

Nov 30 (week to date, Embassy & T-Day, Man showin house)

The last day of training! I thought I'd never see the day. I realized I had been quite remiss in keeping up to date in the Journal. A week has passed and I haven't written. First though I need to review the past week to see where I am at. The training for the rest of the last week was uneventful. We've been getting quite restless to to finish up and ut was quite evident that most of the trainees would've rather been somewhere else.

Somewhere else is where Deb & I went to spend the weekend. We both went down to Kingston to cook for the PC Thanksgiving Day Party. We went on Friday night to begin cooking and by the time we located the P.C. Ofiice, found lodgings fir the night and began to prepare food at the Mutual Life Bldg it was 7:30. We only had use of the building until 8:30. So our assistance that evening was short lived.

We stayed at a volunteers house in Kingston. Her name was Jan and her roommate was gone for the weekend & since their place had been broken into on a few occasions she wanted someone to stay with her. Unfortunately, she had a host of other "roommates" which were in the form of small blackish caterpillars similar to inch worms. There were hundreds in the house which made a peculiar "popping" sound when stepped on. They didn't bite. They weren't th eleast bit aggressive yet it was somewhat unsettling to see these minute creatures creeping along the floors and walls. Jan didn't wear shoes which made the popping noises beneath her feet even more distracting. Fortunately the little beasts were quite harmless. Our mosquito netting tucked beneath the mattress provided plenty of protection from the inquisitive creepers. I slept soundly.

The next day proved busy. We spent hours peeling pre-cooked yams which were slimy & difficult to handle. Since I detest yams in general, the task was less than pleasant. Having survived that ordeal, Deb & I retired to the Pegasus where we were to spend the night. After a brief dip in the pool, we cleaned up and went to the dinner. What a feast! Two heaping plates & about a half a pie later I lay satiated watching the talent show and many drunk trainees stagger about.

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