

I hope that Polly is made to understand that I have not deserted her. Tell Chris that I would like a letter from her, especially some drawings of our house and what she wears, so that I can show them to the little children in Guatemala--and Mother Malseed, let me have a note from you from time to time on the actual state of affairs of the Bee Family--Annette always hides those things that would tend to make me worried while in the field. Of course, Jay will have to write me again if I am to understand exactly what we are to buy. Speaking of guns, Jay, the policemen in Guatemala have rifles that do not look any better than your old Indian rifle.

When I last wrote you, I believe that I had just returned from Bannerera and was awaiting air transportation to Guatemala City. I have never been quite sure that my letters are getting out of Guatemala, as I have mailed them out under very unusual circumstances. If the letter does not carry enough postage, they are just as apt to throw it in the wastepaper basket as not. On December 3, before going down to the airfield in Barrios, I dropped over to see if the car had been unloaded--it had and also it had been inspected! The United Fruit Company guaranteed that it would be delivered to Guatemala City "in bond" but somehow the Great Military and Customs officials found out that there were guns in the car and they turned the equipment upside down. With my packing, there was adequate room left in the car, but by the time they had released the boxes with batts of cotton and pawed through the rest of the things, the car was overflowing. I personally did not