, but since there were not enough beds the girl had to sleep with the mother. We slept on the roof, Good view! The boy wanted badly to leave Jordan and go to Germany or the U.S.A. to live. He said he was waiting his turn in the quota for the U.S. I suggested he might be able to get into Canada immediately. The government employees work from 7:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. each day, that is 6 hours. Both the father and the son work for the government. The son works as a meteorologist at the airport and says there is only about an hours worth of work every day. (New spark plug again.)

Sat. August 1 We went to visit our friend Lamir Kh. Zu'mot at his job at the Amman airport. No planes took off or landed during the hour and a half we were there. Then we drove on past the Dead Sea to Jerusalem. I found my friend with the other scooter and dropped off the girl. Glad to be rid of her. The prices are very high here in Jerusalem, you can be sure the natives do not pay the prices we often do. The best I could do for a hotel was \$1.40 and that took a good bit of chiseling and looking, but it is quite good except for the fact that the beds have no sheets, only blanket and mattress, but the room includes a private cold shower. I had a dinner which cost at least as much as it would have in the U.S.A. I think it made me sick.

Sunday August 2 Spent the whole day in bed with fever and diarrhea. At 7:00 p.m. Jack St. Onge, 534 Well St. Dalhousie, N.B. Canada

found me and gave me some pills and we scootered to the place he stays and fixed some supper.

Monday August 3 I walked around thru old Jerusalem taking in the sights. They built a very beautiful new mosque. Much of the Roman architecture remains in good condition. The city smells like a barn, often worse. Sometimes I got food at a reasonable price. Little cakes about the size of your hand with dates in the middle for 3 cents. Two would be quite filling. Bananas cost 20 cents a kilo, but they are very small and not too tasty. Oranges come from Lebanon. They sure would cheat the unwary. At a restaurant I asked prices, 3 piastas this dish, 3 piastas that, all you want mister 60 piastas (\$1.80)! Buying bananas a man told me they could be bought for 7.5 piastas kilo at a certain place. I went there and didn't bother to argue when he said 8. I pointed to the bunch I wanted and he cut them off and handed them to me and said 5 piastas. I told him to put them on the scale so he did and there was less than half a kilo so he had to give me more bananas for 4 piastas. I suppose Mecca is the same way, cheat the gullible religious pilgrim.

Bought some spark plugs and a light bulb for the speedometer. Tried to focus the headlight lower.

Jack and I wandered about the old town a bit. Some guides which he knew offered us tea and discussed at great length their successes with various tourist girls. We bought date cakes and oranges for the trip.

Tuesday August 4 - I went over to Jack's place for breakfast and we started out, stopping to look at the ruins at Jarosh. Then we drove on to Mafraq, with the intention of spending the night there. After a local meal it was 2 p.m., and not nearly so hot as one might expect in the desert so we decided to go another 200 km. to H 4, an oasis. We arrived just after dark for a total of 360 km. this day.

Wednesday August 5 We arose at 6 for breakfast. Drove to Rutbah. Despite many military blockades and police checks we were unable to find the proper place to get our "carnet de passage" stamped and I am sure this will cause trouble and delay later on. We arrived

at 11 at Rutbah, after customs, meal, watermelon, it was 2 and we decided to go to Ramani. We arrived about an hour after dark. This day we went 500 kilometers, a feat I will not again match. The road was perfect and we had a strong tail wind. We stopped at a soda water place, had one, and found the location of a cheap hotel. It was a big men's dormitory. The men slept in the same type of clothes they wear on the street, something that looks like "Mother Hubbard" night gown. They were all very friendly and talkative. I was so tired I didn't sleep well.

Thursday August 6 We drove on to Baghdad. It was much hotter than the desert and quite lived up to its reputation for heat (45° C = 114° F) We drank a lot of water. Jack met up with some boy Scouts (he always wears his scout shirt) who helped us find the YMCA. Rooms were fairly expensive (\$1.50) but we could sleep on the roof for 25 cents. This worked out great. There is a wonderful outdoor pool at the Y, admission 25 cents, but first we had to get a health certificate from a hospital on the other side of town which we got, free, with no health examination whatsoever. The heat was really intense. Standing in the pool up to your neck, your head would get so hot you would occasionally dunk it. We went to the Jordanian Embassy to explain how they had goofed up our carnet de passage to ask if they would stamp it properly and we got the idiotic bureaucratic reply "If that is the way they did it, it must be the law of the country." In the evening I went downtown to eat with a Dutch fellow, twenty years old, who speaks some Arabic and has been visiting these countries each year for the last 4 years. We had a good meal for 25 cents. This is the usual price here in Baghdad for several skewers of meat, bread, and tomatoes. Coke, 7 up, Fanta, Mission, Pepsi, and the like cost 3 1/2 cents to 5 cents a bottle.

Friday August 7 Post Office and Persian Embassy closed because Friday is the Moslem holy day of the week. I went to the U.S. Embassy to pick up my mail and had only one letter from home, the previous was a month ago in Athens. I wrote a lot of postcards and letters. I got this diary more or less caught up. I spent hours in the swimming pool. I met two English sailors on vacation

on motorcycle from Singapore to Engalnd. They told us that we had to get permission to use a section of the road in Afgahnistan that the Russians were building and the problems they had because they didn't get the proper papers in the proper place. Also met a German on a cycle who had begun in Australia and had taken the rougher northern route across Afgahnistan. We got lots of valuable advice. Later Eddy Van Bree showed up. He and I and the German went to the river where over open fires they cooked all kinds of things. One place had live carp. We chose 6 skewer~~s~~s of liver bread and tomato for 25 cents. (= 100 piasta)

Sat August 8 I picked up my visa at the Persian embassy. There was a fellow outside, probably a cab driver who tried to collect 3 pictures and passport from me. When I asked where is the post office he said he would take my letters. This big a sap I am not. Spent most of the rest of the day in the pool. I talked some with an Iraqi who wants to leave Iraq. He gave the idea that everyone does. I read the "Bagdad News." Seems to be pro-socialist, Nasser, U.S:A. I wonder what the arabic versions are like, When the sun strikes you when you are sleeping on the roof, you just have to get up so we took a place which wasn't in the sun and went back to sleep.


Sunday August 9 Jack got me up at 5:45, we packed rapidly and tried to beat it to the Persian Hills before the sun got too high. At 11:00 we got to the border, but it was too hot to continue immediately. I slept on a chair. At 2:00 p.m. we left and by 3 we hit the cooler hills. By about 6 we got to Kermanshaw where we spent the night. About 40 kids and men circled around the scooter when unpacking, fingering everything, but more or less polite. We went to a movie "Jumbo" American with voices in Persian. They were ~~selling~~ selling Walnuts on the street.

Monday August 10 Gas cost only about 6-7 cent a liter. I took Jack's picture with 40 or so people watching him load his scooter. He has a lot of junk and it take him 20 minutes to get organized but I have everything in one bag which I put on with elastic cords in about one minute. We got free soda pop when we stopped at Hamaran. Once we bought beer. 30 cents for a bottle which held

2 glasses. Fifty kilometers out of Hamaran a piece of Jacks carburetor came loose and he lost all his gas. I drove back to get more for him it took over 2 hours. Then we got a strong wind against us, and my scooter misses a bit and it got dark, but finally we got to a sort of truck stop hotel. We got overcharged on the meal. Light by gas lantern here. (Avadj is the place.)

Tuesday August 11 We got overcharged by a factor of two on gasoline, but at this point we had not sense to call the police when this happened. I bargained for two eggs for 10 rials and ordered tea. He insisted later on 10 rials = 1 tomah = 13 cents for the tea but we gave him only 5 which was still too much. Then we drove on against a strong wind in third gear to Teheran. We met an American chap who suggested a hotel for 25/2 rials = about \$1.70 each. It is near the center of town and includes a garage. Walked around this section of the town. They sell ballpoint pens for 5 cents.

Wednesday August 12 First we went to the Afahnistan embassy and got free visas. Then we went to the Pakistan embassy and Jack didn't need a visa being a commonwealth member and they wouldn't give me one for driving over. I'll argue about that with the Beaureaucrats when I get to Kabul. Then went looking for a place to eat and stopped at a place to dicker for ice cream. A boy who is studying English came along and we had ice cream together. After that we had a big dinner of rice, steak, and tomato. Then we walked to his apartment, rested, heat about 101, had watermelon and I met a girl living near there who was going to America, read some Japanese tourist propaganda. Then at 6 we left for his work at the power transformer station. Along the way he wanted to go into a sport club. When we first walked in it was just a bunch of fellows lifting bar bells etc, but then we went into another room in which I saw the most interesting thing I have seen in the middle east. The room looked almost like a mosque. It was 8 sided, about 40 feet across, and octagonal shaped. It was very orately decorated with mosaics in geometrical patterns, mosaics of athletes, some big metal mural-reliefs of athletes and marble and mirror mosaics. In the center of the marble floor was an octagonal shape hole about 3 1/2 - 4 feet deep and about 15 feet

across in which there were 14 athletes dressed in the snaziest pedal pushers I ever saw. They were brilliantly colored and decorated in the Persian style. One at a time they would go to the center of the ring and try spinning around as fast as they could and as long as they could. It seemed to me they went about 2 revolutions per second. This was done to the rhythm of a fellow beating a drum. He was sitting high up and to one side. When they finished this there was some kind of a chant. Then they began a new exercise. There was a piece of apparatus shaped something like an archer's bow, but it was made out of iron and for a string it had an iron chain. There also appeared to be washers on some of the links. It must have weighed about 40 pounds. Each in turn swung this over his head, the bow on one side the chain on the other. Then in a rhythm the chain would be swung from one side to the other. Finally when they stopped I got my picture taken with the athletic leader who is a friend of my friend. Then we walked out a heavy metal door shaped like  which was about 5' high onto the street. Later we went to a park and then to my friend's work. He only read numbers off a meter about once every 10 minutes, I suspect it was mainly busy work. I learned to write my name in Farsi (which is almost the same as Arabic, as far as writing my name is concerned).

Thursday August 13 I arose and started writing a few letters. At 10 my friend Abul Fazl Ardikhani, Khalvat 14, Palvi Street, Tehran came by. We went on my scooter to the bank for him. Then I went to the University to try to look up some trace of Bijan. (I had previously called his home but no-one there spoke English.) No luck, wrong place. Ate a big plate of rice with a good piece of steak broiled on spit. Went back to the hotel. Eddy Van Bree had arrived. He had a more successful trip (financially) than we did. He stopped in small towns without a hotel at the police station which is always clearly marked by a flag. They always let him sleep on the roof or some such place and gave him a meal. He had found a youth club to stay at for \$1.00 a day including breakfast, so we moved there instead of the \$2 a day hotel without. My friend phoned Nourbehect and found that there would be someone there who could speak English at 2:30. I called at 3:30 and Sima, Bijan's sister whom I had met in Boston answered and we arranged to meet in the evening. I went to American Express Travel Affiliate in

Tehran and tried to exchange travelers checks for dollars. No dice. You lose and lose and lose with travelers checks. I tried to get a haircut before 7, but Thursday in Moslem countries is like Saturday in Christian countries, the barber was too busy. At 7 I met Sima and her father who drove me around the town. After this we went to their house just so I could see where it is (quite a bit higher and cooler than the rest of the city, about 10 miles in the direction of the mountains) and they took me out to a really fine chicken dinner which cost them about \$1.25 each. Sima told me that Bijan was killed by driving a rented Volkswagen into the back of a parked truck on the open highway at 4-5 a.m. He was going out on some geophysical business. She said he always drove too fast and perhaps was blinded by the headlights of some oncoming traffic. His daughter is now living with his family.

Friday August 14 Spent a.m. on this book and eating mellons and talking to an Indian from Malaya. Read Newsweek and a newspaper. At 5 Sima, father, mother, sister, Bijan's daughter Suzane, and a domestic came to pick me up and we went to visit a cousin's chicken farm. It was run by two young couples. Both wives were Americans from California. They raised almost entirely chickens by U.S. Agricultural School methods. They use 2 tons of feed every day. The farm had a ten foot high brick wall completely around and a night watchman. They also had a Swiss Brown cow, a Holstein cow, a mountain sheep, ewe and a small deer. They were building a swimming pool with bricks. The mason gets paid \$2.50 a day. They will use about 10 workmen on the farm. The peasants' wives pluck just for the feathers. They generate their own electricity with diesel pumps and pump water for irrigation from fairly deep wells. The children were bilingual.

Saturday August 15 Shaved off most of my mustache as it got too messy eating bread and honey. Went to the RR station and left our scooters. Walked to the palace museum which was closed. At 1:30 I met Sima coming out of work. We looked at various junk stores. She took me to a real Persian restaurant with Persian rugs on the floor and walls of mosaic mirrors. Then we walked thru the bazaar and bought first some cloth with which two skirts can be made. Then we went and bought 3 watches for \$10.00. Sima quite

charmed the shopkeeper and got his price much lower than the other shops. By myself I might have paid \$12 or more. Then I bought some jewelry for my sisters. Now the problem is to figure out which of this stuff to send to who. Then we went to a very interesting place. Going North from Tehran about 7 miles from the center of town you come to an extremely rugged mountain range with no road over. One road ends in a ravine where it turns into a path. All along the path are restaurants, soda-pop, tea, and occasional beer concessions. Around and sometimes over the stream in the center are wooden platforms about the size of a large single bed with Persian rugs on them. They get more and more primitive as you go up the ravine. The mountain is really rugged with big cliffs all around and the path sometimes is a hands and knees scramble. Sima said the attendant was surprised that we didn't want to stay all night on our platform, but we disappointed him by leaving at 8:30 to have dinner at her house. There were 3 generals (air force) there, but I think her father was retired early for political reasons. Sima wore Western clothes going thru the bazaar. She said about 5 years ago this was impossible, a veil was mandatory. Then they had a period of turmoil during which the mullahs (religious fanatics) actually shot a few people in the bazaar. This decreased the business in the bazaar so that the business men took corrective action. It is interesting going thru the bazaar. In one place they have all shops for jewelry, another place for pots and pans another for rugs, another for cloth, shoes, jewelry, etc. I dickered around with a money changer for Afghanistan money, but he was so sleazy about the price, I gave up, especially since his final price 50 Afg. = \$1 was worse than what I think the official rate in Afghanistan. The taxis are quite cheap, anywhere in town for 2 people = 20 cents, for 3 people 25 cents.

