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An American Hero

The exclusive story of how an American farmer has devoted his life to a one-man crusade for freedom and democracy in war-torn, Communist-infiltrated Laos. • By DON A. SCHANCHE

PART ONE

Edgar Buell was squatting, native style, on a dusty path which bordered a worked-out opium field high in the mountains of northern Laos. He is a little runt of a man, and except for his thinning hair and heavy-rimmed spectacles you could mistake him for one of the 200,000 Meo tribesmen who inhabit those jungle-sheathed mountains. His skin is weathered from a lifetime on an Indiana farm and darkened from two years of baking in the tropical sunshine of Laos. His khaki trousers were spotted with the dirt of day-long hikes up mountain trails to the Meo villages we had visited that week, and he was shirtless, warming his bared torso in the afternoon sun.

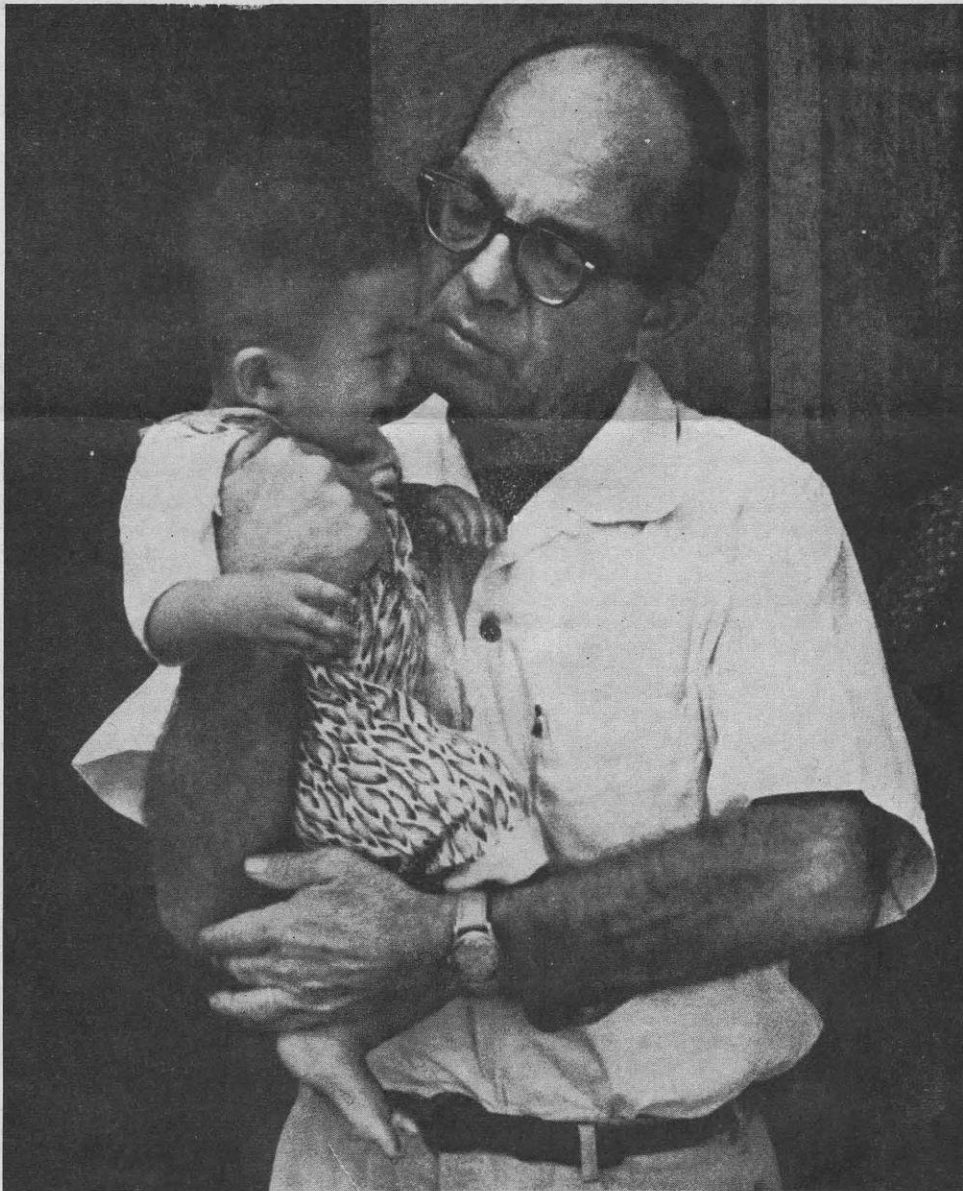
Buell was discussing the economics of opium with two Meo village leaders, who listened attentively, almost rapturously. He spoke in a mixed vocabulary of tribal Meo and Lao, the national language of Laos. If you listened closely, you could almost hear northern-Indiana colloquialisms buried in the strange monosyllabic words.

Opium, the only exportable cash crop raised in Laos, is a poor crop for the Meo, Buell explained. Harvesting it is hard, painstaking work. Even though the Meo grow the best opium in the world, the farmer's reward for the stuff is abysmally low; a batch that might sell for \$100,000 if smuggled into New York brings the Meo farmer about one dollar. In Buell's easygoing but forthright lecture to the tribesmen, there was no hint of moral considerations. The evils of opium's misuse in a civilized western society would be inexplicable to the primitive Meo. Buell stuck to crop economics. Sweet potatoes, he said, would grow beautifully in the rich earth of the hills. They would bring more money, and besides, the farmers and their families could eat them.

As the Meo village leaders nodded in thoughtful agreement, Buell looked up at me. "Americans ought to know," he said, "that diplomacy ain't all white shirts, nice pants and money running out of your pockets. More of us have got to get down with the people. That's where you can do some good for them and for America."

Edgar Buell rarely has occasion to wear a white shirt and nice pants, and when money runs out of his pockets, it is more often his own, earned in years of work raising corn and soybeans on an Indiana farm, than it is Uncle Sam's. The forty-nine-year-old retired farmer is one of that woefully small group of Americans overseas who were extolled by Eugene Burdick and William Lederer in their misnamed book *The Ugly American*, whose hero was not ugly, but splendid. These are the Americans who volunteer to go to

Photographs by the Author



Hero Buell holds a little boy whom he saved from his mother's near-miscarriage. Pop has delivered about 30 babies in Laos. This child's father was captured by the Communists.

remote corners of the world where they can use a lifetime of practical experience in helping the miserable people our leaders euphemistically call the "less fortunate" or "underdeveloped."

Buell went to Laos in June, 1960, as a sixty-dollar-a-month volunteer, an agricultural adviser for International Voluntary Service, a private Peace Corps which contracts the services of its volunteers to various U.S. aid programs abroad. He took this step after a deep personal tragedy, the death of his wife. In the vernacular of north-eastern Indiana, and the farm where he spent most of his life, Buell explained what propelled him to Laos. "It ain't so complicated. Maloreen and I was a team. When that one good horse got off the wagon, I couldn't go on alone back home. But here, I don't know why, I can go alone."

As his words indicate, he is a gentle man, tempered by a life that has been both hard and good. Physically he is wiry and tough, hardened by two years of climbing up and down the mountains of Laos. If a word could describe his features, that word would be "homely"; it is a warm kind of homeliness, underlined by alert, curious eyes, that draws other men to Edgar Buell and inspires confidence in people less fortunate than himself.

The Meo people with whom Buell works are among the least fortunate people in the world. Fortune has not smiled on them at all. Even without the recent war, which has torn them from their land, they live at the absolute bedrock of human existence. Their farmland is mostly vertical, climbing up the sides of rugged mountains and cleared by slashing and burning the tangled jungle which chokes it. After a few years of growing hill rice, opium and vegetables in one spot, they pick up their meager possessions and move to another mountain to repeat the process. They live in grass-thatched, bamboo-walled huts. Virtually everything they have is handmade, mostly from bamboo.

A Meo woman is lucky if she survives childbirth. She is luckier still if half of the children she bears survive childhood. And she can count her blessings if she or her husband lives to be more than thirty-five years of age. If she knows Edgar Buell or the legend of Edgar Buell which is passed from mouth to mouth and village to village in northern Laos, she probably thinks of him as some kind of god. To the Meo, he is.

"Pop" Means "Sent From Above"

Buell's name in Meo, the flattering sobriquet of which he is more proud than any award or honor he has received, has a godlike meaning. The Meo call him *Tan Pop*. *Tan* means "mister." *Pop*, in Meo, means "sent from above." To fellow Americans in Laos he is simply Pop Buell, with no spiritual overtones. But the legend of Pop Buell is passed around with awe in the American community too. Already Buell's efforts have eclipsed the record of Dr. Tom Dooley, the young St. Louis physician who established two jungle hospitals in Laos before he died in 1961.

"Sometimes Pop puts the rest of us to shame," said one of the men he works for. "He has more courage, more common sense and more human compassion than any other man I have known."

Pop Buell's job is an emotionally and physically crushing one, on which hang the lives of 50,000

to 60,000 harassed Meo tribesmen who have been driven from their mountain homes by Communist Pathet Lao soldiers bent on conquering all of Laos. Most of these Meo refugees wander the hills or settle in temporary villages in Xieng Khouang Province, bordering the famed Plaine des Jarres where one of the principal battles of the Laotian civil war was fought. They are surrounded by hostile Communist and so-called neutralist forces who are allied in battle against the royal government. Every day the noose of enemy troops closes a little tighter.

The Warlike Cease-Fire in Laos

If you read the news of Southeast Asia regularly, you probably have the impression that there has been a cease-fire in Laos, that the country has been in a more or less quiescent state pending the negotiation of a more permanent peace based on formation of a neutral, coalition government. The impression is misleading, particularly in Xieng Khouang Province. For many months, long before the recent heavy fighting, there has been war every day. Men have been killed. Villages have been burned. People, mostly the uncomprehending but bitterly angry Meo, are tortured. Pop remembers the horrifying ordeal of one village which he visited just after the Pathet Lao had sacked it.

"They wanted to set an example," he explained. The memory of it made him wince. "So they took one of the wives of the village Nhi Khon (leader) and stood her up in front of everybody. One of the Communist soldiers took his gun and shot off one of her breasts, then the other. Then they left her there to die."

Pop and I saw another "example" while visiting some wounded Meo in a neat little hospital run by Filipino volunteers in Vientiane, the administrative capital of Laos. He was a boy about nine years old, perhaps ten, although he was small and frail. Mercifully he was unconscious. He had been hit with shotgun pellets. The entire right side of his body was peppered with ugly little wounds.

"His father was a village leader," Pop sighed. "When the Pathet Lao came, they shot the boy as an example. To the Meo, sons are more precious than anything." The boy died a few days later.

To Pop Buell, the oppressed Meo people are his people, their villages his villages. He spends most of his time living with them in beleaguered Xieng Khouang Province, in the middle of the closing enemy noose. He has learned their language, as well as Lao and Thai, which he also must use. He eats their food, sleeps in their huts, doctors their sick, counsels their elders and keeps flowing the relief supplies on which they depend. He works at the very end of the chain of U.S. aid.

Recently Mr. Pop was elevated from his low-paid volunteer status to a higher-paying post as an employee of the Agency for International Development, the Government agency which administers American economic aid abroad. He works for a branch of AID called Rural Development which, in peaceful countries, assists in the construction of rural roads, trains rural craftsmen and helps to improve agricultural conditions. In Laos the war has paralyzed virtually all these AID functions. Instead, American AID workers have had thrust upon them thousands of war refugees

who need help to stay alive. More than half of these refugees are Meo tribesmen who depend on Pop Buell for sustenance.

Because of the war, it has been more than a year since these Meo refugees have been able to stop in one place long enough to plant and harvest rice, their basic food. Normally in a war-torn country such refugees would be herded into huge camps where they could be fed and clothed until they could return to their homes. But the Meo, a fiercely independent people, will not leave their beloved mountains, even though the hills are surrounded and shot through with Communist agents. Instead they wander in bands of up to 2000 people, looking for places to settle. It is Pop's job to find these wandering bands, help them locate new village sites, and organize air drops of rice and other essentials until they can get on their feet.

To do this he spends 90 percent of his time living behind enemy lines. Sometimes, while trudging along hidden jungle pathways in the roadless, uncharted mountains, he comes upon villages never before visited by a white man. The lithe, jungle-toughened people he meets on these trails may be friend or enemy; Pop has no way of knowing. Any night while sleeping in a bamboo-and-thatch hut in the hills he may have to jump up and plunge into the jungle to escape the Pathet Lao. Pop has learned to sleep with his clothes on. "It saves time," he says.

Pursued by Reds Before Dawn

In the past year he has had to make such pre-dawn escapes five times. The most recent was three months ago. Pop was asleep in a Meo hut when a scout burst through the low doorway and awakened him.

"Pathet Lao are just down the hill," the scout whispered.

He had barely spoken when the Communists opened fire. Pop rushed from hut to hut in the village, rounding up women and children. While a platoon of village guards—some of them firing flintlock muskets—held off the enemy attack, Pop hoisted a child onto his back and joined the villagers on a trek down a path on the other side of the hill. They spent all the next day hidden in the jungle valley below, then climbed back up to the plundered village that night.

"It's surprising how well you can see to walk on those trails in the moonlight," Pop says.

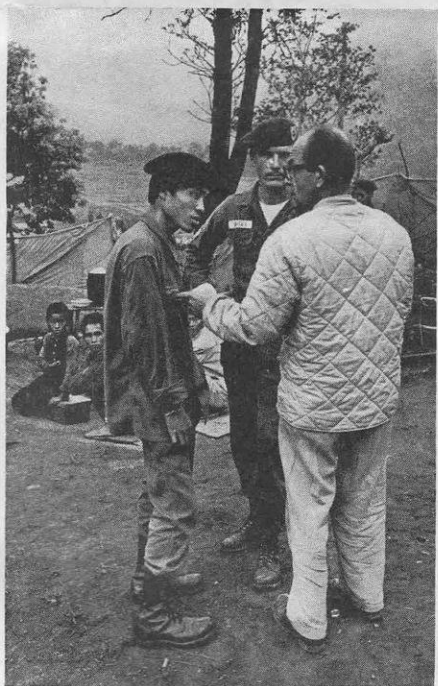
On another occasion, fleeing from a Pathet Lao attack, Pop walked for eighteen hours with a baby on his back. It was the rainy season and the trails were slippery with greaselike mud. Some of the paths were almost vertical, and descending was less a matter of walking than of skiing.

"It wasn't so bad," he says. "When you get in a situation like that, you do what you have to. Anybody would."

In spite of his seemingly casual attitude, Buell worries about possible capture. Twice in the past year powerful Radio Hanoi, the Communist propaganda voice which broadcasts from North Vietnam to all of Southeast Asia, has mentioned the "notorious, warmongering American imperialist, Tan Pop." Buell has heard that the Communists have offered a \$25,000 reward for his capture. He suspects that many of the villages in



Whenever he sees a child with eye disease, Pop stops to apply some American-made ointment. Many of the children of this village would go blind eventually if left untreated.



A onetime medical aide of Dr. Tom Dooley, Chanh (left) helps Buell operate a crude hospital. A visiting U.S. Army guerrilla expert gives advice as patients (background) wait.

which he works have been infiltrated by enemy agents.

"Of course I worry about it," he says. "If I didn't there'd be something wrong with me, wouldn't there? But I love these Meo people and I know that damned near every one of them loves me. I have to put all my faith in them because when I am up there with them I have very little contact with anybody else."

Pop's only contact with the outside world is a tiny walkie-talkie radio with which he can converse with the American-piloted drop planes which occasionally fly in with relief supplies. Sometimes a Helio-Courier, a big-winged, light plane capable of landing and taking off on 300-foot strips, drops onto a dirt runway hewn from a mountainside by the Meo. When they are available, Pop uses these planes to lift him from village to village. Otherwise he walks.

The week I spent with Pop Buell in the mountains of Xieng Khouang began with a hair-raising Helio-Courier flight through the mist-shrouded mountains. We had been in Vientiane for almost a week, waiting for the fog to lift from the mountains so we could get in to the village of Lang Tien, about two days' walk from the enemy-held Plaine des Jarres. When the fog thinned a little we took off. Our pilot, Bob Smith, boosted the little plane to 7000 feet to avoid ground fire as we flew over Pathet Lao territory.

"You get shot at every time you fly over here," Pop explained. "I came back in an airplane once that picked up seventeen bullet holes in the wings. Amazing they didn't hit anything that mattered."

Smith, a civilian pilot working for Air America, the subsidiary of Civil Air Transport which flies most of the civil and military air-drop missions in Laos, cut his altitude to duck under the clouds which hugged the mountaintops of Xieng Khouang. From that moment on it was like a roller-coaster ride through a coal mine. Smith's view of the mountains was limited to massive shadows which lurked in the mist ahead of us. But flying on a combination of instinct and intimate knowledge of territory he had covered many times before, he snaked the little plane through narrow passes that left little more than thirty feet of maneuvering room on each wingtip, and across mountain plateaus from which trees rose so high I thought they would brush our undercarriage.

Bouncing Landing in Lang Tien

Suddenly Pop pointed toward a cluster of thatch-roofed huts nestled near a short dirt strip. Smith flipped the light plane into a steep turn, and a minute later we were bouncing along the uneven runway.

"These pilots make a lot of money," Pop said, "sometimes \$3000 to \$5000 a month if they fly a lot. But they ain't got a very long life expectancy. You got to take your hat off to them. They earn every cent they make."

I looked at Buell in wonderment. His own job involves more hazard and uncertainty than the work of the highly paid pilots, however great their courage.

"It ain't the money or the hazards that matter," Pop explained. "If it was I would have quit long ago. I don't have to work. I just want to get it across to as many people as I can that America is

a good place and Americans are good people. At the same time I think I'm doing these people some good."

How much good he is doing was immediately apparent. Lang Tien, more an area than a village, is a cluster of hillside communities overlooking a small plateau inside the ring of mountains. All told, 5000 people live in the area. Most of them are Meo refugees, but about 1000 are Lao Thung, another of the many ethnic groups which inhabit Laos. The Lao Thung are friendly, but tend to be lazy and more careless about cleanliness than the Meo. Many years ago they were slaves, and both Laotians and Meo still tend to consider them as such. When anything is passed out, the Lao Thung are the last to get a share, and it is rarely a fair share.

From America, Provisions by Parachute

That afternoon a C-46, bearing salt, tools and fifty sacks of rice, made a low pass over the plateau and dropped its cargo for the refugees. As the free-falling rice sacks and the parachute-borne tools dropped, Pop talked to the Nhi Khon of the village.

"These supplies do not just drop out of the sky," he said in his mixed Meo and Lao. "They come from America because the Americans want to help you. The supplies are given to the Laotian government, and the Laotian government gives them to me to bring to you. They are for all of you and each man must get his fair share. We consider a man a man, whether he is a Meo or a Lao Thung. He must get the same share."

The Nhi Khon, a progressive leader who probably did not require the lecture, nodded in agreement and withheld distribution of the supplies until representatives of the Lao Thung village arrived to claim an equal share.

That night we were invited to the same Lao Thung village for a celebration honoring Tan Pop. After a long trek along a starlit jungle trail, we climbed the ladderlike stairway into the hut of the village chief. Proudly he boasted that he was seventy years old and had seven wives and thirty children. A half dozen children under five attested to his vigor.

The Nhi Khon of Lang Tien, who accompanied us, wryly explained the mountaineer's polygamy. "In this country, blankets are very dear," the Nhi Khon said, "so we have many wives to keep us warm." For himself, said the Nhi Khon, he had only two.

Inside the hut, dimly lighted by flaming rags dipped in animal fat, we squatted around an earthenware urn filled to within an inch of the brim with a fermented rice mash. Protruding from the urn were long, thin bamboo rods, hollowed to serve as straws. From these we sipped the sickly sweet rice wine while the Nhi Khon, taking a cue from Tan Pop, lectured the Lao Thung chief on the importance of planting garden seed and not relying entirely on the Americans to provide for his people.

"If you do not plant the seeds and care for the gardens," said the Nhi Khon, "you may end up picking rocks instead of food from your fields. You cannot eat rocks."

Earlier Pop had opened dozens of cans of seeds—lettuce, cabbage, bean and several other

vegetables—and explained to the Nhi Khon that greens were important to the diet. Now the Nhi Khon was carrying the message to the Lao Thung, as he would carry it next day to the other villages around the plateau. Pop knew that the message would be more effective if it came from the Nhi Khon than if he delivered it himself, because the Nhi Khon would be there to see that the garden work was done.

"Working with these people is the same as working with my own people back in Steuben County, Indiana," he explained. "You got to take it slow and easy. Ain't it the same? You don't just barge in and tell somebody you're helping him. You take it easy, and you help him to help himself. That way it means something to him and it sticks with him."

The tribesmen's conversation shifted to politics, and I asked Pop to translate for me.

"They're talking about the war," he said. "There's a lot they don't understand. You've got to realize that the whole world, for these people, is no bigger than the distance they can walk. But they know more than you'd think they would."

The Nhi Khon was talking now, obviously with great feeling, explaining something to Pop. I could see the wizened little Indiana farmer's face grow taut with emotion as he turned to translate the Nhi Khon's remarks to me.

"I'll try to give you this exactly the way he said it to me," said Pop. "Here it is: 'Before the trouble came, the Meo people did not need help. When the trouble came, we heard about the Thing.' (He's got a picture of the United States and the United Nations all wrapped up in one big, good ball which he calls the Thing.) 'Until the Others (North Vietnamese Communists) came, we could have beaten the Pathet Lao with our muskets and crossbows. But we kept on fighting them and we thought we were fighting for the Thing. We were told that the Thing would come to help us. But so far the Thing has not been much help. Now we wonder if the Thing will move us to another country where we can live in peace. Will it?'"

An Unanswered Question

Pop paused and I saw that a tear was running down one of his cheeks. "You answer him," he said quietly. "I can't. That's what I thought the Thing was for too."

Knowing U.S. policy in Laos, the drive for a neutral coalition government which seems certain in the long run to hand the entire country and the Meo as well over to the Communists, I couldn't answer him either.

During the six days that followed, we visited a half dozen more villages, some by foot, some by air. In each of them, Edgar Buell, retired Indiana farmer of meager education but great natural intelligence and wisdom, was welcomed as Tan Pop, the near god. In each village Pop made it a point, almost upon arrival, to walk to every hut and either step in or peer in to utter a few words of encouragement to the wives, tending their cooking fires on the hard dirt floors.

"I've still got enough American in me to show a lot of respect for motherhood," he explained. "Besides, they ain't got a very good life. A few kind words does them a lot of good."

As we made the rounds through the village of Sam Thong, about a day's walk from Lang Tien, a sobbing woman ran out of a hut from which burst sounds of wailing and the clanging cymbals of the village medicine man. Inside we could see the wasted body of her husband. He had died of tuberculosis that morning. The grieving widow fell into Pop's arms and sobbed on his shoulder. From the look of mixed grief and hope in her tear-filled eyes, I guessed she thought there was a chance Edgar Buell could bring the man back to life. He patted her in that awkward way of a man who can do nothing, and we moved on.

But Pop can and does help the sick. Although he has no medical training, two years' working largely on his own in Laos have given him a cram course in medical problems that would horrify most Americans. His first case was a native woman who was on the verge of a miscarriage. At the time, before the battle of the Plaine des Jarres, Pop and another IVS volunteer were manning a lonely station at Lhat Houang, not far from Xieng Khouang. They had a radio with which they could call any or all of the other American detachments in Laos. Stumped by the problem but unwilling to abandon the woman to the ineffective treatment of a medicine man, Pop got on the radio and called Mary Jane St. Marie, an American IVS nurse.

Step by step, Mary Jane explained the process of miscarriage to the Indiana farmer. "He wouldn't understand medical terms," Mary Jane said, "so I gave it to him in good, basic farm language."

At the end of the conversation, in which she also told Pop how to deliver a baby, and what to do to try to prevent the miscarriage, other radio operators in remote regions of Laos broke in. "Thanks, Mary Jane, and you too, Pop," said one of them. "I think I've got a case like that up here and I've been wondering what to do about it."

As it turned out, Pop managed to prevent the miscarriage. The baby was born a few months later. Pop and I visited the mother and her healthy eighteen-month-old son last April. He picked the child up and said, "Little boy, you make it all seem worthwhile."

Buell the Makeshift Physician

Although he says that he has lost count, Pop estimates he has delivered about thirty babies since that first case. Whenever he goes into the mountains, he carries a well-stocked medicine kit for treatment of minor infections and ailments, but it usually runs dry before his village-hopping tour is over. In one village a man who had accidentally rammed a sharpened bamboo stake into his eyebrow, opening a gaping wound, came to us for help. Pop grabbed my only bottle of whisky and poured it on the slash. "Ain't got any disinfectant, but this will do," he chuckled as he closed and dressed the wound.

In each of the villages Pop was constantly surrounded by small children. At our first stop I saw why. From his battered suitcase he drew a huge bag of hard candy. He made sure that each child in each village got at least one piece.

The children had another reason for being drawn to the little American. All of them recognize him as the man who brought education to the Meo. In years past there were no schools in

the Meo villages. Tucked away in the remote mountains, the Meo were too hard to reach, and the Laotians thought them unworthy of education anyway. When Pop began working with the mountain people, he immediately sought to correct the tragic oversight. As a graduate of a one-room country school in Steuben County, Indiana, he had little awe for the complexities of modern education. But American officials in Vientiane did. When he tried to get backing from them, he was told that schooling the Meo would be impossible. There were no qualified teachers. "Hell," said Pop, "who needs qualified teachers? All I wanted to do was teach them to read and write."

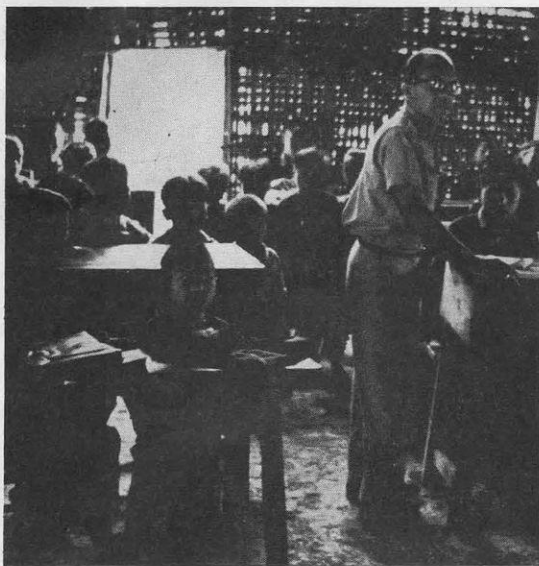
No School Bell Needed Here

In each refugee village, Pop knew, there were a few tribesmen who had gone for a year or two to Laotian schools and could read and write the language. Without bothering further to establish formal U.S. educational aid to the Meo, Pop told leaders in each village to build a schoolhouse. Then he scrounged writing pads, pencils and chalk from everyone in Vientiane who owed him a favor. In villages where an educated Meo was available, Pop put him to work as a schoolteacher. Then he spoke to the Laotian government's minister of health and social welfare, a man named Touby Lyfoung, who is a Meo himself and is often called King of the Meo. Touby provided the missing teachers. At present Pop's school system includes twenty-nine one-room, dirt-floored schools. Belatedly the Americans now offer Pop all the support he needs.

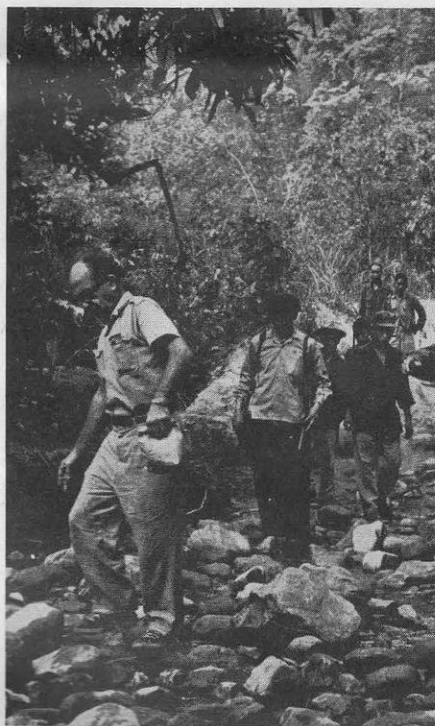
"Sure, the Communists will take over these schools one of these days, but I don't think the people will forget who put them there in the first place," Pop says. "They might get only six months of schooling before the Communists come, but I don't care. There's no telling what they might pick up in six months, and it's sure better than nothing. These kids come to learn. They don't need no school bell. They're in there when the teacher arrives."

