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August 30

Chu Lai

Dear Family-

There really isn't that much to write about, but there's a dead spot in the day (I'm just so efficient), and I really ought to do something constructive. I'm reading the Michael Kores now, and it contains a Dr. Fell ("...the reason why I cannot tell.") Anyway, that reminded me of an article on the Oxford University Press in a recent "Esquire" (Aha, it happens to be one of the better magazines around) - which happened to mention that the Dr. Fell of the rhyme was one of the early organizers & leading lights of the Press. I'll have to see if I can find the issue for you, so I can pass on the gentleman's biography. I seem to recall that he made himself unpopular over ecclesiastical matters. The same article featured interviews with some of the people who compile some of the standard reference works for the press - for example, the woman who works on the Dictionary of National Biography, and has only one assistant to help with the typing. No hoards of research assistants financed by grants or computerized references or so forth. It also mentioned that the peculiar quality of paper is (was) produced from weathered hemp

picked up second-hand from the Navy, & originally developed to produce compact Bibles for missionaries.

So much for Assorted Information. I went over to my hootch at lunch today, to find the momma-sans from the neighboring billets assembled for their lunch. I found myself accepting (one tries to be polite) a block-like cake which turned out to be fried rice cemented together by a rather viscous fish sauce. I was immediately out in the latrine with my mouth under a spigot. Fortunately, tho', it wasn't cemented with mouse-man (the closest translation I can arrive at), which is made from fermented (i.e. spoiled) fish. Quite a culinary experience.

That's about it. I love you all.

Bob