

by plane-the baby arrived three weeks later.

For supper Mrs Elliott served a royal meal compared to our fare of sardines and hard bread. Included in the several courses were potatoes, gravy with the meat, beets, biscuits and butter, blackberry jam, cake, pudding and tea. The native servant served the meal. The cake-pudding was very fancy and while you may have heard of its preparation, it was novel to me. First-she puts the cake batter into the pan. On the top of it she places a chocolate syrup, which, as the cake begins to rise, moves down and under the cake and more or less floats it. It is a really delicious desert. For the blessing we all held hands and sang the doxology ! This was all new to Carlos who had never experienced this sort of formality and probably never eaten with an American family before.

According to Mr. Elliott the native Indians are really taking a beating. They produce the wealth of the land tho share little in it. There is just as wide a separation between the natives and the so called Iguanos or land owners as there is between the English and the Hindus of India. There are certain land owners who have literally stolen the land from the natives, either by legal technicalities or crooked dealing by getting their finger prints on deeds after getting the natives drunk. The Iguanos have brot whiskey into the area for the purpose of degradeing the natives thereby reducing the resistance from them-I found this out when I got permission to collect in Nebaj-the native does not own his farm and does not have any say as to whether we could or could not hunt on his property. The Iguanos control the life of the native and as a result the Iguanos are powerful and in nearly every case, rich.

It is interesting to note the Quiche