Sunday August 16 On the way to the train station I stopped at the bazaar and for the first time I saw a beggar woman with what appeared to me to be a starving child. We rode second class. Third class passengers slept all over the corridor and were probably more comfortable than us trying to sleep on a bench. Jack sang Allouette much to the delight of the passengers. At one stop I got out to wash up in the basins they have in the open at each station. Some children started to talk to me and after a while their parents came

and said if we would like to spend the night at their place, ~~they would like to spend the night at their place,~~ they would take us hunting. Since our scooters were on the train and the whistle was blowing we made the quick, and probably erroneous decision to go back to the train. It was a dusty trip to Mashed.

Monday August 17 We waited 2 hours to get our scooter unloaded. During that time I made a quick trip to the U.S. Consulate to find out about the road conditions in Afghanistan. I did not regard the information as reliable, anyway it contradicted what we heard from cyclists going the other way. Then we had a few big sandwiches 10 rial = 13 cents. I mailed a gift and we prepared to leave town. At a gas station where we tried to ask directions was a very friendly 51 year old ex-acrobat. We had to stop for tea. A little while later his son brought us some watermelon. Then he asked us to stay at his house that night and also mentioned an afternoon siesta. After a night of bad sleep on the train, the siesta weakened our resolve to make it to the border so we stayed. First we slept 1/2 hour on his persian rug. Then he filled us with food. Then we slept for 2 1/2 hours when he returned from work to show us around town. We took our scooters. I took his 5 year old son Ali. We saw the town pool. 150 feet x 250 feet We all got weighed. I weighed 81 kilo. No loss from Sweden. Then we saw a nice park directly in front of the glass front Coca Cola Company. Then we ate more. Then we went to a movie about "The Ten Gladiators" which our host Abbas Mohattar, Oil Company, Mashed Iran enjoyed immensely. He was an inspector of some sort and all of the shop keepers bowed to his whim. If soda wasn't cold enough he told them to take it back. My scooter was parked inside a restaurant while we took in the movie. Next morning we arose early 5-6 and drove to the AFGHANY border. The road was a gravel washboard thru dried up river beds. The trip would be impossible in the rainy season. They were having some kind of a festival in the Iranian border town with singing, dancing, and music. I wanted to stay as it was nearly dark but Jack insisted on going on about 45 min. drive to the AFGHANY border town. On the way he broke a spring mount which nearly incapacitated his scooter. He was able to go about 10 km/hr. We slept at a border hotel 60 cents, 20 cents for breakfast.

Wednesday August 19 Jack got on a truck with his scooter. I drove

125 km in 4 1/2 hours to Herat. The road was reasonable. There was no place along the way to stop. At a restaurant in Herat. I met some English kids traveling on an ancient bus. They started with about 30 and were down to 8 thru dropouts. In Jordan they killed a kid who ran in the road in front of them. A passing lorry told them to keep going as a riot was starting. They drove to a military check and were military escorted to Amman. The court declared them innocent, but they had to put up \$1200 or the driver's life to the parents. Then I went to the police station to try to get permission to use the road the Russians are building to Kandahar. They were glad to scribble in my passport, but couldn't understand what I wanted. At a hospital I did and a boy escorted me to the proper military office. I went to a gas station to see if a truck would go by going to Kandahar. None did. I met some boys who have Peace Corps teachers (2). They showed me where the teachers house was and I visited getting decent information about the road ahead. The boys were really enthusiastic about an impending trip to Mashed to get a decent sandwich and coke. This is impossible here. What comes in a pepsi bottle here tastes like sweetened mineral water. The water is very cloudy and unsafe. On the way to Herat I saw a windmill of novel type. It was like a water-wheel turned on its side and then half protected from the wind.

Thursday August 20 I arose about 5:30 and was on the road by 6. The Russians have built about 250 kilometers of cement road. When I was about 2/3 half way to Dilaram at Dautatabad I saw that I would not make it all of the way on my gasoline. I stopped at one of the Russian road construction camps. All of the people seemed to be Afghans but the supervisor and he did not seem to be a Russian. They gave me 10 liters of gas free! Many Afghans have oriental facial features. Yesterday the Peace Corps boys said many of his students are going blind. You see many people on the street who are going blind from Trachoma. I wonder if it is an exaggeration to say 1/3 of the people are affected. The hospital was nearly empty because there is little staff, and all of what there is has gone off for a holiday. Most people also seem illiterate, but that does not stop them from answering any question. I said to a policeman "police station" and he vigorously indicated the opposite way repeating "police station." After the good Russian

road was about 40 km under construction ^{which} was very poor. Sometimes I couldn't make the rises in 1st gear. The last 15 km or so of the road was good to Dilaram. The countryside is dominated by the lack of water. Big mountains are always in view, but they are barren and we are always on the plain. The river is nearly dried up. In the middle of the construction area I stopped to sleep in a shallow cave during the heat of the day. But after 2 hours the sun shown in too far so I went on under a bridge where there were 2 Pakistans and a wife who were driving from London. They gave me a dish of rice and some cookies. There was a big barrel of water under the bridge too for the construction men to drink from. By evening I got to Dilaram and had some tea. They give you nearly a quart. One truck driver offered to ~~take~~ ^{tie} my scooter up by the handlebars to the back of his truck to go to Kandahar. I should have taken it. I washed in the river. There seems to be no food here for purchase at Dilaram. In the middle of the night a boy came in on a Honda. He had a big gun belt studded with bullets. He wanted me to drive along with him to Kandahar in the morning.

Friday August 21 At 5 in the morning he was ready to go but I wanted to catch a truck. At 9:00 a.m. one came by but wouldn't take the scooter. I found the brake return spring did not always return, so I decided to have a look. First I saw some menacing cracks in the back tire. Then I noticed the wheel seemed loose. I took it all apart and found nothing wrong so I cleaned everything with gasoline and put it back together. Then I discovered there is no food here for purchase and the proprietor said some trucks will come at 5:00 p.m. Three nice trucks full of feed bags just rolled in, but they are going to Ferah, the opposite way. They just jacked the weight off the rear wheels and covered them with cloth to protect them from the sun. I just made the mistake of setting my cookie box on the ground and now it is full of ants. It is only safe on my scooter. This place seemed nice when I got here yesterday, but now Much to my surprise Jack and his truck came by and picked me up at 3:00 P.M. For \$3 I would ride to Kandahar. I didn't know it then, but this price would include all the food I ate along the way. The driver is a Persian from Mashed hauling 400 bags of cement nearly to Kabul. at Giroz we

stopped for supper and Jack and I took a badly needed swim in the river. Later we ate some kind of mutton on the roof of one of the shops. The driver is an excellent friend although he speaks less English than I speak Farsi. Then we drove some more and finally parked near some other trucks to sleep. My driving goggles were stolen at Dilaram. This first surprised me but now I realize it is because they often ride on the top of dusty trucks.

Saturday August 22 We arrived in Kandahar about 11:00 a.m. Replaced a copper tube fuel line on the truck which was leaking. Ate a good Kabob (included in the truck fare). In a place full of flies. Went to the American Highway Commission to take on diesel fuel. Went to A.I.D. post to drop off Jack but he couldn't afford \$10 a day. They sold beer, a welcome change from homemade soda pop so I bought two bottles at 30 cents each to take along. Dropped Jack off by a scooter shop. Found out his spring is broken too in two places. He may be here a while. I discovered the driver is going on to within 140 km of Kabul. For \$5 I decided to join him. The road from Kandahar to Kabul is not so bad as what I have already covered, but it is a long way between gas and food stops and I think I will see more if I stay with the truck. His name Davoude M. Ahmide Lade Teharone, Mashed, Khabani gowhar shad, Charahi to heri Monsel. In the morning we came to what first appeared to be a military road block. When we stopped the soldiers just jumped on the truck. They wanted a ride to Kandahar, but had no money to pay. (I was told they get paid 60 cents a month.) The driver got mad but he couldn't do anything to get them off, so they came along. After dropping Jack off we rode until about 11:00 p.m. Rather than sleep in the cab again I decided to sleep in the box. It was very dusty and lumpy, but it got very cold during the night, but the cement bags held the day's heat very well.

Sunday August 23 Much to my surprise we picked up a load of hitchhiking sheep. A little later we got a flat tire and during this time I caught up writing this diary. Later we arrived at Girish where I got off. What a lousy hotel-- Russian airline posters all over the place, one toilet in the whole place and it "flushes" when you pour a bucket of water down it if the management has been thoughtful enough to supply the bucket. No water.

Monday August 24 My scooter started running very badly. I had to use second gear on the level. Sometimes it stopped and just wouldn't go. By 1 p.m. I made it to Kabul. No mail on the first try, it arrived later. The big annual fair called Jeshem is going on and there was no room in any of the hotel. I ate at the Khyber restaurant and had real American food at American prices. Driving in to town there was a section of American road closed to the general public, but with my scooter, and a line of bull to the guards (who didn't understand English) I was able to use quite a bit of it. In Kabul I couldn't find the passport police and ended out back at the consulate where they suggested I try to get permission to camp out on the AID grounds. Permission granted - camp alongside the swimming pool. During the early evening it started to get quite cold and I talked to a guard who let me sleep on the back seat of a Microbus which was parked alongside some big power generators and got nice and warm. The guard is a Philippino and has a Honda which he let me drive and we became good friends.

Tuesday August 25 Brought my passport to the Pakistan embassy. They wanted to keep it overnight. I spent a lot of time looking for the passport police which turned out to be in a tent at the fairgrounds. Everyone there was asleep until 9:30. When I went to buy gasoline I discovered that they don't sell oil at a gasoline station here. In looking for oil I stopped at what appeared to be the only scooter repair shop in the town. I was greeted by a Pakistani, NassAllah, angle road, Quetta, W. Pak. They were very happy to see someone who had come so far. He took me out to a place for supper. We tore up bread into pieces and threw them into a bowl. Then in a teapot came some boiled lamb. In a separate dish was chopped onions and tomato. Total cost for the two of us 9 Afganhis = 15 cents. He ate with his fingers and I used the only spoon the place had. I wouldn't have eaten this meal except that it was the courtesy of my friend. I thought it would give me diarrhea and it did. Afterwards we went to the Jeshem to look at the exhibits and listen to the music. One thing which impressed me very much was that here in backward Afgahnistan more men and women wore Western dress than in any other moslem country that I visited. At some places in the fair I saw no non western clothes.

I suspect hill billies were not admitted. I was impressed by the fabric exhibits. In the afternoon I bought a Kurokol, a hat which which is made out of the fur skin of the newborn lamb. In the better hats the ewe is slaughtered before the birth for the lamb's skin. Better hats have tighter curled fur and can cost about \$20. I saw many people wearing hats that cost this much. Mine cost 250 Afghani = \$3.50. I heard that the Americans run the schools here (60 Peace Corps), Germans the police, Russians the Army (many Russians jeeps all over town), and French the hospitals and social services. Back to the AID compound to my back seat alongside the generators.

Wednesday August 26 Breakfast at Khyber Restaurant. Brought my passport from the embassy of Pakistan to that of India. Spent the morning with my friend at the scooter shop. We looked over my scooter and came to the conclusion that it needs new points. This shop did not even have needle nose pliers. We couldn't get the flywheel off so we couldn't do much to the points but clean them up a bit. This helped a lot. I spent the afternoon in the USIS library. Luckily got my passport back the same day from the Indians. Coming out of the library I met a fellow who was putting up Jack at his house. I went there for supper. Jack was still looking around for his spring and his scooter was still in Kandahar. I predict he will be here a while. Our hosts were from West Virginia helping run some mining operations. In the morning I took their son for a scooter ride.

Thursday August 27 Left town before 9. A beautiful ride down from Kabul past very interesting white water of all kinds. I came to a road block because of road work where I was held up 1 1/2 hour. Finally someone decided there was no reason why a scooter couldn't go. I skipped lunch in order to make it over the Khyber pass before dark. I was warned by the West Virginian (D. Walker) not to stop in this area as the people there are quite unruly and for a while could neither be controlled by Pak or Afg. In this area everyone motioned me to stop, but I didn't. At Peshawar I stopped and asked a boy with a scooter like mine where was a good hotel and he took me to one where the cost is 6 rupees 8 annas = 80 cents, breakfast 1 rupee 5 annas (two eggs, toast, tea. He studies archeology and does sculptures in mud. He took me first to a

restaurant and he paid but didn't eat. Then to his home where I saw his sculptures and some pencil drawing. He said he will send me two. Irshad Zamil, Depot No. 28 Choti lal kurti Peshawar Cantt, West Pakistan. During the course of the evening he treated me to 4 bottles of pop. He said any archeology book I could send him he would enjoy. He gave me a Pakistan Airlines book about Pakistan. In Kabul the nights are cold, here they are hot. I spent about \$25 in Afghanistan.

Friday August 28 Spent the morning sleeping, writing this and writing letters. In the afternoon I bought a carving knife and fork set for 15 rupees. Now that I think of it, it wasn't so great. Went to a scooter repair shop after buying new points at a parts shop. The people at the repair shop were friendly to talk to and installed the points for nothing. They also adjusted the brakes which is a great help. Now the scooter runs like new. This was probably a wasted day.

