

danger, or into more danger. When I first went over to the river and stood on the edge, the whole surface became agitated and millions of silver fish about 5 inches long jumped out of the water and race upstream on the surface, and I mean the entire top surface of the river was boiling with fish. With these

millions of fish I thought it would be an easy matter to catch one by hook, but try as I did, was only able to get three or four in about an hour. While they appear to be living recklessly I found them to be highly intelligent, in a protective sense, and just as educated as the sunfish at Patters Lake! The dozen of different kinds of herons, kingfishers etc, did not seem to have any difference.

At camp I had one of those annoying boys (12 years) who hid around camp all the time, sitting in your seat, getting into everything with more than curiosity alone. Just before he left I asked him to dump out his pockets which he did and which I reclaimed;

1 watch, pair scissors, three traps, spool of thread, wire, mosquito repellent, 75¢ which may or may not have been his, 6 shot gun shells, 4 twenty two shells, and several pieces of cotton. It was after I missed my scissors that I suspected the boy. Ordinarily they stand by the article and watch your eyes every second and when the moment arrives - the disappearing act takes place.

At Amatitlan Lake I had to reclaim 3 traps from a man that visited camp before daybreak. Nice people these Guatemaltecos. I don't know what there is about a mouse trap but they will take one whenever they see one.

Took 2 photos of the scene. Will write from Chiquimulilla.

Love to all the family - James.