a recommendation on where not to stay in Ocean City just ask!

Home for a month and a half, before flying off to Salvador de Bahia, Brazil and another international meeting. This is our favorite city in Brazil—the dancing, the music, the food, all special. We love wandering and eating in the old town section—Pelourinho—although we found some new places to eat near our hotel and we have other favorites farther afield. Norm taught an all-day short course on the Sunday preceding the start of the meeting—well attended with about twenty-five participants, both students and professionals. Norm gave two talks here, too.

Vacation time again! We were off to Manaus on the Amazon River. This was a capitol of the rubber barons with a great opera house and grand mansions. The barons and their families were said to have sent their laundry to Paris! We arrived at night and drove off the next morning on the main road (two-lane)generally paralleling the Amazon. After 80 kilometers, we arrived at the town of Rio Preto de Eva and then went on by small boat on the Rio Preto for two hours to the Malocas Jungle Lodge, an ecological lodge on the river, well inside the jungle. There were only two other guests, young women who looked like college students but were actually physicians—one a surgeon—from Trieste. This was a primitive place with running water provided by a not completely reliable pump drawing water from the river—showers were cold, but the food was hot and tasty. No electricity, with minimal light in our bedroom provided by solar power. After lunch, we went off on a hike with our Indian guide, Leandro, a Macuai Indiian who was fabulous. We drank water from a cut of a water vine, ate exotic fruit hidden in pods and learned about the dangers of walking in the jungle: snakes, to be sure, but also poisonous caterpillars, ants with toxic bites and, of course, tarantulas and other unfriendly bugs. Leandro was also a font of knowledge about the medicinal qualities of various herbs. At one point, he picked out a reed and sliced away at it with his machete, ultimately arriving at perfectly formed strips of the outer bark that are woven into the wonderful baskets that are for sale everywhere—his grandfather was a basket weaver. Leandro’s life story is worthy of a Jorge Amado novel; truly amazing but too long for the telling here.

We went fishing (One of the doctors caught a Piranha!) and then swimming in the early evening and then floating on the river in search of alligators. Unfortunately, there was a bright near-full moon and we never spotted any. Next day, a river float, a hike