There is much more to say about Pop Buell: about the love and fulfillment and tragedy of his life in America; about how he came to Laos; about his heroic efforts there, often under enemy fire and in the face of unbelievable hardships. Some of these adventures I will recount in a further report next week. But for now, listen to one more remark from Pop Buell in Laos. On our last day in the mountains of Xieng Khouang, as we were waiting for a plane to take us back to Vientiane, I asked Pop why he stayed on, knowing that unless the United States changes its policy in Laos the Communists are bound to take over.

"You've got to have something to keep you going," he replied. "The Communists probably will take over soon. But everything turns in time, and it will turn again here someday. It may be ten years or fifty years, but when that day comes these people are still going to remember Tan Pop. That's the only thing that keeps me going. No man is big enough or brave enough to work like this without some kind of purpose. I'm sowing seeds that, by God, someday is going to grow."



Pop inspects a village school that was built by Meos from plans that he supplied. Doubting U.S. officials at first warned Buell that such schools were impractical; he wasn't deterred.



Wary of ever-present Communist guerrillas, jungle-wise tribesmen escort Buell to his next mercy stop. The Reds brand Buell a "war-monger" and offer \$25,000 for his capture.

PART TWO

At dawn one morning last April I was stumbling sleepily down a jungle path behind enemy lines in the mountains of northern Laos. Walking jauntily ahead of me, humming what sounded like *When the Saints Go Marching In*, was Edgar Buell, the retired Indiana farmer whose work has made the difference between life and starvation for 50,000 to 60,000 primitive Meo tribesmen. Ignoring his happy mood, I mumbled something about the long days we had been putting in: up at dawn, a four-to-six-mile hike on an empty stomach, time out to care for the sick in remote mountain villages, visits to village gardens and opium fields, and interminable nighttime conferences with village leaders.

"Most folks look on eight hours as a good day's work," said Buell, smiling. "I was always of the opinion that I ought to do a little bit extra after I've done my day's work. It's that little bit that sells America."

Buell has done more than a "little bit extra." Since moving to Laos two years ago he has organized and personally kept going a \$1,500,000 relief program for the benefit of the thousands of Meo refugees who have been driven from their land by Communist Pathet Lao soldiers. Although he has the active and hearty support of the Laotian government, the U.S. Agency for International Development for which he works, and many friendly Americans, Laotians, Thais and Filipinos, the job of getting the supplies to the homeless, hungry Meo has been largely his alone. To accomplish it he spends most of his time living with the Meo under primitive and dangerous conditions. He has been shot at, run out of villages by attacking Communist troops, and exposed to a variety of diseases which run the gamut from amoebic dysentery to leprosy. Radio Hanoi, the powerful Communist propaganda voice of Southeast Asia, has twice broadcast a lookout for him, and he has been told that the Communists have offered a \$25,000 reward for his capture.

A Legendary Figure

To the Meo people, among whom he has become a legendary figure, Buell is known as *Tan Pop*, which translates as "Mister Sent From Above." It is a godlike name for someone the Meo consider a godlike man, and with good reason. Since the fall of the famed Plaine des Jarres a year and a half ago, when Mister

Pop was first swept into the maelstrom of war in Laos, he has performed tasks which to the Meo, and to many Americans as well, seemed superhuman.

At times the job has been not only risky but expensive too. Buell, working as a sixty-dollar-a-month volunteer, was stationed at the village of Lhat Houang along with another International Voluntary Service adviser named Dick Bowman, now with the Peace Corps in Washington. They had two helpers, a young multilingual Meo named Chung, and an equally adept Chinese boy named Tsieng. In late 1960, war around the Laotian administrative capital of Vientiane, and in the city of Vientiane itself, had totally disrupted the U.S. mission there, so that Buell's isolated outpost was left without supplies.

They Refused to Flee

Normally an American caught on such a limb would call for a last-ditch evacuation plane and get out. But Pop and Bowman decided to stay. They were busy training carpenters to build a dormitory for a school at Lhat Houang, giving agricultural advice and helping to care for the sick in smaller villages in the area. But without a weekly supply plane to bring food and other essentials, they had no means of support.

After searching around, Pop found a place in the nearby town of Xieng Khouang where he could cash his personal checks on the Edon State Bank of Edon, Ohio, just across the border from Pop's home farm in Steuben County, Indiana. For two months Buell personally financed the U.S. aid program in Xieng Khouang Province, drawing from his own retirement fund in the Edon Bank.

"I don't know exactly how much I spent in those two months," he says, "but counting that and other things I've bought to give to the Meo people, I've used up about \$7000 of my own money out here. I don't expect to get any of it back, but neither do I expect to spend any more. I can't afford it."

Although Pop and Bowman felt secure, it was a tenuous kind of security. The area was thoroughly covered by Communist Pathet Lao guerrilla forces, and they often came uncomfortably close. One night, after administering penicillin to a child suffering pneumonia in a village about fifteen miles from Lhat Houang, Pop and Chung were returning by Jeep to their quarters. Suddenly a barrage

of small-arms fire erupted from the thick jungle beside the crude road.

"They kept it up for about two minutes," Pop recalls, "but the best they could do was blow out one tire of the Jeep. They were either lousy shots or they was just trying to scare us. Anyway, we walked the rest of the way home."

The Plaine des Jarres fell on New Year's Eve, 1960, and with it went Lhat Houang. Three days before, Pop, whose medical training consisted of nothing more than the delivery of calves on his Indiana farm, was called to attend a native woman in labor. By that time, with the instruction of an American nurse who also worked for IVS, he had presided over several deliveries, so he was not alarmed. When he arrived in the village he found the woman dead. She had been in labor for twenty-eight hours. But listening with a stethoscope, he could hear the baby's heartbeat.

"I got the baby out and dipped her in cold water, then warm water, like they did me when I was born. She was breathing OK, but she died later and I felt terrible. Losing a mother and a baby like that, I thought those people would never trust me again. I laid up all night worrying about it and wondering what I could have done. The next morning some of the men from the village come to my door, and for a minute I thought they was after me. But they had come to invite me to a breakfast in my honor, because they knew I had tried."

On New Year's Eve he was returning with Chung from the funeral of the mother and child when he met Dick Bowman and Tsieng, heading hell-bent for the Plaine des Jarres airport. Enemy troops were closing in, they said, and the evacuation plane was waiting for them.

"Hell," said Pop, "I got to go to Lhat Houang and get my clothes." With Chung beside him, Pop raced to his house in Lhat Houang. As they entered the front yard they saw dozens of enemy soldiers in the back. Turning around, they raced away in a hail of bullets. A few hours later they took off in an evacuation plane. As they looked down, they could see enemy troops digging gun emplacements at the end of the runway.

John Tobler, then director of the U.S. aid program in Laos, wrote Pop a commendation, the highest award he could give a volunteer worker. "In the face of great personal danger . . . your effective and intelligent handling of an extremely difficult situation materially contributed not only to the achievement of project objectives but also to the effective strengthening of the United States position. . . ."

Pop Lost Thirty Pounds

During that period Pop's weight dropped from 135 to 105 pounds. He was exhausted. But after a brief recuperation in Bangkok he plunged into the urgent new job of saving the Meo refugees. Pop began the dangerous and wearying task of rounding up wandering bands of refugees, settling them in new villages behind enemy lines, and organizing air drops of rice and other supplies to keep them alive. Having learned the Lao language in order to work more effectively at Lhat Houang, he began studying Meo so that he would not have to take an interpreter on his long treks through the mountains. Pop now speaks Lao, Meo and Thai, none of them perfectly, but all well enough to get along without help.

"Now Tan Pop has traveled much and is known by all of my people," says

Laotian health minister Touby, himself a Meo. "He is the only man who can go to them and find out their needs."

Like a Johnny Appleseed of democracy, Mister Pop wanders from village to village in the mountains distributing garden seeds and other supplies to help the resettled Meo get back on their feet.

"I try to give them things that they can do something with themselves," he says. "Their main diet is rice, and I have to give them all of that because the Communists haven't let them stay in one place long enough to harvest a rice crop, so U.S. aid has to air-drop all of that to them. But for the rest of the stuff, like vegetable gardens, I just help them to help themselves. It's just like back home. When you sell a man something, hope that he makes a profit on it when he sells. That way he'll be back for more."

The Ancient Age of 49

During the week that I accompanied Pop Buell on a tour of mountain villages, I began to understand his near-divine status with the Meo. One reason is his age. At forty-nine, which is barely middle-aged by American standards, he is an ancient to the Meo. They cannot understand how a grandfather can be ramrod straight and tough enough to climb mountain trails night and day with even the most stalwart tribesmen. Another reason is his almost limitless self-control.

"I get mad as hell sometimes," Pop says, "but I figure if I'm going to get along with them I've got to hold it back, so I do. And I never cuss, either to them or at them. I don't care if a man don't speak your language, he knows when you're cussing and it hurts him."

As we sat down to dinner in the hut of a village chief one night, Pop looked up from the strange variety of food on the table and told our host that his food was very good. It was the same, Pop said, as the food we eat in America. The only similarity I could see was that some of it was cooked. On the table before us were intestines of water buffalo, a plate of raw pork blood, a variety of pale broths, some unidentifiable vegetables and a murky bottle of Nom Saly, a two-week-old corn whiskey which tastes as if it contains used innersoles. While Pop ate with gusto and I tried to imitate him, the chief happily repeated Pop's praise to some other villagers. He was proud that his food was like that in America.

In countless little ways Pop has made himself one of the Meo, and they welcome him as such. Other Americans would take cases of C-rations to supplement a not-always-palatable native diet; Pop never brings so much as a can of beans. "Just as soon as I opened a can," he explains, "I'd be setting myself apart from the people, and it just wouldn't be the same anymore." His only concessions to civilized living are frequent baths in mountain streams. "I'm trying to teach these people to stay clean because dirt causes a lot of the disease up here."

The Meo people know that theirs is not a safe and placid country. Many of them have been shot, some of them tortured, and almost all of the refugees have been chased by Communist troops. The fact that an American would live their life and share their peril has made a deep impression and has created a bond that is far stronger than if Pop had been born among the Meo.

To them he seems fearless—"But I got just as big a yellow streak as any other man," he says. Among Pop's first

acts when he arrives in a village is to inquire about escape trails in case the Pathet Lao come. "If things get too hot, I want to know which way to run."

We were talking about the possibilities of capture one night when Pop looked up at me. "If you ever hear that I'm missing out here, just don't give up on me. In a year and a half I've learned this country pretty well. I know these people and I know they'll take care of me. It might take me six months, but any time it's necessary I know that I can walk out of these mountains all the way to Thailand without getting caught. You just cross your fingers and wait. I'll show up in better shape than I was when I left."

Before he came to Laos in June, 1960, Pop Buell had a rewarding but sometimes hard life in Indiana. His mother and father, Clara and Elson Buell, were farmers in Steuben County, and they helped all five of their sons, and their daughters as well, to become farmers. The elder Mrs. Buell, now seventy-two, and her husband, seventy-six, are still somewhat puzzled over the impulse that took their son to faraway Laos. "I just hope he takes care of himself," says Mrs. Buell. "When he was little, I had to make him a bright red sunbonnet so we wouldn't lose him in the cornfield. But he was capable. Even when he was just five years old he was a good onion weeder."

"The reason Edgar Buell can get along so well over there in Laos," says Merritt Boyer, one of his former high-school teachers and a longtime friend, "is this: From the time he was a little devil on up, when his dad told him to do something, he did it regardless of how hard it was. If he didn't have any tools to do the job with, he found a way to do it anyway."

Will Rogers's Young Disciple

As a youngster Pop Buell was active in the Future Farmers of America. When he was sixteen he won a free trip to an F.F.A. convention in St. Louis. There, for keeping the best dairy records, he won another prize: a week with a dozen other boys on the Will Rogers ranch at Claremore, Oklahoma. For years thereafter he emulated the great humorist, and today he still shows traces of Rogers's influence in his healthy disdain for stuffiness and government red tape. "I read everything Will Rogers ever wrote," says Pop, "and when he was on the radio I listened to every broadcast. I rate my favorite Americans like this: Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln and Will Rogers. I hate to put a Republican in that group, but hell, Lincoln was a rural boy and he was everything every other American ought to aspire to be."

As Democrats in an overwhelmingly Republican section of Indiana, the Buells were well-known, if politically isolated. When Paul V. McNutt ran for governor in 1932, the silver-haired politician came into Steuben County on a stumping tour. Edgar Buell, as the leading young Democrat in a county otherwise barren of McNutt supporters, was given the job of introducing the would-be governor at an outdoor hoedown and barbecue.

"Some of us got to drinking before the speechmaking and things was getting pretty wild," Buell recalls, "but somehow I managed to get up and make an introduction speech."

"Five minutes later I couldn't remember what I said, but after Mr. McNutt got through talking he came up to me and thanked me for the nice introduction. Then he looked at me real straight



Near a remote mountain village Pop stops to offer encouragement to a little boy. He spends most of his spare time with children.

and said, 'Mr. Buell, just remember. Always be an adult.' I never forgot that."

All of the Buells were, and still are, known for their unbending honesty; Edgar was no exception. But in 1936, after marrying his high-school sweetheart and starting to carve out a meager life on a partially arable farm, he decided to break the pattern. It was December. With Christmas coming, the newlywed Buells had no money for presents. Edgar decided to go to the bank in Edon and borrow fifty dollars. "I'll tell them it's for a new calf," he said to his wife, Mattie Lorene. "They'd never let me have the money for Christmas presents, but they'll give it to me for a calf."

"You never lied before, Edgar," said his wife, "and nothing good can come from lying now, even if it is for Christmas."

Buell Blurts the Truth

Undeterred, Buell went to the bank. Art Mauerhan, now executive vice president of the Edon State Bank, remembers the awkward young farmer stammering as if he couldn't decide what to say. Finally Edgar blurted:

"Mr. Mauerhan, I come in here to tell you I needed fifty dollars for a new calf, but that ain't true. I need to borrow the money so we can have Christmas."

He got the fifty dollars and a top credit rating, which still stands at the Edon Bank.

Home with his wife, whose name Edgar and everyone else contracted to "Maloreen," Christmas plans progressed happily until the two suddenly thought of a tenant farmer, Rollie Fraley, who lived with his wife and six children in a small shack on one corner of their farm. The Fraleys, who had just migrated to Indiana from Kentucky, were dirt-poor. They planned to have no Christmas at all. With half of their fifty dollars, Edgar and Maloreen played Santa Claus to the Fraley children.

Every Christmas after that bleak one, Edgar Buell dressed up in a Santa Claus suit and brought toys to country children who otherwise would have received none. By 1957 the list of children had swelled to include dozens whose parents also bought them presents but who waited for Santa Claus nonetheless. All over Steuben County today you can find children and adults who remember Uncle Edgar's words each Christmas: "May the good Lord be just a little good to you."

The early years on the farm were hard ones. Although the Buells had two healthy children, Howard and Harriet, Maloreen suffered complications after the birth of the second child and was bedridden for months. "They had to have a hired girl," recalls Forrest, "and poor Edgar didn't have any money to pay her. But he had a good vegetable garden. Every Saturday before it was time to pay the girl, Edgar would pile a truck full of produce and drive all over the area peddling it. When

he got up enough money, he would come home and give the girl her wages."

When the war came, Buell was naturally draft-exempt as a farmer. "He had enough land and livestock to keep three men out of the Army," said a neighbor. He also had a number of extracurricular jobs, among them the assistant chairmanship of the county Alcoholic Beverage Board and a post on the Agriculture Department's Corn Loan Board. Technically, a draft-exempt farmer was not supposed to do other work, and someone complained about Edgar's extra jobs. "To hell with them," Edgar said, and went to the draft board to ask for induction. He failed his physical examination because of poor eyesight. Determined to go anyway, he got new glasses. A few months later he was a corporal in the horse cavalry, helping to train recruits at Fort Riley, Kansas. He did not get overseas. At war's end he was a supply sergeant at Fort Knox.

The war years and postwar years were good ones for agriculture, and Buell's farm grew and prospered. From a start of 142 partially arable acres, his holding expanded to a productive 249-acre farm. Together with Maloreen he poked into every civic activity in the county that was open to them. While Edgar worked with 4-H clubs and coached Little League baseball, Maloreen looked far and wide for people who needed a helping hand. "If she heard about a sick old lady who needed her house redecorated," says an old friend, Mrs. Jesse Ketzenberger, "she'd drop her own work and go over and hang the lady's wallpaper herself. I wouldn't run down Edgar, but Maloreen was twice the person he is, and he would be the first to agree."

Love in Another Wrapper

The marriage was a perfect one, says Edgar, "but we used to argue. Anybody who says he don't argue with his wife is either lying or there's something wrong with him." Not surprisingly, the argument usually concerned how to raise Howard and Harriet. Edgar, accustomed to the Spartan ways of his own father, bridled at Maloreen's easygoing way with the children. "I thought she was too lenient," he says, "but after a while I learned she was right. She just put her love out different than I was used to. She just wrapped them up in it." (Today Buell's twenty-five-year-old son Howard, whose wife Bonnie expects a child this summer, operates his father's farm. Harriet, now twenty-four, has one son and expects another child soon. Her husband, Wesley Gettys, teaches high school in Somerset, Ohio.)

In 1958 tragedy struck. Maloreen developed a mysterious malady which doctors were unable to diagnose. For six months she grew weaker. Hospitalized in Fort Wayne, about forty miles from the Buell farm in Steuben County, she appeared to be improving. Every night Pop

would drive down to Fort Wayne to sit with her until she fell asleep. One night after he had been in her room only a short while, Maloreen looked up at Edgar and said, "I'm sleepy. You'd better go home now."

"She usually wanted me to stay until nine o'clock, and it was only seven," Buell recalls.

As Buell said good night from the hospital-room door, Maloreen smiled and called, "Good-bye, Edgar."

"She never said 'good-bye' to me before," he recalls.

By the time Edgar had driven the forty miles to Steuben County, the doctor had telephoned. Maloreen was dead.

Buell tried to go it alone on the farm. Howard was away for a two-year tour in the Army. Harriet was working in Columbus, Ohio. It was a dismal life. Over-solicitous friends and relatives kept popping in. And a few widows began calling regularly, with obvious designs.

One day a former Alcoholic Beverage Board colleague drove into the farmyard and showed Edgar an advertisement for International Voluntary Service in a farm magazine. IVS needed experienced farmers, preferably college graduates, to lead its young volunteers overseas. For a year he corresponded with IVS headquarters in Washington, sending applications, character references and pleas that the college requirements be waived in his case. "Finally I squeezed my whole life down into a two-page letter and they accepted me," he says. Howard was back from the Army and had married Bonnie. He was eager to take over his father's farm. "I was ready to retire from farming anyway," says Pop, "so I turned it all over to Howard." A month later, Buell was in Laos, a country whose name he had never heard before.

In a way, he treats Laos just as if it were Steuben County, only bigger. Like farmers everywhere, his favorite off-duty pastime is "going visiting." He calls on Health Minister Touby, an exalted Laotian-government figure, with the same simple, straightforward approach he would make to Jake Fifer, who lives down the road a piece from Pop's farm in Indiana. Col. Vang Phao, the onetime French Army sergeant who leads a tough and well-trained force of Meo guerrillas in North Laos, shares the same camaraderie with the Indiana farmer as do Pop's brothers back on the farm. When the two sit in the courtyard of Vang Phao's house, swinging their crossed legs and laughing at each other's sallies, it sounds almost as if they were a pair of Indiana farmers gossiping about a neighbor's new silo. You can almost hear them utter an occasional "By golly," in Meo.

To the relief of Vang Phao and everyone else with whom Pop works, he has signed up for another two years in Laos. "I couldn't leave these people now," he says. Tragically, events in Laos since my visit may force Pop to leave them. At this writing, Communist troops have

swept the royal government out of most of northwest Laos, and the effect of this move on the rest of the country is still uncertain. Pop and his beloved Meo tribesmen are in the northeast and thus were not directly involved in the recent Laos battles. But further Communist victories could so isolate the Meo that Pop would have to get out. Even if a solution is found in the much-sought coalition of neutrals, Communists and the royal government, most Americans on the scene predict that within a few months the Communists would control all of Laos. It is unlikely that they would want Mister Pop around "selling America." Thus Buell's heroic efforts may be frustrated. But, as he told me one day in the mountains, "I'm sowing seeds that, by God, someday is going to grow."

The Most Effective American

Other Americans also are sowing the seeds of democracy overseas, but in many travels to almost every part of the world I have never seen one who did it so effectively as Mister Pop. I told him one day that men with such a combination of simplicity, intelligence and guts are rare. He was embarrassed. "I ain't unusual," he said. "If you look around I think you will find at least one Edgar Buell in every rural county in America."

When I left Mister Pop in Laos, he was getting his garden seeds and supplies ready for a ten-day trek through mountains which, theoretically at least, are held by Communist forces. Pilots had reported seeing large bands of Meo refugees wandering the jungle trails in the area, and Pop was on his way to find them and help them if he could. He had never been in the area before and had no way of knowing whether his reception would be friendly or final. Just as I began writing this report, I received a letter from him, written from a tiny village which he described as being "real close to the enemy."

"For the first time since I can remember," he wrote, "I came off from Vientiane without my medicine kit."

"Was greeted here by a family who were the victims of a hand grenade, a sad sight. I got two young girls patched up by using what we had here, and put the father in the Helio-Courier and sent him to O.B. (the Operation Brotherhood hospital run by Filipino volunteers under sponsorship of the Manila and Vientiane junior chambers of commerce). The worst one (of the girls) I took to a house, washed and bandaged, and put her to sleep. A little boy is not too bad. If the girl is still alive and if a Helio can get in here, she will go to O.B. tomorrow."

"I have just ate again and am about ready for bed. Was you ever deep in the jungle at night, locusts chattering, plus some kind of hunting bird, a mortar shell (exploding) now and then, plus cold and dark? That is this place tonight. I believe I will leave my shoes on." THE END

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1962

Jan. 11.

Started out the day at 6 o'clock, packing and running down the things I needed to go in the Kells, seeds, drugs, sleeping bag off for Felix the C.B. doctor. By seven my house was a mad house, some came to see me off, Mrs came to get their last help from me till I would return. arrived airport at 8, but unable to take off, because of fog up north, I was glad because I could help get the drop prepared, which I would receive later in the day. Plus saw many old friends I hadn't saw for awhile Pilots etc. at 10 Felix and I took off landed at Phai Khao. I walked to what is now known as the Pha Khi village to check their needs, these people some 600, were evacuated

from their former homes about
12 months ago, under unbearable
circumstances, ~~and~~ plus a great
job done by our people. They
have built many new houses,
also using many parachutes,
needs not to great. blankets,
mats and cloth plus seeds.
I sent order to Vientiane by
radio, ~~and~~ after about 2 hrs
continued on to Phu Vieng. Flying
above clouds at about 9000 ft.
after about 1 1/2 hrs couldn't find
no opening to come down, had
to go back, come down to 6000
ft under the clouds, by circling
around the mts etc. landed at
Phu Vieng about 2, on ground
only a few mins. to relay
a few messages, soon arrived
Ban San Pakha, God what a
group to welcome us. I am
sure they had that old feeling
I would never return and I
fulfill my promise. I hardly

had time to get my radio out
and turned it on, till our drop
plane came over. dropped soap,
relief meat, dried milk, mosquito
nets, table knives, plates, started
on the blankets, when one
bundled hung up on the tail of
the plane, which caused him
to return to Vintone. anyway
this much was great. The
people got this all off the field
and out of the bush by 4:30,
they had a big meal prepared for
us. ~~so~~ we had just walked up
the hill to the ~~the~~ dining room,
when the plane returned, ~~so~~ we
all went to the strip, little
foggy, but with my radio
help, I could help the pilot
to drop. 800 blankets and
500 yds black cloth, 300 sleeping
mats, till we got everything
in the newly built supply
house it was 9 o'clock, we
went back to our meal. 40

was a most ~~fasting~~ ~~fasting~~ that
I sleep in a little hut the
fasting had prepared for me, and
really it wasn't bad. A great day
for H.S.O.M. and myself but
a greater day for the natives.
Thanks to anyone who had a
part in it.

Jan. 12.

Up at 6, just a little cold.
I had slept with my best
insulated underwear, kakis pants,
in fact all the clothes I had and
inside my sleeping bag, so I
didn't get cold, but I needed it
all. Soon was asked over to
Huang's house for morning tea,
which here is corn whiskey, little
hard to take at 6.30 in the morning.

I was making my morning
rounds of villages when 1 Heflo
came. Mr. Hilcox Case a
representative and our own
Mr. Elliott was on board.
How happy I was to see them.

I am sure both during the day saw a lot and learned a lot, about my problems. Also I am sure they will have to say they were received here by the natives with great hospitality. During their stay, Elliott visited two or 3 villages, Silcox went with me for business to Phu Vieng. we received one Military Khai drop, also the Care tools and more rice. wish more people who are able to keep their mouth shut as to some things they see. would visit me. But I don't want no hint are gossips. After we all saw them off, I proceeded to show and instruct the officials here, the form of distribution I expect, one list of 14 villages came in last night. tomorrow we will get it in a big way.

I have neglected to say

what a fine job O.B. Felix is doing. We had a small bamboo hospital already built. he took right off over, is showing the two Meo nurses how to use simple drugs, plus many patients are coming.

After a good visit by the open fire, retired, left us in a little hut and had a real good night's sleep. The old bones were a little tired.

Jan 13.

Up and at em early, after the morning bath, which is very simple. I ~~was~~ put just enough of that cold muddy water on my hands and face to make try make myself think I have washed.

Most of the forenoon I talked distribution. The afternoon was spent distributing, we or they handed out to 7 villages. We now have a complete

head count of the 14 villages
in this area. about 4000 people

This being the first time
anyone has been here, it is
always a sight to watch the
people, plus a little hard
to control. Some or most are
thankful for anything, then
others would take all if they
could. But all in all I would
say these people are one of
the easier I have had to work
with, in a month they have
come a long way.

We had a pretty good get
together last night.

Felix continued to do a
great job, over 100 patients
yesterday, head colds, skin
disease, eye eye troubles,
disentery, malnutrition, some
T. B. Vitamins needed bad.
especially for the Tao Thong.

The Med here are unusually
healthy, here we have Mrs. Lee,
Neo Kho and Tao Thong.

Jan. 14.

I have made my morning
climb up the mt, to the warehouse.
made a few changes, back here
ready for breakfast. already
packed in case the Hells comes
to move me to Horie Khinin.

I have my last meeting with
the Tayabing this morning.

Distributed to to Tab Long
villages 150 in one group, 164
in another. ran out of butcher
knives, seeds about gone, a
few plates left. The dried
milk is going over big. they
even lick it off the pots.

TG 8150

Est 1000

Signal

KY

Ref. now

EST. 1000

Ref. now

Jan 15

Horie Khinir

Arrived here yesterday about 2 o'clock, met at the plane by an old Tot Horing friend, I had no saw for 1 1/2 yrs, very reliable man, he is now in complete charge here. name Lee Nu.

Had after putting in a big morning at Ban Sami Pakha. It took a little easy here. covering the village closest Hello Strip.

Here there are a complete new village being built, not a temporary job. The houses are very good and modern. I mean for now. They are expecting people from Vientiane and former Phra Khe people now at Pakha Khav to come here. I hope it all works and they won't be driven out. It is very good for a resettling spot. We sat by the fire about 5

4 this last night, I was teacher
we had English class. Lee Nue
had a bed built for me in
his little house. Had a good
night sleep, not as cold as
Ban Sen Pakha.

Up at seven last member of
family to arise. The little fire was
going good, hardly room for me to
thudd in, coffee water hot. good
thing I had my coffee. none here.
As you know coffee is the only thing
I carry for myself.

Immediately after coffee, Lee Nue,
myself, 4 guards started for Hone
Khinpin paper. It was $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs
walk and rather nearly straight
up. I am not yet quite a Mhu.
It always have said I can take
it going up better than coming
down, but this morning I had
changed my mind. little rough
on the legs coming down. But
~~the~~ not as rough on the
lungs.

300 small knives

at Houie Khinir I found it much different than my last visit some 4 mos ago. Many people not the same, some gone many more have come.

School is completely out of supplies. Food supply not bad. again saw the results of our garden seeds and iron bars. Their wants are as follows

- (1) 300 Sleeping Mats.
- (2) 50 Iron Bars.
- (3) 100 Lat pots.
- (4) Seeds, Corn, ~~Corn~~ Rice, Lettuce, Turnip greens, Raddish, Cabbage, Peas, Beans.
- (5) Dried Milk, 1000 children under 12 yrs including pregnant women.
- (6) Soap the same.
- (7) Matches

I have asked for Felix to stop here today as we have some kind of a breaking out on the kids, it is either

Chicken pox or small pox.

