

looking back at our camp before continuing the next ten feet. Wherever you look, you see somebody staring at you. If one of them approaches the car, 20 of them follow and in two seconds you are swamped by curious observers-like the sheep crossing a bridge, one leads the rest of the herd follows. These people keep the camp manicured especially ridding it of cans, bits of wire, string and colored paper.

I can now see why the communists did not succeed in their land reforms. The large land owners were relieved of their holdings and the natives were given a share of the land to operate. The natives have little business judgment-at least at this stage of evolution, are incapable of getting their produce to market or shouldering the responsibility of operating a farm. As a result the old land owners are back in power and will probably remain until such a time the natives can be educated to read, write and conduct the business required to operate a farm.

Sleeping in the car is much to be desired. Beginning at daybreak one has full vision of everything that transpires. The windows are as an open book. A tent obscures vision. Many interesting carryings-on are missed.

The country here is much like in Assam except the mountains are higher and the tops of the mountains are a dense rain forest. Greens and yellows predominate. The cultivated areas, much of which is cleared from the forest, are well kept and green. The vistas are beautiful every hour of the day. Fog masses are continually shifting. At one moment you are enshrouded; the next, the view is unobstructed. Early morning is mystical. The entire land is bathed in the evaporation from the fog which continues to rise from the ground. The sun, when it does shine, produces an effect worth a million to Hollywood. At night when the temp. is above 50°, on the ground the glowworms are everywhere.