

vehicles but at the same time could realize considerable money from the services they supply in portaging. I do believe the government thought I had more designs on the cave than just the bats. The terminal of the road proved to be one of the most annoying camps I have ever made but at the same time the most informing. You can feature a wide space in the road in the canyon where a truck could turn around and two huts. There was no other place to park than in the hot sun at this turntable. At 4:00 A.M. in the morning, people would come in to wait for the bus (trucks) which left at nine o'clock. They wanted to be sure of getting standing room in the vehicle. Well from the time I awoke in the morning until the bus left I had 15 or 20 onlookers - people peering into the car while I dressed, prepared my breakfast and skinned the animals. Then from about 10 o'clock to 12 o'clock I had cargo carriers, pack train drivers and other people who could not get on the bus, and the regular families that lived in the two huts, always at the car. In this hot climate working in the car is different but when 20 people block off the windows and doors with as many heads, the inside becomes unbearable! - people sneezing, coughing, sneezing, expectorating continually and emitting unpleasant odors. I have discovered that the native Chique people spit more than the Guatemalans, no doubt because of their language which uses more parts of the mouth and vocal apparatus. After they spit all morning and blow their noses on the ground, the little children from the huts