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Leo Baekeland Diary Volume 39, 1925

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in Annamite [^]~~in Chignon, knotted hair.~~ or Cambodyeon. Not a word superfluous is said nor heard and the trio is a quiet one. The brown men look steady and serious and do not talk together.

We stop at Mytho a town at the end of a little R.R from Saigon. ~~A well built~~ little steel pier and wharf

Embankments of the river well made of stone, pretty shaded small avenue nearby, and gardens of private houses Well trimmed hedges. All very neat and clean. While

Annamites are unloading some

Sampans into our steamer, walked to the

town. Same Chinese shops, but streets

are wide. Same Bananas, Orec-

Palms, Coconuts etc.

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Varda of betel leaves for chewing together with some lime pastel. The lime is tinted pink. Chewing together with ~~arec~~ slices of Orec nuts. Gives all these people swollen lips and mouth, black teeth and a red saliva which they spit out on the floor or in spittoons and which looks like blood. The betel leaves and orch nuts one sees offered for sale or transported everywhere. I cannot imagine ~~how~~ what fun they can find in it. It certainly makes their mouth look hideous Mytho is a little town about 10000 [^]~~habitants~~ and has a lycee or college as they call it here. Some young Annamites about 14-16 years old, in white suits with the insignia of the lycee come aboard and I start questioning them. They are taught French



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