What great support I am getting
on this trip. About 3 o'clock a
plane came dropped the Cure tools
and rice. Sildox could have been
proud. The leaflets helped explain
Cure, as it was difficult to explain.
here they had never heard of cure
and there is not one person here
speaks English. about 4 o'clock
my old friend Johnny Lee came over
and dropped more rice and other things.
Then about 4:30 in came the
Hells with Felix aboard. In case
you think the Hells lands at your
back door. I think otherwise.
It is usually at least at 10 or 15
min. climb up or down and usually
a mad rush. I had two of the
sick children meet Felix. It was what
I thought Chicken pox. anyway to my
mind is relieved. also there have
been planes come over empty to see
if I am O. K. or want anything.
Especially Johnny Lee.

Horie Kheun.

School Supplies.

The school school teacher with 30 of his pupils have just made a 2 hr. walk to ask for supplies. and here is what they want. these little readers we gave them 5 months ago are in good shape.

- (1) 150 writing pads.
- (2) 150 pencils with eraser.
- (3) 400 pieces of chalk.
- (4) ~~for~~ writing paper for the teacher.

Jan. 16.

Seven thirty up and had coffee, already had an invite about for 9 o'clock breakfast. So far here all my meals have been rice, cooked cabbage and pork.

This meal was rice, cabbage and chicken, nearly American style also turnips, greens, and about the poorest rice whisky I ever tasted.

As I was trying to get the last swallow down I thought God the Hell come, and after the Goodbye was on my way to Mrs. Chong. we flew over it 34 ft and were before able to go in because of the fog. But we made it.

Nam Chung.

TG 6341

Signal N A

Hello. Strip a little over 300
meters.

Same old story, many
people to meet me. Also
after leaving a village, you
are pretty well worn down
mental and physical, and
can think only of resting.
But immediately they are on
you. First rush you to
proffer you are to stay, then
start covering the village.
Usually first of the people
who are real sick, thinking
the great Dr. has come.
Thank God once in awhile
now they can show me good
things, some gardens,
forges where they make tools,
women sowing, etc. There
form of distributions carried

also visited the school, pretty good building, but no school teacher.

at out very near to the way Walb Copland and myself have showed them in the past.

By 3.30 I had saw enough, no rice for 3 days, people as a whole pretty good health, disintery biggest problem, very poor water. Again I am bleeding down on boiling water.

Came back to the hub, to start the meeting with Jayasing and again as usual you have many people looking on. Just nicely got started and thanks to Johnny Lee for passing just after my arrival I could tell him with my little radio, we were out of rice and relay it to Vunthian.

Here came over 47. Smithy aboard, and says "Pop" we are here. up to the drop zone hundreds of people went.

the drop consisted of the care
tools, much welcomed as
these people want to farm
and garden if we can get the
seeds to them. also two
drops of Mco supplies
the people had purchased
in Ventiane, plus 46 bags
of much needed rice.
after viewing and checking
the drop again we came
back to the meeting, after
much discussion of these
are the wants and needs
we so decided on.

People 3000

136 or more children under 10 yrs

Last mo. received ⁴⁰³ ~~300~~ sacks
rice.

will increase to ²³⁰ ~~200~~ for 15 days

I think I have sold them
on using dried milk, will send
in a small amount, have
a person here who will show

Dried Milk

them how to use.

200 iron bars.

300 sleeping mats.

200 mosquito nets.

They ask for clothing.

I highly recommend black cloth, thread and needles, let them make their own, it is very important to keep them busy. They agree. I had some thread and needles they nearly smothered me when I gave them out.

Now more important is seeds, knowing the enemy is close and they have to move, they want to plant rice and corn, and gardens.

They Est. 100 kils. Hill white Rice seed per family.

They have some corn seed but could use more.

Plus the regular Veg.

By now it is really dark I was asked to walk the

chick

Check Rice for weevil.
many ~~of~~ in rice drop at
Hain & Hain.

Went to watch the rice
distribution, we counted the
people, as best we could, to 47
had already come, what a sight,
and as you know the 46
sacks went last night.
I had a ~~very~~ great
time visiting & visiting with
them, finally had supper
8 o'clock, had been a long
time since breakfast.

Not near as cold here,
but the old familiar
Lo Hoang night and
morning fog in dry
season (thick but still
about 11 in the morning)

I am about to doctor
my feet as I made a
mistake of wearing only
tennis shoes since last

50 ^{five} sacks
4 salt

not changing or taking off
my socks, I have been
sore and tender back to
the old boots took tomorrow
and all will be well.

Jan. 17.

Up at 7:30, packed ready
to move if Hello comes.

Fogged in till after 12, Hello
passed over, could not get in,
spent most of day walking to
two different villages.

~~Jan. 18.~~ Evening was spent
talking over the fall of Plain
De Jure, ~~the~~ I met a couple
Mrs. who I had hauled into
the mts. day before it fell.

Jan. 18.

Up and packed again.
fogged in till 12:30. Talked
to a couple 46's and 47's, got
a Military rice drop and other
things about 4 o'clock. again

230

today 42 sacks rice
Jan. 16 to Feb. 1

Tham Chong.

Meo only.

3000 people,
at least 1000 Children,
possibly more.

403

Received 330 Sacks Dec.
Starting today try 200 sacks
for the rest of the month to
see if it is enough.

Wants

200 iron bars.

300 mats.

I think I can sell self or
have sold dried milk here. I
want to try a small amount
first. I have people here who
will show them how to use
it.

White Rice.

1 sack of rice seed per family.
Corn seed. they have some.

1) Lettuce, Turnips, Beans, Cabbage

saddles and beans, peas.

Mens clothing
Malt
Soap.

Have no school
but no teacher. Kids all
over the place, most
have in the past gone
to school.

Will try 460 sacks rice
for 1 month maybe enough
maybe not.

On plane 46, much
breakage. 15 sacks, completely
lost, some other bags broke
partial loss.

(NOR TOUR LEE

TU LOWE Teacher now at
Mr. Tubys house. Check if
possible to send Nam Chung

about 4:30 fello came over
from north, must have been
loaded, will sleep again at
Nam Chong. Hope I can move
tomorrow, it is no good to
remain in a place, long
after your work is finished,
the people begin to think
you are just another viewer.
Jan 19.

Up and packed again, ~~even~~ even have partial
bathed, water is a severe
problem here, you take a
bath with one quart of water.

This morning with help
of Care Tools, it will show
the people how to improve
Hill Strip.

~~April 1st 1962~~

Mar. ~~Feb.~~ 27, 62. Long Zeng.

Delivered seeds, Directas and my
sprinkling cans. accompanied by
Don from Sat. evening post.

Needs at Long Zeng.

- (1) Chalk.
- (2) Pencils,
pupils 125
- (3) 50 reclus.
- (4) Dried milk. and condensed milk.
- (5) solid oil.
- (6) Bulgar wheat one to wheat
Two rice.

Drugs.
eye medicine
disentary
A. P. P.

Buy for Neo Kha Yan.

Coffee
candles
sugar. 10 kelo
shot gun shells.

1650 people here

Mar. Sami Thong,

~~Feb~~ 29 - 62

Delivered Garden and Corn Seeds,
Needs.

- (1) Blacksmith tools,
- (2) Salid oil.
- (3) more corn seed.
- (4) need soap
- (5) 1000 kels of rice seed if possible.
- (6) 100 floor mats, 50 will do.
- (7) School has been built, send teacher.

Drugs.

disentary
eye medicine
A.P.C.

- (8) Pots & Pans.

2260 people here
possibly 1000 coming.

Buy

200 kip coffee.

300 kip sugar.

Bulgar wheat 1 to 3

Mar. 30 - 62
Houie Khinwin.

Needs.

(1) Dried milk

(2) Seeds

(3) Bulgar wheat 1 to 3.

(4) 50 kels seed corn.

(5) at least 300 kels rice seed.

(6) some needles and thread

for Zasing.

(7) Dye. 100 mats

disintary

A.P.C.

Eye.

(8) Much chicken pox's here
possibly small-pox. check with
O.B.

Buy for Nung Lou Yoo.

500 kip coffee

1500 kip sugar

3000 kip Sumac ALA

Tomatub al Huile.

over

~~March 31, 1962.~~
~~Nam Chung.~~

Horie Khinin.
2 Schools
No(1) school 93 children
No(2) " " 63 at

Phu Pin Noy.

Needs.

Chalk

Pencils

writing pads.

100 readers for both schools.

send both to Horie Khinin.

Mar. 31, 62.
Nam Chung.
Lee Song.

Delivered Garden Seeds.

(1) They had no idea what
Bulgarian wheat was, but they ate
it and liked it. Send more
1 to 3.

(2) Send milk dried.

(3) Solid oil.

(4) Most of Chickens and Hogs
have died of some disease.
maybe possible to send Taylor.

(5) This is a very destitute
village. a good place to
put black cloth.

(6) More corn seed.

Drugs.
disintary

Eye

HA. P. C.

(7) Case matches over

(8) 1000 Kelovice seed

Nam Chung.

School will be built
in one week.

Tell Van Powell, needs
teacher.

School supplies for 100 pupils

Total houses 449

people 4432

Pha Khao.
Send seeds now.
Requested Van Powell.

- Hospital Pha Khao,
- (1) 4 Canvas
 - (2) 2 hammers
 - (3) 4 Coup Coups
 - (4) spoons and plates
 - (5) 3 shovels
 - (6) Blankets
 - (7) Condensed milk.
 - (8) food for millions

May
~~April~~ 12, 1962

~~Arrived at an~~

Tom Sar and myself
arrived at airport airport
6:30 for a 7 o'clock takeoff.
We had with us 10 sprinkling
cans, nails, and a medicine
kit, which I purchased myself
to help pay for ^{our} ~~my~~ eats
and lodging. also I had
D.D. T to spray gardens
plus a blacksmith set of
Mr. Louby sent.

Arrived at Long Luing
about 8:30, after treating
many children to candy.
I explained who Tom Sar
was and what he would be
doing.

We then made arrangements
to build a house and kitchen
to take care of 20 boys who
will be arriving arriving here
June 3, for one week
schooling. The same as I

conducted at Moung Mock.
The Nio Khon, is very
happy to have it here, and
will make the necessary
arrangements.

The reason for holding it
here is ~~that~~ to show these
young boys, the equi-
pot program that
has been accomplished here
in a short time.

Tom Sar having worked
as a medic with the U.S.
Military people at Plane
De Jai in the past, went
to work ~~away~~ arranging
and labeling what drugs
they have there, so they
can be put to proper use.

at 4:30 we are to hold
a ~~me~~ meeting of all the
village chiefs, as you know
we have a great cooperation
here among Meo and Lao
Ling people.

May 13

We had the meeting 22 were present. I left Tom Ser do all the talking, to give him a clearer idea of how to work. First time I have used an interpreter in a long time. We talked about all people problems, even in your better working villages like this. This I see there are still many problems.

They are going to build a new and bigger school here. Also build housing for a class of 35 boys to be held here starting June 5.

The crops look very good. The rain that came last night is just what they need. Rice ~~the~~ seed is still O.K. if we get it here within the next 10 or 12 days. Need more vegetables of all

kinds, and stub bars.

This morning early Tom Sar and myself was asked to visit the Lao Long village. I am sure this work is not what he thought it would be, but I believe he will make out O.K. I sure hope so.

On our return many followed us to have three picture taken. Polaroid shots. We then visited some gardens and corn fields. Explained to Tom Sar, methods of simple irrigation, drainage, and planting.

It is now 2 o'clock, I am suppose to leave for Houi Sa Ann.

I have given Tom Sar his first assignment, he is to walk this area today and tomorrow. walk to San Laung tomorrow.
Long.

6 or 7 hr walk, walk the
Sam Long village proper
and the Refugee village.

I have spent much time
the past few days, telling
him how he must work.
Be friendly to all people,
eat and sleep as they do,
~~promise nothing.~~ Listen

to all their problems, but
promise nothing. It is

hard to see hunger, sickness
etc. and not say I will help

you now. But I have
learned the hard way. If

you can't afford to buy
it yourself don't promise.

I am not throwing stones
but there is no question

at least 90% of the people
to work with me.

Vientiane. ^{have} ~~has~~ no idea
about these things. I am

sure as good as people
as they are. ~~if~~ they ^{know} ~~now~~

15/2

my ^{much} job would be easier,
some of the damn paper
and formalities would
be thrown away and
be more like the old days.

Helio came at 15 till 4, it
was the same hurry up so as
not to make him wait. The
village presented me with 4
heads of cabbage and a sack
of lettuce.

after about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour in
the air, we ran into a terrific
electric and rain storm,
immediately ~~was~~ went up to
a ten thousand ft. elev. to
miss the mts, turned back.
after about 15 mins I could
barely see Pha Vieng air
strip. I told the pilot, if
he wished put me down there.
As I feel just a little safer on
the ground, during such storm
storms. also here I am not

to far from Jomic Sa Ann.
After landing the plane
som I took off and I started the
walk up the mt in the rain,
got wet but made it.

It is hard to believe, that
8 months ago, I set up here what
I thought would be a long
lasting refugee village. It
was my third. had a great
setup, some 7000 people.

Tonight there is no refugees
it is a complete army base
600 soldiers. It is O.K. being here
but I will stick with the
civilian people.

I have just admired
the Phu Vieng sunset, which
to me ~~there~~ when it is at
its best, there is no other
~~place~~ in Laos equal to it.

May 14.

Went to bed last night
at 7.30, up early, ate
breakfast, two drop planes

have come unable to drop,
because of fog. at 9 I
walked down to the strip
to wait for the Helio. I
visited, read and waited, Helio
came at 4:30, 20 mins
later I was at Home Sa Ann.
my first so time to spend
a night here, I have a
meeting set up for 7:30.
Have had my supper, not
much to brag about.

May 14.

Had a good meeting about
20 present.

In the past year and a half
we have had our problems here,
with getting the people to work, first
they do then they don't.

All the people from Nam San
has moved here all Meo, who is
setting a good example to the
Sao and Sao Long.

We now have 4404 people about
3000 Meo 900 Sao Long and 500 Sao

They at present are doing very good farming, have planted all their own seeds and many more. They have even planted squash rice, their own seed.

They need more vegetable seed and early sweet corn.

They have a school and a very good teacher. I took school supplies in with me.

I have walked Houie Sa Ann proper about 2000 people, not in to bada shope and not good.

Present needs.

Seeds, black cloth and children's clothes, plates, spoons, needle & thread, dried milk and iron bars, will put some rice bowls and pails here.

The Hell Helio came, moved me back to Phu Viere, will wait here for further transportation.

I have just received sad news the place a few days ago where I spent the night and

was wishing I could spend a few
days vacation there has fell into
enemy hands. They again did
a very nasty job of it. seems
they got all the nice places.

I forgot to mention Honie Sa
Ann has a real good supply
of livestock most of the best
places.

Nam Chong.

Tasseng Lee Song

LONG THIENG

NAI KONG YEAH KAO YANG

၇၇၇၇၇၇ ၆၆၆ ၆၆၆ ၆၆၆

TASSENG OF HOUEI KHININ

NENG LOH YANG

၆၆၆ ၆၆၆ ၆၆၆

Don will send cable.

Mourning Mock
April 10-11-12

Pha ~~Hks~~ Khe

TG 6113.

blankets and rice

30 houses burnt,

60 blankets.

7 o'clock
at airport

BAN NAM CHA

50 houses.

Jayasing. PA JONG now
at Ba Na.

350

170 children.

have rice
need salt and other
relief items.

BON.

NAME

NAI BAN HUAE BO CIA CHOIR

30 houses.

260 people.

~~NAI BAN~~

Drugs. 6505

Lao Thong

Ban Kan See

People 280

School 100 pupils

Have teacher Lady Song

Need complete school supplies, school building

Send 30 cases of dried milk for Ban Na and Ban Kan See.

Send 10 cases condensed milk for both places for small children and pregnant women.

Send 15 cases solid oil for both places.

not Lao Thong

Moung Poat Lao people
people 85
12 families

Ban Tan Hup,
send seeds for 500 people

Send 100 books,
50 pieces of chalk,
100 pencils.

Send to Ban Na

24 villages 24

120

Toi Lin Noy.

U. G 35.52

Signal H

Nh Khw. PAO

200 Iron Bars.

200 sleeping mats.

200 bed pads

Rice Steamers for Tai Thong.

14 cases soap

1 case matches.

100 small knives.

Send seeds.

When possible send 500 blankets
talk to Pat about this.

If we can get spoons send
300

200 Mosquito Nets send
in about 12 months.

25 shovel

25 hoes

25 cups cups

25 axes

Drugs for Loi Tin Noy.

R. P. Co.

Eye medicine.

Sprays none at all.

penicillin both tablet and
these

Drug for injuries.

Triplicate

To Dept of Soc Well
fare

Send pictures
machine No Pho. FA

Lois Com.

Mo 03 · Signal 1L

Ban Kan See

Arrived here April 6, 62
about 4 in afternoon Lou Yea
met me. from the sky I
could see Ban Kan See
had been completely built
back up from the fire, also
that there was a complete
movement taking place
by the Ban Na people.
Lou Yea took me to
his house, which is now
only about 10 mins walk
from the Hells strip.

I brought the garden
and corn seeds with me.
I was here only about 1/2
hr. when our drop plane
came in. I directed the
drop from the ground.
because of the movement
of people, we are dropping
for a new D. I. spent
the rest of the day

Low Yea
Low Yea. Assistant
Ban Ha.

05 10/12
107 10/12

explaining seeds, spent
the evening the usual
way, a fine supper &
little corn whisky and
much talking. Wally had
a good place to sleep, my
own little private hotel.

April 7. 6:30 in the
morning. Have had my
shower, brushed my teeth,
had coffee, have taken
my first Polaroid picture
of the Chufs wife. and
all are ready to make
the walk to Ban Kan See
about 2 hrs.

We are at Ban Kan See.
The school is nearly finished
will be ready in one week.
Church is finished.

The village is completely
built up. they have done
a great job in a short time.
they now have plenty of
clothing and bedding. I took

many pictures for them.
we are now about ready
to eat again at the Tyssings
house, then will be off
for a 4 hr walk to cover
the old Ban Na village.
The eating at this place is
usually a little rough.
now 11 o'clock.

after eating and about 1 hr
Cesta about 15 of us were off
for Ban Na, the usual walk
only two ways up and down,
make it in 3 1/2 hrs. I first
came into this place 1 yr
ago. people were hungry, sick
and scared ~~to~~. Today they
are being fed, not to much
sickness, our soap has
done wonders, plus our
presence. I am sure we
have had our thanks.
we need more soap badly
and now.

about one half or 1000

people will remain here,
while the rest will move
to the new areas, for two
seasons, ~~to~~ we have ~~two~~
only one mountain spring
at each place. The water
will be put to better use.
plus they will be closer
to the Shullo strip, just
in case. These villages
in this area never know.
after visiting and resting
and taking more pictures,
we were ready to start.
they go wild over these
Polovod pictures. The man
from the Saturday Evening
Post gave me the camera.
film lasts no time
at all.

Made it back about 8:30
in the evening, very dark.
ate supper and went straight
to bed.

April 8. nice morning
I think it is Sunday.

each morning when I
awaken here, I have a
pan of water and cup of
coffee waiting on me, I have
no idea what time they
bring it in. as it is always
cold. and I got up this
morning at 6.

after coffee and a little
fried pork. The seed
distribution took place. I
had told them how and
just sat back and
watched, they did a fine
job.

after the distribution I
talked to them all about
planting.

~~we have~~ The people
from Moung Pong ~~to~~ who
have just been driven
out, ~~are also~~ have also
come here. & They are
Lao people not Lao Thong. I
spent the rest of the day

helping plan their new
building sight and again
went to Bon Kan See, ate
supper there about 5:30,
returned to Fou Yee's home
ate again at 8, we
had a round the table
talk till about 11 o'clock,
again ate at the Lai's house,
sp in a matter of 6 hrs
I had ate Tao Thong, Mu
and Tao's food, got to
bed about 11 o'clock.

April 9.

Up early, took more
pictures for Bon Kan See
they came really dressed up.
I am afraid this camera
will break me up.

~~Hello came in about~~
~~10 o'clock, was off for~~
~~Pho Com.~~

They have there had
count for me. from what
they have and what I have

saw, there are now between 3600 and 3700 people fed from here. There big needs at present more flour and condensed milk, salad oil, more seeds, pots, pans and spoons. They go for Bulgar wheat.

about 10 the Hells came, after hurry up goodbys was off for Phu Com. Landed at Phu Vieng a short time. very few refugees left here.

Arrived Phu Com about 11:30. I had arranged for the Hells to bring me seeds here.

I had never spent a night here, the people had asked me many times, but it never planned out, they had began to think, their phones wasn't good enough for me. when they found out I was going to stay, they

immediately killed the pig.

after meeting many people, we walked the village, 1600 people here about 1000 in surrounding villages who partly feed here.

These people are doing a great job, have built good houses, and doing as much farming as possible,

They have had many recent deaths of unknown origin, many real sick babies, they just put them in my arms and say Pop do something. They say one dies about each day. as soon as I get to Wientiane I will send Felix the O. B. doctor here.

The rest of the day, was spent explaining seeds and distribution. many people around a pine fire till

about 10 o'clock. The house
I slept in not as big
as my living room in
Indiana, slept 9 people.
April 10 Up or they got me up
5:30 a beautiful morning,
but by 8 it began thundering
and got dark. Hello came
after me, but I would not
let him land because of the
wind, in just minutes the
first rain of rainy season
came, it rained for 2 hrs
and got cold. just like
any place in the world
after 4 or 5 months
with no rain, these people
were not ready for it, roofs
leaked, water ran in the
houses, roofs blew off, what
a mess, but we lived
through it. about 11 the
Hello came again, he
landed, couldn't turn
around because of mud.

going

we turned it by hand, and
was soon off for Ban ~~San~~
San Phaka which is way
up north.

For the first time since
I can remember I came off
from Vientiane without my
medicine kit.

We were greeted here by
a family who ~~had~~ were
the victims of a hand
grenade. a bad sight.
I got to young girls
patched up, by using
what we had here and
the father in the Heli
and sent them to O. B.
Vientiane, which was all
he could haul. The worst
one I took to a house
washed and bandaged
and put her to sleep.
a little boy is not too
bad, if the girl is still
alive and if a Heli can

get in here, she will go
tomorrow.

After that I had had
it, ~~came~~ walked to his
to the Fassings house
ate, laided down awhile.
Then walked the village
here. This place has kinda
slid backwards, I havnt
found the why yet, it is
real close to the enemy.

I have just ate again
and am about ready for
bed. Was you ever sleep
in the jungle at night,
locusts chattering, plus
some kind of a howling
bird, a mortar shell
now and then, plus
cold and dark. That is
this place tonight. I
believe I will leave my
shoes on.

April 11.

I made the night through,

the morning started off very nice,
it is now 8 o'clock and we are
completely fogged in, hope it clears
so we can get the girl to
Vientiane who was shot up.

They need fats to cook
with here, pigs and chickens
have died.

Will send salad oil and
dried milk, plus seeds.

The plane came at 2 o'clock,
loaded in the girl, arrived
Vientiane 4:30. with patient.

"Pop" Buell

0 + 5 + 1

Ly Tow yia,
People at Ban Na.

Men from 16 years and up

638

Boys under 16 591

Women 16 and over 679

Girls 16 and under 508

2516

Total gets rice at Ban Na,
3846

House Rhinir 2,156

Tell Pat to drop rice
at Ban Nam Phong 864
people families of soldiers.
Likes Ban Tam Weys.

← PHA KHAO

← PHA KHAO

HELLO

□ B. NAM CHONG

866

□ B. NAM HONG

502

□ B. THAM HEUP

□ B. HOU CHEUNG

□ HK NIN

HELLO

□ B. HOULU

□ B. NAMAT

□ B. LIO

□

B. KH 57

HELLO

DI

□ BAN NA

280

□ MG GOT

now moving to RANK.

□ HOU KOM

School Ban Kan See,

100 pupils,

100 readers,

Do not need pencils

50 pieces of chalks

1 qt of black paint,

Send map.

Books for legu.

Books for nursing.

Tell the father teacher
would like brief case.

would like ink red and
black

Teacher now gets 600 kip

Pen

Pan Te = Map.

Zoung Sap = flag.

Kha Sab. = Big case

Hot Hoak Gua = family



Teacher. Mamati
Mo Leo.

Pho Comm
Total people 1600 Mo^{only}
Have School.

are at present getting enough
in

I bought supplies two
weeks ago for school at
Pho Comm, gave to Lou Lou's
brother. Supplies never got
here. Check at end.

Have books.

This is a very good school,
built well.

Teacher went to school
at Xing Khong. 3 years.

Children range in age from
6 to 14.

This school can take care
of about 80 children.

Needs Soap.

Send 10 cases Solid Oil,
Send ~~20~~³⁰ cases dried milk
Send 5 cases condensed milk
Send 4. S. & M. Medical Kits.

Signal V
Pho Com
villages ~~get~~ that 500 Gram.
get rice here.

See Now.

House Kon

○ 012 007 007

side

Rho Com

○ 007 007

House Kha Mang

○ 007 007

side Pho Com

○ 3 010
Big Pho Com
○ 007 007

~~House~~

Mithala.
Send Eye Medicine
Ba Lauze.

20 houses Lao Thong
House Kha Mang
side Pho Com.

Bar San Phaka,
Have school.

Have teacher.

80 children.

needs books,

.. pencil

.. chalk,

.. paper.

Have 3 Mo Medics

needs drugs simple,
bandages.

300 Lao Thung have come
no blankets or nothing.
needs pots, pans, and spoons.

Pigs have died.

Have some cattle.

A little trouble with
Bulgar wheat.

Tell C. Van Powell there
is one company soldiers
moved from Bar San Phaka
to

21. H. 0308

Signal H.

Send Dried Milk.
Send Solid oil.

Send Soda. send
at once.

Field Report.
To Mr Elliott
~~To~~

April 19, 1962.

~~After~~ after 3 days getting supplies ready to take with me as well as to be dropped while I ~~was~~ ^{am} gone and spending most of last ^{evening} with ~~a~~ not only a good friend, but a man who has been great to work with and helped our organization much in supply helping us get planes and on many occasions used his planes to drop for us. It only shows, we are in a country if we want to get a job done and well, we can't work alone.

Up a 6 at the airport little after 7, did not get off as expected, but was off

by 10, with me I took seeds, medicine kits, school supplies and a supply of groceries. As such as coffee, sugar, candles, flashlight batteries and a little spirits, this is the way I pay for my rats. you can buy chickens or a pig occasional for on the table, but don't offer kips.

By 11:30 I landed at Long Lierg, was met by the chief, after some handshaking, we all had coffee, which they had been out of for some time.

The people here are doing a great job, not only in building, but caring for themselves, no medicine, but

with the simple drugs, we furnish, don't have to much sickness. But also have come up with a good school 150 children attending, ~~2~~ 75 in morning 75 afternoon.

But the thing that has come so far, and being just a dirt farmer myself, it is close to my heart and that is the unbelievable job these Med has done in slow land farming. as they ~~were not~~ used to know only how to work in hills.

Walt Coward started this project some 6 mos. ago. by damming up a little stream on a piece of ground about 400 ft square. Then he was called home, I came up to continue, it has now increased to app. 5

acres, ^{and corn} under irrigation, and
vegetables that would make
any U. S. O. M. technician proud.

I walked the whole area
gave a few more new ideas.
Rather than to write a big
report, I have definitely decided
to invite Mr McFlem, Mr
Lewis who have expressed desire
to come. also would like

Mr Hounspang and Mr Elliott
to come and look, and then
they could go back and tell
what they actual saw. They
will not only see again, but
the building of a refugee
village and redistribution.

Spent the rest of the day,
drawing maps of locations
of nearby villages. after
a very fine Mes supper.

under the guidance of a beautiful Mountain moon, by which you could have easily read a newspaper, we walked to the Tso Hong village, to spend 3 or 4 hours around a native fire, consuming what is known as Tso Hui. I am sorry I can't explain such an evening to you. You have to be there to know and enjoy.

April 20.

Up at 6, had many people waiting on me, with bow eyes, ear ticks and the usual, took some pictures for them. As I sat here writing, I would say there is 50 people watching. soon will be time for breakfast which is usually at 10, then we

will walk the village, which takes about 4 hrs.

I had a fine breakfast, went to visit the school. They have really did a fine job. I gave them pencils, chalk, writing pads, maps and pictures. U.S.I.S. gave me.

