

rights with the rest of the population, the teams had little to do except to be in the country in case something happened. Thus we had no specific jobs for weeks on end. The first few months of this inactivity were not too bad because we spent our time learning as much as we could, considering the language problem, and seeing as much of our area as possible. However, except for the main highways, roads are very bad and travel is not easy. Trips on jungle tracks and cross country mud routes are not comfortable in old jeeps. The Kampot jeeps travelled a little over 14,000 miles during the first ten months of the team's activity and we were reluctant to use them more than was necessary.

Boredom, the Great Problem

The inevitable boredom eventually set in and was our biggest problem after March 1955. We were fortunate in Kampot to be near the sea and a good bathing beach, at Kep, and we took full advantage of this during the dry season. There was a local tennis club where we played from time to time. A great deal of reading and a little writing were also done; but still, life was rather dull. There was only one Canadian officer at Kampot from mid March unto early August and lack of a country-man to talk to was the worst feature of life during that period. This was overcome to a degree by frequent (every three or four weeks) trips to Phnom Penh; however, the feeling of isolation and loneliness was always present and sometimes spirits sank pretty low. There were compensations though.

On one occasion the Governor of the Province of Kampot had a large party, and according to custom, several girls were hired as dancing partners for the guests (wives do not take part in such activities in Cambodia). All team members attended, resplendent in our uniforms, prepared to watch the dancing, which is Cambodian style, not Canadian. Imagine our astonishment when the girls came over and asked all of us to dance with them for the first number. After much self-conscious kidding we got up and tried to go through the motions; much to the delight of the several hundred locals present.

On Christmas eve a group of local friends decided to entertain the one Canadian and one Indian remaining in Kampot over the holiday. We finally went to the hotel at Kep, the beach resort mentioned earlier, and had a few drinks on the verandah under "a star-filled tropical sky on the palm lined shores of the Gulf of Siam." As is the French custom, we sat down to dinner (which was quite good and included roast turkey; unfortunately a little under-done) at 2 A.M. But the remarkable thing about this Christmas dinner was that it was attended by 15 people: seven Cambodians, six Chinese, one Indian and only one Christian, the Canadian. Nevertheless, it was enjoyed by all, and the Canadian certainly appreciated the party.

Other memorable events were: walking across rice paddies in the heat of the day to reach an isolated village and being given fresh coconuts from which to drink the milk, which was most refreshing; attending a Chinese School Children's concert and sitting through four hours of singing and dancing and not understanding a word; swimming in the Gulf of Siam in December, January and February; leave in Hong Kong and a week-end in Bangkok; eating a Chinese meal at a small native sidewalk cafe and watching the teeming population walk by in various styles of dress, very short shorts, sarongs, sampots, pyjamas or western clothes; struggling at learning French; the early long ses-