

The next morning at daybreak I was on the road in about 2 minutes after I got out of bed. The convenience of having the prepared lunch ^{also} saved much time. I ate the last sandwich in New Orleans and chewed on the turkey leg thru three states. You did an excellent job planning the quantity and variety of food for this first lap of the expedition. I only wish that you and mother Mailed could take over the job of outfitting the food box at Puerto Barrios.

All the country down to the southern part of Arkansas was familiar to me as I had followed the same route some 4 or 5 years ago. It still has a fascination about it but nothing could hold me there with Guatemala on my mind. As soon as one crosses the border into Louisiana, the character of the country changes. The main things that strike one as being different are, first, the red soils and the cotton and sugar cane growing thereupon. The cotton harvest at this time of year is at a transitional stage - some fields still have cotton which is unpecked but in which the leaves are dead & brown, some fields are being harvested by machines and negroes and other fields are being plowed and ^{are} ready for replanting. Right now there are many negroes who are gleaning the fields, cotton which the machines missed.

Secondly the presence of these unfortunate negro people who live at a very low standard of housing and clothing. The children all seem to be undernourished and could certainly benefit from our many organizations which are shipping all the aid to Europe and other countries. Associated with these negroes are old model T and A Fords which can be identified by a long streamer of smoke trailing behind the slow moving vehicle. In many ways these people act like the natives of India, and especially is the habit of walking along the