Returned to the village, a Hello came about 2:30. I was not quite finished, but it gave me a way to get to Son Thong.

I have went to the school here, they have built one of the better schools, I have the supplies here, but we need a teacher. They are also building

a good hospital, which I think we should help support.

Now I am sitting here at a table. Col. Yang Pow on one side and the Chief from Ban Ban Na on the other. They are getting ready for a big feed. As you know we have an American team here. The medic saved the ~~lives~~ of 2 people the last 2 days and the feed is for this.

It is raining hard and very dark.
April 21. The first last night ran into the night and had all the native trimmings. I wound

up sleeping on the ground,
parachute for a mattress and
also for a cover. My only
trouble was as usual, these
people had me up before daylight.

I have spent the whole morning
viewing gardens, one month
ago, it really beared down on
these people to go to farming,
and I can't believe what they
have did in a short time, they
need more seeds. These people
have been run so much, they
had about give up. I hope
they get a harvest.

At about 10:30 Col. Vang Bow,
and myself, left for Pha Khao.

It is hard to believe, less
than 10 months ago, I was the
first American in here, all
there was was the old Pha Khao

village, which consisted of about 20 houses. now we have some 800 houses and over 7000 people.

I havn't been here to spend any time for about 3 mos. the people had thought U.S. O.M. and Mr Pop had forgot them.

I looked the Hospital over. This is really a U.S. O.M. Hospital, 20 beds, ~~and~~ operated by a Lao Medic, employed by U.S. There can not be enough said about the work this boy is doing, he had had three years experience in Vientiane, plus nearly a year with Dr. Tom Dorley. I do all I can to help, with milk, Food for Millions, blankets dishes etc.

I just got started to walk the village, when I was called to

go to Pha Khe, which is about 15 mins by Chopper. I will report on this later.

Returned at 4:30, went to the house of the Nai Korg. Got the figures on population
5166 fed completely here
1716 fed partially.

I am going to put in 50 cases dried milk, also drop a 47 plane load of Bulgarian wheat for a trial.

They need other things, but because at present we only have small quantities of supplies left, we will wait till our new shipment comes in and drop enough for all at once, so as not to cause a distribution problem.

One of the big needs is cooking fat.

I will now retire for the night,
in what is known as the U.S.O. 74
house.

April 22.

Up at 6 had a cup of
native coffee and bowl of rice,
as I had promised the Phlo
Kha to meet him at 7:30, about
 $\frac{1}{2}$ hr walk away I was soon on
my way. ~~Mr.~~ In. Pha Kha
& I know many people from
the old Phlo De four days,
makes it hard to get away
where fast as you must
stop and talk. After
reaching the chiefs hut,
eating a little more, took
pictures of his children,
~~and waited~~ to send Walter
Coward ~~and~~ he also wrote
Walt a letter. This boy
sees certainly done a good job.

We walked the complete village, it took us 5 hrs. There is some hardship but not at all bad. I have seen many places so much worse.

They now have 5 class rooms at the school, capable of 300 children, need more supplies and another teacher. I visited the of old Long Sen and Pook a Bo villages, which are Christian villages, always many letters and questions to take back to Mr. Underoff.

Back to my hut, thinking I would take Sun afternoon off, got my shoes off and played clean, when he comes the I tell to move Pops to Moung Mock, arrived here 1 hr later.

I was brought here to do something that I most know and am very happy to do. Starting tomorrow we will have a class of 15 students from many places, all who can read and write Hao.

My part is to show and teach them simple ways of Agri. that may improve production and better living. Also how to work with refugees and set up a refugee village, records distribution etc.

~~After~~ After a week or ten days at school, we are going to send I into refugee villages to work and learn. I am hoping it will work, not only for my benefit, but ~~at~~ such boys are

the future leaders and
maybe it will give us
a chance to sow some
seed of life.

Spent the day here
getting acquainted, and believe
it or not, out here in
no man's land, we had
a Monopoly game at night
April 23.

~~But~~ I had asked for
Tom Sah to come, didn't quite
think I could be a school
teacher, talking to Mrs.
Zao Zhong and her students
without an interpreter. but
he didn't come, so one thing
left to go to work.

Spent the forenoon in
discussing U.S.M. and my
part in the refugee club.
Explained who refugees were

The necessity of keeping them busy and helping support themselves,

what part they could play.

Spent 2 hrs afternoon setting up a refugee camp plus records, distribution etc.

We also had a Medic show them simple drugs and their use.

April 24.

Back to school at 8 o'clock. discussed making use of what kind of fertilization they had on hand, also saving the timber.

We then went into sanitation, we have a camp set up here as a good example for sanitation which helps.

The afternoon was spent explaining seeds and planting for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs

we then spent $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs each
boy drawing their villages
and surrounding villages where
they will be working, all in
all I ~~learned~~ ^{learnt} a lot today, hope
I taught the native boys as
much.

April 25

Started classes at 8:30
more on keeping records.
finished out the forenoon
explaining costs of relief
articles from purchasing
till they are once dropped.
also difficulties you have
in dropping, plane troubles,
rain, fog, out of supplies etc.

The afternoon was a
complete review, very
interesting, many questions
asked.

School is over me, I

understand Col. Vang Pow and
a U.S. I.S. man will be here
to talk tomorrow.

As soon as I get a plane
I will go into a new area
to make a survey.

I am sure some of these
boys are going to do me
some good in my work,
make it easier.

After class I made about
a 2 hr. walk to a Tao village.
Returned about 6:30 to find
many Tao people in the our
eating place. The table
overflowing with eats, the
roasted pig and chicken, plus
many mountain flowers.
It was a birthday supper
for Mr. "Pop".

These things so many

times touch me much,
as you go on day after
day, sometimes thinking
you are not getting over
to the people. Then
something like this happens,
my arms ~~were~~ had 14
strings tied for good luck.

After this was over,
the village asked to me
to go to the village, to
find out later they were
going to give me another
feed, which they did
at midnight, which was
actually the day of
my birthday. Returned
to my hut 2 o'clock,
completely worn out.

April 26. My birthday.

Hele Helio and Vang
Pow are supposed to come
and move me on, raining.
~~Had~~ not a chance to
get out today. done a
lot of visiting with the
people.

April 27.

Helio has come, but
it has much work to
do here. looks like I
will move sometime today.

April 28.

Left Vintiane for up
north, spent 4 days doing
the same kind of teaching.
I think I did a little
better job, because of the
experience I received from
the previous work.

Field Report

TO : Mr. Elliott

April 19, 1962

After 3 days getting supplies ready to take with me, as well as to be dropped while I am gone and spending most of last night with not only a good friend, but a man who has been great to work with and helped our organization much in helping us get planes and on many occasions used his planes to drop for us. It only shows, we are in a country if we want to get a job done and well, we can't work alone.

Up at 6, at the airport little after 7, did not get off as expected, but was off by 10. With me I took seeds, medicine kits, school supplies and a supply of groceries such as coffee, sugar, candles, flash light batteries and a little spirits, this is the way I pay for my lots. You can buy chickens or a pig occasional for on the table, but don't offer kip.

By 11:30 I landed at Long Tieng, was met by the Chief, after some handshaking, we all had coffee, which they had been out of for some time.

The people here are doing a great job, not only in building, but carrying for themselves, no medic, but with the simple drugs, we furnish, don't have too much sickness. Also have come up with a good school 150 children attending, 75 in morning 75 afternoon.

But the thing that has come so far, and being just a dirt farmer myself, it is close to my heart and that is the unbelievable job these meo has done in low land farming as they knew only how to work in hills.

Walt Coward started this project some 6 mos. ago. by daming up a little stream, on a piece of ground about 400 ft. square. Then he was called home, I came ^{up} to continue, It has now increased to app. 5 acres, under irrigation, and vegetables and corn that would make any USOM technician proud.

I walked the whole area gave a few more new ideas. Other than to write a big report, I have differently divided to invite Mr. MacQueen, Mr. Lewis who have expressed desires to come. Also would like Mr. Hounpheng and Mr. Elliott to come and look, and then they could go back and tell what they actual saw. They will not only see agri, but the building of a refugee village and distribution.

Spent the rest of the day, drawing maps of locations of nearby villages. After a very fine Meo supper, under the guidance of a beautiful Mountain moon, by which you could have easily read a newspaper, we walked to the Lao Theung village, to spend 3 or 4 hours around a native fire, consuming what is known as Lau Hay. I am sorry I can't explain such an evening to you. You have to be there to know and enjoy.

April 20.

Up at 6, had many people waiting on me, with sore eyes, ear aches and the usual, took some pictures for them, as I set here, writing, I would say there is 50 people watching. Soon will be time for breakfast which is usually at 10, then we will walk the village, which takes about 4 hrs.

Had a fine breakfast, went to visit the school. They have really did a fine job. I gave them pencils, chalk, writing pads, Maps and pictures USIS gave me.

Returned to the village, a Helio came about 2:30. I was not quite finished, but it gave me a way to get to Sam Thong.

I have went to the school here, they have built one of one better schools, I have the supplies here, but we need a teacher, They are also building a good hospital, which I think we should help support.

Now I am setting here at a table. Col. Vang Pao on one side and the Chief from Ban Na on the other. They are getting ready for a big feed. As you know we have an American team here. The Medic saved the lives of 2 people the last 2 days and the feed is for this.

It is raining hard and very dark.

April 21

The feast last night ran into the night and had all the native trimmings, I wound up sleeping on the ground, parachute for a mattress and also for a cover. My only trouble was as usually these people had me up before day light.

I have spent the whole morning viewing gardens, one month ago, I really beared down on these people to go to farming, and I can't believe what they have done in a short time, they need more seeds. These people have been run so much, they had about give up. I hope they get a harvest.

At about 10:30 Col. Vang Pao, and myself left for Pha Khao.

It is hard to believe, less than 10 months ago, I was the first American in here, all there was was the old Pha Khao village, which consisted of about 20 houses. Now we have some 800 houses and over 7000 people.

I haven't been here to spend any time for about 3 mos. The people had thought USOM and Mr. Pop had forgot them.

I looked the Hospital over, this is really a USOM Hospital, 20 beds, operated by a Lao Medic, employed by IVS. There cannot be enough soil, about the work this boy is doing, he had had three years experience in Vientiane, plus nearly a year with Dr. Tom Dooley. I do all I can to help, with milk, food for Millions, blankets dishes, etc....

I just got started to walk the village, when I was called to go to Pha Khe, which is about 50 mins. by Chopper. I will report on this later.

Returned at 4:30, went to the house of the Nai Kong. Got the figures on population

5160 feed completely here

1716 feed partially.

I am going to put in 50 cases dried milk, also drop a 47 plane load of Bulgar wheat for a trial.

They need other things, but because at present we only have small quantities of supplies left. We will wait till our new shipment comes in and drop enough for all at one. So as not to cause a distribution problem.

~~XX~~

One of the big needs is cooking fat.

I will now retire for the night, in what is known as the USOM house.

April 22.

Up at 6 had a cup of native coffee and bowl of rice. As I had promised the Nhi Khoa to meet him at 7:30, about $\frac{1}{4}$ hrs. walk away I was soon on my way. In Pha Khao I know many people from the old Plain des Jarree days. Makes it hard to get any where fast as you must stop and talk. After reaching the Chief's hut, eating a little more, took pictures of his children, to send Walter Coward he also wrote Walt a letter. This boy certainly done a great job.

We walked the complete village, it took us 5 hrs. There is some hardship but not at all bad. I have seen many places so much worse.

They now have 5 class-rooms at the school, capable of 300 children, need more supplies and another teacher. I visited the old Dong Don and Pook a Bo villages, which are Christian villages, always many letters and questions to take back to Mr. Andrianoff.

Back to my hut, thinking I would take Sun. afternoon off, got my shoes off and layed down, when in comes the Helio to move "Pop" to Muong Mock.

Arrived here 1 hr. later.

I was brought here to do something that I most know and am very happy to do. Starting tomorrow, we will have a class of 15 students from many places, all who can read and write Lao.

My part is to show and teach them simple ways of Agri. that may improve production and better living.

Also how to work with refugees and set up a refugee village, records distribution, etc....

After a week or ten days at school, we are going to send 2 into refugees villages to work and learn. I am hoping it will work not only for my benefit, but such boys are the future leaders and maybe it will give us a chance to sow some seed of life.

Spent the day here getting acquainted, and believe it or not, out ~~here~~ here in no man's land, we had a Monopoly game at night.

April 23.

I had asked for Thongsar to come. Didn't quite think I could be a school teacher, talking to Meo, Lao Theung and Lao students without an interpreter. But he didn't come so one thing left. go to work.

Spent the forenoon discussing USOM and my part in the refugee deal.

Explained who refugees were.

The necessity of keeping them busy and helping support themselves.

What part they could play.

Spent 2 hrs. afternoon setting up a refugee camp plus records, distribution etc..

We also had a Medic show them simple drugs and their use.

April 24.

Back to school at 8 o'clock. Discussed making use of what kind of fertilization they had on hand, also saving the timber.

We then went into sanitation, we have a camp set up here as a good example on sanitation which helps.

The afternoon was spent explaining seeds and planting for about 1½ hours.

We then spent 2½ hrs. each boy drawing their villages and surrounding villages where they will be working, all in all I learnt a lot today, hope I taught the native boys as much.

April 25.

Started classes at 8:30 more on keeping records. Finished out the forenoon explaining costs of relief articles from purchasing till they are once dropped. Also difficulties -- you have in dropping, plane troubles, rain, fog, out of supplies, etc.

The afternoon was a complete review, very interesting, many questions asked.

School is over, me, I understand Col. Vang Pao and a USIS man will be here to talk tomorrow.

As soon as I get a plane I will go into a new areato make a survey.

I am sure some of these boys are going to do me some good in my work, make it easier.

After class I made about a 2 hr. walk to a Lao village. Returned about 6:30 to find many Lao people in our eating place. The table overflowing with eats, the roasted pig and chicken, plus many mountain flowers. It was a birthday supper for Mr. "Pop".

These things so many times touch me much. As you go on day after day, sometimes thinking you are not getting over to the people. Then something like this happens. My arms had 14 stringstied for good luck.

After this was over, the village asked me to go to the village, to find out later they were going to give me another feed. Which they did at midnight, which was actually the day of my birthday. Returned to my hut 2 o'clock, completely worn out.

April 26. My birthday. Helio and Vang Pao are supposed to come and move me on, raining. Not a chance to get out today. Done a lot of visiting with the people.

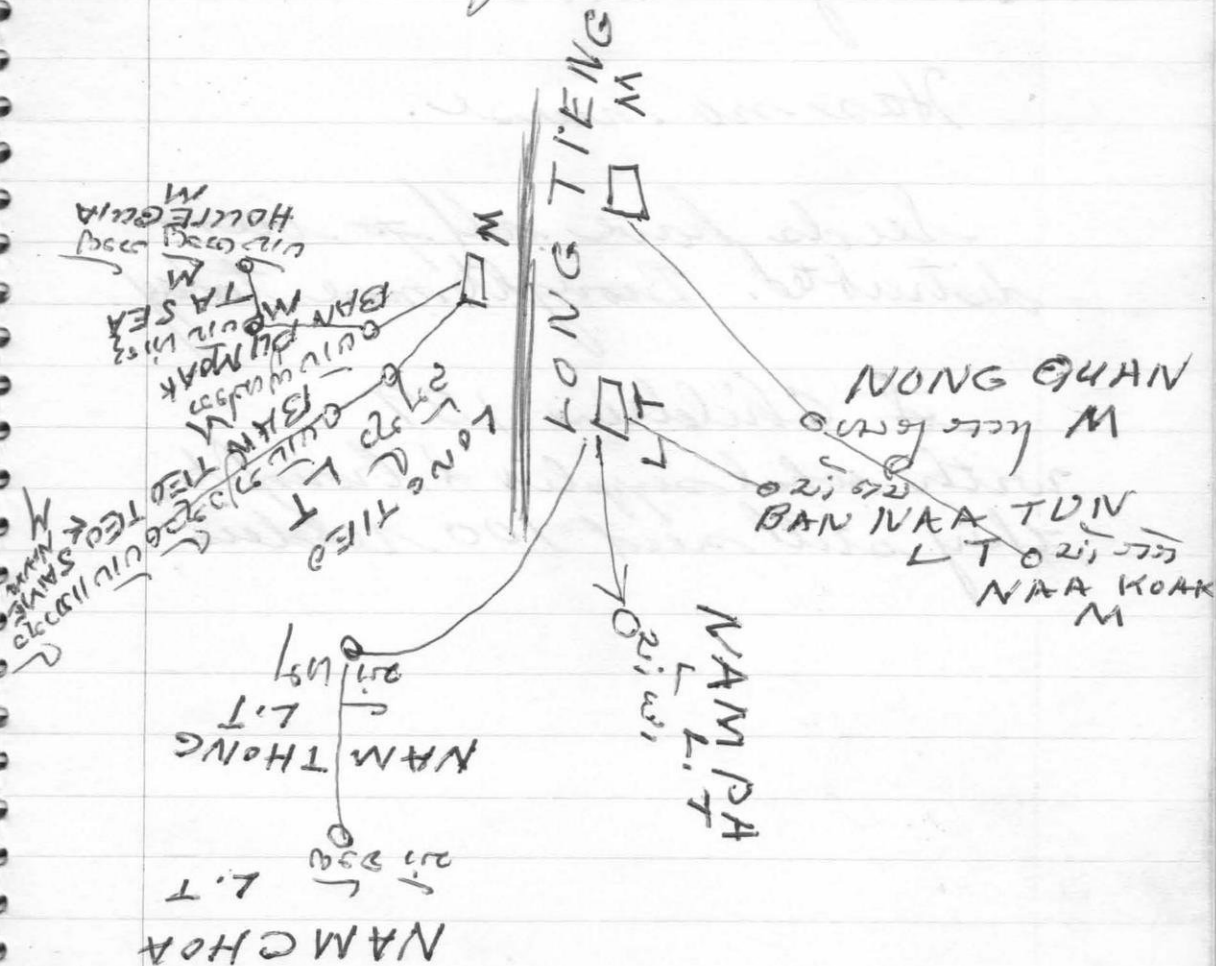
April 27.

Helio has come, but it has much work to do here. Looks like I will move sometime today.

April 28.

Left Vientiane for up north, spent 4 days doing the same kind of teaching. I think I did a little better job, because of the experience I received from the previous week.

Tong Ling
1600 people get rice here.
1250 Mo
350 Lo Thong.



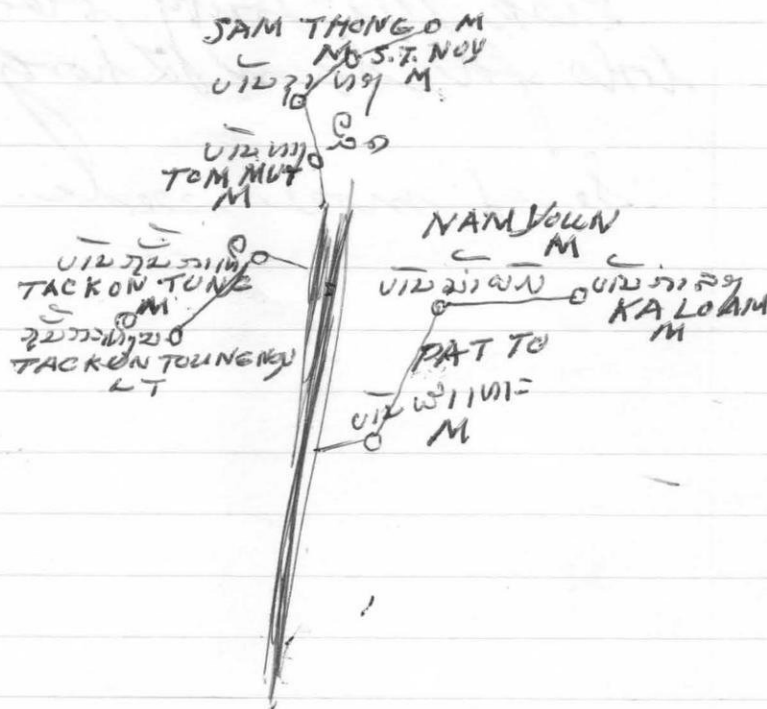
Long Ling.
Has school
2 school teachers
Study at Ponsovan

Has no nurse.

Seeds have all ~~to~~ been
distributed. Brought more today.

8 Children 139.
with what supplies I brought,
they still need 100 readers.

Sam Thong



Sam Thong.
send hoe if possible.

ask Mr. Louby blacksmith
tools for Sam Thong.

send more seeds.

Pha Khao.

Talk to Mr. Andernoff
about sending black
cloth, and blankets or
anything else he may wish
to the people of Pakat Bo
and Dong Dong.

Give 1000 kip to Mr
Andernoff

39.000 500 210 2 031 21 221
1000 500 (1000 1000)

Sam Thong
500 kip
Coffee
Sugar

200 kip coffee.
300 kip sugar.
100 kip peppers.

Pha Khao

Nai Kong. Ly Chew

50 cases dried milk.
people getting in 5160
people ... little 1716

Ban Na.
Send 300 nice bowls.

Hospital at Sam Thong.
Food for millions
Blankets.
30 rice bowls

Long Tieng.

100 kip buy 1/8 size 8 nails
3000 kip buy sprinkling cans.
6000 give to Cooc & Dr 910001
210000 1210000
H 012 111310

Now To Low

Ban La Khav. Vindane

~~Buy 4 boxes flash light~~
~~Batteries~~

~~3 boxes of candles.~~ 100

~~5 lbs coffee.~~

~~20 boxes sugar~~ 400

5 MAY 1962
FIELD REPORT
POB BUELL

May. 5, 1962.

I will have to start this trip on the evening of May 4.

There were six people including myself invited to a birthday dinner at the Home of Mr Elliott. After a couple very mild drinks, we were served a very bountiful and delicious dinner. But without question the highlight of the evening was Mr Tony Wong acting as ~~Host~~ ^{Master of Ceremonies}. Anyone reading this, if at any time you need a Host Master, look no further than Tony. But be prepared to pay for his services.

After much car trouble we made it home. 5:30 seemed to come very soon. At a little after 7, I was off and landed 2 hrs later. I cannot put on this paper where I am at. But if any of you who read this and are interested in our program, I will gladly tell you.

I was greeted here by an estimated 500 people, all Tao people, I would say at least 100 women and children who lived in a row, with a wild

flower in their hand, dressed in their
very best. I was not expecting such
a thing. at first I was much lost,
But I soon got my bearings and did
my part. Now to you Vientiane
people. it was so big dress parade
or orchids. But a native full
welcome, maybe what some of you
would turn your nose up at. I
think it nothing. But to me this
is one of the greatest tributes that
can be paid to A.I.D., America
and Mr. "Pop".

I was had to a tent, drank Lao Hi
a couple of times, then ^{was} served a
very nice dinner, all the people still
staying around. The rest of the
afternoon was spent, visiting the
Hospital, supply house etc. and
just talking.

The Fissangs and Nih Boms are
here from all over. starting at 7 tonight
we are to hold the big meeting
at the nearest village. It is
a little over 1 hour walk, it is
now 3 o'clock. I will soon be off
to the village.

It was a beautiful walk down to the village. It is a very large village located on the river, large houses, well built, school and a wath. There were corn and quite a lot of it, as high as my head. It rained most of the way, got just a little damp. After having several turns at Jao Hi, with the villages most beautiful girls, we, 3 Americans were served a great dinner with all the ceremony and decorations.

At 7:30, twenty seven Nip Hone and Tyssangs, 2 school teachers, myself and a couple other people, gathered at the school house. Explaining the refugee problems and trying to help these people help themselves. The meeting lasted till 10:30. I feel much ^{was} accomplished.

When we returned the big bon fire was built, many people gathered. The orchestra was already playing playing, and the native dancing was soon under motion. I took it till 12:30, walked down to the river took a cold bath

retired to my soft bamboo bed
and slept like a baby.

May 6. Up and at (am) had a duck
breakfast, with other things.

Had another gater gathering
at the school, passed sub school
supplies and seeds and talked more
about Agri. Took many Toluid
pictures. at 10:30 was ready to
leave for the Strip. Now I am either
getting old or smart. In the past
two years I have clumsily climbed many
a mt. hill, but today after walking
20 mins to reach the mt. I was
given and I rode my first horse
in this country. It took 1 hr 15 min
to climb the mt. I don't know which
is worse, the mt is nearly straight
up. the saddle broke twice, with
one going off of back. quite a trip.
but I know I am not as tired.

Some time this afternoon move
to another village.

Arrived at the other village about
2 o'clock, ~~then~~ after meeting the people
about 10 of us set out to walk as
much of the area as we could before

Pha Khook.
Send 5 tarpoleers.
To Leam.

dark. we visited 4 villages, a distance of about 4 mi. anyone thinking 4 mi a short distance. I think again. I figure every mile here equal to any 5 mi. of ~~other~~ ordinary walking. we started back at 6 o'clock. I took my time as I was a little tired. Reached camp 10:30 at night. The horse would have come in handy. Ha. This is quite a high elevation. did I ever sleep good.

May 7.

Up about 7, had my usual rice for breakfast. no I havnt got use to it either. about 9 the Nho Bons and Tyssangs gathered and we had our usual meeting lasting till 12:15. again I cannot put on paper about this place, but would love to tell any of you about it.

The O.B. Doctor Mr Felix arrived this morning.

After the meeting I took many Kodoid pictures for the people, done much more visiting. at ~~the~~ 1:30, Itelao came and showed me back to where I was yesterday, Felix is also here.

* At 2 o'clock I was off for Xiang Lot. One hr and a half flight, about 15 min walk from strip to village. ~~As we~~ near the village, we came to a real nice river. I was no time at all getting my clothes off and in the water. After a good bath, was shown to my house and bed; a glass of native tea and met the important people.

It is now nearly 7 o'clock I have completed walking the village. I have two nice blisters on my little toes, from wearing tennis shoes yesterday, should have known better, but those boots get heavy at times. I ~~at~~ also have nice welts all over my body, caused from fleas last night, or

maybe it was the bath I took /a.
Supper will soon be served, then
we will have our night meeting.

~~7th~~ I am sitting here ^{on} the
bank of this beautiful river,
many ~~falls~~ small falls, a
beautiful sunset on the water,
sometime I would like to spend
2 or 3 days when I was not working.

You Vientiane people don't know
what living is. I know nothing
about it, but they tell me
you have some vacation spots
called Gruen Tatrien and O'Leads.
They can't compare, to this,
even if I do have to fight bugs
and listen to the mortars, that
have just started popping the
last few minutes.

As all we have here is pig fat for
light, and the bugs being pretty bad, we
have put the meeting off till morning.

~~7th~~ My purpose for coming here, was
they were having complaints about destruction.
~~20th~~ May 8. We had our meeting, not
as pleasant as some but I believe we
got some things straightened out.

St. Elliott

File

Field Report

To: Mr. Elliott

May 5, 1962

I will have to start this trip on the evening of May 4.

There were six people including myself invited to a birthday dinner at the Home of Mr. Elliott, after a couple very mild drinks, we were served a very beautiful and delicious dinner. But without question the highlight of the evening was Mr. Tony Wong acting as Master of Ceremonies. Anyone reading this, if at any time you need a Toast Master, look no further than Tony. But be prepared to pay for his services.

After much car trouble we made it home, 5:30 seemed to come very soon. At a little after 7, I was off and landed 2 hrs. later. I cannot put on this paper where I am at. But if any of you who read this and are interested in our program, I will gladly tell you.

I was greeted here by an estimated 500 people. All Lao people, I would say at least 100 women and children were lined in a row, with a wild flower in their hand, dressed in their very best. I was not expecting such a thing, at first I was much lost. But I soon got my bearings and did my part. Now to you Vientiane people. It was no big dress parade or orchids. But a native hill welcome, maybe what some of you would turn your nose up at or think it nothing. But to me this is one of the greatest tributes that can be paid to AID, American and Mr. "POP".

I was lead to a tent, drank Lao Hi, a couple of times, then was served a very nice dinner all the people still staying around. The rest of the afternoon was spent, visiting the Hospital, Supply house, etc., and just talking.

The Tassengs and Nai Bams are here from all over. Starting at 7 tonight. We are to hold the big meeting at the nearest village. It is a little over 1 hr.'s walk, it is now 3 o'clock. I will soon be off to the village.

It was a beautiful walk down to the village. It is a very large village located on the river, large houses, well built, school and a Watt. There were corn and quite a lot of it, as high as my head. It rained most of the way, got just a little damp.

After having several turns at Lao Hi, with the villages most beautiful girls, we, 3 Americans were served a great dinner with all the ceremony and decorations.

