

write a book on just this subject. As in India the buildings are either gray or yellow with the paint worn off at the street level. The iron grill work is very delicate and the inside courts well lighted and grown to beautiful flowers. These degenerate peoples are now roosting in buildings which centuries ago were real pieces of art. The streets are so narrow that one car can just fit in the road. The sidewalks are usually about 3 feet wide but in many places only 1 foot wide. When a bus passes by the pedestrian is expected to turn sideways or get hit. There is one feature of these streets that is good and that is that there is always a shady side of the street to walk on. In the more modern sections of town the climate is almost unbearable. The car traffic is fast and some of the main streets really offer a challenge in crossing. Because of the recent elections in Cuba the police force is in full swing - I have never seen so many big men nor so many individual policemen as in Havana. One part of Havana can be compared to Miami beach and has been built up by American capital. Jay and Chris would be interested in a small car which is driven by a battery and used by small children on the streets around ^{some of} the parks. I watched a small group of boys play baseball and instead of having a pitcher the batter throws the ball up himself and then hits it with his hand instead of a club. Baseball is the rage in Havana and every park or field has a team or so playing the game. Some play on parking lots of solid cement.

When I left the ship I was going to find a place to have some letters weighed and then return to have the purser of the ship put the proper amount of stamps on, so after looking up the verb 'to weigh' started out. The first man I met was a taxi driver who could speak