

the niceties of facilities and formality of eating and reacting. I had always thought of the formal side of living as being an unnecessary and useless commodity of action but now I think it is a function worth developing. Just a case of craving something that you are denied.

The water is always a problem, not because of any lack in quantity or availability, but because of the rough treatment it is forced to undergo - one half an hour boiling and an injection of chlorine doesn't exactly flavor the medium. I mention water because I have always had the best in the world and now find myself drinking a ^{poor} ~~near~~ substitute. A regular and daily pill of atabrine should complete the meal situation. The luxuries include a monthly ration of beer, cigarettes, cigars, soap, (2 pkg razor blades), candies and fruit juices. As I do not use either beer or cigarettes, find it impossible to dispense of my monthly budgeted ^{if set aside} rupees for such luxuries - now if they could only send over a few fried chickens in lieu of my rightful share of beverage and smokes would be more than appreciative of their services. With only a few exceptions this ration is gladly received by all. The officers and nurses, besides this ration I speak of, receive a jungle ration of