

sent to them so that they can send it to their children in the states. Berchard gave me two bags of peanuts before I left which I am still chewing on.

Berchard is a good contact because he can place me with missionaries in Peten - a part of Guatemala that is difficult to work because of its unaccessibility, also he is a good man to know in times of political trouble. He told me that 2 of his missionary - young women - were driving down from the states in a new car and that I was to help them if they passed by - these young people were both from Kansas. It seems like 90% of the people I meet are from that state. On the way back from Salama I had nothing but cold rains and as a result my collecting dropped from 30 a day to 25 a day! These high mt. passes are always in misty clouds or rain. At Motagua valley which is the lowest area I have tested I could stem until about noon and then the animals started to spoil. On arrival I expected to camp by the bridge along the cool river but someone had started a fire on someone else's property and the pueblo was up in arms so I continued on for a few blocks up the canyon and made a hot-dusty-roadside camp. You can always tell when the people are in trouble. This was the last stop before Guat. City.

Stayed at Ibarra's home which was against my better judgment but a necessary political move. I cannot understand how so intelligent a people can ignore the simple rules of sanitation. Their neglect has produced ill effect on the baby and I am sure both of the parents suffer from intestinal troubles. They eat like wild dog as if they had to supply the fauna as well as the body. For instance I asked Mrs. Ibarra if the milk was pasteurized and she didn't know. Every morning a man brings a bucket of milk and a dipper which he transfers a quart or so to another pail supplied by Ibarra. Oranges are purchased from natives who peddle them from door to door. These oranges are cut into two halves without washing and then are squeezed for juice. All the outside germs are carried into the juice. Lettuce is used without washing, fresh vegetables diced without being cooked, the water is used from the top which is a risky proposition. All the bread and biscuits are purchased from dirty crummy peddlers. There are no screens to keep mosquitoes out, Jorge's feces remain in the patio until someone steps on it, the toilet is like a service station room - the toilet doesn't work, the kitchen is filthy - charcoal pit for stove, rough surface for preparing food and hard to keep clean, open garbage can.

I must eat & drink the things they serve or it embarrasses them. Their favorite dessert is ~~ice~~ ice cream, purchased from a store around the corner, ice cream made from I don't know what. Every time I leave their home I have a little touch of intestinal disorder for a day or two. The servant is a native girl which I wouldn't trust for health - she completely plows and prepares all meals - in fact they work her like a dog - from daybreak to late at night. She gets up in the morning and cleans the house, washes cloths and prepares breakfast, washes breakfast dishes, more washing, dresses the young boy, prepares dinner, washes dishes, more cloths, irons, prepares supper, washes dishes, makes beds etc. She not only prepares