

me leave the castle about a mile away and before I could get to my point of debarkation, he was already there and waiting as he said he would be. Another 30¢ got me back. The Castle still fires a shot from a cannon at 9:00 P.M. every nite - at one time in the distant past as a sign for all people to be off the streets but now signals the beginning of the night life. The more I see of Central American people the more I am of the opinion that night life is there only pastime. My friend Recerra, who so honorably worships women, as the ideas goes,

arrived at the ship on Monday morning, half drunk and with two young prostitutes on each arm. What they say and what they do are two different things. On the other side of the street from the United Fruit Dock where our ship was moored were 6 bars, Chic Club, New Pastores, The Pilot, and three Spanish named places each bar with about 15 room overhead where the young ladies were supposed to take their customers to show them some fine etchings or something. Needless to say, my dear, the car traffic was much too hazardous for me to cross the street! According to most of the passengers on the cruise, they would like to cancel their trip to Guatemala and stay in Havana, apparently the night life is very entertaining and no doubt worth seeing. On Monday the workers completed the unloading of 700,000 tons of freight and sealed up the batches before we departed at 11:00 A.M.

The captain of the ship was telling me that not ago a man, ^{on the ship} was caught by the leg with a rope by the derrick and before the machine could be stopped, was dumped down upon the cement of the wharf below. The ship doctor would not sign the death certificate because, as he claimed, the man was alive when he left the ship! And that aint a joke. Love to all Ganes.