

eratures ranged from 14 to 16° F. Agriculture was out of the question at these low temperatures. Even the sheep herders choose to remain below 10,000. With little or no interference by man, the extremely high country is primitive and virgin.

There are two zones in Guatamala which suit me best; one as above noted and the other extreme—the lowland jungles. The intervening country has been developed for agricultural purposes and, of course, not suited to my needs.

The high country which is called the Alta Vera Paz is a high and continuous area above 10,000 ft. with many large islands above 11,000 feet. The savannas of the high Uintas and the Kaibab are comparables. As these areas have not been explored, I am not surprised to find new animal life there. With seven stations a transect has been made from the north side of the Sierra del los Cuchmatones to the south side of this critically important range of high mountains. I have over 300 skins, several skeletons and many birds from the area. When we arrive at Guatamala City we will spend mucho tiempo there.

It is interesting to compare the 'altos', cloud forests and pine forests. In the cloud forest, the wind seldom blows. When it does it is of a sporadic nature. Except for the many birds which sing or call continually, the forest is silent. It is always cold except in the sunshine, which, because of the many trees, seldom remains trained on one for more than a few minutes at a time. At night, the silence is occasionally broken by a falling limb or creak of a tree. These forests are like the dense rain forests of the northwest U.S.—Washington—Oregon and like those areas, have large trees—some 10 feet in diameter with the logs and trees covered with mosses and lichens and many epiphytes growing from the branches. In many respects the lichens and mosses are like those of the Arctic.

In the pine forests the winds seems to blow continually and the soft murmur of the trees has a soothing effect. The birds or at least those that sing are few in number compared to the cloud forests. In the high country, the winds are erratic and harsh.

Of all the 'wildlife' in Guatamala, the people are the most interesting—in one way or another. The further one penetrates the backward areas the more one finds the natives have the impression that I am a communist. I don't think these peoples have been brot up to date on the change of their government. To date, they have broken two windows, scratched the car, written ten words of communism on the car, stole 130 traps, a flash light and any thing else they could get their hands on.