

Saturday, Oct. 30  
kontum.

Deen Ames & David -

many thanks for Teaching as  
A S.A.: I've clung these few to old  
favorites, but am planning to take up  
education next week. Just finished a N.Y.  
Rev. of Books article by Paul Goodman,  
whom I've always sneered at on G.P. but  
never read, which I thought put the  
case for Shaker Mt. as well as I'd  
even heard it put. In essence (I think  
I've got this right) he argued that  
educational institutions provide neither  
group therapy nor intellectual discipline  
but simply a place for kids to get  
their shit together. Personally I mean  
the passing of the ideal of intellectual  
discipline, but I found Goodman's  
arguments - to my surprise - both  
convincing & comforting.

The first fine ounce of glacier &  
self sacrifice is getting a bit tarnished around  
kontem. I'm in the midst of my third  
Vietnam cold & quite remarkably excited.  
However, there's still much that is interesting  
or recording or both & the Montagnards  
continue to delight. We've recently achieved  
enough stuff to really get going on a  
program for Village Health Workers, boys  
who come in to the hospital for six weeks  
of training & then are returned to the  
village with a supply of dressings &  
meds to screen & treat patients for us.  
I was rather sceptical at first - what  
can you learn in six weeks? - but as  
I see more of what the boys in many  
Vang, even first two trainees, are doing  
I'm increasingly impressed. These kids

are treating uncomplicated mechanical, minor  
injuries, snake bites etc. on their own &  
doing a very nice job of deciding what  
to send in to us. Last week a Vietnamese  
family brought them their child with  
2nd & 3rd degree burns of both legs & buttocks  
& allowed our Montagnard UHW's to  
treat the kid (Ben & Juncin dressings) &  
to evacuate him to the Montagnard  
hospital. Something of a triumph for  
our side.

Meanwhile I find myself in the  
very uncomfortable position of cementing  
our relationship with the ARUN's. You  
know the ARUN's, those irresponsible  
villains of Scott's recent Liberian mythology?  
They're rapidly becoming my buddies.  
This is the result of another oxygen crisis  
(we have weekly - sometimes daily - blood  
& oxygen crises), when, having exhausted  
CCC, MACU, Province Hospital & PA & E, I

turned in desperation to the ARVN  
military hospital, a thoroughly spooky  
place in the heart of the ARVN military  
compound. An interesting experience: I have  
no Vietnamese & the ARVN with French or  
English is rare, so that through a variety  
of misadventures I spent a good deal  
of time being menaced by sinister little Asian  
soldiers with large guns & crying a lot.  
However, with the help of a lieutenant  
from the artillery who spoke English I  
finally met the head nurse, who spoke  
French, & managed to beg a field tent  
which came in very handy with three  
3 1/2 lb premises & two bad pneumonias  
in the hospital: we set it up with a  
4/1 one branch to the camp tent, the  
other to the isollite. Last week the  
head nurse from the ARVN hospital  
turned up on our doorstep begging

blood for an emergency case (we  
gave him 3 pints) ; yesterday my  
friendly lieutenant came over to offer  
us a lot of tinned potatoes. The  
lieutenant's rather interesting: he used  
to work for IUS in Saigon (Luce's  
group which has been thrown out of  
the country for, rumor has it, too  
outspoken criticism) ; appeared proud  
of the fact. I thought the position  
of an ARVN lieutenant with an IUS  
background might be awkward to say  
the least until someone here came  
up with the notion that the guy is  
probably Secret Service. And so he  
probably is. Oh dear, what have I  
done? It's a River Kuei situation;  
I am proud of the bridge I've made  
; shaken by my pride.

so much for news from Kontum -

a good deal of activity outside  
which I must go investigate - call the  
choppers out & what sounds like  
incoming. I keep meaning to clean the  
bunker on my day off (it hasn't  
been cleaned since the dog had pupped  
out there): perhaps today's the day.  
My best to the kids, Karen, et al.  
Are you in? Here's the hozeos?

Take care -

Hilary.