At 7:30, twenty Seven Nai Bams and Tassengs, 2 school teachers, myself and a couple other people, gathered at the school house. Explaining the refugee problems. And trying to help these people help themselves.

The meeting lasted till 10:30. I feel much was accomplished.

When we returned the big bon fire was built, many people gathered. The orchestra was already playing. And the native dancing was soon under motion. I took it till 12:30, walked down to the river, took a cold bath retired to my soft bamboo bed and slept like a baby.

May 6.

Up and at them, had a duck breakfast, with other things.

Had another gathering at the school, passed out school supplies and seeds and talked more about Agri. Took many Polaroid pictures. At 10:30 was ready to leave for the Strip. Now I am either getting old or smart. In the past two years I have climbed many a mt.* hill, but today after walking 20 minutes to reach the mt. I was given and I rode my first horse in this country. I took 1 hr. 15 min. to climb the mt. I don't know which is worse, the mt. is nearly straight up. The saddle broke twice, with one going off back. Quite a trip. But I know I am not as tired.

Some time this afternoon move to another village.

Arrived at the other village about 2 o'clock. After meeting the people about 10 of us set out to walk as much of the area as we could before dark. We visited 4 villages, a distance of about 4 miles. Anyone thinking 4 miles a short distance, think again. I figure every mile here equal to any 5 of ordinary walking. We started back at 6 o'clock. I took my time as I was a little tired, reached Camp 10:30 at night. The horse would have come in handy. Ma. This is quite a high elevation. Did I ever sleep good.

May 7.

Up about 7, had my usual rice for breakfast. No I haven't got use to it either. About 9 the Mai Bana and Tassengs gathered and we had our usual meeting lasting till 12:15. Again I cannot put on paper about this place, but would love to tell any of you about it.

The O.B. Doctor Mr. Felix arrived this morning.

After the meeting, I took many Polaroid pictures for the people, done much more visiting. At 1:30 Helie came and moved me back to where I was yesterday, Felix is also here.

At 2 o'clock I was off for Xiang Dat. One hr. and a half flight. About 15 minutes walk from strip to village. Nearing the village, we came to a real nice river. I was no time at all getting my clothes off and in the water. After a good bath, was shown to my house and bed; a glass of native tea and met the important people.

It is now nearly 7 o'clock I have completed walking the village. I have two nice blisters on my little toes, from wearing tennis shoes yesterday, should have known better, but those boots get heavy at times. I also have nice welts all over my body, caused from fleas last night, or maybe it was the bath I took Ha.

Supper will soon be served, then we will have our night meeting.

I am setting here on the bank of this beautiful river, many small falls, the beautiful sunset on the water. Sometime I would like to spend 2 or 3 days when I was not working.

You Vientiane people don't know what living is. I know nothing about it, but they tell me you have some vacations spots called Green Tatra and Lido. They can't compare, to this, even if I do have to fight bugs and listen to the mortars, that have just started popping the last few minutes.

As all we have here is pig fat for light, and the bugs being pretty bad, we have put the meeting off till morning.

My purpose for coming here, was they were having complaints about ~~distribution.~~

May 8.

We had our meeting, not as pleasant as some but I believe we got some things straightened out.

We have helped this area some, but still much in need. As one year ago the enemy came and burnt 140 houses, which were wood frame and siding and stole all they had. These are all Lao people in the surrounding area they are Lao Theung.

We are only 1 day's walk from Moung Kase. Afternoon experience about 1 hr. ago, I have changed my mind about vacationing here. The machine guns began popping in a distance. I never saw people get ready to move out so fast in my life. It soon stopped and I don't know yet if it was friendly or enemy. I again proved only to me fear and war is Hell.

It is now 3 o'clock, waiting for the Helio to come.

As I see it.

Immediate needs

Rice, Black Cloth, Pots & Pans, Soap, Iron Bars, Blacksmith tools, Drugs, Seeds, plates, spoons, canvas. Prepare now for blanket in near future.

I can report we now have 19 schools in operation, and have them fairly well supplied, thanks for the help from U.S.I.S. and Mr. Hines.

From what I saw in the area I visited we have already or in the near future inherited an additional 20,000 refugees.

May I apologize at this time who ever reads my little diary, for the spelling and so forth. It is all done by an open fire at night.

"POP"

To Elliott & Armon

Field Report

File

To: Mr. Elliott

May 12, 1962

Thong Sar and myself arrived at airport 6:30 for a 7 o'clock take off. We had with us 10 sprinkling cans, nails, and a medicine kit, which I purchased myself to help pay for our eats and lodging. Also had DDT to spray gardens plus a blacksmith set Mr. Touby sent.

Arrived at Long Tieng about 8:30, after treating many children to candy, I explained who Thong Sar was and what he would be doing.

We then made arrangements to build a house and kitchen to take care of 20 boys, who will be arriving here June 3, for one week's schooling. The same as I conducted at Muong Mock. The Nia Khon, is very happy to have it here and will make the necessary arrangements.

The reason for holding it here is to show these young boys, the Agri. program that has been accomplished here in a short time.

Thong Sar having worked as a Medic with the U.S. Military people at Plain Des Jars in the past, went to work arranging and labelling what drugs they have here, so they can be put to proper use.

At 4:30, we are to hold a meeting of all the village chiefs. As you know, we have a great cooperation here among Meo and Lao Tong people.

May 13.

We had the meeting; 22 were present. I left Thong Sar do all the talking, to give him a clearer idea of how to work. First time I have used an interpreter in a long time; we talked about all problems, even in your better working villages like this one, there are still many problems.

They are going to build a new and bigger school here.

Also build housing for a class of 55 boys to be held here starting June 5.

The crops look very good, the rain that came last night, is just what they needed.

Rice seed is still O.K. if we get it here within the next 10 or 12 days. Need more vegetables of all kinds and steel bars.

This morning early Thong Sar and myself were asked to visit the Lao Tong village. I am sure this work is not what he thought it would be, but I believe he will make out O.K. I sure hope so.

On our return many followed us to have their picture taken. Polaroid shots. We then visited some gardens and corn fields. Explained to Thong Sar methods of simple irrigation, drainage, and planting.

It is now 2 o'clock, I am supposed to leave for Houei Sa Ann.

I have given Thong Sar his first assignment, he is to walk this area today and tomorrow. Walk to Sam Thong tomorrow. 6 or 7 hrs. walk. Walk the Sam Thong village proper and the Refugee village.

I have spent much time the past few days, telling him how he must work. Be Friendly to all peoples, eat and sleep as they do, listen to all their problems, but promise nothing. It is hard to see hunger, sickness etc.. and not say I will help you now. But I have learnt the hard way. If you can't afford to buy it yourself don't promise.

I am not throwing stones, but there is no question at least 90% of the people I work with in Vientiane have no idea about these things. I am sure as good a people as they are. If they knew. My job would be much easier; some of the damn paper and formalities would be thrown away and be more like the old days.

Helio came at 15 till 4, it was the same hurry up so as not to make him wait. The village presented me with 4 heads of cabbage and a sack of lettuce.

After about 3/4 of an hour in the air, we ran into a terrific electric and rain storm, immediately went up to a ten thousand ft. elevation to miss the mts. turned back; after about 15 mins. I could barely see Phu Vieng air strip. I told the pilot, if he wished put me down there. As I feel just a little safer on the ground, during such storms. Also here I am not too far from Houei Sa Ann.

After landing the plane soon took off and I started the walk up the mt in the rain, got wet but made it.

It is hard to believe, that 8 months ago, I set up here what I thought would be a long lasting refugee village. It was my third. Had a great set-up, some 7,000 people.

Tonight there is no refugees, it is a complete army base 600 soldiers. It is O.K. being here, but I will stick with the civilian people.

I have just admired the Phu Vieng sunset, which to me when it is at its best, there is no other in Laos equal to it.

May 14.

Went to bed last night at 7:30, up early, ate breakfast, two drop planes have come unable to drop, because of fog. At 9, I walked down to the strip. Visited, read and waited, Helio came at 4:30, 20 mins. later I was at Houei Sa Ann. My first time to spend a night here, I have a meeting set up for 7:30. Have had my supper, not much to brag about.

May 15.

Had a good meeting about 20 present.

In the past year and a half we have had our problems here, with getting the people to work, first they do then they don't.

All the people from Nam San has moved here all Meo, who is setting a good example to the Lao and Lao Tong.

We now have 4404 people about 3,000 Meo 900 Lao Tong and 500 Lao.

They at present are doing very good farming, have planted all our seeds and many more, They have even planted much rice, there own seed.

They need more vegetable seed and early sweet corn.

They have a school and a very good teacher. I took school supplies in with me.

I have walked Houei Sa Ann proper about 2,000 people, not in too bad a shape and not good.

Present needs.

Seeds, black cloth and children's clothes, plates, spoons, needle & thread, dried milk and iron bars, will put some rice bowls and pails here.

The Helio came, moved me back to Phu Vieng, will wait here for farther transportation.

I have just received sad news the place a few days ago where I spent the night and was wishing I could spend a few days vacation there, has fell into enemy hands. They again did a very nasty job of it. Seems they get all the nice places.

I forgot to mention Houei Sa Ann has a real good supply of livestock one of the few places.

"POP"

MAY 1942
FIELD NOTEBOOK #1
POB BUELL

Children

Lee Teng.	wife	4
Tong Tui ya	"	2
Ka ye Lee	"	2
Lee Sac	"	
Tao Joun	"	
Lee yer	"	1
Jai Chai	"	1
Tai Bee	"	2
Ying ya	"	4
Nai Tum	"	7
Jai Ka.	No.	
Blea Tong.	wife	10
Lee yer	No.	
Wong Keng.	"	
Bok young.	No.	

Pha Phung. sounds like
a poor school. people would
like, no teacher.

Moang Mor.

Soon have school
no teacher, have enough
supplies except for teachers.

Horrie ~~San~~ San. 100 pupils
need complete supplies.

Xing Dat. now no teacher
go and find out. have
sent supplies about 1 mo ago.

To Tin Noi.

Ban Na Slow
soon will have school.
Zerry will check, when
finished send supplies.

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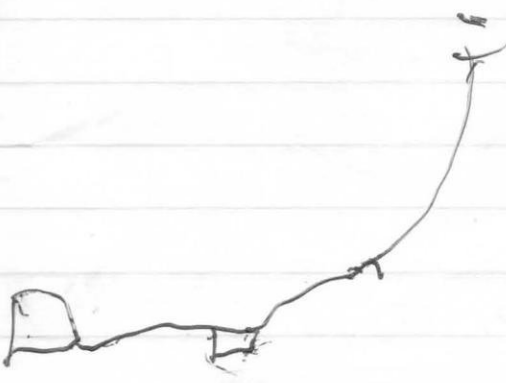
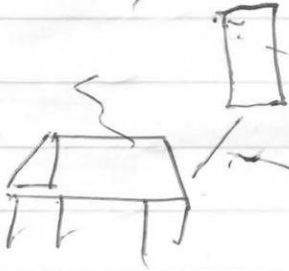
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Boy says he never saw
come to Home Swan.

$$\begin{array}{r} 150 \\ 4 \\ \hline 600 \end{array} \text{ per 100 kils.}$$

1 hr flying time

- 1 လဲတဲ ၁၂၈ ၁၁၇ ပါး မ-၁၁-
- 2 ကျဲ ၁၂၈ ၁၁၇ ပါး မ-၁၁-
- 3 လဲ ၁၂၈ ၁၁၇ ပါး ၁၁၀ -၁၁-
- 4 လဲ ၁၂၈ -၁၂၈ ၁၁၇ ပါး ၁၁၀ -၁၁-
- 5 လဲ ၁၂၈ ၁၁၇ ပါး ၁၁၀ -၁၁-
- 6 လဲ ၁၁ ၁၁၇ ပါး ၁၁၀ -၁၁-
- 7 လဲ ၁၁၇ ၁၁၇ ပါး ၁၁၀ -၁၁-
- 8 လဲ ၁၂၈ ၁၁၇ ပါး ၁၁၀ -၁၁-
- 9 လဲ ၁၂၈ ၁၁၇ ၁၁၇ ပါး ၁၁၀ -၁၁-
- 10 မဲ ၁၂၈ ၁၁၇ ပါး ၁၁၀ -၁၁-
- 11 မဲ ၁၂၈ ၁၁၇ ပါး ၁၁၀ -၁၁-
- 12 ကျဲ ၁၂၈ ၁၁၇ ပါး ၁၁၀ -၁၁-
- 13 လဲ ၁၂၈ ၁၁၇ ပါး ၁၁၀ -၁၁-
- 14 လဲ ၁၂၈ ၁၁၇ ပါး ၁၁၀ -၁၁-
- 15 လဲ ၁၂၈ ၁၁၇ ပါး ၁၁၀ -၁၁-

1. What you came here for.
2. Where you are going from here.
3. Who do you see and talk to when you get to your post.
- ~~#~~ 4. Work your Complete Area.

1. Get acquainted with everyone who has anything to do with your work. Americans, Thi, Lao, Mos.

2. Observe village at first only. as to Agri. schools, fairport, hospital, supply house, form of distribution, sanitation. then think of simple ways of improvement. never demanding, or forceful, work slow and easy. Sell your self to the people.

3. If asked questions.

- (1) If you know answer them.

- (2) Never give a doubtful answer.

If you don't know, tell them you will find the answer. from someone.

4. New Village.

- (1) You came to help.

- (2) Who you are.

- (3) Find out their problems

(4) Never promise nothing unless you are sure.

(5) If sickness that you can't help, report it to the first medic.

(6) After maybe 2 or 3 days observing, suggest any ~~and~~ better methods you may have.

(7) Never stay too long at one place. To run fast your welcome.

(8) On return report to Nthi Ithor. everything as you see it, never false statement.

4. Explain.

(1) Cost of articles dropped.

(2) difficulty difficulties connected in dropping.

5. (1) Explain. In a refugee problem it is not normal times, everyone should be on an even basis.

(2) distribution.

6. How you are to act
and live.

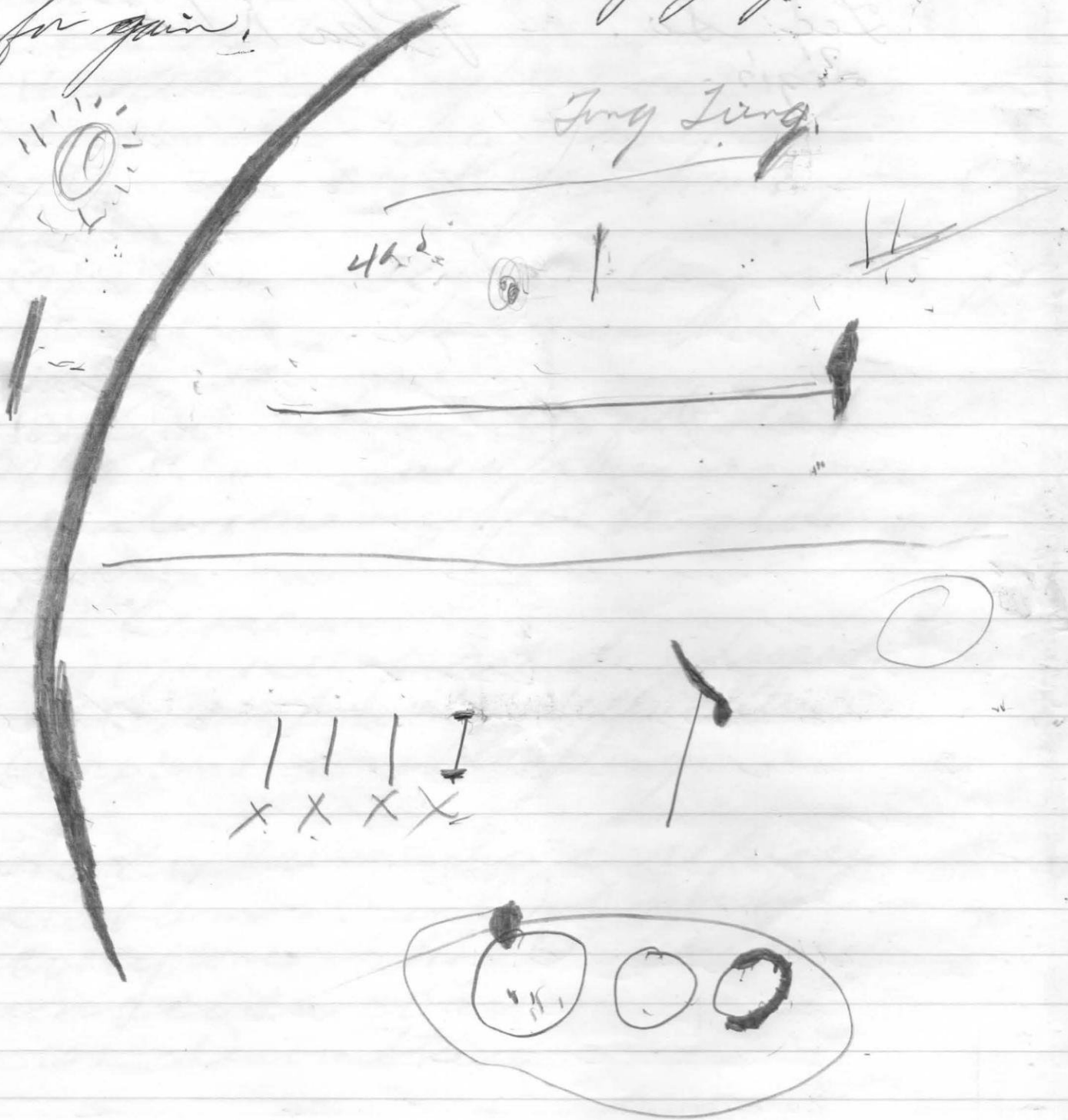
Lee So.
2-315.

Pha Kha

fence why Livestock

Come first to be your friend.
It is up to you not me. I
~~am here~~ came to you, you not to me.
I am here to help people not
for gain.

Jung Ling



Hua Muong.
May 5.

- X (1) Who I am.
- X (2) What I came for.
- X (3) Types of people here.
- X (4) How they stand?
- X (5) Where are you going. What do you want. ^{Them or us.}
- X (6) Again. Now and future?
- X (7) Livestock.
- X (8) Hospital and present sickness.
- X (9) Schools. (numbers and where)
- X (10) What are you people thinking now or future. sons or daughters.
- X (11) The 4's. I don't care for.
- X (12) Cost of articles dropped. Explain.
- X (13) Distribution. Explain. Supply.
- X (14) Records and people's destruction.
- ~~X (15) There is only one way to go not two. you must decide now not me.~~
- ~~X (16) Questions.~~
- X (17) Blacksmiths and steel.
- X (18) Present sick and for future.
- (19) Refugees. If who are.
- X (20) All people are to be used alike.
- X (21) There is only one way to go not two, you must decide now not me.
- (22) Questions.

Xing Sat,
1750 people here
700 Lao people
1050 Lao Thong people.
400 soldiers.
1350 people who are not soldiers.

Send 700 kilo rice seed.
Send some corn seed.
Send more vegetables.
Send Bulgar wheat.
send 30 Cases milk
send 50 pieces steel.



Xing Dat.
Send Drugs. For Tao Medic.
A.C.P.
Disentary. Send Helis.
eye medicine.
Mercorone.

School.
Send Chalk.
Send pencils.
Moung Chem. has school

may cold

We have helped this area some, but still much in need. as one year ago the enemy came and burnt 140 houses, which were wood frame and siding. They siding and stole all they had. these are full Lao people in the surrounding area they are Lao Young.

We are only 1 days walk from Moung Kase. After an experience about 1 hr ago. I have changed my mind about vacationing here. The machine guns began popping in a distance. I never saw people get ready to move, not so fast in my life. It soon stopped and I don't know yet if it was friendly or enemy. I again prove only to me fear and war are Hell.

It is now 3 o'clock, waiting for the Helio to come.

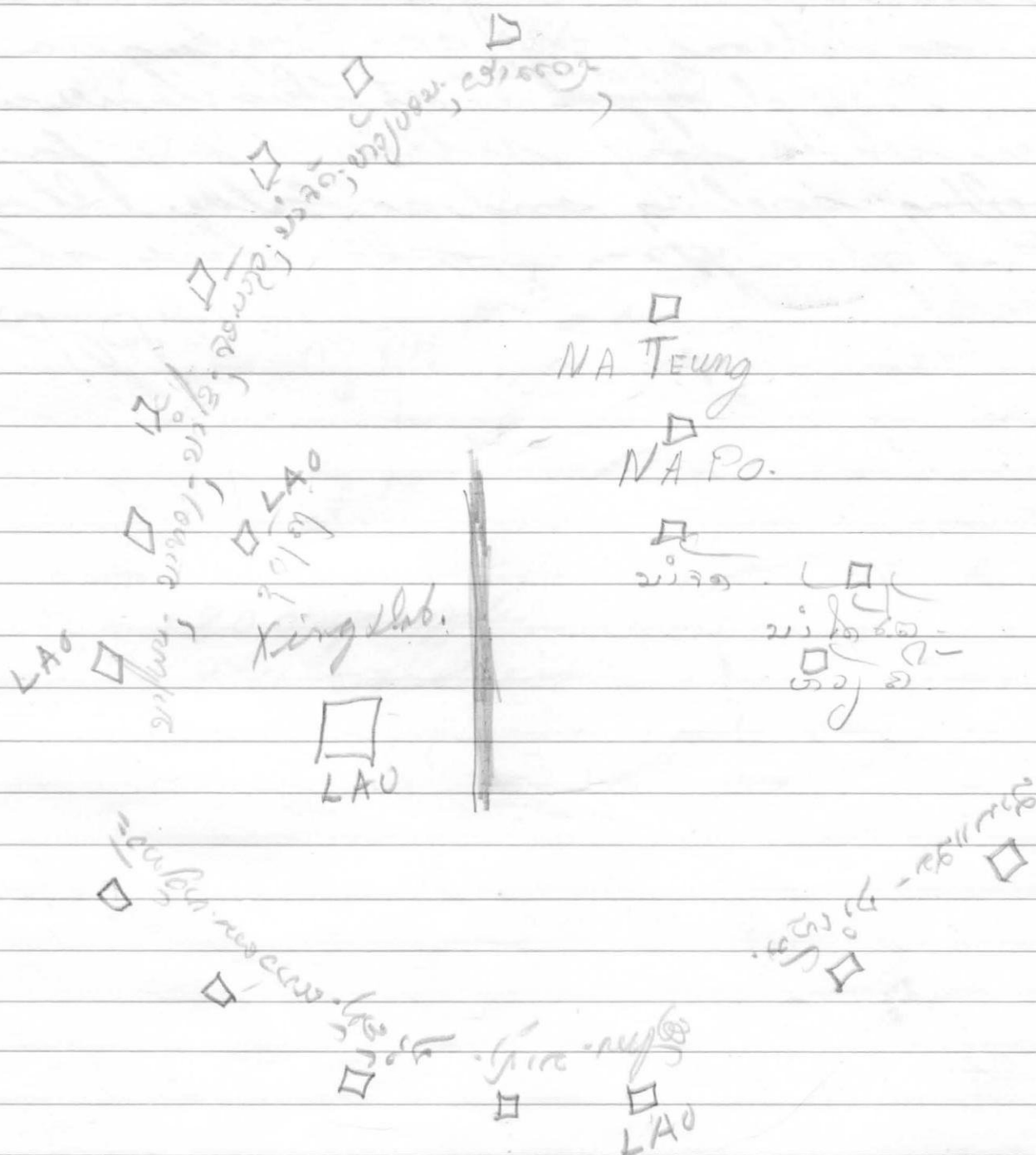
as I see it.

Immediate needs

Rice, Black Cloth, Pots & Pans, Soap, Iron Bars, Blacksmith tools, Drugs, seeds, plates, spoons, canvas. prepare now for blanket in near future.

I can report we now have 19 schools in operation, and have them fairly well supplied, thanks for the

Xing Lat.
 4 villages Lao people
 Res Lao Thing.



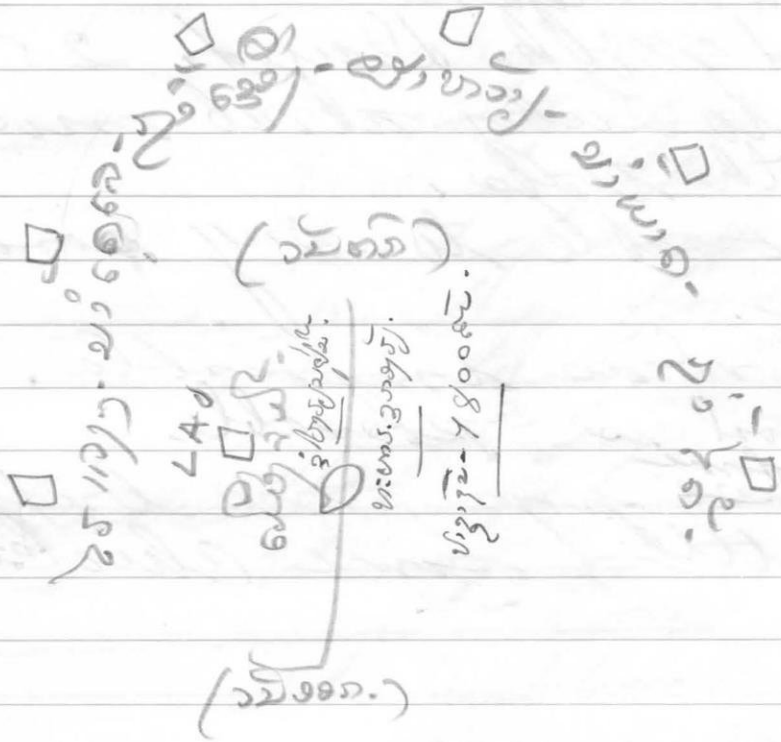
help from U.S.I.S. and Mr. Hines.

From what I saw in the area I visited ~~to~~ we have already or in the near future inherited an additional 20,000 refugees.

May I ~~apologize~~ ^{apologize} at this time who ever reads my little diary, for the spelling spelling and so forth. It is all done by an open fire at night

"PDP"

By Xing Dat.
Moung Chem



1800 people.
300 soldiers

Pha Bong.

~~See~~ Send Garden seeds as
soon as possible, no corn no rice,
need drugs.

Send Milk Dried, 25 cases
Talk to Luby about more
Blacksmith tools.

If possible to buy sand
iron bars.

School is impossible.

School is possible.

Have ^{some} ~~no~~ pigs, no buffalo.
Some cattle, some chickens.



Pha Bong

These people are all Meo. white.

HOUIE MON

မိမိတို့ အိမ်
□

HOUIE ^{JAK} ~~BAK~~

မိမိတို့ ခေပ်
□

HOUIE MOCK FI

မိမိတို့ ခေပ်
□

HOUIE HASAN

မိမိတို့ ခေပ်

PHA BONG



BAN SEAN O

HOUIE NOT DE A

မိမိတို့ အိမ်
□

PHU ~~DE A~~

မိမိတို့ ခေပ်
□

BON NOAT BAK

မိမိတို့ ခေပ်



HOUIE NOW

မိမိတို့ ခေပ်
□

မိမိတို့ ခေပ်
HOUIE STASIND



မိမိတို့ ခေပ်
HOUIE YEN



မိမိတို့ ခေပ်
BAN HOUIE / NUGN



မိမိတို့ ခေပ်
HOUIE POAK



မိမိတို့ ခေပ်
BAN / PHU CHI



3000

500

2500

Pha Bong

Enemy came here 1 year ago.
Send out as soon as possible.

[Faint, illegible handwriting]

Chuck,

How to deliver dried milk
to Pha Khas,

How to deliver Blacksmith
tools.

Refugees. what is,
where from,
why come.
How long stay.
what they build,
kind of house.
kind of food.
where to locate.
types of people.
Once there,
where house
school.
distribution
same to all people.

Medic.
chick disease
report ..

Livestock who owns.
what to slaughter.

How to work with people.
When you come.
When you sleep.
Who you work with.
What you eat.
How do you work.
When you work
How you act.

April 22.
Livestock.

What kind
Numbers.

How to care for.
Who do they belong to.
Slaughter.
Future for livestock.
Feed for livestock.
Water for livestock.

Farm

Who owns.
How to secure.
Where to locate.

appealed

Field Report

TO : Mr. Elliott

FROM : Buell

May 29.

Left Vientiane 7 o'clock, arrived Ban Na 8:30.

Walked to the village; I had not been here for nearly 2 months. I mean they climbed all over me many problems. Big problems to them, but really not big. I left them go on and on. Finally, with patience and time, we now have every body happy. It lasted till midnight.

