

Each Pueblo produces a different impression. At Huchuetenango, the holidays are marked with orderly celebration with people enjoying themselves in a leisurely fashion. Certain groups serve hot drinks and special pastry and candies. The City Center is much like a park on a weekday.

At Totonicapan, which I passed thru on a week day, the streets were packed with mobs of people -each individual standing or walking about sans emotional expression. These people were from the mountains and were too primitive to know just what to do on such an occasion. Again, in some villages drunkenness is the rule.

On X'mas day, I was camped 2 miles south of San Juan Ixcay at an alt. of 9,400 ft.. The Village was several thousand feet below and beyond any casual visit. However, one family appeared in camp to present me with 2 oranges, 5 small tomatoes, one avocado and a fruit of some unknown kind, plus 5 pieces of carmel candy-paper wrapped. This was their X'mas present for me. Everything was eaten except the tomatoes. The carmel or butterscotch candy was on the order of some of my less acceptable makes of candy-but good at that.

On X'mas I tested my capacity to put up skins and ended the holiday with 60 skins which is my record for one day. With each skin, I thot of my family (barbarious-isn't it ?) The nearest I came to the traditional American X'mas was at the home of Ray Elliott's in Nebaj where was a pine tree decorated a la U.S. style. The Ibarra's had a tree without leaves, which had been brightened with conventional drapery plus soap fluff, which, to their sorrow was redistributed about the room by their 3 year old boy. Needless to say, he got much of it in his eyes.

For me, I think I had the most gorgeous X'mas tree in Guatamala-a canopy of clous-forest trees with bright flower stars hanging from their branches -a silence so profound you could almost hear the Bee family some thousand or ²⁰miles away. To add to the environment were temperatures I know you will question-even to my surprise, were lower than Alaska's Artic. At Chemal at 11,030 ft where I had one of my camps, the temp. fell to 12° F. or 20° below freezing. No snow only because it is the dry season-no rain that night. The water froze in the cans, the evaporated milk made good ice-cream and the mice which had been collected froze like icesicles. Fortunately the car had anti-freeze and unfortunately I did not. Even with my two sleeping bags, a wool blanket, a canvas tarp., and all my cloths, I was still cold. Fortunately Carlos had departed for Guat. City for X'mas or we would have both frozen. For one week at these high altitudes the nightly temp-