Saturday August 29 At 8 in the morning I was to go with the shop boy to mail my packet. It turned out the P.O. opens at 9. I was first in line. By 9:35 the packet was successfully mailed. The P.O. had a special window where you can have your high valued stamps canceled. I crossed the Indus river and arrived in Rawalpindi. First I looked for the U.S. Counselate, couldn't find it but ended up at the house of a U.S. soldier and wife and 5 kids, Puerto Rican. They fed me bologna and mayonnaise sandwiches and all of the boiled cold water I wanted. Then I went to the tourist office to see about going to Hunza. It turned out that I could only get permission to go as far as Gilgit because of the political situation. One must fly to Gilgit. I got the permission and went to the airline office. The cost of the flight was 140 rupees. The girl at the PIA airline had me driven to an M.D. who would presumably change my money at the black market rate, but he didn't understand travelers checks. I had to go to American Express but they insisted to cash the whole \$50 trav. check at the official rate. They wouldn't just change the fraction I wanted. I asked the Pakistani clerk how he would like it if we forced Paks coming to America to change at 10 rupees to the dollar when the free market is about 7, and if he could understand how I felt. Their legal shenanigans were about

to cheat me from \$10 - 15. I decided to skip the whole thing. Gilgit is probably nothing like Hunza anyway. Then I went to a rest-house. This looks like some kind of remnant from British colonial days. A big mansion with elaborately trimmed lawn and flowers. Marble everywhere. A couple of care-takers. Sort of decrepit ritzy. Cost 10 rupees = \$1.50. I was the only guest. I think these places were used by traveling government officials or such dignitaries. I took a bath in cold water, naturally.

Sunday August 30 At 7 I had breakfast in a high ceiling dining room at the head of the table and nobody else about. Then I drove off toward Lahore still a little disappointed about the way the Hunza deal turned out. After about an hour I had a flat tire which was changed in about 20 minutes. I got to the American Express for mail but I forgot it was Sunday and closed. I found a YMCA for 3 1/2 rupees = 60 cents per night. The bed has no sheets or mattress. It is just a bunch of straps stretched over a frame, and is quite comfortable. I met a Swede from Skåne who has come this far on a bicycle and he started only one month before me. He took a shorter way with fewer long stops. He goes 100-120 km per day. He used trucks for help thru Southern Persia or Afgahn. There was also a boy from Milwaukee staying in my room, and a German fellow. During the night, the kraut and I got up to take a cold shower as the climate is very hot and very damp.

Monday August 31 Got lots of mail at American Express. Loafed around town. Got \$175 from Jamie Chapman. Took a \$100 bill and 170 in travelers checks \$5 local. Wrote some letters got flat fixed and welding done on spare tire mount. Bought 25 mm slides of city. Bought medicine for diarrrhea, malaria and water purification. Ate at YMCA restaurant. Met a lot of nice Paks who almost talked me into staying another day.

Tuesday September 1 The Milwaukee boy forgot his water bottle and his cheap bamboc horn which I picked up in the hope of returning at Delhi. I drove to the border and was sent back to Lahore because I never registered with the police while in Pakistan. About 2 hours later I was back at the border. About 100 feet into India I got a flat in front of the customs house. Fixed it. Half a kilometer later I got another. Lots of kids around for entertainment.

My Swedish friend came by and helped me wheel the scooter back to a police station. I took one tire on the bus to Amritsar. The valve had come off the tube and this could be repaired for 30 cents or a new tube for \$2 (should have been \$1.40). I took the new tube. I took the bus back to the border and slept on a bench in front of the customs office. Thunder, lightning, rain, mosquitoes. Sikh people were always helping me around.

Wednesday September 2 The rain didn't stop, but I got impatient and drove on to Amritsar. The tourist bureau recommended I go to see the Sikh "Golden Temple". The population density here was stifling, like nothing I have ever seen before. When I arrived at the temple the first thing they asked is whether I would like to stay the night. Would I like food? Would I like water? I would have a guided tour at 3:30 which gave me enough time to first go see the Hindu temple and buy a new tire. The old one went flat just because of a faulty valve, but it had a shoe in it which I didn't like. The new tire, made in India cost about \$7.50. The tour thru the Sikh temple was very impressive.

I am afraid this diary will not be very interesting reading because many of the really quaint things do not strike me very strongly now that I am such an experienced traveler. Like the lizard eye to eye with the cockroach on the dining room floor. The cockroach is so big that the lizard runs away. Or the sign along the highway "moron house." Maybe I should describe the cows nonchalantly roaming the streets. The beautiful birds here in India, or the physical malformations of the everpresent beggar yelling "baksheesh". Another strange thing was people scooping up from the highway animal shit with their hands and tossing it up into a basket balanced on the head. I wonder what they were going to do with it? The oxen are big and black and really look more like rhinoceros than cows. A hotel bed even at the YMCA is a wooden frame with a twine laced across it. No mat, no sheets, no pillow that's good, no bugs. India-Pak are really bright and colorful after the sun bleached deserts from the Mediterranean to here.

The Sikh temple was a square pool maybe 100 yards on a side. In the center of the pool with a pier going to it is a small golden building which is the real holy place. There were men in it continuously reading scriptures (second floor) and other men giving

away holy food sort of an oatmeal with slight peanut taste and other playing accordian, drum, and singing. About 10,000 come thru every day. Around the outside of the pool there was a museum, library, kitchen, living quarters etc. They give away about 3000 free meals everyday. The idea is to discourage begging and caste. Women come to sweep the area for no pay, they have no paid janitors. You take off your shoes and wash your feet before you get into the area. There was a man banging a gong all night every hour in front of my door.

Thursday September 3 I got up and drove to Chandigarh. It was a delightful drive. There were many beautiful birds and picture-sque scenes. At one place I had to make a long detour, but the road was excellent on the detour road. The road was flooded quite deeply they said, even the detour road went up to my axles in water. I arrived at 2:00 p.m. rather hungry. While looking rather puzzled at an intersection two Sikhs on a Lambretta came up and asked what I wanted, A restaurant, Come to my house, and later, "you can spend the night if you wish" I did. They were rich by Indian standards, 2 servants, but the house had no hot water. The boys were 18 year old college students. The host Jagbir Singh Brar House 237 Sector 16a, Chandigarh, Punjab, India Chandigarh is an interesting city. It was designed shortly after the partition in 1947 by a French architect. All of the buildings are about 10 years old. It is the capitol of the Punjab area. The University is very big and looks quite nice. Everything is spacious and green. The city is just about 10 miles before the foothills of the Himalayas. You feel no population pressure here. I said they should have spent the money more uniformly around the Punjab rather than all in this bureaucratic center. Lawns are in many places unkept. In the main administrative building shabby construction, exclusive use of concrete, was not impressive. We went up to the roof to look at the city. Beautiful. The cafeteria on the roof smelled a bit like a latrine, a smell you almost get used to.

Friday September 4 I drove to Simla. It took about 3 1/2 hours to drive 60 miles of narrow, very winding, asphalt road. The city is on a mountain ridge at an altitude of 8000 feet. At first I had some difficulty finding out where I could park to look for a

hotel because many of the streets are blocked to motor/vehicles. Eventually I ended out at the "Bright Land" hotel for 10 rupees= 1.50 and with a beautiful view from my porch. I walked around the street looking in the little shops. A 16 oz. can of pineapple juice cost 25 cents, a 10 cents size chocolate bar costs 20 cents, two nice apples 15 cents. For lunch I went to a fairly ritzy place, chicken potato vegetable 65 cents with bread and rancid butter, didn't eat the butter but I got diarrhea anyway. I have seen two men rip (not crosscut) sawing logs by hand and it looked like it is their trade. Have they never heard of the water wheel or electricity?

Saturday September 5 I walked up to the hill to the Jazoo temple. The temple is cinder block with a tin roof and I didn't bother to go in. The main feature is the view along the walk. At the top of the hill I was able to count in about 3 minutes 40 monkeys. Most of the mothers carried a little one. Right now there are monkeys crawling around on the roof of my room. There are some kind of buzzards which fly around these mountains which are so skillful at gliding that they never have to flap a wing. Despite the beauty of this place it is rather dull up here and I was planning to leave at 2:00 p.m., but I lay down for a minute and fell asleep until it was too late to go. The roads north of Delhi are flooded and this is a worrisome problem which may result in a 100 km detour to the east.

Sunday September 6 I left early in the morning uncertain of my route and not expecting to make it to Delhi this day. After a while a bridge was out so I had to detour. Presently I came upon my friend Rolf Clipper, Nordstadsgatan 7, Solvesborg, Sweden who is bicycling around the world. I gave him water and bananas and my folk's address. We will meet in Delhi in a few days at the YMCA. The road signs say the highway is closed to heavy traffic 35 miles before Delhi. Considering myself light traffic I decide to go as far as I can rather than take a known safe detour which will involve 100 extra kilometer. There was water on both sides of the road and in some places the villagers had moved their beds and their cows up onto the highway. Finally I came to a place where there was water over the road and they had thrown metal plates on top of the asphalt which was beginning to erode. It was a little

hard to see where the plates were but I got on O.K. Further down the road, the road was covered with water as far as I could see and the water was flowing rapidly over the road. I began. In some places the asphalt was badly eroded, but the erosion was mostly on the downstream side of the road so I drove on the upstream side. The water went over the floorboard, but the engine kept running. The current began to make quite a crosspressure on the scooter and at one point a truck came from the other way which I had to yield to. After a quarter of a mile the road came up again out of the water and it was clear sailing to Delhi. A major bridge was out in Delhi and the detour bridge crossed some fast heavy water. I found the YMCA almost directly thanks to a tourist map. It was full but an Indian resident offered to sleep on the roof and I could have his bed for the night. Then they wanted to drink some beer so we did and then went to a restaurant. The Indians paid for all, and it wasn't cheap. Three bottles of beer, about \$1.50 and the meal for 3 was another \$2.25. They wanted to go to Europe overland and were happy just to talk about the trip. A particular problem for them is foreign exchange as their government limits the amount of currency they can export.

Monday September 7 In the morning I paid the YMCA fee for the next two days 11 rupees = \$1.75 a day for room and board. Very good breakfast 1 egg, oatmeal, toast. I went to the U.S. embassy which was closed because of labor day and the Thai embassy which said I didn't need a visa and I could sell my scooter there, and the roads are good in Thailand. I wanted to go back by way of the national museum but I got lost and bought a Time magazine instead and was glad to read that Hubert Humphrey was chosen vice-president. I took the head off the scooter engine as I suspected the exhaust port was plugged with carbon, but it wasn't.

Tuesday September 8 I went to the embassy got some old mail; then I went to the National Museum until noon. Later in the day I bought a bowl, a silk shawl, and some ankle bells and had them sent home. I sent home some 35 mm slides which I had bought. I sold two watches. I bought them in Tehran for \$3 each and sold them easily for (65 rupees) warned them the watches were not too good but they didn't care because the cheapest new watch in India

is 100 rupees. I might have gotten more if I had tried but I was ashamed to try. I thought they would be very shrewd and wary people, but they took everything I said as gospel truth. I talked to a German boy at the YMCA who heard from another German who heard from the German Embassy in Kabul that 3 German boys were murdered and robbed while camping north of Kabul. The murderers were soon found as they were wearing the stolen clothes. This was supposed to have happened about the time I left. The details of the story seem all too reasonable and I couldn't get it out of my mind for half a day. I also met 2 Dutch boys on motor bikes who have been traveling much the same direction and time that I have. Surprising we didn't meet before. They are going round the world and got their bikes free for the advertising. I found out that a ship is leaving Madras on September 21 and another on September 31. I plan first to go to Calcutta and look for a non-scheduled one and failing in that to buy a ticket for the Madras ship, probably on the 31st. The scooter is just too much fun to sell in Nepal. I want to keep it as long as I can. My Milwaukee friend says the blackmarket rate is 6.50 rupees = \$1 if you want rupees and 8 rupees = \$1 if you want dollars. Just go into any small shop he says, but I don't need rupees yet.

Wednesday September 9 Stopped at the tourist office with Rolf Clipper and then drove him to a place where he was having a flat fixed. Various other monkeying around. Got to U.S. Embassy for mail at noon and drove out South to Agra, arriving about 5. Saw Akbar's tomb a few miles north of Agra. The hindus had destroyed many of the beautiful wall mosaics at the time of the partition, but today they do their best to compensate by taking excellent care of the old Moslem's tomb. It was a little too late to visit the Taj Mahal and still find my way to the Holman Mission which I heard was a good place to spend the night. It was. I had the best meat and potatoes for supper that I can remember. Breakfast too, all for 9 rupees = \$1.40. There was a boy and girl from the Peace Corps returning from the Philippines so we had nice conversation at the supper table. I told the missionary lady Carolyn E. Schaefer, Holman Institute, Agra, U.P. India that I would send her my copy of "Blossom in the Dust" a book about India by an Indian woman.

I am always charmed by nature herein India. There are lizards about 8 inches long and despite this big size they are able to walk on the ceiling without falling off. You can see them on any porch ceiling about supper time. In the garden at Akbar's tomb they had an animal, perhaps a gazelle which could really run quickly and gracefully when a dog tried to chase it. It would also be fun to take some time being a bird watcher here. Wish I had field glasses.

Thursday September 10 Up at 6, breakfast at 6:30 ready to go a little later but then came a downpour of rain which stopped by 9. Then I drove over to the Taj Mahal which more than met my expectations for its architectural beauty. I bought a colored slide and guidebook. There was a complement of self appointed guides who after a bad explanation in bad English told you what to pay. I paid what it was worth. Then I returned to the mission to pack up and go, but there was another cloudburst so here I am catching up on this diary. I decided to have lunch here then go, but just as I was ready to leave, it rained again stopping after 2:00 p.m. I decided it was too late to try to drive on and find a new place. It has been raining off and on since. I tried to sell a wrench set without success. I looked over shawls which a man here was selling. They looked very nice but I don't have enough rupees now and the black market is rather unfavorable here (5 rupees = \$1) He says I can send him the money from Calcutta, maybe I will. It sure is dull sitting around here. I should have bought some good books in Delhi. I started reading a book "Behind Mud Walls" which seemed quite good.

Friday September 11 I got up early (6) and wanted to go a long way today. It was overcast and began to rain within an hour after I began. I spent the first shower under a tree getting rather wet. It cleared up and rained and cleared and rained a number of times. I decided to skip lunch in the hopes of making my objective. Four bananas for a substitute. By 3:00 p.m. I was about 140 km or only about halfway. I was standing under half of a cooperative fellows umbrella when a boy walked by with a book. I asked what it was and it turned out the boy goes to a college about 1 1/2 mile down the road. I drove him to it and he introduced me to a teacher.

