

cake and a custard pudding, the last of which I should not have eaten.

It's raining out again and the musty odor permeates the air. I can begin to appreciate my problems in trapping in the tropical country. According to Holiday the weather should be even better in January.

Tell Jay and Chris and Polly, if she's near, that I have started to collect the different kinds of money in each country. The Cuban money is much like ours except that there is a 20-cent and a 25-cent piece which are the same size.

I just noticed that I will have to move my suitcase as the rain is coming down the walls on the inside of the room and spreading out over the floor. Isn't this country exciting!

*Puerto Barrios, Guatemala*  
*Dec. 2, 1954*

*Left on train at 7:30 A.M. for Guatemala City.*