May 30.

It is here where we have nearly 5,000 people, about 65% Meo, 25% Lao Young, 10% Lao. It creates problems, but very good for the country, if we can keep them working together. We have one of our better schools here, with the three different peoples attending, today 127 pupils.

The past garden seeds and corn we have put in here are all planted and the people have did a good job. It is great to come into the villages and be able to eat vegetables U.S.O.M. sent. Today I had lettuce and mustard greens grown from our seed.

The only problem is, we have not sent near enough seed, for which I am sorry and I will take the blame. First you have to sell these people, they have been run so much. And I being brought up from the old school to save and not waste. But here I believe I am wrong. Starting now, I want a big order of seeds, if some goes down the drain. Boo Pen Yan. At least we can get them to the people who needs them. Advise McQueen to this. At least triple order immediately. Do not order no corn, it is too late.

Just now as I am writing, my biggest problem has been solved. I sent a message by helio last night to our friends to drop me a 123 load of rice, that U.S.O.M. was behind here. It is now 1:30. The rice is now being dropped. Thanks so much. This again shows why we must work together.

Our biggest needs here are cooking pots, plates, spoons, and above all, soap; and iron bars.

Again, this is my fault. I have neglected to tell Tony we need needles. If possible, order immediately.

We need drugs here, but this is no problem. I now have a great source to get them from other than U.S.O.M. and I have great cooperation.

School needs more supplies, which at present U.S.I.S. is helping me.

I need 100 blankets here, which I am sure I can get from Rev. Andrienoff.

The rice seed arrived here yesterday; 25 sacks, when we get more, we need 35 more sacks.

This is it, will take it easy, till a Helio comes to take me to Long Tieng, to take care of rice seed.

You know so many times, you don't say thanks or give credit where credit is due. You take some people just for granted, that they are supposed to do a job. At this time, I would like to thank Mr. Elliott from the bottom of my heart, for the great job he is doing; supporting me and the people I work with.

It is now 8 o'clock; I am at Long Tieng - arrived here 6:30.

We had a little incident at Ban Na at 2 o'clock today; it started an evacuation, within about 3 hrs. - all was under control and people back in their homes.

The rice seed arrived here 38 sacks, two days ago. They knew what it was and it has already been handed out, they need at least that much more. We also need more D.D.T. here.

I have just finished supper, had U.S.O.M. radishes and Mustard greens.

I forgot to mention last night at Ban Na I had some of the best antelope I ever ate. It was just a young faun.

I am soon going to get on that bamboo bed and shut my eyes, I need a good night's sleep. It is nice and cool here tonight. Good sleeping.

May 31.

Declaration Day I believe. Today is a big day in Indiana, the 500 mile race.

I nearly had that good night's sleep. I was awakened at 2 this morning. They brought a girl about 12 years old to me. Very sick with M.S. Pneumonia.

I had aureomycin. Gave her one immediately, went and slept in their home, gave another capsule at 6 o'clock, she is not yet well, but will be O.K.

We have just had a butchering bee here, soon 10 o'clock and breakfast sure hope Helio comes today.

The people here have a house and kitchen built, to house the 20, 55 students who will arrive here in about 10 days, Thong Sar, Ivan Klecka, a nurse and myself will do the teaching.

June 1.

Helio came yesterday about 3:30. I have been asked for a long time to go to Pha Phai, but for some reason have always hesitated. I was sent a message from Vientiane to check at Pha Khao about security at Pha Phai. I did so, they said O.K. to spend the night there. The pilot had never been there either. It is deep in enemy territory. He thought he was over it, we circled a few times, saw many people, finally buzzed the field, didn't draw no fire. He said "POP" maybe we will be sleeping in Xieng Khouang tonight; but we are going in. I told him to keep motor going. I would feel them out and if he saw anything unusual to take off without me.

All was O.K. there will be soon a large gathering of people. I explained who I was. We made the walk to the main village about 1 hr. After what I saw it gave me the feeling that I wasn't doing my job. God but these people need help. It is a wonder as close as they are to the enemy they haven't turned in hopes of something better. Dick dropped a load of rice at 12:30.

They are doing a good job planting. Need iron bars, pots, dried milk, just anything.

June 2.

Helio didn't come yesterday, spent another night here. I really believe this is one of the worst of villages I have been in. More like the old days. I had the privilege of awakening at about 3 this morning, seeing about 6 ft. from me a big pair of eyes. Slowly with one hand I reached for my flashlight, the other on my carbine. When I flashed the light saw a large wild cat, he slowly disappeared. You never shot in this country, unless it is really necessary.

Have talked distribution this morning.

They think they can have school ready in two weeks.

100 pupils.

100 Books

100 Note books

100 pencils

25 chalk

1 can black paint.

Pha Phia.

Soldiers 200
Wives 140
Children possibly 400

People 690
Family 135
Possibly 70 of these families have their own rice.

The rest are refugees who came from places marked with X on other page.
8 villages.

People who need rice 360

- (1) Send 200 pieces of steel.
- (2) Send 4 U.S.O.M. kits.
- (3) Send 20 cases of dried milk
- (4) Pails send 150
- (5) Spoons 400
- (6) Sauce pans 100
- (7) Rice bowls 200
- (8) Candles 1,000
- (9) Matches 2 cases
- (10) Cooking pot 150
- (11) When blankets come send 200

Field Report.
To Elliott. 1962

Make 7 copies
send 1 each
to my kids

June 8.

After a very strenuous night playing poker, after which Bob and myself usually plays over, upon reaching our house, we got to bed at 2.00 lock. By the way I had a good night.

Rep at 6, Bob took me to the airport, was off for Moung Mok at 7. After 4 hrs in the air with one of our best pilots, was unable to find a hole to go in, returned to Vinh. Rather than loose a day, immediately made arrangements to go to Sam Thong at 1.30, where we have ^a serious problems, & that I cannot

mention here. But would discuss with whoever ask me.

Landed at Sam Thourg 3 o'clock, raining cats and dogs. Talked to the people and fellow Americans for 1½ hrs. only hope I did some good.

Here I gave out one of the big boxes of toys. Donated by Jack Connelly and his family. Sorry Jack you could not have saw the distribution.

They probably will not remember your name. But it is kind gestures like yours, that makes it easier for me to sell America and Americans

It makes them know, there
are many Mr "POP's" Thanks,

at 5 o'clock landed at
Long Tieng, ate and got to
bed at 8 and believe it or
not slept till 7 this morning,
June 9 Brought more D.D. T. head
for the gardeners and worm
medicine for the children.

It is now 12 o'clock,
waiting a Helio to take me
to Pkha Khao. to check how
many tarps they need.

I would sure love for
all you people to see Long
Tieng. 5 months ago, this
place was all underbrush,
we now have an estimated
100 acres of corn, many, many
gardeners. the rice seed we
put here 2 weeks ago

is already in the sub bed.
Sun. June 10. Hello didn't come, I
grab made the walk to the
Sao Trong village last night,
reached there in a down
pour of rain. talked much
on planting and preparing
for the future. I if only I
could get these people
working like the Mes.

It is now 10 o'clock I
am back here waiting on
a Helio. I never got used
to this waiting, when there
is so many places I
should be. Plus I missed
a good poker game last
night. Ha.

Helio came 3 o'clock, landed
a Pha Khao, checked how
many tarps we needed. Plus

Tom Sar had arrived there
from Pho Com, he will work
there 2 or 3 days then come on
in. Landed back at Long Tung,
Pilot wanted me to tell the
people about some work he
wanted done on the airstrip,
landed a Sar ~~Long Tung~~ Long,
picked up a couple students,
came on in to Vientiane.

"Pop"

FIELD REPORT

TO: Aubrey Elliott

FROM: "Pop" Buell

June 8, 1962

After a very strenuous night playing poker (after which Bob and myself usually plays over upon reaching our house), we got to bed at 2 o'clock. By the way, I had a good night.

Up at 6, Bob took me to the airport, was off for Moung Mok at 7. After 4 hours in the air with one of our best pilots, was unable to find a hole to go in, returned to Vientiane. Rather than lose a day, immediately made arrangements to go to Sam Thong at 1:30, where we have a serious problem that I cannot mention here, but would discuss with whomever asks me.

Landed at Sam Thong at 3 o'clock, raining cats and dogs. Talked to the people and fellow Americans for 1½ hours. Only hope I did some good.

Here I gave out one of the big boxes of togs donated by Jack Connelly and his family. Sorry, Jack, you could not have saw the distribution. They probably will not remember your name, but it is kind gestures like yours that makes it easier for me to sell America and Americans. It makes them know there are many Mr. "Pop's". Thanks!

At 5 o'clock landed at Long Tieng, ate and got to bed at 8 and believe it or not, slept until 7 this morning.

June 9, 1962

Brought more D.D.T. here for the gardens and worm medicine for the children. It is now 12 o'clock, waiting a Helio to take me to Pha Khao to check how many taps they need.

I would sure love for all you people to see Long Tieng. Eight months ago, this place was all underbrush. We now have an estimated 100 acres of corn, many, many gardens. The rice seed we put here 2 weeks ago is already in the seed bed.

Sunday, June 10, 1962

Helio didn't come, I made the walk to the Lao Loung village last night -- reached there in a downpour of rain. Talked much on planting and preparing for the future. If only I could get these people working like the Meo.

It is now 10 o'clock and I am back here waiting on a Helio. I never get used to this waiting, when there is so many places I should be. Plus I missed a good poker game last night. Ha!

Helio came at 3 o'clock, landed at Pha Khao, checked how many tarps we needed. Plus Thongsar had arrived there from Pho Com. He will work there 2 or 3 days, then come on in. Landed back at Long Tieng. Pilot wanted me to tell the people about some work he wanted done on the airstrip. Landed at San Young, picked up a couple of students, came on in to Vientiane.

Field Report.

(June 1962)

To Elliott,

Left Vientiane morning of June 19 accompanied by Mr. Touby and Col. Vang Pao. Landed at Sam Tong, raining very hard.

The purpose of the mission was to straighten out a drop of commodities dropped by Mr. Touby, which had been confiscated by some unhappy Meos. Mr. Elliott and myself decided the best way to do this was to let Mr. Touby and his own people do it. and it worked great. Touby and the Col. both did a great job. there will be no future problems along this line for awhile.

The same afternoon I left for Tong Tieng, to make arrangements for the training school, which would start June ~~22~~ 21.

Tom Sar had gone in four days previous, and had laid much of the ground work. I must say here, that he is

doing a marvilous job. This boy puts in on an average of 12 to 14 hrs per ^{day}. knowing he cannot draw overtime. He has a great ability working with rural people.

June 20. Called the people together and prepared them for what was to happen.

Before the day was over 8 boys arrived. Their house and cooking room had been built in advance.

June 21. Much rain the rest of the boys and the other American didn't make it. But Ivan Klecka did. we had our first picture show in ever in Long Tieng, what a turn out. He first showed "Faces of Fear" which is always great.

June ~~21~~ 22. Early morning all our gear and 4 of personal arrived, making 16 boys in all. first orientation class in the afternoon.

June 23. to June 29, classes
everyday from 8 to 12 and 2
to 5:30. Everyone took there
turn teaching, what he was
best qualified for.

On two of my afternoons
off I held one class each for
the Lao Young village people
and Mrs. explaining the
refugee situation and the
problems connected with it. I
am going to try and do more
of this type work in the future.
It was a very successful
training school.

I am happy to report, that
some of the boys from my
first such school held a
Mourning Mock some weeks ago, are
already located in villages and
starting off very good.

We had antelope to eat twice,
roasting ears every day, cabbage
etc. from W. S. O. M. seeds.

"POP"

5
15
Honin Mong

(1) Lao, Lao Thong, Meo.

(2) Rice, Corn,
all vegetables.

Plant corn till Aug.

Not later than July.

Need some corn seed.

Need some rice seed.

Glutinous,

20 families 15 work in mountain
5 grow rice.

On about 13 grow rice on land
13 work in the mountains

(3) Livestock.

(4) Schools. They say 4

1 school in operation.

51 pupils 65 possible.

Food enough for 2 schools.

5. Will drop 100 pesos

Will drop 40 cases.

Send Soap.

W 5 5 9 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

W 5 5

Field Report

File

TO: Mr. Elliott

July 29

Left Vientiane 7 o'clock; arrived Pha Khao 8:30, was on the ground only a short time. Relayed a message for Rev. Andrianoff. to try and find a man he wanted to come to Vientiane. Also checked the drugs at Hospital. Went on to Long Tieng. to await a drop of black cloth, so as to help with the distribution. I or Thongsar is going to try and be at each drop zone when the black cloth arrives. We have been nearly a year and a half getting this. It is very much needed, and must get to the right peoples.

I didn't get my drop here today, surely tomorrow.

Today I gave out four sets of blacksmith tools, a large box of new children clothes that was donated by a school in U.S.A. Also a large sack of clothes Chuck Percy's son had outgrown. These people are crazy over such clothes.

July 30.

The drop plane came 8:20 this morning. Black cloth Meo for very happy Jong Shea Dow. Iron bars, thread and needles. I messed up and had no clothes for the Lao Tong. Hard to explain. All the different villages are here. The distribution is now taking place. I estimate there are 700 people here now. It is now 12 o'clock. No breakfast as yet. It looks like we might eat by 2 o'clock. You see in this case something to wear is ahead of something to eat.

We did eat about 2; rice, cabbage, chicken, and tomato sauce. I guess, after which I took a short nap, and walked alone to Long Tieng, Lao Tong village, to make my apologies. They were very happy for the steel bars and anvil. As I wanted to get back here before dark, I excused myself from a rough looking meal. The Tasseng warned me, that I wouldn't get half way till I would get caught in a big rain, that it was only a few minutes away. But the smart American knew better, it just didn't look that way. Four of us started. Walked about 10 minutes and I mean it rained, we ran into the jungle, it was good for awhile, then it soaked through, so we started again soaked to the skin. Seems it rained harder, about 15 more minutes reached a Meo hut. They wanted me to stay all night. After getting a little warm and their floor looked wet and cold to sleep on. I had already learnt my lesson to always listen to someone who knows, came on in the rain and dark, water everywhere. These people were all waiting my arrival and said they were much worried. But they have a funny way showing it. I mean they laughed ~~me~~ and laughed some more at me. But at the same time, undressing me getting me clothes and dry.

In all this I had a good afternoon. I castrated my first pigs since I had left Lat Houang; explained the American way. I believe it will save some ~~me~~ pigs. As I am sure after showing them they can do it. They were cutting to high.

July 31. To bed early and up this morning early. The people are trying to flood me with vegetables and corn. I tell them it will be eight or ten days before I return to Vientiane. But they are afraid I will not have enough to eat other places. I am sending one box to Mr. Elliott and a sack of roasting ears to Dutch. Such hospitality I have not seen, since when us Dutchmans used to get together. Many Americans could take a lesson. As two new Helio pilots said yesterday.

Helio came about 9:30, moved me to Ban Na. Met Col. Vang Pow and Lee Tom Pow who had just came back after 5 months in America, came on down to the village, about 1:30 my drop came in, black cloth, iron bars, and clothing. Do not drop iron bars unless they are raped otherwise they fly through the air like birds. I will never know what keep people from getting hurt yesterday as they came in the village, only one child was hurt. free dropping of dried milk works out very good.

August 1. It is now 11 o'clock. I have walked most of the village. Distribution will soon start. We have a good system here. 5475 people about 1900 Lao Toung, 100 Lao. Its the same old story not enough to go around and to decide who gets what.

August 2. The distribution here was done the best, each person was given one meter.

Checked the rice house this morning, suggested not piling so high and more ventilation during rainy season. Also was on the opening of a new school here, now have 2 at Ban Na.

I was figuring on going to Pho Com today, but got word. I was needed at Houei Khinin. When Helio came, went to Houei Khinin. Thongsar is here. He was sure glad to see me. Problems.

I failed to report at Long Tieng, thinks after rice harvest they will have enough that would last for 6 months, Ban Na figures enough for 5 months.

The Black Cloth came in here at Houei Khinin this morning as well as steel bars and dry milk. Again do not drop iron bars without wrapping.

I spent most of the day here talking to the Nhi Khon and Tasseng about distribution, farming, saving seeds, etc. I think we are on the right track again. Also had a medic problem which I think is solved. Tomorrow we will have distribution of the black cloth. For the seed they had here they did a good job. The best corn I have seen anywhere. Have a year's supply. They figure enough rice after harvest that would last 3 or 4 months. They will save enough rice seed for a full crop next year and possibly have some for sale.

Have just finished eating 2 suppers. It is pineapple season at Houei Khinin. They are really sweet.

August 3. It is now 9:10, the people knowing the Helio may come for us, we have already had two breakfasts, unusual; it is not only pineapple season, but moth season, our first meal was rice and about half fried white moths about 1 inch long.

Distribution of black cloth is about to start.

August 4. The Helio came about 10, we had a rough time getting into Pho Com 1 1/2 hours, Bill A. was the pilot, what a job this man can do. Landed and the plane mired down at the end of the strip. It took fifty natives and ourselves to get it turned around and pushed out to where he could take off.

It immediately started raining and how it rained about 4:30 a C-46 came in through a hole and dropped rice, steel bars and the black cloth for Pho Com

August 5. We had our meeting last night; the people here have a real organization. Instead of distribution of black cloth today, I put everyone to work on the airstrip. As I look across the field, there are some 300 women, men and children moving the loose dirt, where the planes mired. I would hate to guess how many yards they have moved; native hoes and they make a sled out of rice bags to move the dirt. If no rain it will be finished by night.

This is a complete refugee village 28000 people. 3 surrounding villages, with about 500. The sickness has left up here, 2 real good schools, have their years supply of corn and estimate after harvest 5 months supply of rice some fine blacksmiths here, makes any kind of native tools. About 800 christians these are all Meo people. There is no kind of meat here, except buffalo and deer. The people at Houei Khinin gave Thongsar and myself 10 pineapples, 1 chicken and two big cucumbers to bring with us.

August 6. They finished Helio strip yesterday. The distribution of cloth is taking place today. Probably the best I have ever seen. It will take all day. Thongsar is busy nursing.

Hope Helio comes; they have just brought in a nice antelope.

Helio came for us about 11 same pilot, he couldn't get over what the people did. Landed at Ban San Phaka, they have done a lot of work here on Helio strip. Finally made a new rice D.Z, I had asked for 6 months ago. and also new rice houses. I was the first white man ever in this village some 10 or 11 months ago. They were destute and dying. Since that time many different types of people have come. Lao, Lao Tong, Pathet Lao. Hell broke loose here about 3 months ago, just before I came in. I have hesitated much about returning. But I can see by tonight I was so wrong. These are the spots we can really help. Before we got to where we would sleep, which is about 10 minutes walk, we found out many people real sick. So our welcoming card, was to set up a field hospital, we bought. Then we went about 2 miles to another village and set up and by the way I rode a horse, came back and took a bath in the cold spring. But it was a refresher. ~~Kinax~~ Ate supper; and have now just finished talking 2 hours to the Nikhon and school teacher. Will have a large meeting at 8 o'clock in the morning of all people. Hope I can help and maybe straighten this place out.

August 6. I read last night till 11, and then stayed awake the rest of the night. Trying to prepare my message in a proper way as to get over to these people, so as to do them the most good.

We got started at 9 o'clock, there were 56 Nih Khone, Nihbans, tassengs, school teachers, etc. We had four types of people Meo, Lao Toung, Lao and Thi Hi. It took us 5 hours and 15 minutes. I talked in my best Lao; Thongsar put into Lao Toung; the Thi Hi understood and a Meo put it in Meo. I explained everything that goes with refugees work, farming, getting set for the future, etc.

I have been busy ever since, answering questions; I feel it was a success, will wait and see. Many people seem much happier tonight. It is now 7 o'clock and about to have a meeting with the school teachers.

August 7. This morning I got back in the Agri. business, found they were raising some soybeans, but were not getting very many pods on them. They were planting them too thick. I showed them how to plant in rows, they caught on immediately.

Helio came at 11 moved us to Baum Long. An old Meo friend of mine is in charge here, I shouldn't say old. He is 21, but has went through enough in his short life. That is equal to 50. He does a great job with the people that is ~~exactly~~ why I don't have to come here often. His name Moua Fa.

It is here 5 days ago we had a man killed and one wounded from drop.

About 4 he and Thongsar and myself walked down the mountain and to the villages. On our return to his father's house. Were about 300 people waiting to greet us. I felt bad, no candy, no cigarettes, no polaroid film. Just up, but it was O.K. Thongsar put on about 1/2 hour show. Walking on his hands hand springs, cartwheels, somersets, shadow boxing, pole vault, etc. really this boy is good.

Here we held the meeting of all officials, about 2 hours. Really a fine meeting with fine people.

Back up the mountain to Moua Fa's house. I and he will soon figure out how to distribute the black cloth which I hope comes tomorrow.

They have just finished a new Helio strip here which was much needed. Have had a couple bad crashes here.

August 8. I failed to mention Ban San Phaka has very little rice planted, but will have enough for seed rice for all people next year. The same exists here at Baum Long. They will save all the rice they harvest for seed next year. I am following out Mr. Elliott suggestion - I tell them if we are still in business, we will trade 1 sack of our rice for every sack of rice the grower saves or we will buy it.

August 8. Helio came in about 5:30 to get us after it had rained all day, got in Vientiane about 7.

August 9. Had to return to Baum Long, back to Vientiane same night.

I have definitely decided after this trip. The dollars and commodities the U.S. puts into foreign service. That if it is not followed up, put to right use in the right hands. We would do more good and make less enemies if we left it right in the U.S. and save the taxpayers dollar.

"POP"

Elliott
Field Report

TO: Mr. Elliott

August 16 - As you know, I was to leave Vientiane early on Tuesday August 14, but as I was hurrying to the Airport late Monday evening, seemingly just another native waved to me from a car. When I got to where I was going, a car pulled up behind me. I was not only dazed but most happily surprised to see not only a very dear friend of mine, but possibly if not one of the best friends the rural people of Laos ever had. John Cool. I not only cancelled my flight on Tuesday but after talking and seeing native people for nearly 24 hours, we only began. I cancelled flight for Wednesday and continued where we left off. As he said probably the highlights of his visit were renewing his friendship with our native friends. The taking of him on an air drop, showing him from the air, the progress and vision of present situation in north Laos. Our wonderful meeting with the Ambassador. I cannot here help put quote John. As we were leaving the Embassy, I said: "John what do you think of him". To which he answered: "POP", I would give about half of my right arm to be working for him. To me, I will say: it is a great privilege.

After attending to a farewell party for Jee Armon on Wednesday night, took some natives and R. D. workers on a tour of Vientiane. Doing what I would call the more important duties of any foreign worker, we got to bed at three in the morning. Up at 5:30, to get ready for my early take off. Half asleep and half awoken. We seemed up our visit. He drove me to the airport and saw me off. He will never know what his visit meant to me. A great big shot in the arm. A pity we lost such an important man, who knew the problems of the people. But all good things must come to an end.

Anyway, I landed at Muong Moc for about one hour. Here we have some 500 * people, soldiers, and civilians. 5 small rural schools. About 400 people plus soldiers dependent on us. No big problems. Did show them how to store their rice better and promised more school supplies. Took off for Pha Peung. Spent about 4 hours here to help open a new Helio strip and talk to the people of Ban Nong, who knew I was coming and had walked 5 hours to get there. We had put a drop into the people of Pha Peung about 10 days ago. Even after I had been there and discussed distribution, I was sure Ban Nong which is 4 hours walk away. Would not get a fair share if any. It being nearly a complete Christian and Catholic village. But what a happy surprise to find, they did receive their fair share. Makes one feel like he has or is doing some good.

(more)

I talked to not only the Ban Nong people but also the Pha Peung people about present and future problems. I did not tell them so, but the drop Mr. Andrianoff and myself was preparing for Ban Nong, now will be dropped for not only Ban Nong, but for Pha Peung as well; showing our appreciation for the ability of Meo, Lao Toung, Christians and Catholics working together.

About 4 in the afternoon, arrived at Bor Onne, for my first visit. Was greeted by the former Meo Nhi Khon from Lat Houang, whom us old timers knew so well and worked with. "Niang Khong" what a reunion. Believe me folks in this area the war is not over. After visiting and feeling out the people, I set up a meeting for 8 in the morning and went to bed early about 8. My bed was one big fox hole with a parachute for a roof. Was awakened about 10, by a Meo friend who had found out I was there, talked till midnight.

August 17 - Up early, had ~~xx~~ warm water for breakfast. Held a successful meeting. Showing the people how to set up distribution, build supply house, how we would face the future, etc.

Helio came 9:30, moved me to Ban Pha Ka also for first visit. Here was met also by a former Lat Houang Lad who has turned in two years from a young village man of 21 to one of the better and respected leaders of Meo people, Lee Sow.

It is now 4 o'clock. I have toured the village. Met many people, had two Meo dinners. "Yes Aubrey, even drank a little native tea. Ha. Have our meeting set up here for 5 o'clock.

It is now nearly 8 o'clock. About 5, gave out some clothes a lady sent from New York State. Dresses for little girls. Took pictures as I usually do. to send her before and after they were dressed. Had the meeting. Many officials were present. This seems to be a very prosperous village, plus in a very beautiful valley, mountains and beautiful rocks. The discussion about same as this morning. I have promised them iron bars, dried milk and seeds for the present. After they get all their records, supply house and people oriented as to what we expect. We may be able to help them more in the future. I am sure this village will come fast with Lee Sow as their leader. As so many places, chicken and pigs have died.

There is an estimate of 1500 people - 500 soldiers, 800 Meo, 30 Lao, 170 Lao Toung.

Are in process of building a school, need a Medic badly. I will try to get one. Will also bring a Meo Dentist here in about two weeks.

(more)

August 18 -

Up at 7:00 many people were waiting to be doctored. I had the only Medic they had, come and as I gave drugs explained it to him. This lasted till 9. They had breakfast prepared for me early as they knew the Helio would come. Just got to the house to set down, when Helio did come. No eat.

This village is located only two mountains away from the Vietnamese strong hold of Sam Chou. Ah I forgot no such people in Laos at present.

As you know this Mission was to carry me to Ban Na Dow. Lee Sow warned me this morning "POP" don't land there! His reasons being, Helio strip in rice paddies, very wet at present, most of people had left, because of sickness and other obvious reasons.

We circled the strip three or four times, could have landed, but no people at strip, we flew over most of the homes saw only a few people, but much farming being done. After what I saw, took Lee Sow's advice and came on to Loi Lin Noi. Got here just in time, to stop a drop plane from dropping to Ban Na Doc, had him drop here. Do not drop nothing to Ban Na Doc in future will explain later.

As you know my boy Chung is here at Too Lin Noi. But he is out on a mission and won't be back till late; tomorrow probably will miss him. At last I am shackled up in his hut. His people are waiting on me as if I was an old grandfather.

After meeting, the Nhi Khon Jua Row who is probably the toughest and fightest soldier of the Meo people and you better consider as such. I set up our meeting for 6 tonight, ate a big meal with him, then the school teacher wanted me to go to the school, he said 25 minutes. Till we got back it was 3 hours rained every minute.

Here you usually eat two things Rice plus turnip greens cooked in water not bad. There are plenty of bananas here, I just bought 200 kip worth. Went to Jua Pow's house at 6, supper was on the table, 18 sat down. The meeting got under way about 7:30, really had a house full.

As I said you handle this man usually with gloves on. He is the leader who in the early days retook Xieng Khouang city alone with his people, but had to withdraw in only a day or so, because of orders from higher up. He also at one time moved on Plain De Jarres and could have taken it back, couldn't of held it, but could have took it. But again was ordered not to. For these reasons he is pretty bitter. But tonight after a few minutes I could since he wanted me to talk and encourage his people, to do their best to meet the new Government. That they must plant and form smaller villages, build schools, etc. If the Viet Minh move out. At present there are enemy all around this area. Plus it is only 1 day's walk to Khan Khai.

(more)

We talked for two hours. The people were wide awake and I am sure in part excepted our message.

They feel after rice harvest, they would have about 4 to 5 months supply of their own. Plus seed for next planting. There is vegetables here and fertile land. I promised steel bars, dry milk, seeds and possibly cooking oil in the future. Good blacksmiths here.

August 19 -

Helped lay out ground and plans for a new school and dispensary this morning.

Chung came in about 11:30, he was much surprised to see Dad.

It has rained all day, no Helio.

August 20 -

Up early or Chung got me up. We may not eat the best here, but we eat after. It is now 12 o'clock, has rained all morning. Looks like it may clear. Sure hope so I must get going.