I got the royal tour Adesh Chandra Gupta vice principal Janta College, Bakewar, Distt, Etawask (UP) India. They have physics, chem, math, botany, entomology, other biological sciences, and agriculture. The physics (which I can judge the best) seemed quite fine. They have laboratory teaching apparatus for electro-mechanical and optics experiments. The whole place was built about 5 years ago but they suffer from lack of electrical power yet. There is really a positive attitude toward improvement and expansion. I got tea and strange little cakes, some sweet and some spicy hot. Curious faces everywhere I went. They want me to speak tomorrow on life at American Universities. I should speak to the whole college of 500 out of doors (if it doesn't rain). I just had a delicious, though unusual, vegetarian supper. About to sleep in the estate of an ancient Raj where my host lives. No electricity or running water. Students live in mud houses.

Saturday September 12 Raining in the morning. At 10 we went to school. Called off because of rain. I decided to read an Optics book in the library. There were a half dozen curious observers. I didn't know I made such an interesting picture while reading a book. The Entomology teacher C.P. Srivastava 319 Haris Gunj Rail Bazar Kanpur (U.P.) India came to talk to me. He was going to take the bus to Kanpur. I said I would give him a ride on the scooter but the weather was too bad for an enjoyable trip. He said "I'll hold an umbrella" so off we went. Within an hour there was another downpour but we just made it to another college of sorts so we had tea and then began again and it rained again. I was soaked most of the time. The umbrella was only good when we stopped. Just by the skin of my teeth we made it to Kanpur by dark. Normally the last two (three) days journey would have been done in a day. I had a wobbly rear wheel. A repairman stuck another washer in, now it seems better. We had real Indian food at my hosts house. He wasn't a very cheerful sort.

Sunday September 13 I got off to a fairly early start. Bought 12 bananas for a rupee 15 cents. Got to Allahabad by about 12:30 and almost by accidnt discovered there is a YMCA there. Had lunch, somebody else paid, off again by 2 and in Benaras (now called Varanasi) by 5. After a little looking I found the tourist bungalow

where the room is nice for 3 1/2 rupees. This must be some kind of government place. A number of Indians and Pakistanis I have met say they admire the strength and courage of the tourist to make the long land journey that we do. Well I'd never do it twice or ~~make~~ the return trip!

Monday September 14 Started off by sleeping late, plan to spend the day here. Took a bicycle rickshaw to the Ganges River (about 2 miles for 10 cents). Took a boat up and down the bank for one hour for 25 cents. We agreed on the price before starting and when the trip was about half up he decided to ask for double or triple. I told him where to go. Many people complain that the tip isn't big enough, even though I always know that it is. I'm going to change my tactics and not give the baksheesh until they agree it is good. If they complain I'll give nothing. On the street I saw the usual complement of disfigured and non-disfigured beggars. I saw the place where they burn the dead. Some are burned on the rope lace cots one sees everywhere, others on a stretcher. It seems to be done efficiently, apparently with little mourning or ceremony, unless I missed that. There were about 10 in various stage of completion while I was there. At one place the street was so narrow that I had to step into a doorway to let a cow pass in the other direction. Even the flies here eat their own dead. On the street I saw a calf nearly starved to death, and a dead one with people sitting within 2 meters quite unconcerned. I saw dogs with no hair on their body and others covered with sores rolling around on the ground to itch them. I have not seen a dog or a horse whose ribs were not countable from a distance. I wandered all around alone in the bazaar, but I never let anyone follow me or get close behind. If they try I'd just turn around and stare them down. I rather imagine I am beginning to look quite fierce. But tonight I am going back in the company of a group of German toughs. I have noticed that people will take a stick and chase a cow out of a garden or yard. They will also let a cow starve, otherwise it seems quite holy. I am not quite sure of the status of the water buffalo. At the missionary's place I had it to eat, but here in Benares it seems to have some of the privileges of a cow. I am not sending many picture postcards since the color is bad, the price is high, there are better color pictures free in the tourist bulletins,

and aerograms are cheaper to mail. I buy a slide here and there. One also sees goats, sheep and donkeys, but I don't believe I have seen any cat. Perhaps the dogs get them. I sure hope I can get a ship in Calcutta and avoid the trip to Madras, but I'm not optimistic.

Tuesday September 15 There is a 70 mile drive to Dehri where there is no auto bridge and it is necessary to put the scooter on the train to cross the river Sone. The train supposedly runs 4 times a day, 9, 11, 2, 4. I thought it a little tough to get there for the one at 9 so I aimed for the one at 11. Despite some confusion in finding the loading place I was 40 minutes early for loading. The train wasn't. Some bureaucrat told me the train schedule, which I knew, but his English suddenly failed when I asked him if the train was usually on time what time it had run yesterday. After a while I found the office where I was to look. I discovered no train had run yet today and sure was glad I hadn't gotten up at 5 to make the one which should have been at 9. A really emaciated boy of about 14 years came into the office. He was all skin and bone and really thin. He could hardly speak to beg. I was reminded of movies I have seen of the liberation of Nazi concentration camps. They chased him out. A guy came along who spoke English quite well and said 12:30 p.m. It was 12:15. He said "Why don't you go the RR restaurant." I felt a bit rushed, but I did. There was no need to rush. More sitting around on crates. Sometimes this trip is incredibly dull and depressing, especially when you know a whole day is being wasted for idiotic reasons. Finally about 2:30 the train was ready for boarding. I bought two big handfuls of peanuts for 4 annas = 4 cents. By 3:10 it pulled out of the station. (Scooter cost 5 rupees = 80 cents). A bunch of non-payers jumped on as the train began to move. Nobody bothered them. They save 7 cents each. Naturally the train stopped a while in the middle of the bridge. A storm started suddenly blowing up while we were all exposed on flat-cars, but we got across before it amounted to much. I drove quite fast to Aurangabad (as the storm was coming from behind) to a government inspection bungalow where I could take a room at 4:30 p.m. Went about 90 miles today. Sometimes people and animals are deaf

(truly I believe) to my loose exhaust pipe and frequent horn blowing. I knicked the back legs of a sheep today. He started walking across the road oblivious to horn, squeeling brakes, my yelling, etc. I never looked back. If I have to go Madras I am taking the train at least half way. I should note here also about driving that ox-carts and horse and carts and bicycle - rickshaws usually pull to the side when I approach from behind. Packs of cows (water buffalo) and goats are usually driven off the road when I approach, but it is always necessary to slow to about 10 m.p.h. The road is barely wide enough for a bus to meet a scooter and usually I must go onto the shoulder. They like the middle, but they usually pull off the road when I want to pass them. The shoulder is a fine smooth wide dirt and grass area which I should think ox-carts and loose animals would prefer to the asphalt road, but they don't. It is raining now. With no more problems I'll make Calcutta (320 miles) in the next two days. I don't believe an auto could make it in one (without night driving). Lots of mice here.

Wednesday September 16 Up at 5:30, breakfast was late, but I was on the road by 6:30. First it was the usual business of brushing the backside of cows and sheep but then I came thru a jungle and there were fewer obstacles on the highway. Later I entered West Bengal province and the road widened to two truck widths. Gradually increased traffic kept animals off the road and I began to make very good time. I had a bunch of bananas for lunch as none of the lunch-stops looked too appealing and I wanted to get a long way. Finally about 4:00 p.m. I made it to Burdwan, only about 80 miles from Calcutta. I believe a car would have made it in one day. Dusk is very short, at 5:30 the sun shines, at 6:30 it is pitch black. I went to another Dak Bungalow and had supper at the RR station. Good fish and chips for 20 cents. I took two orders. As last night I put my scooter inside the room with me. Another tedious evening followed by going to bed early. But I covered 250 miles today.

Thursday September 17 (written one week later) Got a little rain on the last 80 miles to Calcutta. The last 30 miles were really miserable driving. There were houses wall-to-wall on both sides of the narrow, rough road. At one critical intersection

where a left turn is necessary, there was no sign and the policemen didn't understand when queried, "Calcutta?" At a stop sign someone came up and wanted to buy my scooter. That would be illegal. Then one of those smooth types you often come across in Italy came up to me and asked if I was looking for the Salvation Army Hostel. I was so he rode along on the back of the scooter. Then, "was I looking for a ship? He knew the agent that everyone goes to. He wanted to change money at 6:50 which I would shortly discover would give him a profit. I got rid of him and went to the U.S. Consulate and picked up some mail. I spent the late afternoon and evening meeting the travelers at the Salvation Army Hostel where I would spend a dull 6 days.

Friday September 18 I went to SAS and asked if they could fly my scooter. They sent me to BOAC where I got real help. No crate necessary \$56. by noon all of the arrangements were made and paid for. After all of the difficulties trying to arrange the ship passage to Penang I was greatly relieved. The ship fare from India to Penang Malaya seems to equal the plane fare to Bangkok \$84. But I don't know what would be the cost of shipping the scooter. The ship takes 5-10 days depending on the weather. I would have to wait 3 weeks for the next one. No thanks! I spent the late afternoon loafing and in the evening went to a movie about catching tigers and other cats in Malaya. I went with 3 peace corps girls who were traveling from their base in Moulton, W.Pak.

Saturday September 19 I planned to catch up on this book, but I didn't. I went to the market and bought bannanas, bread, cheese, "Lawerence of Arabia", and a Kashmire shawl. I got 70 rupees for \$10. It is really disgusting to go to the market. There are about 3 or 4 fellow following you with baskets who want to carry your packages. They understand, "go away" but don't do it. Others ask to change money. The rate they tell you on the street is more favorable than what you will actually get when you go to the shop where the transaction will occur. The Kashmire shawl came from 45 to 35 rupees when I walked ~~when I walked~~ out the door. If I'd say anything nice about any of the merchandise the shopkeeper would start to wrap it up.

Sunday September 20 I planned to go on the bus tour around

Calcutta but the tour was full and anyway I got a fever-dysentery bug which would last about 4 days. Spent a lot of time sleeping. Started reading a book called "Growing Up Absurd" about the difficulty of finding a "manly" job in this day and age.

Monday September 21 Still had the bug.

Tuesday September 22 Still had the bug, but it was weakening. I drove the scooter to some shops to remount the baggage hook and re-weld the muffler to the exhaust manifold. In the evening I brought the scooter to BOAC, drained the gas, reweighed, and put it in their truck. It would go on the same plane with me tomorrow. I became quite friendly with George Ramasamy on the staff. Cost for scooter \$56, for me \$84.

Wednesday September 23 I managed to change some rupees to dollars at the official exchange rate at the airport despite the fact that I never changed any money officially except for my ticket. What possibilities for corruption. I got on the plane and flew to Bangkok. It was cloudy all the way. It was raining hard in Bangkok. Fortunately the customs for air freight was closed for the evening so I could forget about the scooter. Took the limousine to the YMCA. Here the cost is about \$1.60/night with a lousy Thai supper and a poor breakfast.

Thursday September 24 When it stopped raining I went to the airport to get my scooter. This was the first customs where they insisted to see the engine number. It was rather late and one boy there Mr. Vira Rudtanasilar was very helpful in getting me thru in time. I drove him home and he asked me to stay to eat. We had an orgy of fruit and iced coffee and hot coffee and Thai whiskey (harsh). I met his half sister Tusnee Vigavee, 360 Anglo-Thai Lane, Yannava, Bangkok. Despite the fact that I thought I could find the Y myself, Vira came along with me on the scooter and took the bus back. There was a light drizzle all the day. No fun scootering.

Friday September 25 At 11 I went and picked up Tusnee and we went to look at many of the Buddhist temples and the Thai National museum. The temples are a delightful change from Hindu temples. There are many shaved-headed monks. They wear bright orange robes. One of my tourist friends said a number of them seemed to be homosexuals.

I especially enjoyed Wat po - the reclining Buddha temple. I bought a camera and took a bunch of pictures. After this we went home for the usual feast. I almost learned how to ply Thai chess.

Saturday September 26 Vira was off work so he, Tusnee, me, and another English boy who stays at the Y went out. First we took a boat down one of the canals to the "floating market", a place where the country people meet the city people to sell their fruits and vegetables. The ride in the canal, perhaps about 3 hours in all was the most interesting and charming thing. Little boys swimming were always grabbing the back of our motor boat for a free ride. Stopped and saw them making silk with hand operated looms. I see no advantage or extra beauty of the hand made silk over the machine made. Just in one case the machine is a human being doing a very repetitious task producing a more uneven result. After this we saw another Buddhist Temple which offered a mountain climbing challenge. I bought some little shrimp cakes. Then we walked thru the outdoor week-end market under canvas. Finally we stopped and had Chinese food. It cost \$1 for the four of us. We were in a holiday spirit even though the Thai's English was rather bad and communication was hard. Then we went to the zoo. The biggest novelty I thought were some crocodiles apparently sleeping with their mouth wide open. I gave a banana to an elephant baby. He was very gentle in the way he took it from my hand. We saw the elephant that the king rides on ceremonial occasions. We went home for the usual feast. We were to see Thai boxing on th TV of an adjoining sweetshop but something was goofed up. In Thai boxing they use elbows, knees, and feet. I would have written more about these last two days as they were very exciting but I guess I was overtired and still had some dysentery left from India and I got something like the flu and stayed in bed much of the time from Sunday September 27 to Sunday October 4 and I hung on at the YMCA in Bangkok until October 10 recovering my strength and enthusiasm. The time wasn't completely wasted but I didn't keep this book up and now I don't know what I did on what day. One day I went to the Cambodia embassy and got a visa. The cost was very high \$4.50. One day I bought 2 Thai shirts I paid \$1.25 each but the women at the Y kitchen said I could have gotten them for \$1 each and that

Probably
dysentery
(orange juice)

they would shrink. Anyway I think I got a good deal. I bought also cotton sox. Stretch sox are no good here because they don't stretch big enough for my feet. A couple of times I bought big delicious pineapple for 20-25 cents each. They are tree ripened and really sweet. The women at the Y kitchen know how to slice them up right. The food here at the Y is very exotic but typically lousy "stretched" institutional food. I skip it most the time even though breakfast and supper are included in the price of the room 35 baht = \$1.75 daily. The Thais here are always singing. Their music divides the octave into 8 parts whereas ours divides it into 12. When they try to sing our popular songs (as they do half the night every night) it sounds very strangely out of pitch. I like their music but it is rather strange. One day I read a book called "The Lotus and the Wind" by John Masters. It is a historical novel in the 1880's when the British are trying to extend their influence from India to Afghanistan against the influence of the Russians and the Turks. Included is a love story of a man who dearly loves his wife but he just doesn't like to sit around at home. He'd rather reconquer the Hindu Kush. I enjoyed this book because I had been to many of the cities mentioned and seen the racial groups in conflict, and I think not much has changed to this day except now there is peace. I bought Cambodia money at 95 rials = \$1.00. They buy at 107 = \$1.00.

