

Yesterday, I had my second attack of diarrhea. It was unlike the first attack—lasted but one day. I hope in time my immunities will reduce the severity of the attacks. In this instance food was eaten unwisely. Carlos eats the foods so why shouldn't I? Logical isn't it—but, it don't just turn out that way. A small boy brot some fried pork and tortillas. The x'tra cooking I gave them didn't seem to alleviate the condition that caused my trouble. Native bread is about the only food I take a chance with. Except for a contaminated crust, the chances of getting food poisoning from this source is small. Bananas, oranges and other skinned fruits, I eat regardless of source. By-the-way, bananas sell for 1¢ each, oranges 1¢ to 2¢ each, bread rolls are also a cent. These items are surprisingly low. On the other hand, eggs purchased from the natives, are 6¢ each. The Native's prices are low—the store operators have two prices, one of which is about double the other. If you are to be respected, you must argue the price until it is reasonable and competitive. This bargaining seems to be a universal procedure with primitive peoples.

There is one item of food which could be added beneficially to their diet—fish. At Nebaj there are beautiful large creeks, pools, cascades and waterfalls. They lack fish of eatable size. Management of this resource could help materially in their food needs. I have often wondered what would occur if our soaps were used by the natives. It undoubtedly would contaminate their water supply.

Yesterday, I had three kids tie cloth markers above traps on the line. This I presumed would make for good relations between myself and the native population. Today I am missing 32 traps! We also had a similiar experience with some gopher traps set in one of the fields. In the morning the traps were missing. I have learned you cannot be seen setting