August 21 -

Again up early, did very little, some nursing. Mostly stood by waiting for Helio that didn't come. Did help Chung build a new house, which we will sleep in tonight.

August 22 -

Still waiting here for Helio, getting about ready to start walking. At 11:30 when finally came. They said bad weather prevents them coming earlier. But it was for other reasons.

Brought the Chief with us to Sam Tong, left him out, when to Nam Chong to find Thongsar. He was ready, had also been there 5 days, hadn't saw me for 9 and I had promised to meet him at Sam Tong 6 days ago. He was really worried about Daddy "POP". We came back here to Sam Thong. Sent Thongsar to the village to set up a meeting for tomorrow. I came down to the American camp.

Hadn't shaved or bathed for 7 days. Here I shaved with warm water and mirror. And even took a hot shower right here in the mountains. I then ate an American supper, and went to the village. Problems all over the place. Helped some of them. Told the rest to come to the meeting in the morning. Back here to camp. Talked awhile and went to bed on an Army cot with an air mattress even have electric lights here. What a life. Two ~~electric~~ lights ~~were~~ would be too much.

August 23 - Reverly at 6. Ha. Have just had real for sure fried eggs.

Had our meeting started at 9, lasted till 2. I am sure it was successful at least as Thongsar said "we shook them up". Refugees are difficult to work with.

Many times they get depressed, lazy and feeling sorry for themselves. I told them I would be back later and we would set up a whole new program. You can only give them so much to think about at a time. The Black Cloth was there for distribution.

They estimate after harvest they will have enough rice that would last all people 4 or 5 months, plus seed for next year.

Immediately after meeting, two meals were prepared for us. Soon after we got a ride into Vientiane on an L 20.

"POP"

Elliott

Field Report

TO : Elliott

August 30 - Left Vientiane about 7 o'clock. Headed for Houei Mong. Sam Neua Province. Landed at Long Tieng for approximately 2 hours as the man I was with had things to do all along the way. We then had to make landings both at Pho So and Ban San Phaka. Neither had ever been to these places before. So I was guided; at Ban San Phaka, had much trouble getting motor started. I made use of this two hours by checking rice house, a couple rice hills, school, etc. Finally, got to Houei Mong about 2 o'clock. After eating and meeting the people, went to Pha Bong. Had a short meeting, as to rice in the future, what we expect of them as to planting.

Promised them seeds as soon as they come. Had school supplies for them. All these people in the Sam Neua area have been through an awful lot in the past 3 or 4 years, they know what communism is, how they work and misrepresent. I will be glad when I can bring someone who can explain how great the coalition Government will be. For them to lay down their arms and go back home. It is just too much for me. Their questions are too real and true.

Came back here at Houei Mong and spent the night. Many people and girls came up from the village about 8 o'clock. Had a Baci or party for the two of us. Many flowers, eats, etc. After the ceremony. They played the hill instruments. And we danced into the night. These people at Houei Mong are all Lao or Lao Tong.

August 31 - At 8:30 held a big meeting here many people; lasted nearly three hours.

It is the same here at Pha Bong. It is going to be hard to get them to plant. As they know the enemy and just don't trust or believe.

They say they will plant vegetables and be happy to do so, at present they could plant much rice to the south, but on 3 sides is enemy. And they keep the people pinned down. No as in many places the war is not over here.

There at present are about 8,000 people in this area about 4,000 in Pha Bong area. Both places say if left alone they would have enough seed rice for all peoples. These people never ask for too much. Waited rest of day for Helio. Never came.

September 1st - Helio came landed Vientiane 3 in afternoon.

September 2nd - Left Vientiane 7 o'clock for Houei Sa Ann, which is to be the first of several meetings, in the different zones, for the purpose of making less Drop D.Z. and best places for them. We landed at Long Tieng

for about two hours, picked up Lee To Pow a very capable Mco. Got to Houei Sa Ann about 10:30, the officials from the many villages were here. Meeting lasted till 3 o'clock. We feel we can get by with 2 D.Z.'s here. They roasted the pig and gave us quite a Baci here in the evening.

September 3rd - Plane came about 10, took us to Ban Vieng. The people were also waiting on us there. This is in the Ban Ban area. Not so many people, possibly 3,000 in all, but covers a large area and enemy in many places, making it hard to walk too far. We feel it will take 3 D.Z.'s.

It rained most of afternoon and much fog. The plane did come at 5, took 15 minutes for it to find a hole to get in. I had radioed him not to take the chance to come in. As for me I would always rather spend an extra night, other than a plane crash. 2 planes came for the 3 of us. Lee To Pow and myself came together. As we were coming over Houei Sa Ann, a message came up that a Helio had crashed there and wondered if we could take any people. We could take one, also the other Helio following us could take 2. Houei Sa Ann was fogged in. We circled for about 15 minutes. It finally open so we could see the village and the strip, but from the wrong end. We circled again. The approach was still fogged. What I thought was going to be just another circle. And again saw the village and strip from the wrong end. All of a sudden the pilot said: put out your cigarette "POP" and tighten up. Just about the same time Lee To Pow and myself Hollered. God man you can't go in this way. But it was too late we were going in. Hit the strip about middle way. Slid off side into stumps and brush, wound up half side up and in mud. off the approach end of strip. I will say no pilot ever done a better job in his life. But after we got stopped he had had it.

I think think he thought by the message, there had been some one injured in the crash, and it was a must to go in; and it could have sounded as such. There were 4 Americans here, no one hurt, plane in bad shape. They had been here 6 hours and were sweating out having to stay all night. To me they acted just like a bunch of Dam babies. The poor guys didn't have enough food with them to eat, no bed role, had no idea where they might sleep. Heard that enemy was all around.

When we got our plane out, with much help. Lee To Pow and myself gave up our plane to them. We always figure 3 is enough to take out of here. They couldn't decide who would stay. The one being a senior pilot says I will co-Pilot and we will all go. This is asking for it. But they made it off and I only hope they landed safely.

Aubrey, I am not writing this to be critical of my pilot, who is one of the best or of other peoples. But for the benefit of any of our people who may be working under these conditions. I suggest the following.

1. School yourself never to panic.
2. Be able to live under native conditions indefinitely.
3. Be able to say a few native words, such as eat, sleep, water, etc.

4. Be your own security.
5. Never for God sakes overload any type of aircraft. Always ask the pilot the Maximum weight, then cut off a few lbs.

They didn't know it, but I felt much better sleeping here in the mountains, than I would have on the overloaded plane last night. Lee Too Pow and myself are fine this morning. Had a place to sleep, eat, etc. Ha. Will be a day late. But alive. A dead soldier is no help.

Plane also did not come today. But we made good use of our time teaching and demonstrating sanitation.

Plane came next day bringing mechanics to fix crashed plane. We took off at 11; landed Long Tieng, Vientiane 4 o'clock.

"POP"

POP 4

Field Report

TO: Mr. Elliott

Sept. 7th -

(1962, prob.)

Arrived at airport 6:30, prepared to go to Baum Long. To help set up the new D.Z.'s, also had a U.S.I.S. boy to go along, with motion picture equipment, as Baum Long people had never had.

I also had supplies for Houei Khinin and Boune Onn. Got them on two different Helios, got the picture equipment on another, because of too much weight we had to go on another. That was going to Long Tieng. Then was to hitch a ride from there. There I got the U.S.I.S. boy Com Pi on another Helio. The Helio was to return for me. Gone three hours, returned with Com Pi. Could not get in. About fifteen minutes later the equipment also came back. They couldn't get in. About three o'clock we took off again, equipment and all, the wind was bad, but we made a good landing. I had sent Thongsar, here three days earlier, as always he was happy to see me. As he always has many problems, as I say big to him, but usually easily straighten out.

We had an early meal, walked down the mountain to the village. At seven o'clock Baum Long was about to see its first Motion picture.

In the meantime I had given the Meo Lady, whose husband had been killed here a month ago by a rice drop, and one man badly wounded who is still alive, but will never be all right. The first man 10 children, second 6, I had many old clothes of mine, some Esther Kamphausen had left. Some CARE packages, canned milk, and salad oil, I am sure it helped our cause. I also had a case of canned milk, for a pair of twin girls 4 months old, whose mother had died. I am trying to keep these girls alive, as twins living in this country is a rarity.

After the show climbed back up the mountain and to bed.

Sept. 8th -

Up about 7:30, nice day but the wind blew terrific all night and still blowing. There is much work to be done here by Helio, but if wind don't let up it can't land today.

About ten again went to the village, saw where Thongsar had set up his field Hospital, and helped him some. Then visited the people, went on to the school house and distributed many color books, picture books, colors, chalk etc. that had been donated by children of a summer vacation Bible school in Texas, ages 3 to 6. Many of the books, colors pencils had been used, but I never gave anything out, that was more appreciated, I took pictures to send.

Got back up mountain by three, they had killed a big buffalo; and had a very touching Baci for the three of us. Many officials were here. Afterwards we had our meeting, looks like two D.Z.'s here.

Another show in the evening one was a 4-H show, went over big.

Sept. 9th -

Slept late, Com Pi came up about nine, prepared to move to Houei Sa Ann. Had another short meeting. The people asked for Thongsar to stay on a couple of days, much influence. More shots necessary, and the Medic here don't know too much. I granted his stay, hoping to get him to Houei Khinin in two or three days. If plane comes Com Pi, his equipment and myself will move to Houei Sa Ann.

I have had a little trouble here, as I promised these people a drop of black cloth and skirt material 1 month ago. It never came. I know it got to the airport, someone got two drops. These new pilots are not like the old ones. When I get back, will prepare what we have and come with the plane myself.

Sept. 11 -

Arrived Houei Sa Ann about 3 yesterday afternoon. I had promised a show in here possibly in one month, but made it in 8 days. The people went wild. Had the show.

Houei Sa Ann has cleaned up a lot since we talked Sanation here.

This village is completely out of rice. We will eat whatever can be found. I am also out of coffee and cigarettes. Will find some native tobacco.

Will spend the day walking to many villages.

Sept. 12 -

The enemy attacked me last night, in the form of a small bee, this morning my left eye is completely closed and my nose looks like Jimmy Durante. As they would say in Texas. Has a sight.

Walked to other villages today, talked much about preserving livestock; saving rice seed, and planting next year. Arrived back at camp about 5:30. Com Pi was getting set for the night show. Held it on the side of a mountain, people had come during the day both near and far. Estimate at least 500 people. Beautiful moonlight night in the mountains. It is now the time of year here, believe it or not, that on a clear night between 10 and 12 o'clock you can read a newspaper.

Sept. 13 -

Slept till nearly 8, when I got up the people were already roasting a 40 lbs. pig. knowing the Helio may come early at about 10 one came, could only take 200 lbs. I left Com Pi and part of movie outfit go. As I wouldn't think of letting him here alone. I may get out later in the day.

Now 12 o'clock have ate the pig. Still no rice. I just talked to a Drop plane, telling him we needed rice here.

The language barrier many times gets you in trouble: some-times it helps. Last night after the show. I spoke in Lao to the Lao and Lao Young people. Only thanking them for there kindness, eats, & lodging etc. during our stay and hope hope they had a good night sleep and that Laos could soon be united.

I asked a young Meo standing besides me to now say waht I said in Meo. thinking he understood Lao clearly.

He talked at length, I understood much he said. Instead of getting an answer back from the people, "That it made no difference we were glad to have you"! They said Mr. "POP" we will do it.

So this morning I ask him all he said. He said "Pop" I couldn't understand you. But I had heard you talk to our people before about the importance of cleaning the village, the body, planting crops, taking care of themselves in the future, etc. And not to expect the America and Mr. "POP" to be back if they didn't help themselves. It all worked, as I never saw a village more at work, than Houei Sa Ann is today cleaning up.

Field Report

To: Mr. Elliott

September 24th.

Left Vientiane about two o'clock, by Camibus for Long Tieng. With school supplies for Soung Van, Toi Lin Hoy, Phu Hong, Ban Hong, carpenter tools, hair cutting set and other things.

Explained a possible future livestock program to the Nhi Khon in the evening. Asked for all Long Tieng officials to come to a meeting at eight o'clock tomorrow.

September 30th.

Had the meeting, explained to the people how I think a livestock program can work. At the same time getting their ideas.

There is a good chance that soon Bill Taylor and myself will have 100 female pigs, 500 laying hens and 500 small ducks turned over to us. To use as a starter.

I am sure of cooperation among the people. They seem eager.

I hope that it is possible for many reasons.

1. For meat to eat, what livestock in Xieng Khouang Province the enemy hasn't stolen or killed, much has died, because lack of food, and being moved so much.
2. I am sure if we can make the livestock live, Bill and myself can teach them much.
3. It is at last going to give Bill a chance to do what he is qualified for.

About 10 I went to Nam Chong to get Thongnar, as I need him badly at Ban Ban Pha Na. But he was half a days walk away.

Took supplies to Souei Sa Ann, and Nam Long.

Back here at two o'clock took supplies to Souang Van and Toi Lin Hoy.

At 5:30 went to Sam Thong to check rice supply and Hospital. Will be glad when Mr. Platt can start helping on this part of it.

Will hold another meeting tonight, to discuss building, chicken houses.

October 3

Mr. Thomas met me at my Apt. at 6:30 to accompany me. How happy I am for this. It is not the work he will do. But to these people I am just one of them. They have great respect for Chiefs. And for any one of my people to accompany me. Does much for us, also for them. For when one of my chiefs are with me, it makes them feel like somebody really cares. Providing the man with me knows how to act.

Took off 7:20 for San Thong where the livestock will land. I will prepare them to receive it. Will also give San Thong 50 ducks.

8:40 in the air for Ban Na. Have the Khi Khon all set to receive livestock at San Thong. They need more drugs, and school supplies. Now 140 children saw Chung.

Will leave two barbers sets at Ban Na. - to cut school children's hair - and check rice storage.

Have good rice storage here, schools are in fine shape. Hospital will soon be finished.

12:40 landed Pha Khao for gas. Ate a little, thanks to Mrs. Thomas. Took off one o'clock.

Ban Pha Ka

School ready to open.
No school teacher
needs better medic.

We will put 50 ducks here. Needs rice and school supplies.

Took off from Ban Pha Ka 1:30 for Pho Hong.

Landied Pho Hong 1:45 Khi Khon not there, explained to 35 boys about the ducks coming.

School good, two teachers, supplies O.K. 120 children.

Medic needs penicillin, need rice here.

Took off Pho Hong about 2:15 - landed Pha Kao about 3, Mr. Thomas and myself was shown the hospital and medic school by Chan the I.V.S. Lao Medic. Walked a short distance to the home of the Khi Khon, explained the ducks coming here.

Chan needed supplies for his school which I will get.

Left Pha Kao about 5 - landed Vientiane about six.

Again I would like to thank Mr. Thomas for going with me.

I cannot help but mention that every place we landed today they asked me when the seeds were coming that I promised. I will only say to the people who does our procuring, you cannot plant seeds in sawn banks and that seeds are cheaper than dropping rice.

"pop"

The following letter was sent to me from Phongsav by Hailie:

Nam Chong - 26 September 1962

Should Daddy "Pop" read

The funny, really and shameful story of Residence and Refugee people at NAM CHONG?

In one day passed, on 25th of September 1962. There was a plane of the Social Welfare that flew from Vientiane to Nam Chong by the purpose of dropping.. rice and salts for Refugees, the plane got through that place about 08:00 A.M., and on that day, the weather covered with bad cloud, the plane could not see the D.Z., she just saw the area of NAM CHONG she flew around that place for three times and for the third round, she dropped rice and salts in that area, but the sack of rice and salts hit the two houses of the old residence broke and killed their three chickens, but nobody got hurt; after the plane has dropped rice and salts already, all residence people came up the village of Refugees; they said to refugees that our houses were broken by the plane that came to drop for you all refugees; we have to fine you all refugees to do many things for us that the sack of rice and salts hit our houses, killed our chickens and our old grand house's spirits have gone away from us and also any kind of animals will come to eat us up...

So you are all refugees who stay in our old area, have to do the thing that we are offering as follows:

1. All refugees have to get one big pig that costs about 5,000 Kip to kill for offering to our old grand spirits eating and for calling them back to our houses for staying with us again.
2. Have to buy two big chickens for our old grand spirit eating and making them feel happy.
3. Have to fix our houses as the same before and have to do all things as soon as possible, because if the time is over for three days, our old grand spirit will go far away and will never come back again.

Refugees said: all right: you are all our people as the same, and also

you people get rice from refugees, and why did you all called a trouble like that? Why did y we all refugees fix your houses as good as the same before! Shouldn't we? However.. refugees tried to do in a good way! but all residence people just said in the same thing on above! both of residence and refugees, they never agree with each other for three days and they don't know how to do to each other either; and the fourth day refugees came to see me and invited me to be a judge in their problem; and then I myself went to talk to all those people that, I said that was a ordinary thing. that drop plane could not see nothing, and she did not pay attention to hit your people houses broke, and I thought that she tried to drop on B.Z., but the weather was too cloudy. If you all people will not agree with each other and then I'll go to talk TAN POP and Colonel VAN PAW to come up here and give you all people a good judge! Just for a while they both talked and talked; and at the end of their talking, they thought that, if TAN POP or Colonel VAN PAW will come up; it might be a big story and trouble; they have agreed with each other this way! Refugees have to fix their houses as good as the same before and give .. 1,000 Kip for making on something to their old grand spirit! So right now: they have no hard problem to discuss furt-h-er in NAM CHONG again.

DADDY POP:

I thought that they are all noc people the same that was a funny to me and shameful to their own people you think. DADDY

From

a great THOMMY

Mr Elliott

Field Report

TO: Mr. Elliott

Oct. 14

Left Vientiane about 2 o'clock, arrived Long Tieng 3 o'clock. Taylor had kept the one Helio busy all day delivering supplies, checking livestock at Pha Oun, and rice at the places he visited, plus delivered Thompson to Ban Sangphakha. The other was down most of the day, battery trouble, the weather closed in. I was afraid to take off for Houei Hong, as it is a 2 hour flight and might have to wind up sleeping in Ban Naen City. We ate supper at the Col house and discussed many problems.

Oct. 15

Bill went to Phou Jem which is in L.A. Province, also to Saynboury to check refugee deal there, he got back about 3, I then sent him to Pha Oun, with drugs and seeds, will go right on in to Vientiane, with rice request and drug request.

The other plane again was down till 1:30 again battery trouble. after he got going sent him one trip Sam Thong, with new signal for L.A. and radioequipment then 2 trips to Ban Na with two Neo families. The weather again closed in early in between times today, I visited the hospital, school and livestock. I got 2 Garabo loads of supplies today Dried Milk, Iron bars, salad oil and some black cloth. Bill and I will distribute out of here.

From the reports I keep getting, I don't believe our friends are playing a very fair game. Much rain here tonight. It is now that time of year you can read a newspaper by moonlight.

Oct. 16

Moved Thompson from Ban Sangphakha to Ban Hong. Taylor worked in the Pha Oun area. We distributed many seeds and drugs, my first batch of seeds are gone. I have been to Ban Na again to try solve the Air America problem, to Sam Thong to check hospital and get radios for other places, also sent a plane into Ban Naen area to check situation.

Oct. 17

Went to Vientiane early to check some air rising problems here, to make sure I was doing the right thing. Got many commodities ready to move north, talked to Mr. Daley, Bill went away places to check rice. This is in itself a big job. I got back here at Long Tieng about 3 on the morning. While I was in Vientiane I also got Warner for Bob Dinglantine to check and deliver drugs to also strips he could land at today and tomorrow. Then I will go in the rest with Helio.

This is one of those nights that we will go to sleep, listening to pretty big guns on each side of us, possibly 8 or 10 miles away and believe us they are not ours.

Oct. 18

The rest of the seeds came yesterday, I was up early, had much help to prepare them to go. One Helio came, sent him with seeds and refugee family to Pha So, on return sent him to Ban Vieng and Phosobot with iron bars, seeds and school supplies. The other Helio came at 12, Bill went to Muang Nook, and Sammy Ngat with seeds and to check rice and number of refugees, plane could not get in Ban Vieng and Phosobot fog, has now gone to Phou Song and Ban Pha Kha with seeds and to move Father Bruschard. Plane returned, delivery made, sent Bill to Ban Thong with seeds, and on into Vientiane with messages. I went to Ban Na and Ban Chong with seeds and pots and pans. At Ban Chong the cross wind was bad. I thought best not land. But the pilot decided different, made it, I guess the reason for the landing was, there was a young mother with one of the worst cases of Marie-Marie I ever saw, with a small baby in bad condition, loaded them in, it was late the wind blowing harder, a take off I won't forget for while, we merely made it off when, the wind caught us, turned the plane nearly upside down. What a terrific job the pilot did, bringing it out. Thanks to someone, the lady and baby was all over the back end. But all is well and she is on her way to O.E.

Oct. 19

2 Helios came, one to Tha Lin Nai, Moum Ann, Ban Phakha, with seeds, school supplies and drugs and to check security, which has been bad, also to remove Father Bruschard. The best I can say here, he made it back. The other plane dropped much rice in the Phao area, went with this plane to deliver seeds and supplies to Houai Khinla and Ban Moung. The other plane is not gone to Ban Vieng, iron bars, seeds, drugs, school supplies. I have just now 4 o'clock sent other plane Pha and Ban Sangphakha, seeds, pots and pans and refugee potatoes. The amount of mail that goes and comes would surprise you. We are having such refugee movement, 400 arrived yesterday at Muang Nook from Vietnam 200 arrived Phou Song from Moum Nue, they are still coming into Houai Moung from Ban Na. Had a movement in the Phakha area the last three days of about 400 driven from their homes. When last Helio arrives I will send him to Pha Khao to take 3 of Andy's people to Vientiane. So far my best day, no Helio trouble and weather good.

Oct. 20

7:30 day is finished except listening to minor problems. It has really been a good day. 2 Garabao loads of dried milk and school supplies. The porter took one load of refugee supplies to Muang Nook, where we just get new refugees, he made another trip to Houai Sa Ann with disguised people from O.E. one trip to Phou Chua with supplies and check rice and situation.

I loaded both Helios this morning to deliver seeds, drugs, school supplies to 5 places in Ban Naum, the rest of the day they moved Helios and got out two wounded, one wounded died in Ban Naum yesterday. I might have saved him, had I send the plane, but that it is 4 1/2 hour trip, I knew I was going to send one today. Sometimes trying to save, don't get it, I guess. I and the Col. rode they are all day, delivering supplies and getting out sick, where Helios can't go. Taylor came on one of the Garabao, but had to go back.

Well the first big shell just went off, you can set your clock by then, 8 o'clock each night.

Oct. 21

At a meeting last night we decided to get in all the Mai Khong Iron villages, we could and have a meeting to explain the rice situation, and do all we could to get the right amount in the right places. I am sure we will change some figures.

"Rep".

October 31, 1962

MEMORANDUM FOR: Mr. Charles A. Mann

FROM : Mr. "Pop" Buell

War does many things, other than kill people, drives people from their homes, some are injured never to work again, some become wholly dependent on others, some become bitter and worthless, much territory becomes laid full of mines. But besides this it educates many people, learns peoples of different races that they can live and get along together. Much is learnt in the medical field and I believe the love for home life, family life and the love for your country becomes much greater.

The above has all happened here. In the beginning these hill peoples were a proud and independent people, freedom at any cost. Today they are more so. But if a near just peace is offered, they are ready and hungry to put down their arms, go to their former homes and help make a Laos for all people.

To accomplish this they will need help from others, mostly help to help themselves.

First many will go back to their former homes, others would like to build small towns and even possibly the small city centrally located.

We will need modern equipment manned by people who know how to operate to clear the mine fields, quantities I have no idea, but there are mines everywhere.

We will then build homes and towns; the needs will be as follows:

1. Cross cut saws	1000
2. Hand saws	18,000
3. Shovels	20,000
4. Iron bars	100,000
5. Anvils	500
6. Tongs	1,000
7. Forge hammers	500
8. Carpenter hammers	18,000
9. Axes	4,000
10. Hoes	30,000
11. Portable sawmills	20
12. Trucks to haul logs from forest	15
13. Bulldozer to build roads to new location	2 or 3

If the above are furnished these people would need very little building material sent in. Trained Americans could help much.

We have now built homes, towns and roads, now we must eat. I have been assured if left alone the Meo people will have plenty of rice seed for next year's planting, the Lao and Lao Toung will need some estimate 300 tons. They

have saved much seed in the past year from what seed USOM has given, but some would have to be given.

Livestock and poultry has about disappeared, stolen by the enemy, disease, etc.

1. Water Buffalo	2000
2. Cattle	15,000 female, 1500 male
3. Pigs	15,000 female, 1500 male
4. Chickens	50,000 female, 5000 male
Ducks have survived and will multiply	
5. Plows	2000
6. Drags	2000

They will do their own bridge building with own material, except for U spikes.

Home furniture and appliances have been lost, burnt or stolen. There must be an immediate way to get such commodities in to start markets, 75% could slowly purchase their own, 25% would probably need help.

We feel if they could be purchased at a fair price these people could purchase at once 200 jeeps and 50 general hauling trucks and 5000 bicycles and possibly as much as 30 smaller tractors for road building, hauling, etc.

Looms and weaving equipment is gone, 3 or 4 hundred different types.

Different types of fruit trees.

We would like to introduce rice hullers, possibly 50.

I would like one immediately, if USOM can't furnish perhaps they could help find one. I have the villagers try it and, if necessary, the people will purchase.

Help in building better hospitals and to train medics.

Now, last but far from least, we at present have 57 one room schools with an average attendance of 100. They are growing by leaps and bounds. In the future we will need at least 5 centrally located schools for higher learning.

The above has been written in a hurry, but came from nearly an all night's talking and thinking. There probably are some corrections to be made and some additions to be made.

In this report we have used an estimate of 130,000 people, broken down into 18,750 families, using as a guide 200 larger villages and possibly 5 small towns and a small city.

The above has been gathered together by Colonel Vang Pow, some of his advisors and "Pop" Buell.

"Pop" Buell

3-11 NOV 1962
FIELD REPORT
POB BUELL

Nov 6 3-5 - 6 To Elliott

Left Vientiane 12 o'clock,
arrived Sam Tong, Taylor was
ready to leave for Vientiane and
go to Saybury tomorrow. Got
things squared away here, left
for Houie Sa Ann and Banam
Tong. spent the night at
Houie Sa Ann. First time for
this pilot to spend a night
in the mts. The people are
doing fair. it takes much
talking ~~at~~. It always seems
in this area which is close
to San Nam and extends over to
the Viet Nam border. that the
people just get confidence and
something started when the
enemy takes a village or ~~comes~~
comes in and steals etc.

Nov. 7 ~~I~~ I went to bed last
night, not feeling the best, up at
6 this morning, until not myself
the pilot was off at 7. to get
another load of supplies for
here. These people gave
me 169,000 kip some 1 month
ago to buy commodities. I am
now in the process of handing
them out.

Pilot came back 10.30, had

he was never coming back,
was gone $3\frac{1}{2}$ ~~has~~ hours, on less
than an hours flight. These
things make you old, when you
yourself are in the plane it's O.K.

I believe the past two years I
have thought more about my
Mother worrying about me as a
young man than the rest of my
life put together.

The operation got just a
little mixed up. The new boy
who helps me, wanted to keep the
planes going. ~~He got the~~ He sent
the planes to the right places, but
we - 37 - wrong commodities. he
felt ³⁰bad, but this is the way you
launt / we will fix it O.K.

Bill came in about 2, we
moved much stuff today, Bill
went to spend the night at
Moung Ngab. where again we
have had more refugees come in.
close to Viet Nam

I don't spend ^{too} much time as
I should here in this village. I
walked it tonight after dark. The
one Nhi Bona child is very ill. I
think T.B. its mother died 5 mos
ago. I have furnished milk for it
all along. I have ~~ask~~ to asked him

Andy with him, while I distributed ~~this~~ the load, had Andy go move a medic from Pho Vung to Ban San Phata. Andy sure helps much when he is up here. All people like him.

I had them leave me off at Sam Tong. Andy went to Phi Ru and Pha Phung to see about getting two of his families out to go to Church school.

I got supplies ready for next day. Took a boat to Pho So, till then I was feeling tough enough again, that I decided to spend the night here rather than another hours flight, as the plane had to come back here tomorrow. Tom Sac is here doing the good job as usually. Have a 5 year old girl here to send to Vientiane tomorrow, a hernia has come out, very bad. The people here also has let up a little, because of late enemy movements.

Nov 9 — Donear came in this morning about 9. with pots, & pans and black cloth, sent him right back for another load. I thought

many times how it was, he always says ok. when I saw it last night, it was beginning to look just like a little monkey, when this happens it won't be long. ~~with~~ unless you get it to A.B.