Thursday October 8 I went to supper with a very interesting Chinese fellow, Bart (Bartholomew) Wu, Bangkok P.O. Box 1973 telephone 37921 / ext 97 Hong Kong P.O. Box 5523 Kowloon. He told me some of the exotic dishes he has eaten in the orient. He is a Chinese boy. (he says 40 years old) and his work is sort of librarian collecting data about the proposed canal at the isthmus of Kra. He seems to be a very knowledgeable chap and is very interesting to talk to. He speaks Chinese, Thai, English, and French.

Friday October 9 Bart Wu and I and a girl friend of his went to a Chinese restaurant. It was rather dull because of the girl. I think Chinese girls have all the bad attributes that American girls are supposed to have. When they feel miffed they don't say anything all night and act miffed. They can't walk one half mile in high heel shoes even though the weather is perfect, the walk

is interesting and slow, and they have the whole evening to do it in. They settle among themselves which girl gets which of the Chinese boys and the boys don't have much to say about it. They have to please some girl who acts "miffed." I make these comments not just on tonight's observations but also some experiences I had in Boston.

Saturday October 10 Praise the Lord, on the road again! After a slow start chasing around Bangkok for film and with laundry and dry cleaning and eating some fairly exotic food (flying fish) I left town about noon. Canals both sides for a long ways. They have big dip nets with a weighted boon for catching fish. I had to pay 7 cents road toll. I drove thru Cholburi (100 km) and to a developed beach about 6 miles past. I sat in a chair in the sun, too lazy to go swimming. It was a little hazy but nice. They rent single bungalows for 66 baht = \$3.30, but that is too much for me. I haggled for some peanuts, finally paid 10 cents, but they were soaked in some kind of solution (maybe just water) and were soft and I didn't like them. Everything was quite commercial, you could rent sailboats, bicycles, innertubes, and I realized when I got up, chairs. Well I hopped on my scooter and drove off, despite the fact that the boy was yelling at me 3 baht = 15 cents. I drove back to Cholburi and got a really nice clean room for 20 baht = \$1 and saved \$2.30. Since I was going back north anyway there was no extra driving. I bought a pint of Thai whiskey for 40 cents. (a small bottle of beer costs 30 cents) I ate half a chicken for 70 cents, drank some of the whiskey and watched Thai Boxing on television at an outdoor restaurant. I returned to the hotel and finally got the diary caught up. They really do use feet and knees in Thai Boxing.

Sunday October 11 What a rough day this would turn out to be! I started by getting well fed in Cholbura. There seem to be many Americans there. It is really a nice town. Then I drove off to _____ . I asked directions to _____ "Drive straight 3 km and turn left." I did. At the corner again I asked is this the way to _____. "Yes". I drove and drove and drove. The road was supposed to be cement, but it was rough gravel. After about 3 hours of driving (I was afraid a tiger might jump out

of the jungle at any moment) I came to a bridge out. Some American soldiers were guarding it as they were building a new one. They liked to shoot snakes and shot a small one while I was there. I spotted it. They had shotguns. They gave me water with ice in it. It was very hot and I was becoming very sunburned. I thought it would be a 3 hour drive back, being lucky to make it by dark. After a long talk with a Thai boy (very few people in this world can read maps, even American soldiers) It turned out I had taken a road not on the map and not to the city I thought. By 15 minutes of shrewd driving on back lanes I should be able to recoupe the whole loss and turn out much closer to my destination than I thought I was. Much of the driving was on a dike which had washed out in many places a few weeks before. Now the gaps were bridged by planks. Some places the plank was O.K. for walking but risky for scootering. Then I had to balance the scooter while walking in the running muddy water below. But it was quick and I was at Cabinburi at 3 p.m. I ate Thai food. The girl wanted to overcharge 20 cents but ~~lost~~ her resolve, 15 cents and I didn't even question her. Then I had a big decision, Should I try to drive to the border town where there were hotels, but I could hardly reach it by dark or should I try to find a place near here to stay..... There seemed to be no hotel here nor any reason to be one from here to the border. I started driving. At 5:00 p.m. it started getting quite cold and my fingers got a bit numb (but they do very easily anyway). Then it started to rain and I quick ducked under a house (they are up on posts) I was invited up by a boy. The house is a roof and 3 walls and the floor is 4-5 feet off the ground. I felt sure I'd be stuck here the night, and didn't know if I'd be welcome for that. It felt good to rest, but the rain stopped. When I finally arrived in _____ at the border my skin was blue from the chill on top of the sunburn. I took the first place. I could have saved 50 cents. I hopped under the blankets and went to sleep immediately. For the first time in my life I had sunburned my lips. This made a ridge of yellow or orange colored skin (pus) on my lower lip. It was not painful at all.

Monday October 12 I woke up while it was still dark but stayed in bed until 7:30 anyway when I saw the sun was up. When I got out

I realized the sun was already hot. I ate a leisurely breakfast, eating a lot to make up for yesterday's supper. I drove my scooter the last 6 km to the border and parked at the custom house (on the porch of the customs officers' home). Walked over the border. Caught a bus at 10:30 to Sisaphon where I immediately got another to Siem Reap, arriving at 3. The second leg was 60 miles, took 3 hours because of many stops. The girls sitting next to me decided that I was a good prospect. One especially started nudging me, pulling the hair on my legs etc. I took it all cheerfully so she raised her price from \$2 to \$3. At each stop a different type of fruit or vegetable was sold and the girls often bought and gave some to me. One berry tastes a bit like chokecherry. One fruit I could not tell what was the edible part even though I was watching the girls eat it. I chewed what seemed to be it, but swallowed only the juice. Another thing looked like a white root and tasted like sweet potato without the sweet. Finally when we arrived I took a rickshaw to a hotel which is very nice for \$1.10. I'm sure I will get spoiled on hotels in Thailand and Cambodia. I showered and rested and then went out to find my dinner. At the open air market I saw something good cooking and ordered it, strips of steak, a vegetable faintly like broccoli and noodles. It was delicious, in an American Chinese restaurant it would cost at least \$1.00. Here it cost 10 or 11 cents and I think I was overcharged. Then I went to another place where you eat dessert. I had a little rice cake and another little cake with shave ice dumped over for 2 cents. I bought two smallish oranges for the surprisingly high price of 5 cents. Then I met the high school English teacher whose speaking English was not very good, nevertheless he was the best since I met the American Soldiers. He said he is 25 years old. He really looks like a boy of 13. The conversation was entertaining. At the market they sold broiled frogs, but I would never have known they were frogs. They were the size of a small chicken. The back legs were cut off and stuffed inside. He occasionally uses the local prostitutes and it costs him 50 cents but it would cost me \$2.00 unless he would take me. I told him I thought the girls had V.D. and he agreed. One time an American wanted to come around Cambodia to help the English teachers practice but the government

didn't like the idea. I just read in this week's Time the Cambodian King is on a visit to Red China. The teacher said maybe the frogs were not good because they were prepared by a woman who comes from the countryside.

Tuesday October 13 I rented a bicycle rickshaw with driver for the day for \$1.50. It was really a wonderful day of sightseeing. I tramped all around lots of those old temples. They really are fantastic for pure size and amount of sculpture. I won't describe them too much here as I took about 25 pictures and bought a guide book with about another 100. I enjoyed this immensely. I was as enthusiastic as I was back in Greece at looking at things. In the evening I went with some other tourist to the Restaurant Ankor. I had a wonderful French 5 or 6 dinner course which cost 70 cents. A big bottle of beer cost 25 cents. There were two meat courses. The main course was a big delicious steak. This is the best meal I have had in months. We sat around late talking about our travels. It was most interesting to listen to those who had visited Red China. Everything was so nice and good and cheap here I decided to stay another day.

Wednesday October 14 I read Newsweek and then went and rented a bicycle for 30 cents for the day. I pedaled out to some of the temples I missed the day before. One, Ta Prohm, was very charming for the way the jungle was still invading it. There was a good strong rain for about an hour but I was under a good roof. Then I pedaled back. Had another French meal, bought a cigar, finished reading my book "Ankor" and very contentedly went to bed.

Thursday October 15 The bus left at 8:30 a.m. I was a little sorry to go, it was so nice in Cambodia. I had a popsicle made of frozen coconut milk. By quarter to one the bus arrived in Sisophon where I changed to another bus to go to the border. About 15 km from the border we came upon a broken down bus. All the people including a Peace Corps girl visiting from W. Pakistan came on our bus. Tight squeeze. I had little for breakfast and no lunch so was getting hungry. You have to walk across the border. I drove the girl 6 km to the railway terminal town, ARanyapathet. She missed the last train of the day. After we ate it was about

3:30, too late for me to start out because I knew it was over a 3 hour drive to the next hotel. We spent the night at the same hotel and had an enjoyable time talking and going thru the town's bazaars and shops. I would have offered to drive her to Bangkok, but the first 100 km of road was dirt or gravel in fairly poor condition and I didn't care for any extra weight on the scooter.

Friday October 16 I got up at 5:30 and left town at 10 before 6. The drive went well. I wasn't planning to go all the way back to Bangkok but I did arrive at 1:30 after going 300 km, 100 on rather poor road. I made the final mail check at the U.S. Embassy, ate 2 hamburgers there, and dropped off my passport for a visa at the Japanese embassy. Then I got my films to a shop for developing on one day service. Then I checked in for 3 nights at the Y. Then I went to a restaurant recommended by the peace corps girl. Met some PCV's.

Saturday October 17 Went out for late breakfast, changed money, and spent the afternoon reading in a USIS library. I should have run some errands instead. Then I went to the Chinese restaurant Bart Wu took me to on October 9, the Coca restaurant near the Union of Burma Airways building and had a big delicious dish of sweet and sour pork plus a pitcher of iced tea plus rice, all for 12 baht = 60 cents mmm good! Then I read in the newspaper that Krushchev was kicked out of office because he is "hair-brained", that the Chinese exploded an A-bomb, and that USA had lots more gold medals in the Japan olympics than anyone else, and that's certainly a big surprise after last year. Then I went back to the Y and wrote Tom Cantwell about the possibility of my returning to MIT and I wrote up the last 3 days in this book. Then I went back with a geologist friend to the Chinese restaurant and ate crab foo yong. Stuffed me.

Sunday October 18 Wasted the day. Read a bad novel about India called "He Who Rides a Tiger". I had lunch at Bahrnis, swiss steak, pineapple pie and ice cream, American prices. Dinner at the Chinese restaurant.

Monday October 19 Got a repair made to the back seat clamp

on the scooter 25 cents. Dropped my shoes off to be repaired. Picked up film, pretty good results! Got my passport from Jap embassy, got mail for my friend, joined him to eat at Bahrnis. Went back and got my shoes. Went to a snake farm where they make anti-poison-snake venom. It was really interesting. I was impressed by the way the technicians walked among a forest of weaving hissing cobras. One made a false strike and the technician batted him on the back of the head with his hand. Ate at the usual place, look forward to going tomorrow.

Tuesday October 20 Got going by about 8:30, but I think I took the long way out of town. After about an hour I came across the scene of an accident with one person under a sheet. The road is quite dangerous because there is no shoulder. Later I looked at a big pagoda. I couldn't figure out how to get into the center, maybe you're not supposed to. Strangely enough, many Buddhist monks smoke cigarettes. I drove 323 km to _____. There is a beautiful beach but it was a little too late for swimming. This town is very attractive. There are a few big rock mountains and islands. A reasonable Thai supper with iced tea cost me 15 cents. If I had a wife with me, I'd stay a while in this romantic spot. Alone it is just lonely.

Wednesday October 21 Drove about 300 km to _____. The most interesting thing I saw along the way was elephants each with a boy sitting on his neck. I would have taken a picture but it was cloudy most the day. The scooter was getting very hard to start so I replaced a spark plug and that cured it. While parked at the hotel a little kid pulled out the choke lever (kids are always pulling levers and switches when I'm not around but up until now they missed the choke). This caused gas to run out the carburetor and over the transmission onto the ground leaving a deposit of oil. First I thought I broke a transmission gasket and checked the transmission oil but then it became clear what happened. I accidentally left my gas container on the street by the scooter but it was still there next day. I went to bed too early and didn't sleep well.

Thursday October 22 My objective is to go 178 km over a stretch.

of road I have been warned is very bad, almost impassible in the rainy season, but should be O.K. now. The first 90 km were asphalt. Then I went over 40 of pretty rough road with a lot of temporary bridges. Then it started to rain. Fortunately the houses are often built on posts or have overhanging roofs so I just drive under. The people are invariably friendly. Unfortunately the condition of the road deteriorated a lot during the rain. The road was a sort of mixture of sand, gravel, and clay. While going along about 30 km/hr the front wheel hit a soft spot and over (sideways) I went. It wasn't as bad as it felt. Mud all over me especially my right shoulder and some bending on the front shield of the scooter. Also scratched knuckles and bent watch band (instantly repaired). I kept going but slower. I saw a white man driving a VW in the other direction and stopped, so he did and we compared notes on the road. He said in 15 km I would see a fierce succession of 3 mud holes. He had to pay some helpers to push. Well I didn't get that far because it began to rain again. I stopped at a nice lockinhouse. It turned out a bachelor of 35 years lived there and was sort of a lord of a small rubber plantation hiring about 5 workers. He spoke not a word of English. From passing travelers I got the idea that the mud puddles were almost 2 feet deep, enough to stop my motor and get everything in my side compartment wet. Fortunately the man I dropped in on _____ gave me the idea I was welcome to stay all night. Good idea! Then he wanted to drive my scooter to some place to get some things for supper. Fine. A half hour he came back pushing the scooter. I guess the engine konked out and he couldn't restart it. There was nothing wrong. For supper we had rice, 2 fried eggs, and a bunch of fried fish about 2 inches long each. We did our best to converse until about 9 p.m. He had bees nests inside his house and told me not to touch them. Strange.

