

spend the rest of the day playing in the dirt where these people have stood. When the bus returns

around noon with about 60 more people I go through the same reeding. It is remarkable how these small children at the huts saw carry on conversations with either the natives or the spanish people. This wide space in the road also made an excellent place for the herds of pigs to stop enroute. Usually they tied two pigs together by their hind legs which kept them partly immobilized on the other side of the road - 15 feet away - but by morning most of the pigs would be sleeping against the tires on the car. Between the pigs, dogs, cats, chickens, asses, horses, cows and more pigs, I had a terrific time keeping skeleton material around or unskinned animals which I normal keep outside and under the car where it was cool. The people in the hut had a good racket - they grazed their chickens around the car where the chicken fed continuously on flesh of rats & bats and then they would sell me the eggs at 5¢ a piece, I didn't object eating rat made eggs but I did object to the price! I think in my 12 days at this spot I saw more of Guatemala than at any other place - every conceivable kind of produce, real primitive natives from the east, every possible character in the passengers who travelled between the east & Coban, drunk men and women by the scores, diseased ones, although exceptionally few, fights, ^{or} many different kinds of costumes, some