I went further the Nhi Khona daughter is seriously ill, I found she has had bleeding desentary, now I am sure ^{M.S.} Phendromia. I spent most of the night with her, I and the witch doctor side by side. she may be a little better, but as soon as I get a plane. I am going for help. We cannot lose this child. She is 6 yrs old, not only a little friend, but the Nhi Khona daughter. If we can save her, it will help mend many wounds that happened here in the past, a story which every American in Laos should know. so you wouldn't make the same mistakes. I would gladly tell anyone who is interested.

Nov 10 I got to Vientiane about 10. I sure would have like to had Mary Jane, for many reasons, she can speak the language, she knows these hill customs and a woman at times can do wonders. she was in Bangkok, tried Mr

Thomas wife couldn't get, Aubrey tried
some lady American couldn't contact.
He then got Felix for me. after we
arrived I explained the problem to
Felix. He did a fine job. we got
permission to take it to O.B. hospital.

The rest of the day was spent
moving commodities and getting ~~out~~
a badly wounded out of Phat
Sam Neau Province. I still don't feel
good, I guess not enough sleep, plus
a chest cold. Tom Sam and I will
doctor up tonight. Bill spent night
~~in~~ in Moung Ngat. Vientiane.

Nov 11 ~~up~~ Did not get up
till Helios came. 8.30, feel no better.
One plane will shuttle Meo purchased
commodities to Pha Pheng. I am
having Nhi Khone from Ban Na and
Hauic Khinin meet here, to try and
solve a serious problem. I would go
but don't feel up to riding planes today.
Got the one out of Ban Na, but not
Houic Khinin. So we went to Houic
Khinin. Found the guilty party. the
trial is now taking place!

Had another wounded at Hong Hong,
San Neau. Sent Bill and a Meo Medic
plus drugs to Pha En, where there is
no medic. very close to enemy, many
reported sick. He will spend the night.
there

Up at 6, feeling
much better, only a bad cough.
had a small robbery here last night, plus
Phador Pha Long took to shooting big
guns about 8, shook the people up a
little. we just had a 3 year old boy
badly burnt with hot water, Tom Sar
took over. Have two mothers here now
without milk to nurse their babies.

Had a very rough but good
meeting last night about rice distribution.

Field Report

To: Elliott

November 6th

(1962)

Left Vientiane 12 o'clock, arrived San Thong; Taylor was ready to leave for Vientiane and go to Sayaboury tomorrow. Got things squared away here, left for Houei Sa Ann and Baume Long. Spent the night at Houei Sa Ann. First time for this pilot to spend a night in the mountains. The people are doing fair. It takes much talking. It always seems in this area which is close to Sam Neua and extends over to the Viet-Nam border. That the people just gets confidence and something started, when the enemy takes a village or comes in and steals, etc.

November 7th

I went to bed last night, not feeling the best, up at 6 this morning, still not myself the pilot was off at 7, to get another load of supplies for here. These people gave me 160,000 kip some 1 month ago to buy commodities. I am now in the process of handing them out.

Pilot came back 10:30, had he was never coming back. Was gone 3-1/2 hours, on less than an hour's flight. These things make you old, when you yourself are in the plane it's O.K.

I believe the past two years I have thought more about my Mother worrying about me as a young man than the rest of my life put together.

The operation got just a little mixed up. The Lao boy who helps me, wanted to keep the planes going. He sent the planes to the right places, but wrong commodities. He felt bad, but this is the way you learn we will fix it O.K.

Bill came in about 2, we moved much stuff today, Bill went to spend the night at Moung Ngat. Where again we have had more refugees come in close to Viet Nam.

I don't spend as much time as I should here in this village. I walked it tonight after dark. The one Khi Ban's child is very ill. I think T.B. it's mother died 5 months ago. I have furnished milk for it all along. I have asked him Andy with him. While I distributed the load, had Andy go move a medic from Pho Vieng to Ban Ban Pha Ka. Andy sure helps much when he is up here. All people likes him.

I had them leave me off at San Tong, Andy went to Khi Pu and Pha Peung to see about getting two of his families out to go to Church school.

I got supplies ready for next day. Took a load to Pho So, till then I was feeling tough enough again, that I decided to spend the night here rather than another hours flight. As the plane had to come back here tomorrow. Thongear is here doing the good job as usually. Have a 5 year old girl here to send to Vientiane tomorrow, a hernia has come out, very bad. The people here also has let up a little, because of late enemy movements.

November 9th

Bornear came in this morning about 9 with pots, pans and black cloth, sent him right back for another load, I thought many times how it was. He always says ok. When I saw it last night, it was beginning to look just like a little monkey, when this happens it won't be long. Unless you get it to O.B.

I went farther the Nhi Khon's daughter is seriously ill. I found she has had bleeding dysentery, now I am sure Pneumonia. I spent most of the night with her, I and the witch doctor side by side. She may be a little better, but as soon as I get a plane. I am going for help. We cannot loose this child. She is 6 years old, not only a little friend, but the Nhi Khon's daughter. If we can save her, it will help mend many wounds that happened here in the past. A story which every American in Laos should know. So you wouldn't make the same mistakes. I would gladly tell anyone who is interested.

November 10th

I got to Vientiane about 10, I sure would have like to had Mary Jane, for many reasons, she can speak the language, she knows these hill customs and a woman at times can do wonders. She was in Bangkok, tried Mr. Thomas wife couldn't get, Aubrey tried some lady American couldn't contact. He then got Felix for me. After we arrived I explained the problem to Felix. He did a fine job, we got permission to take it to O.B. hospital.

The rest of the day was spent moving commodities and getting a badly wounded out of Pha To Sam Nua Province. I still don't feel good, I guess not enough sleep, plus a chest cold. Thongear and I will doctor up tonight. Bill spent night in Vientiane.

November 11th

Did not get up till Helio came. 6:30, feel no better. One plane will shuttle Mec purchases commodities to Pha Pheng. I am having Nhi Khons from Ban Na and Houei Khinin meet here, to try and solve a serious problem. I would go but don't feel up to riding planes today. Got the one out of Ban Na, but not Houei Khinin. So we went to Houei Khinin. Found the guilty party. The trial is now taking place.

Had another wounded at Hong Nong, Sam Neua. Sent Bill and a Lao Medic plus drugs to Pha En, when there is no medic. Very close to enemy, many reported sick, He will spend the night there. Up at 6, feeling much better, only a bad cough. Had a small robbery here last night, plus Pha Dong took to shooting big guns about 8, shook the people up a little. We just had a xx 3 years old boy badly burnt with hot water, Thongear took over. Have two mothers here now without milk to nurse their babies.

Had a very rough but good meeting last night about rice distribution.

November 13th

Today I went to Sam Neua Province to get a badly wounded. Visited Phia Khan, Hong Nong and Houei Moun. The people are not too bad off. Are planting garden seeds and saving rice seed for next 6 years crop. But they are sure and so am I that the enemy won't let them rest. In this area we have sure done wonders about dysentery and skin diseases. And it is unbelievable what the appearance of an American or Helio does to them.

Bill worked mostly delivering drugs.

I went to Vientiane with some problems, forgetting it was Holidays unable to contact no one.

November 14th

Had a nice evening. Johnny Lee the Chinese Born American, 123 Pilot and who has been in the Far East many years and probably one of the most thought of Americans in Laos. By native people. We room together but hardly ever see each other. Anyway last night we talked the whole thing over.

I brought drugs in one plane, an air American radio man with me, to work on the Beacon at Pha Fa. Went into Toi Lin Hoi, delivering school supplies and iron bars. Bill delivered and explained commodities plus distribution, left with his Lao interpreter to spend two or three days in the Pha Peung area. Setting up a new program.

We are doing our best trying to work as if there really will be a Coalition Government.

I have a fine two days planned for Mr. Elliott. I am sure he will understand the work and the problems better. He has always but such great trust in me. I am proud to show him the results.

Spent the night at San Na.

November 14th

Up early to be sure and have everything in order when the Boss arrives. The one plane arrived early, sent Thongear to Ban San Pha with one load of cloth and pans, was to remain on strip till Mr. Elliott and myself got there. Soon found out Elliott plane would be late, motor trouble. When the plane did arrive no Elliott. I sent the plane to pick up Father Broshard and move him to Hong Hong. As I am determined to build another ideal village at San Tong. I spent 3 hours taking village leaders to see what I think a great Agriculture refugee program at Nout Ham. In all about 20 saw it from the air. Couldn't believe their eyes. If all the time I have spent in Laos and hadn't done another thing. This alone would have been a good job did.

Thank God Elliott got here about 1 I guess. He got to see a little of San Tong. He also saw my Agric. program from the air and saw Pho Con. His two days turned to be only 3 hours. Hope he liked what he saw.

Spend the night at Toi Lin Noy.

November 15th

Planes came late; delivered commodities to Toi Lin Noy. Ban San Pha Ka, and Pho So. One plane had to be in early the other had kind wheel trouble, also had to go in. Did not get Taylor out of Pho Peung. Again last night we had a very sick child Pneumonia. We had given it medicine two days ago, I am sure the witch doctor stopped it. I and Thongear explained again. We didn't want to change their customs, but work with them, either the baby die or take medicine. I really bore down. They gave it drugs all night. This morning the baby is much better. Everyone is happy.

13-15 NOV 1962
FIELD REPORT
POB BUELL

Mon.

Nov. 13 Today I went to San Neau Province to get a badly wounded. visited Phia Khan, Hoby Nong and Homic Moung. The people are not too bad off. are planting garden seeds and saving rice seed for next years crop. But those they are sure and so am I that the enemy won't let them rest. in this area we have sure done wonders about dysentery and skin diseases. and it is unbelievable what the appearance of an American or Helio does to them.

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Noy.

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They gave it drugs all night. This
morning the baby is much better.
everyone is happy.

Report on Activities

March 31, 1967

Since coming back from home leave, I have written no over-all report. I will attempt to bring you up on what has taken place the past two months.

The warehouse in Sam Thong is nearly finished. It will be completed in approximately 2 weeks. All the lumber has come from the sawmill at 20A. We are now starting to get lumber for the school project, but it will be slow. Logs are getting scarce. It will be no problem to get logs when more work is done on the road so we can move the sawmill, but that is 6 months away.

The refugee movement out of 20A has gone unbelievably well. We have records on nearly 3000. More have gone. We will make an up-to-date check again this week. There has also been approximately 1800 move down along the road from other areas. These people have mostly come from the Sam Neua and East Xieng Khouang areas, either from behind enemy lines or driven out because of air strikes. These movements are beginning to bother me much. I know the policy is to move all the people possible along the road. This will look good on reports for people who finish their tour in one year or more, but for the long pull it can really cause a big problem for these people. In the past we have ruined many good farm areas, plus removed all the timber by putting in too many people. I can see as many as 12,000 moving into this area during this year. If this is done, I can see the land near worthless in 5 years.

We have and are taking care of the people who have moved with rice and any tools or iron bars that are needed. We have had good support from 20A on this, from General Vang Pao and other leaders, plus aircraft for dropping rice and moving people from other areas. They have cleared much land. We have the rice seed for them.

The Muong Hiem program is going good. There were 24 buffalo put in by USAID. Moving the tractor in from 20A and plowing approximately 12 hectares for them had a big effect. The Chao Khoueng and Chao Muong are really bearing down on these people to plant both hill and paddy rice, how much self-sufficiency will remain to be seen. We have the seed ready for them.

Daily we have refugees come into the Sam Neua and Eas Xieng Khouang areas. Some we can move at once, but large groups have become a problem. For instance in the Site 201 area which comes under attack nearly weekly, there are approximately 1600 people who would like to come out. In these cases there is just not aircraft available. At the same time it is rough in these cases to see these people taken over by the enemy.

The agriculture program continues to move forward. There have been 1021 70-kilo sacks of rice seed collected, which will be used here and other parts of Laos. Ten pigs have been put out which came from our own stock here. We are now furnishing meat for the hospital from the farm at 20A. 40,000 fish

Report on Activities
March 31, 1967

-2-

have been put out. There are now at least 2000 fish ponds. 1 ton of corn seed has been collected for distribution, plus 3 tons from Vientiane, of which 1300 kilo was sent to Luang Prabang.

The one thing I feel is lacking, as has so many times, is Vientiane not getting vegetable seeds and other seeds in time for planting season. No thing reaps more dividends than seeds. We may send a lot of seeds which will look good on reports, but harvest is what counts. You plant in the spring not winter.

Public Health and Public Works continue to do their fine job. We do have a critical water problem, of which I am sure Mr. Cole is aware. Education is progressing slowly but surely. Norm Green is doing real good work.

One very large problem I have (or headache if you wish) is FAR soldiers and dependents going and coming from Vientiane. None of the native people from this area can go to Vientiane, but daily they see FAR go. It is eventually going to cause some shootings. I have without any support from Vientiane cut this 50%. Have had a couple threatening letters. If I ~~back~~ have to live with this, I can. But I do feel with some support from Vientiane I could cut it more. At present the ticket price to come back up is from 5 to 10 thousand kip according to cargo. I feel planes and U. S. taxpayers dollars could be used to a much better advantage.

4/20/68

1

(1968
1969)

The following is not my thinking. It is only what the people have told me.

7/21

Starting app. 4 mos. ago, all different tribal groups of the Meo and Lao T. started holding secret meetings. I sensed something was going on but said nothing, knowing sooner or later they would tell me. app. 2 1/2 months ago they started telling me a little.

Due to the fact that nobody here or in Vientiane, had any plan whatsoever, as to what the people would do if things got rough. at this time, through letters and personal contact, they were locating the people who belonged to different groups, so as to start getting them together or where to meet. They were also deciding which way they would go, with the enemy or make a break for it.

App. one month ago, they came to me. asking me to get a decision out of V. P. and people, as to what they should. at least tell them something. That if our people get a

traped, will you move them out at once. Do you want us to die there, do you want us to go with the ~~enemy~~ enemy. Just tell us something. I could see they were getting a little more upset each day.

During the time I was in Ventana attending the area Cords meeting, and taking two weeks R. R. which in all was three weeks. Not only during this time did we lose much territory. But the people became serious, meetings everywhere, demanding very strongly from their own leaders to come up with some plan, or soon they would carry out their own plans.

The day I arrived back up here which tomorrow will be one week. they were waiting for me. I was taken off the plane 12 o'clock, got into a jeep, didn't get to the office, till next day at 9 o'clock.

During this time I tried to touch base with everyone who was anybody.

The talks with all, were about the same. No one was rough. "Pop" you know we are in big trouble, we feel

some very big mistakes have been made, each would ask me had I met yet with Blevie.

Col. Chonsome spoke very strong. He had his own ideas. He said in order to win, V.P. would have to get all the ^{people} in the insecure areas out at once, bring all the soldiers back, form a line from the site 33, 233 areas down to Zema 108. The other line from ^{site} 15, Pho Ka _____, sites 204, 5, 34, 65 to 192. at the same time run guerrilla type teams into San Nam, P.D.T and East Xing, on the hit and run basis. mostly inf. getting inf. with the Neuts, possibly getting back Pho Kook, Moung Keng and Moung Paur. He then said the Meo would tell me these plans.

By now it was 4 o'clock I went to Blevie's house. he ordered everyone out. He talked for 2½ hrs. We are now organized the Meo & I.T., we know what we are going to do if we don't get a decision from V.P. what we are supposed to do. we know which way we will go, we are packed with supplies to last one month, in families family groups, some

rice, some cooking pots, fire etc. Now "POP" if
 you don't believe me and I have never lied
 to you, look in my bedroom, which I did
 not ~~have~~ do. We have met with V.P. much
 in the last 3 wks. at times as much
 as 50 of us. We ask do you want us
 all to go fight, take P.D.S., Xing Khong,
 you know and we know your army
 cannot do this without us, they are
 broke down. Plus your soldiers are also
 waiting for decisions as to what will happen
 to these people. During which time they
 are not going to move. Do you want us
 to become prisoners and collies of the
 enemy and work for you. Do you want us
 to become prisoners and collies of the Lao.
 Do you want us to go to Saybury,
 Do you want us to go to Vientiane,
 Luang Prabang. All we are asking tell
 us, give us a plan, not each day, I do
 not ~~to~~ know, or wait soon I will know,
 I will go to Vientiane again. But when
 he comes back, always the same, I find
 out nothing. During this time V.P. would
 get very tired, many times would ~~say~~
~~please let me rest~~ and will put his hands
 to his head and say please let me rest a
 while, we have decided if anything else

in the north falls, there will be some people start moving, if we have had no answers. The only thing I said, Blavie would it be better for your people, if there were no Americans here. You can run your own show, we could supply you from Vientiane. He said definitely no. 'Dop' you can't leave. I said, O.K. I would stay. He said ~~sure~~ if it got rough, to the east, it probably would be good for Americans to go. we could keep you hid. The enemy already knows that we have committed ourselves to the U.S. If we asked your people to leave it would not be for our own good. But we cannot afford to have the Americans hurt or killed.

Before leaving he asked me to help get some decisions or possibly make some. Lin turn told him. That is a new ball game. I in no way could make decisions as to what his people would or could do. I could only pass on their recommendations. If I thought at any time they were making a bad move I would say so ~~and~~, and that I would be Honest.

On the second day, as you know

I met with Cass, about the airstrip and 126 people. Before I had met with Cass, Dr. Weldon and myself had already had the long talk with V.P. about the 184 people which he said he would order to walk to Site 33 area. I feel it ~~was~~ should be fully understood, these people ~~as~~ had already made up their minds to come but, other V.P. gave an order or not. some had started.

Third day, my people went north made plans as where we would feed them in route. and be sure they had plenty of food to start with, many were already moving.

Fourth day. as usual sent my people to 150A, to work with the refugees there, also security check. app 8:30 Van Chu called back saying, very possibly Site 33 had been hit! he checked further by 10 o'clock called back saying he was sure Site 33, Site 23B and Houie Chen had fallen. By this time Mac. T, the Gov. and Dourng Ta were on their way up, to stop the 184 people. ~~The gate had been closed~~
The gateway to Site 33 had been closed.

evacuation of 7 to 8 ^{thousand} people had
already begun out of 33 and 233
areas to Site 50.

~~Fifth day~~ all this started the meetings
of the Mob all over. I know they
met most of the night.

USAID - Area
APO San Francisco 96352
March 26, 1970

Hi:

I feel that you have not only did me an injustice but I definitely know you did the Meo a great injustice. At times it is hard for me to believe to what lengths some people will go to hurt or destroy others for a small personal gain. In your case, because of your dislike for CIA, you were willing to put the whole northeast into jeopardy.

(1 Pgs)
Mr. Pop

USAID - Area
APO San Francisco 96352
May 15, 1970

Mr. Joseph A. Mendenhall
Foreign Service Inspector
American Embassy
APO New York 09794

Dear Joe:

I really appreciated receiving your letter concerning the loss of Sam Thong. It was quite a blow to all of us, but we have been able to keep the program going and to take care of the refugees which is my main concern. At this point, except for a few sites north of the PDJ, the north is gone. We have no area left in Sam Neua Province and very little left in Xieng Khouang Province.

As you know by now, Sam Thong was retaken the end of March and we have been able to hold on to it. USAID has not started operations there, but it's becoming relatively secure once again. Losses were bad, but they could have been a lot worse. The hospital did not burn completely down, only one wing was destroyed and we were able to get out much of the equipment after Sam Thong was retaken. Our warehouse-office burned down as well as the rice warehouse. Several of the USAID houses were also burned. The Chao Khoueng's office, military headquarters, and several homes in the village also were destroyed. It is a sad sight to see.

Long Cheng was never lost but has had several mortar and rocket attacks. General Vang Pao is still operating out of there. Several of the Long Cheng people have returned though many are still living in the surrounding jungles. Most of the refugees from the north and Sam Thong have moved south into Vientiane Province. My staff and I are working out of Ban Nasu which is about a 30-minute Porter ride north of Vientiane. As you can imagine, we have lost several people during the movement of refugees, some have been killed and some have gone with the enemy. I only hope that we can have peace so that the Meo can quit fighting and become farmers again. After nine years, they are tired.

February 10, 1972

Father "Pop"

You have been being our father for many years, and we never forget. Along with this I have one Meo gun, two Meo knives and one of my own picture for you as a souvenir when you leave Laos to the United States. I wish you have good luck and ~~and to come~~ hope that you will never forget Laos and the USAID family.

Now you're going to leave us. I would like you to give me one vehicle as an inheritance from you.

Sincerely yours,

Zeu Keu Moua



DEPARTMENT OF STATE
DIRECTOR GENERAL OF THE FOREIGN SERVICE
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20520

May 6, 1974

Mr. Edgar M. Buell
USAID/ORRA
APO San Francisco 96352

Dear Mr. Buell:

I have approved your application for disability retirement under the Foreign Service Retirement and Disability System.

The Deputy Assistant Secretary for Medical Services advises me that, at the time of your resignation, you were totally disabled for useful and efficient service within the meaning of the Foreign Service Act. I have reviewed your medical file in accordance with 3 FAM 672.3-4 and have determined that you are totally disabled, and that your disability is of a permanent nature.

Your official records are being amended to reflect disability retirement effective March 31, 1974. In this connection, AID will send you an amended copy of Standard Form 50.

I sincerely hope that being relieved of the pressure of your duties will bring about improvement in your health.

Sincerely yours,


Hugh G. Appling
Deputy Director General

QUOTATIONS

"I THINK POP IS AN EXAMPLE OF HOW THE ANCIENT GODS WERE BORN - - - WHETHER YOU BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THERE ARE STILL GIANTS IN THE EARTH."

- - JOHN STEINBECK, LAOS, 1967

"THEN A STRANGER APPEARED AND HE TAUGHT US TO USE THE FLOW AND HOW TO SOW AND HOW TO HARVEST. HE BROUGHT US WRITING SO WE COULD KEEP RECORDS, HE GAVE US HEALING MEDICINES TO MAKE US HEALTHY, AND HE GAVE US PRIDE SO WE WOULD NOT BE AFRAID AND WHEN WE LEARNED THESE THINGS HE WENT AWAY."

- - JOHN STEINBECK LAOS, 1967

"IN LAOS, RETIRED INDIANA FARMER EDGAR BUELL IS AFFECTIONATELY REFERRED TO AS "MISTER POP". TO THE TRIBESMEN THIS MEANS, SIMPLY, "SENT FROM ABOVE."

THE LEGEND AND REALITY OF EDGAR BUELL HAVE, FOR GOOD REASON, GROWN INTO GODLIKE PROPORTIONS. SINCE HIS ARRIVAL IN LAOS IN 1960, HIS SUPERHUMAN EFFORTS ON BEHALF OF THE MEO TRIBESMEN HAVE BEEN NOTHING SHORT OF MIRACULOUS.

WHEN THE COMMUNISTS DROVE THE MEO FROM THE PLAINE DES JARRES INTO THE HILLS, HE MASTERMINDED AIRLIFTS OF FOOD, CLOTHING, AND MEDICINE, AND MANAGED TO KEEP ALIVE HALF A MILLION HOMELESS TRIBESMEN AS THEY FLED FROM ONE VILLAGE TO THE NEXT IN A DESPERATE, UNCEASING ATTEMPT TO SURVIVE. TO PROTECT HIS REFUGEES, MISTER POP HELPED TO ORGANIZE, TRAIN AND LEAD A 5,000 MAN GUERRILLA ARMY THAT HELD OFF NORTH VIETNAMESE AND PATHER LAO FORCES.

BUELL SET UP THE FIRST MEDICAL TRAINING SCHOOLS IN THE AREA. HIS SCHOOL SYSTEM, THE FIRST IN THE HISTORY OF THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE, WAS BEGUN IN ONE ROOM, AND HAS NOW GROWN TO INCLUDE MORE THAN 80,000 STUDENTS."

- - BOOK JACKET FROM "MR. POP"

AUGUST 14, 1999

A DAY OF REMEMBRANCE,
A DAY OF RECOGNITION,
A DAY TO HONOR AND CHERISH THE
MEMORY
OF

EDGAR "MR. POP" BUELL

1913 - 1980

HUMANITARIAN

WORKED WITH, LIVED WITH, LOVED THE
HMONG & LAO REFUGEES IN LAOS
1960-1980. HIS LIFE TRULY MADE
A DIFFERENCE.

TODAY, WE CELEBRATE THE LIFE OF
EDGAR BUELL AND CONVEY OUR
DEEPEST APPRECIATION FOR HIS
HUMANITARIAN EFFORTS. HIS LIFE WAS
DEDICATED TO THE ENRICHMENT OF THE
LIVES OF THOSE PEOPLE HE HELD SO
DEAR, THE HMONG AND LAOTIAN
REFUGEES IN LAOS. EDGAR DEDICATED
20 YEARS OF HIS LIFE TO MAKE THEIR
PART OF THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE
TO LIVE, LOVE AND WORK. HE HELPED
THEM SURVIVE IN A HOSTILE AND WAR
TORN COUNTRY. HIS IS A LEGACY THAT
WILL LIVE FOREVER IN THE HEARTS AND
MINDS OF THE HMONG AND LAOTIAN
PEOPLE. MAY HIS LEGEND INSPIRE AND
MOTIVATE OTHERS TO DO THEIR PART TO
MAKE THIS WORLD A BETTER PLACE TO
LIVE. THANK YOU, MR. POP, YOU WILL
BE WITH US ALWAYS IN OUR MEMORY.

WITH SINCERE GRATITUDE,
THIS MEMORIAL IS DEDICATED BY YOUR
FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS IN THE EDON,
OHIO AREA.

DEDICATION CEREMONY PROGRAM

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1999
2:30 P.M.

S.W. CORNER OF STATE ROUTES 34
AND 49 IN EDON, WILLIAMS CO., OH

MASTER OF CEREMONIES.....JOHN
FOSTER

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

INTRODUCTION OF SPECIAL GUESTS

UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL

CLOSING THOUGHTS

the EDON COM

VOLUME 120 - Number 36

Wednesday, August 18, 1999

EMOTIONAL CEREMONY

Dedication of Buell memorial lea

The unveiling of the monument commemorating the life and humanitarian work of Edgar "Pop" Buell was accompanied by tears and heartfelt emotion by his family, friends and co-workers during the Edon Days' celebration.

The corner lot at the intersection of the main thoroughfares in town was filled with family and on-lookers for the program. John Foster, serving as master of ceremonies, gave a brief history of Buell's work in Laos, and why the Chamber had undertaken the project to honor him.

"Today, we celebrate the life of Edgar Buell and convey our deepest appreciation for his humanitarian efforts," said Foster. "His life was dedicated to the enrichment of the lives of those people he held so dear, the Hmong and Laotian refugees in Laos."

Buell had dedicated 20 years of his life "to make their part of the world a better place to live, love and work." Through his efforts, he aided them to survive and improve their lives in a country torn apart by war and at great risk to both his and their lives.

"His is a legacy that will live forever in the hearts and minds of the Hmong and Laotian people," shared Foster. "May his legend inspire and motivate others to do their part to make this world a better place to live."

Friends and co-workers shared their memories of Buell, and how his down to earth approach to solving problems and ability to communicate broke down innumerable barriers.

Ernie Kuhn, who along with Buell was one of only three US AID workers to ever receive the highest award bestowed by the Laotian government, the Order of the Million Elephants and White Parasol, recalled a time when Buell tackled the problem of a lack of protein in the diet of the mountain tribes.

He approached the American officials for assistance in creating fish farming ponds, and was turned down. Undeterred, Buell secured donations and used his own money to push forward and make those fish farms a reality. Shortly thereafter, the aid program created an aquaculture program, recognizing the success of the effort.

Also sharing memories of "Pop" were his pilot in Air America, Ray Jeffreys, and his secretary in Bangkok, Thailand, Carol Mills.

With the unveiling of the monument, Buell's family, including his sister Thelma Varner, daughter Harriet and husband Wes Gettys, son Howard Buell, brother Lee Buell and wife Margie as well as several nieces, nephews and grandchildren, were choked up with emotion for the simple dignity of the polished granite memorial, inscribed with a likeness of Buell and bearing the following inscription:

Edgar "Mr. Pop" Buell, 1913-1980, Humanitarian. Worked with, lived with, loved the Hmong and Lao refugees in Laos, 1960-1980. His life truly made a difference."

The ceremony concluded with a gathering of the friends and family to share their memories of Pop.



Thelma Varner, left, a sister of Edgar Buell, and Harriet Gettys, his daughter, were accorded the honor of unveiling the memorial to Edgar "Mr. Pop" Buell for his humanitarian efforts in South Asia. The ceremony, which featured the remembrances of several