Friday October 23 I awoke to the sound of my scooter starting. I guess I should have locked it. It was my host going off for breakfast rolls. 40 minutes later he came back with mud on his right shoulder. "Did you fall over?" (sign language) "No" Then I looked at the scooter which had a few new dents plus making a terrible racket because the fan shield was hitting the fan. I

fixed it shortly and my host agreed he too had taken a spill. After a rain, then breakfast, the sun came out. I said I wanted to take a picture. My host disappeared and a few minutes later I was disappointed to see him reappear in western dress. Then I saw a few trucks and buses go by. I hoped I could set the scooter on one to cross the awaiting mud hole, so I drove off. When I got there they were all mired in mud, including some 4 wheel drive vehicles. I tried driving and pushing and got two small boys to help. The local Thais had thoughtfully opened a tea shop near the biggest mud hole. I got thru without any serious difficulty, only mud all over everything, scooter, shoes, socks and pants over my knees (but below my pockets). A few miles later I stopped to go wading in a stream to try to get rid of some mud. A few miles later my muffler pipe cracked and my motor began to sound louder. It got worse and worse and by the time I got to _____ to spend the night, I was ashamed of the racket I was making. I bought a broiled chicken which I felt very happy about until about midnight when I got diarrhea and kept it until at least Monday night when I caught up this diary. (This dysentary lasted about 20 days. I should have taken medicine.)

Saturday October 24 I drove until I got to Patalung where I tried to look up a Bangkok friend. After about half an hour I found him, Manoon Anechkachai, 248 Remej Patalung, South Thailand. He will be going to an American agricultural school next September. That night I stayed with him at his father-in-law's house. The father-in-law is the headmaster of a fairly large vocational school there. He will retire in 4 years and will have to move out of this house given him by the school so he is now building a new house. I said why doesn't he build it after he retires at his greater leisure. Reply was that now friends, teachers, and students were now helping on the construction saving him much cost. My only thought was, "does he lose his friends when he retires?" But now no one seems to think of this as taking unfair advantage of his position. I guess this is the oriental way. Vinit Choti-Nukul, Head Master, Patalung Technical High School, Patalung, Thailand.

Sunday October 25 I drove to Malaysia so I will write some

general comments on Thailand first. One is that there are lots of snakes on the road. Most are dead, I ran over a few and I drove around one whose length was $2/3$ the road width. I could never identify any as the poisonous ones I saw at the Pasteur institute in Bangkok.

Monday October 26 I spent the a.m. sleeping and having the muffler rewelded, changing money and reading ~~time~~. It rained. In the afternoon I met my friends from Calcutta Mr. and Mrs Lacey. They said everyone there was getting Dengue Fever and that is probably what knocked me out just after I arrived in Bangkok. After eating chicken at a Chinese restaurant I drove 8 miles north and stayed in a small Chinese hotel by the beach. The son spoke good English and was pleasant to talk to. I saw fisherman loading ice on a small boat. I thought about going along so inquired how long they were staying out, "One day or one week, whenever the boat is full of fish" that ended that.

Tuesday October 27 I drove around the island of Penang, stopping at a nice beach (all sand) for a swim. People said stay away from beaches with rocks because of the water snakes (moray? eels). There were also supposed to be jelly fish, I saw some two days later when I took the ferry back to the mainland. It got deep fast so I swam within 20 feet of shore. There wasn't much of interest on the southside of the island. Getting back toward Georgetown I stopped in at the Snake Temple which was full of snakes on rungs of chairs and tables, on shelves, lamps, etc. and Buddists making money from tourists. Later I went to the biological gardens which was full of cages holding plants. The cage is to keep the monkeys out. I had fun giving peanuts to monkeys. One big bully chased other monkeys away so he'd get all the peanuts. I'd counter by throwing peanuts opposite his directions and then blocking him. He and I faked charges at each other. We seemed about equally scared of each other. I found an American style short order joint called "The Cold Storage Creameries" where I got food I liked. Finally stayed at a cheap Chinese hotel \$1.33.

Wednesday October 28 It rained first. Then I went back to the Cold Storage Creamery to eat. I ate slow and wrote some letters

after. Then it rained again. Then I thought about driving 60-100 miles or so of the way to Kuala Lumpur so as to be sure to get my ballot sent the next day. But I felt sort of tired and since the weather wasn't so good, I just went to USIS to read magazines and newspapers. It closed at 6. A rather wasted day. I suddenly recalled that there is a YMCA here so I went to it and slept on a second floor porch for 33 cents. Good deal, nice company and much more fun than sleeping alone at a cheap hotel. Rain and lethargy stopped me from taking the cable railway to the top of Penang mountain and seeing a few other things which sounded interesting (110 ft long sleeping Buddha).

Thursday October 29 I got up at 6 and shortly after I began driving to K.L. First step of course was the ferry which takes about 20 minutes and cost only 30 cents US for me with scooter. In theory there is customs going to the mainland. Actually about 25 scooters and motorbikes buzzed by 3 officers in about 15 seconds. I didn't expect to make it to K.L. before the embassy closed, but I was in town with 40 minutes to spare. Unfortunately a succession of wrong directions kept me running in circles until it did close and that delayed my ballot at least 16 more hours. I went to the YMCA and met another Calcutta friend who had worked nearly a year at the tea garden's near Darjeeling. Naturally we talked about how terrible it is in India, especially West Bengal.

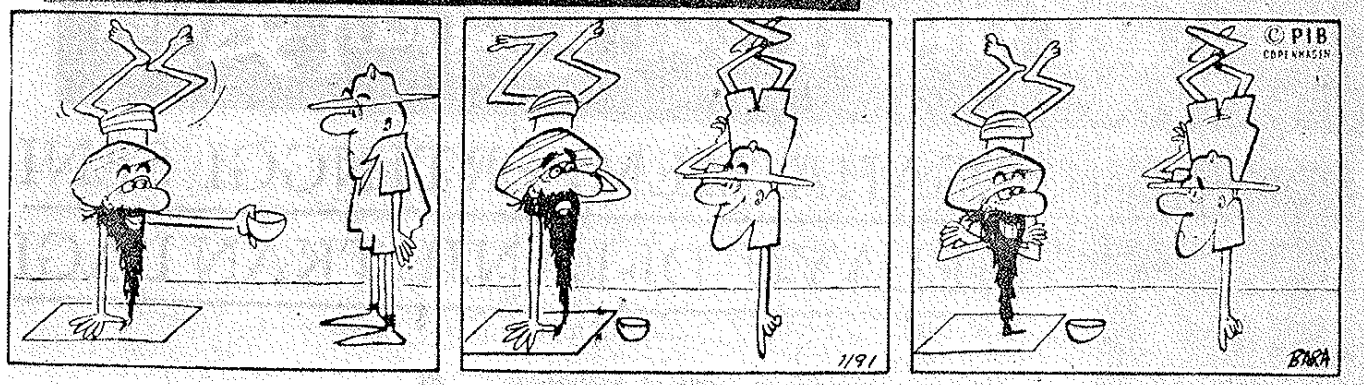
Friday October 30 Got my ballot off first thing. Came back to the Y at noon. Then I thought I lost my scooter key which was a minor catastrophe for a while. Later went with my friend to a Chinese Restaurant.

Saturday October 31 Went to a scooter place to have some Thailand dents taken out. Did some other puttering with the scooter. Read papers and wrote letters. We found an A and W root beer stand which was a delight. I am becoming much more food conscious than I have been before in my life. I think it began in Afghanistan and was reinforced in every country I have been in since then. Southeast Asia has good native foods but you have got to know how and what to order and I usually don't.

Sunday November 1 I drove with my friend Simon Boss (He

worked for almost a year in the tea gardens in Darjeeling. I met him before in Calcutta.) These Malay mountains are quite spectacular lumps of limestone sticking right out of the plain. This cave was a disappointment. In a big entrance way were a lot of hindu religious trappings. The actual cave was supposed to be 2 miles long, but it was undeveloped in anyway, no lights etc. We began a short way but it smelled badly of guano and there were big holes in the floor so we didn't go far. On the way out were some Indian beggars. When he stuck out his bowl in my direction I grabbed the bowl. He grabbed it back and they all laughed. They wouldn't have laughed in India. Later that evening I saw a very appropriate cartoon in the Malay newspaper which is clipped in below.

WAK AKSI oleh GUY BARA



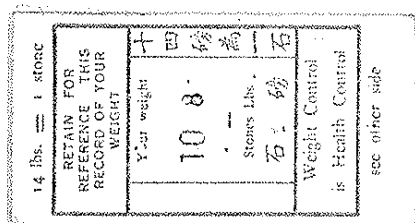
Monday November 2 I poked around in the morning and then drove to Malacca, and ancient oriental trading town. Naturally it started to rain about half an hour after I started out. The evening was interrupted a bit by dysentery. I think the same case which I caught from the chicken in Thailand. I ran out of medicine and it was stupid of me not to buy more, but it is an easy thing to neglect.

Tuesday November 3 I went to look at the beach which turned out to be a big disappointment, all mud, no beach. Someone said I should have gone to Port Dixon. Heck, that was on the way from K.L. I went to a museum and there were some relics from the days when the Dutch and the portuguese were big traders around here. I enjoyed eating at the market. I felt unaccountably tired and went back to the hotel for a nap. Dysentery still bad.

Wednesday November 4 I felt better and got an early start to Singapore. First I went to the consulate and USIS to see how the election was coming out. There were two ferries on the way. I passed the place where 52 Indonesian gorilla troops landed about 5 days before. All but 2 were immediately captured. Some kind of historical precedent was apparently being set since the whole country was going Democrat but the deep south which was going Republican. I went to the Y which was full so I went to the Chinese Y which wasn't full and was much cheaper and better. I checked in at the Auto Club and talked a bit about returning my Carnet to Lebanon but things were a bit tentative since I didn't know whether I'd ship my Vespa to Boston or sell it here. Good food and everything is really nice at the Chinese YMCA. I am sorry I took no pictures of the countryside on the drive down here. It is sad to know that this is the end of my scooter trip. I can feel that I am 10,000 miles from home. That is ten times one thousand miles. I used to think Boston, one thousand miles, was far from home.

Thursday November 5 I started making inquiries about shipping the scooter. The shipping rate is \$91 for 50 cubic feet or one ton which ever is the greater. My scooter is about 40 cubic feet as it stands so I got discouraged. Then I got the idea that if the wheels were removed the volume would be quite some less. I went to the Vespa dealer where they get a lot of Vespas by ship. Yes the volume could be reduced to 30 cubic feet by taking off the handlebars and wheels which would bring the cost to \$55 but crating and hauling to the dock would bring the price back to \$70. They would pay me \$100 for the scooter. I bought it for \$180. I guess the value in Boston would be \$125 plus or minus \$25. I need money now, but I would like the scooter in Boston. Certainly I would save by selling here and buying another in Boston, but what is the value of sentimentality? It was a hard decision, but the next day I sort of decided to sell here.

Then I went around looking for transport to Manila. The cheapest (not cheap) is probably direct flight. What looks the most interesting is to take a ship (either tomorrow or a week from then) to Sarawak. It stops in several ports in North Borneo and



takes 5 days to get to Jesselton. Deck class is unbelievably cheap, \$15 but second class which I would take cost \$45. I choose second class because of the food. I weighed myself this a.m. and was really shocked to discover 148 pounds. I also tried another scale. I think I was 181 when I left Iran. That is a result of rotten food in Afghanistan, Pakistan and most of India, Dengue fever caught in Calcutta, not especially good food in rural Thailand and ten days of unattended dysentery. I bought some pills. Entero-Vioform. I met a boy from W. Pak. Peace Corps who knows two other groups I met from there. He said perhaps I have the amoebic dysentery rather than the more common bacillary. With amoebic the stools are often pure liquid and relapse is common. He offered me some pills (teromycin) which I said I would put off for a few more days. I guess I should have been a follower of Mary Baker Eddy. We Dick Rundell, Livingston, Wisconsin went out to a bar for a 35 cents beer and had more of a pleasant chat.

Friday November 6 Simon Boss Rockmount, Church Stretton, Salop, England. Nice to meet an old friend. He didn't have any luck getting a plantation job in Malaya. Soon we joined Dick for breakfast which is excellent here at the Y and did a lot more jabbering. Then Simon went off to see about shipping back to England and Dick and I went off to see the Tiger Balm gardens. The gardens were very nice, being sort of an oriental Disneyland. We spent the morning there and I took lots of pictures. There were a lot of brightly colored statues depicting Chinese proverbs and legends. In the afternoon we went to see the Jade House (jade statues, quite dull) and the botanical garden (more monkeys).

Saturday November 7 I went sight seeing with one of the boys from the Vespa agency. First they took my picture in front of the building. I met an old Italian who was a wheel there. He spent some time on Borneo and said I'd easily get a ship to the Philippines. This was enough to convince me to buy the ticket. Then we went to the motor vehicle dept, to see about transfer of license. The boy I went sightseeing with Lim, Hong Hai 51 Beach Road, Singapore 7

first took me to lunch. We had Cantonese noodles. I rode the back of his scooter. We passed the incomplete Indonesian embassy. Work has stopped because of the "confrontation". Then we looked at a Malayan Moslem Mosque. Not nearly so beautiful as those in the Middle East. No tile mosaics. The women pray in the balcony, the men below. Then we looked at an old Chinese temple. There were lots of dirty images like a Hindu temple. You can ask the gods a question, throw down some sticks and get an answer. People lite cigarettes off some of the ornamental candles and lights. I believe most Protestants would have greater sympathy for the Moslem religion and mosques than for the Hindu, Buddhist, or Catholic with all their trappings. We drove around a bit, finally ended up on a hill overlooking the city and harbor.

