

And Mog Mog has a real native village. The first one we ever saw. Quaint might be the word for it. A cluster of little huts in a coconut grove, each a one story affair made of coconut trees and thatched with palm leaves. (Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could solve the housing situation at home with a few coconut logs and some palm leaves?). Their floors are raised some two feet above the ground to keep out the rain. They have no doors or windows because they have no solid walls. The space from the ground to the eaves is wide open, closed in with woven palm-leaf curtains only at night and when it rains. Natives - the way they live and dress - do not need the privacy of clothes wearing - 'foreigners'. A great life, no furnace to tend, no washing to do, no servant problem. Just simple people living a simple life. To us who have visited Mog Mog there is one other thing we will never forget. It's the cry of the leather-lunged S.P.'s: "Men of the Bennington lay down to the stockade! Men of the Bennington, THE BENNINGTON, your boat is ready!" Some day we'll probably have an avalanche of words to describe Mog Mog, it's Native Village, it's two cans of beer, and all the rest. But right now we lack the enchantment of memory so we'll just let these words and Ashare's sketch tell you about this part of the saga the Bennington is making, hitting high spots and low.

Sincerely,

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