Sunday November 8 Simon and I tried to do some shopping but most places were closed. There are a lot of Sunday sellers who set up little stalls in front of department stores which are closed. While buying a pair of sun glasses (50 cents) a Chinaman came up to me and showed me my picture in a Chinese newspaper. It was the one taken yesterday. Then we walked into a shop selling alligator skin purses etc. I was quite enthusiastic to buy something but the prices seemed a little high and the shop keeper was too indolent to take things out of cases for me to look at. Perhaps we looked like a bunch of tramps, but I don't think we were that bad, anyway they had no other customers. Then we went to a nearby shop selling similar goods plus cameras. I was thinking about an improved version of my camera. "No you may not open the back of the camera." Despite the fact there were no other customers he couldn't be bothered to take the more expensive model out of the case. We were perfectly polite but they started making remarks like "Which temple are you staying at?" Finally I told them there are other shops in town and I had just as much money as they. I write this all down because it never happened before. Simon went back Monday and said the insolent clerks weren't there, perhaps they were just Sunday "help".

Then we went to "Change Alley". There again the usual merchants were replaced by Sunday hawkers. Simon started haggling for a watch and ended out walking away. The peddler was so mad he ran

after him and a fight ensued which I didn't see, but heard so I started walking back. The fight had momentarily been broken up and the first thing I saw was Simon walking away and the peddler coming after him throwing a chair. Then began another tussel. Simon tried to bump his head against a gate and the peddler grabbed Simon with both hands by the testicles. This hurt so Simon punched the peddler very hard in the face and blood began running all over. I didn't do anything because it was obvious that Simon didn't want to fight. Some Chinese finally got the message and pulled the Chinese peddler off. I didn't want to do that as it wouldn't look good to all the natives to see 2 white men against one Chinese. I was surprised that the other merchants and hawkers were very slow to break it up if indeed they were the ones who finally did. My parting thought at this day was that I do not like the Sunday merchants in Singapore. All the respectable ones are home.

Monday November 9 A very good day in which a lot was accomplished. First I booked 2nd class on the Kimanis for Jesselton via Sarawak ports for \$45. Then I went and got a check for my scooter. They decided to pay M \$320, instead of the M \$300 we earlier agreed on. This is about US \$ 107. I paid S. kr. 900 which is about US \$175. Then I cashed the check and bought my ticket. It was just in time as by now the ship was full. They reminded me that my cholera shot is about to expire. Then I went to the autoclub of Singapore and they gave me a letter of endorsement of all the transactions and that they had examined my Carnet. They said I should get my money back when the error on the Jordan exit gets straightened out.

I had lunch again with two of the boys from the agency. The food was Malay and mostly too hot for me. We had a big feast and they paid.

In the afternoon I spent a lot of money shopping.

carved wooden tripod	.75	(made in India)
carved wood fish	.50	
Indonesian cloth	3.33	
matching purse	5.00	I think this was a gyp. Must have
alligator skin belt	4.00	been pretty sales girls.
alligator skin wallet	4.50	Overpriced, but I looked in several
		shops and couldn't do better

meal from the Vespa Agency. Sold tools I'd paid \$6 for \$2.75. Gave away gas and water plastic cans. They drove me on my scooter to Clifford pier. Lim bought me a box of 10 Dutch cigars as a parting gift. A launch took me off to the Kimanis which left at 5:15. The supper was pretty reasonable including fish and meat. In my 2nd class cabin are two Malays and another fellow from Borneo who might be native of Indian, I don't know. He is coming back from some special police training program. He was very discouraging about getting a ship to the Philippines. He said, "Those little boats are all smugglers. They bring lumber here and cigarettes back. All the men carry guns and knives. When you see them and their boats you will want nothing to do with it. Furthermore they are preyed upon by pirates. Even the British navy admits that! etc. etc.

Saturday November 14 We sailed all day in a moderate sea I enjoyed the relaxation. (diary now 17 days behind)

Sunday November 15 We arrived at the place in the river in Sarawak where they unload for Kuching, unloaded, and went on. Out of 16 people in 2nd class only 3 of us showed up for supper, the rest were too sea sick.

Monday November 16 We arrived at Miri early in the morning and anchored broadside to the waves on a sandbar. The lighters didn't come out for the cargo so we steamed slowly off to sea to come back tomorrow. They said that the ship was more stable while underway than anchored and that some of the cargo was getting wrecked from rolling around in the hold.

Tuesday November 17 We unloaded at Miri and sailed on past Brunei to Labuan, N. Borneo arriving late at night. I was tired of being confined to the ship.

Wednesday November 18 After breakfast I got off and walked around Labuan. I met some Peace Corps kids who were very friendly and interested in my scooter trip. One girl named Briscoe had a brother I met at MIT. She said I should send her an instruction book for Chinese abacus if I find one in an American bookstore. The ship left at 10 p.m. but one of the peace corps boys and I managed to down a cheap beer on it before he hopped off.

Thursday November 19 I landed at Jesselton in the rain, left my bags at the tourist agency. I found a cheap Chinese hotel quite a way from town. Then I met on the street my friend Robert M. Buehrig, 1301 Maxwell Lane, Bloomington, Indiana. We were room-mates at the Bangkok Y. We walked around town and somehow got to the Peace Corps office. They said I was welcome to stay at their hostel free. I got a Honda ride to my hotel and managed to get my money back (with the aid of a P.C.)

Friday November 20 I had a nice time eating a lot, sleeping a lot, reading a lot, and talking a lot to the P.C.'s. I am ashamed to admit that I never went out to the countryside over the weekend. My only weak excuse was that it was monsoon season and it rained everyday. Rob left on the ship at 8:00 p.m. I have been in the tropics too long.

Saturday November 21 eat, sleep, read, talk

Sunday November 22 eat, sleep, read, talk

Monday November 23 got a lot of letters off and got on the plane for \$72 to Manila. Took a taxi to the YMCA. Met a New Zealander Mike Lys, 19 Chamberlain Street, Donnevirke, New Zealand. He said he was a little bored with Baguio and he didn't think it very safe to travel around. So many of the people carry guns, people yelling "Hey, Joe" at you. He was most enthusiastic about Taiwan and Japan but didn't want to spend much more time here. I think he was exaggerating. I phoned the Jamora family and made arrangements to meet them tomorrow at 1 p.m.

Tuesday November 24 I spent the a.m. at a travel agency and decided the cheapest way home would be to buy my ticket here. I wrote a letter to my bank in Alexandria and gave it plus my bankbook to the travel agent Jet Travel Inc., 1313 M.H. del Pilar, Ermita, Manila. I planned to purchase a ticket for Manila-Taipei-Osaka-Tokyo-Vancouver-Seattle-Milwaukee-Chicago for \$575. It is cheaper to buy it all at once than in separate pieces. Then I stopped at the bank. Then I went to the Jamoras. The father is a lawyer. Their car was being repaired so we left two hours late to visit the nunnery where their daughter, Marietta, is a novice. The nunnery had a beautiful view overlooking Lake Taal and an

extinct volcano. Marietta was very cheerful.

Wednesday November 25 Since this diary is 11 days behind I forgot what I did this day. Maybe this day I sent a \$3.50 box of cigars to repay Ted Flinn.

Thursday November 26 With the New Zealander and a fellow he met, Jun Almonte, 25- A Ilima St., Wahiawa, Oahu, Hawaii, we went touring around Manila and Quezon City. I bought wholesale by Gov. Jose Espinosa, Tarlac, Tarlac, Phil. (9679--). Jun is of Filipino father and Japanese mother and is enthusiastic young catholic who wants to become a monk. First he took us to visit some Catholic schools. Met some nice and interesting "fathers". It was a school holiday so they had time to talk and I was surprised that they mentioned the population problem and birth control etc. I didn't press any questions. They said the English language is losing out in Luzon to Tagalog. We also looked around some shops and Junior looked around for some girls he wanted to introduce to us but he didn't find them. We looked at the Santo Tomas University. Men separated from women in the library. Too bad the museum there was closed. It was the oldest University to fly the American flag.

Friday November 27 For some reason I slept most the afternoon. In the evening I called Emer Manawis, c/o Jet Travel, 1313 M.H. Del Pilar, Eronita, Manila. He invited me to his house. I went. There were a lot of Peace Corps kids there. We went out to a bar where there were more Peace Corps in to Manila for a long weekend. I met Jeanette Cannon, Lusacon, Tiaong, Quezon, Philippines terminating June 65-78 Walworth Ave, Scarsdale, N.Y., USA. She invited me to come to visit her barrio (village) where she is a teacher.

Saturday November 28 I went with Mike and Jun to visit the old walled city and see the relics of the Philippine patriot Jose Rizal (Risal?). This was also the site of some Japanese W.W.II atrocities. We saw a church. Then we went to the Manila American Cemetery and Memorial (of W.W. II). This was something like Arlington Cemetery in a tropical setting. There were big wall mosaic maps depicting the strategy and battles of the war. For most of the Navy boys there was a grave marked but actually they

were lost at sea. This was very worthwhile to visit. Then we went to the Philippine Women's University and saw some native dancing. The Philippine music, having Spanish influence, appealed to me more than any other in Southeast Asia. The girls and costumes were beautiful. The performance seemed very professional. I had a front seat and was quite charmed by it all. Now I'm sorry I missed Thai and Cambodian dancing. To top it off was a lunch which alone was worth the admission cost.

Sunday November 29 Mike and I wasted a rainy day.

Monday November 30 I ordered a bunch of wood carved "junk" which I had been looking at for a while.

6 big plates \$4.50

6 small 2.25

salad bowl set (bowl, 6 small dishes, spoon, fork) \$7.50

big tray 2.50

2 little "leaf" trays \$1.00

The postage came to \$2.50. Landicho's 1112 M.H. del Pilar St., Ermita, Manila.

I met "Jay Cannon" and we went to one of her friends for lunch. The friend had a truck and we went to look at the cemetery again and then Jay and one of her friends and I got on the bus to her village. We arrived after dark.

Tuesday December 1 Jay's friend went on the bus to her barrio at the seaside another several hours away by bus. Jay went off to teach school and I settled down to read a book all morning. Originally this was a house on stilts, but now the ground level is walled in though not quite so livable as the upstairs. The floor is beautiful polished hard wood except in the kitchen where it is bamboo slats you can see between. The roof is galvanized sheet. There are sliding windows which are semi opaque and open all day. There is gas lantern and gas stove. There is a flush toilet but you have got to pump the water. Drinking water must be boiled. This house is better than the ones around it partly because the status of a teacher is quite high and partly because the landlords must have some more money than usual. The place is really charming and comfortable. Reminds me, and Jay too, of a prolonged

camping trip. There is a wonderful southeast asian view from the window, other houses on stilts with thatch roof, water buffalo, pigs, chickens, rice paddy, coconut trees, banana trees, bamboo, and the friendly village folk. She had a long noon free so we went to San Pablo to shop for dinner. This was fun. In the evening we had a good big dinner and I ate 3 times what I usually do.

Wednesday December 2 Since I ate up most of the food I went in the morning to Lusacan to buy some more. Friendly villagers. I got a free sugar cane pineapple home made popsickle. After that I was going to go to see the school, but being my tropical best I didn't make it before it finished. There was no school in the afternoon and we walked around a bit ending up out in the middle of a big paddy. It is quite difficult sometimes to walk on the narrow earth ridge without sometimes stepping off into the rice (and water). We were thinking of taking our picture sitting on the water buffalo, Pretty, (I smell Pretty) but she was in muddy water up to her ears and it wasn't very sunny. Never-the-less I'm sorry I didn't get the picture.

Thursday December 3 I caught the 3 hour bus back to Manila. Ate lots of tangerines along the way. My airplane ticket home was ready. I would have to wait till tomorrow to fly to Taipei. I went to the YMCA and met Mike.

Friday December 4 Talked to a girl newspaper reporter for a while. She drove Mike and me to Emer's apartment. Emer offered ham sandwiches for lunch, we bought some extras. 6 bottles of beer cost 50 cents, the same price as a quart of milk. I changed money and paid for the wood I ordered on Monday. There was no mail from home at the embassy. I shopped around a little. Finally it was plane time, a DC 6. When I arrived in Taipei it was cold. This is the latitude of Florida so I didn't really expect it. Before this the temperatures above 80 almost every day for 6 months. Perhaps it was 55 degrees, but I found that quite invigorating. I met a hotel solicitor who had a room with hot water for \$4 and he would pay the 75 cents taxi ride from the airport. A bit expensive but he seemed young and genuinely friendly and it was 11 p.m. and this way I could avoid any complications with the taxi and finding a room.

Saturday December 5 I met Ichi, Hsu, Geological Survey of Taiwan P.O. Box 31, Taipei, Taiwan. At that time he had his professor from America. Prof Scharon from St. Louis Univ. visiting him. We had a nice chat and went to eat rather Western food at the RR station. Prof Scharon is not very enthusiastic about Chinese food. Then we looked in a gift store (tourist trap?). Then we went to a Formosa Economic Progress fair. I got a lot of Chinese snacks at different stands. The exhibition was very impressive too. I didn't know they made Automobiles, tires, plastic goods, and scooters. I liked the fabrics. The camphor wood carved chests were much cheaper than Singapore. The trouble with that is the shipping cost \$70 is as much as the chest. We went to take a cab back and the taxi driver was an attractive girl well dressed including nylons and heels etc. Unfortunately she spoke only Taiwanese and Hsu speaks only Mandarin Chinese and they couldn't communicate so we took another cab to the Confucious Temple which was very nice I suppose but by now I have seen enough temples. I bought lots of tangerines and bananas which are better here than any other place I have been. Later in the evening the 3 of us plus Hsu's bride to be went out to dinner on the top of the First Hotel. The food was interesting. There were dishes of different raw meat strips and dishes of a few vegetables and dishes of sauces. You make your own up like at a smorgasbord but then you took it to an outdoor fryer and gave it to the cook to fry. I didn't think mine turned out too good although I tried twice. I don't know why this is so popular with foreigners.

Mandarin Style

Sunday December 5 In the morning I walked around Taipei. In the afternoon I met Hsu and we walked to a park and then a museum which was closed. Then we went to a library. I was impressed by the library, it even had the Chicago Tribune. Then for the big event of the day, eating at a Taiwanese bazaar. First we had sweet and sour frog, but the sauce obscured the frog flavor so then we had boiled frog. Then I saw oyster omelette but I think the cooking pan was too hot because they burnt a bit. I'll try to make this myself someday. Then we had a pork and shark fin soup. Then we had mango, watermelon and a minty rice pudding with pineapple slices. Then we walked past tanks of live fish,

turtles, and tortoise and pens of big snakes and medium sized vipers. The reptiles are for soups. I think most of the dishes I mentioned cost about 15 cents for a small portion. Although these foods are traditional, they are a bit novel, even to the natives.

Monday December 6 I met Mr. C.Y. Meng who happened to be in town and offered to take me to the Chinese Petroleum Company's exploration center in Miaoli. The train was to leave at noon so I rushed to buy a Chinese quilted jacket for \$9 and we were soon on an express train. He gave me a running commentary on geology and agriculture of the areas we passed. The train was neat as a pin, you could set your watch by it, and an attractive hostess served tea. All the people were nicely dressed, even those riding bicycles in the towns we passed. The biggest misconception about Asia I had when beginning this trip was that I thought India and China would be at somewhat the same level of poverty and misery. Now I wouldn't apply the word poverty to Formosa. In Miaoli I met the people at the Petroleum company, talked a bit and rested a bit. Later we had another delicious though more conventional Chinese dinner at their guest house on a round table with a rotating center.

Tuesday December 7 In the morning I went with Mr. Meng to the nearby Geophysical Institute of Taiwan University in Miaoli. It was a nice new building much too big for the 40 students. It is beautifully set among the terraced farms and mountains. I spent 2 hours lecturing to the students. It was mostly question and answer. The students were dressed just as MIT students dress, 1/3 with ties and white shirts, 1/3 with sport shirt and suit jacket, 1/3 like me usually, sport shirt or flannel shirt and winter or fall coat. They asked quite good questions and quite good English. Some were as old as I. The main trouble with this Institute is no lab apparatus or projects and no teachers. (Mr. Meng gets no pay or status from his teaching because he does not have Ph.D.) It certainly would be a good place for someone like me to go on a Fulbright professorship. Taipei is 100 minutes and 75 cents to 1.50 away by train or 2 hours by quite good road. In the afternoon I talked to Mr. Pam and he explained the problems

of the seismic reflection surveys. In the evening there was a banquet for Mr. Pan. More good food. Afterwards they had western dancing and some of the women sang.

Wednesday December 8 A rather dull scientific day. They suggested that I spend a day here in Miaoli and then Mr. Pan who hasn't had a vacation in 17 years and I make a trip at their expense (except for transportation) around the island. Luckily I was able to answer most of the questions they asked me from the Silver issue of Geophysics. After supper (another feast) we got on the train to Kaushiung in the south of Taiwan. We stayed at a guest house at their biggest refinery.

Thursday December 9 We looked over the refinery and took some pictures. We went up on the big catalytic cracking tower. They run this refinery on both domestic and imported petroleum. They export to US forces in Viet-Nam. Then we went to a park (SUN MOON LAKE) around a lake. Then we went to a high point on which there was a Japanese killed officers memorial which was converted to one for killed Chinese. At noon I had the best feast in my memory of this trip. Then we took a train back to Miaoli.

Friday December 10 We took the train part-way to Taipei and got off and took a company truck to the blasting site. It was raining. They use men to dig the dynamite holes, 3-4 meters deep. Truck mounted drill isn't practical because of the terrain and the agriculture. Now they were digging in a stream bed and already hit water at one meter. Then we got a ride to Taipei in the equipment truck which wouldn't be used today because the rain induces cross-feed from the power lines to the geophone cables. I saw Ichi Hsu's Japan movies.

Saturday December 11 We flew to Hualien. Then we drove up the gorge. It was certainly the most spectacular scenery on this trip. There was a youth hostel and a Swiss priest and chapel on the way. They were quarrying marble so I bought a small vase for \$1.25. Then we drove back and went to watch the fishing boats come in. They had about 20 tarpon and three hammerhead sharks. We went back to Taipei.

Sunday December 12 I walked around Taipei mainly snooping and

shopping and eating. Of the souvenirs I bought, most were junk except some silk with butterflies on for making Chinese dress which cost \$5.50 each for the two I bought. I got on the Thai Airlines jet to Osaka. It featured good "Dansk Mad" and free Dansk öl. I finally came to a Japanese inn (\$2.78). First I got tea and a date roll. Then I took a bath. There was a very big tub. You soap and rinse outside the tub. This inn has sliding doors. I sit on a pillow. The table is one foot high. I slept on a mat on the floor. The gas heater is inadequate but much better than I had in London last winter.

Dinner with the Chinese Petroleum Company
beer

4 varieties of sliced sausage
abalone and green vegetable
sweet and sour shrimp
chicken
duck
one large smoked fish
corn soup
fried rice with tidbits
pudding with pineapple slices

Monday December 14 I spent my first day in Osaka just being cold. I walked around the extensive underground shops and also on the streets. I went to visit the Osaka castle. I see one building in this style in every city. I went to the youth hostel in the evening. It was in a hard to find place in the suburbs. There were few people there. I rented a portable heater for 60 yen and much to my disappointment they took it back just as I was going to sleep.

Tuesday December 15 I went back downtown to eat and find out about the train to Hiroshima. At the station a lad introduced himself and helped me to buy the ticket. He gave me and olympic 100 yen. ^{I gave him} ~~was~~ some Japanese occupation of Malaya money. Then I spent 5 nice warm hours on the train watching the scenery. At Hiroshima I phoned the youth hostel. They wanted me in by 7:00 p.m. Instead I wandered around the town and at 9:30 I found a nice inn

for only \$2. Read some and went to sleep. It sure is fun just walking around.

Wednesday December 16 I walked to the atomic bomb memorial and went thru the museum. A bunch of Russians were there. I took a picture of one building which survived the blast and is still preserved. The building was almost directly under the explosion which was at 600 meters altitude. Shows what a shelter could do for you. Then I walked around the center of the shopping district where everything is new and very nice. A plate of spaghetti and meat sauce costs about 35 cents. Then I went to a travel bureau to inquire about travel to Korea. Surprisingly, it didn't seem practical on my limited time and money. Then I took the train to Shimonoseki. This is a nice town to walk around because it is the place where the ships going east and west go over the trains going north and south. I found an inn. The first room they showed me cost 1000 yen. I wanted a smaller and cheaper one but had some trouble explaining this as they showed me nearly every room in the inn (which were all empty) before they got the idea. They accepted my offer of 700 yen at once when they understood it.

Thursday December 17 Unfortunately it was drizzling in the morning but I walked around Shimonoseki anyway in the rain and finally took a bus back to the RR station. The department store across from the station has a fifth floor restaurant from which I could very well observe the commerce of the city. At noon I caught a train to Nagasaki. On the train I met two fellows dressed a bit like dandys with sun glasses (it was still raining). They said they worked in "Japanese gang". I wouldn't doubt it anyway they were funny. It is amazing how clever some people are at sign language and how stupid others are, but that's a longer duller story. I got the room price down from 1000 to 700 yen again tonight. I saw orange trees with oranges on them.

Friday December 18 I got tomorrow's ticket and then took the trolley to the epicenter. Then I went thru a museum. Then it was raining but I went to the shopping center. These are nice in W.W. II bombed out cities like this and Rotterdam. I got a new Time Magazine and went back to the inn for another Japanese hot bath.

Saturday December 19 I took the bus trip to volcanic Mt. Aso via a boat from Shimabara to Misumi. This was a wonderful scenic trip but it was too dark for color pictures. First I saw some nets which operate somehow because of the tide. They were like net tents about 8 feet wide and extending out to sea as far as posts could be driven which looked like a mile in some places. The cliffs along the sea were quite spectacular. We stopped at the Kumamoto Castle and at a famous garden in Kumamoto which wasn't so great in the winter. The boat trip featured nice scenery too. Most of the time I was the only one in the bus besides the driver and hostess. The hostess gave a lot of explanations over the loud-speaker in Japanese. She also got out at every railroad crossing and ran over the tracks and then motioned the bus over. Now I am at Aso station and have not yet found my inn. I forgot to mention that at Unzen today there was steam coming out of the ground like at Yellowstone park, no geysers though. One thing I didn't realize about the table in a room in a Japanese inn is that it has a heater. The table is about 3 feet square about a foot off the floor and has a double top. A six foot square blanket is between the tops and underneath the bottom top is an oversized light bulb. When you stick your feet under the blanket you get partly warm. Here at Aso it is getting much colder again.

Sunday December 20 I took the morning bus nearly to the summit and changed to a cable car for the final part of the journey. The volcano Aso was steaming vigorously but there was no smoke or fire. I went back down. I met a student of mathematical programming at the station. Got on the train and met some Swiss fellows. Got off at Beppu. I looked like a very interesting place but there was a boat leaving immediately so I got on. Second class was in the hold. We sat on a platform on a rug. It was overcrowded (perhaps because of being Sunday p.m.) and hard to stretch out to sleep. But it was cheap, \$3.50 for an 18 hour ride from Beppu to Osaka.

Monday December 21 I got off the ship and a fellow helped me to find the Osaka station. I went on the train for 35 cents to Kyoto, Japan's education, religions, and cultural center. I met some students and went to talk with them at the English Speaking

Society. One student and I walked around the emperor's old home. As we parted he sent me off on the wrong bus. I got to the shopping center rather than the temple I wanted to go to. I walked around there a while, then I went to a nearby shrine, finally I found a Japanese Inn.

Tuesday December 22 I went to the most interesting National Treasure Sanjusangendo. In one building 400 feet long was a "choir" of 1000 life sized wooden Buddah. They were all painted or gilded with gold. I went to another temple. Then I took the train back to Osaka, bus to the airport, plane to Tokyo, and bus to the city. The bus went alongside the monorail. I saw only one monorail train of 3 cars all the while. This must be a financial failure of highest magnitude. I paid 20 cents for the bus ride from the airport. If they had 100 people on the monorail and one car every 20 minutes that is still only \$75 per hour which is nothing compared with construction costs. Then I went to the embassy for mail. Then I walked around a while and met a student who helped me find the Earthquake Research Inst. telephone number. Later he invited me to his house, one hour by subway and walking. ~~We went to a small bar.~~ It was very expensive I thought. Japan probably has more bars than any other country in the world. Many appear to seat only about 6 people. This bar had about 8 customers, a matron, and 3 employees.

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Wednesday December 23 In the morning we went to the national museum near Tokyo University. From there we called Keiiti Aki at the Earthquake Research Institute. We visited him for a short while. We went to see the emperor's palace (from the outside). The tourist agency recommended the Asakusa Kokusai Theater, but when we get there the show was changed to some comedy I would understand little of. We ended out going to a strip show. I moved to the Asia Center of Japan. The rent is 950 yen and there is heat.

Thursday December 24 I spent a little time writing. Then I went to a bank to pick up the \$175 sent to me by Jamie Chapman. I went to a department store for half an hour and had my taste whetted for Christmas shopping. Actually it is Christmas and New Years shopping in Japan. Then I went to visit Keuti Aki again. He gave me some papers. There were two points of special interest

he may be the first seismologist to have quoted Wold, he worked a bit on isotropic microseisms for his thesis.

Friday December 25 I wrote some cards and then went to visit Keiiti again.

Saturday December 26 I went shopping all day. This ^{is} quite interesting in Japan.

Sunday December 27 Kenji Ose and I went first to the olympic sports grounds. In Greece last summer at Loympos I saw the original olympic stadiu. Today I saw the most recent. Then we went to an art museum depicting the life of the Meiji emperor. This was quite interesting as it took up Japanese history till about 1914. Then we went to the Tokyo tower which is a few meter taller than the Eiffel Tower. The observation deck was a disappointing 123 meters high. That is about the same as the Uppsala Cathedral tower which I once walked up. We walked around the Asakusa section.

Monday December 28 I got mail from the embassy. Went to make plane reservation. Went shopping. So far I bought

¥ 150 sandals
 350 sox for sandals
 950 baby carrier
 150 key chain
 700 2 pens and ink
 12500 Sony FM radio
 800 6 colored glassed
 1100 robe
 380 saki set
 400 sand clock
 300 popular record
 2400 exotic food
 (¥ 350 = \$1)

I had a rare stroke of luck which I will not be able to take advantage of. While talking to the sales girl about buying this pen she called another girl who could speak English better. Much better it turned out since she studies American literature and works here for the holidays. By the time I purchased this pen I was sorry that I am about to leave Tokyo.

income

350	Chapman
600	bank to Venice
180	scooter
500	Dad to Beirut
100	initial cash
350	initial T.C.
400	check act. Bangkok
<u>575</u>	ticket from bank
3055	

return

50	St. Onge debt
730	Carnet
<u>35</u>	radio
815	

total

3055
<u>815</u>
2240

cost of trip

7 months

Uppsala to Sheboygan Falls

dried squid	100 ¥	assorted dry sea food	1300 ¥
sandals	Y150	slippers	50 NT
sandal sox	350	sand clock	400 Y
20 slides	400	small dishes	40 NT
baby carrier	950	paper toy	10 NT
key chain	150	silver earring	36 NT
2 pens and ink	700	stone vase	50 NT
Sony FM radio	12500	calendar	60 NT
6 colored glasses	800	silk	220 NT
50 cigarettes	200	silk	220 NT
Chinese coat	360 Nt	flag	15 NT
clay museum copy	120 ¥	record	300 Y
robe	1100 ¥	dried seaweed sheets	200 ¥
saki set (dishes)	380 ¥	dried seaweed stringy	180 ¥
chestnuts	200 ¥	sea urchin sandwich	350 ¥