

and hunted with the spotlight after dark along the way. This trip remains as one of the most unusual experiences that I have had in Guat. If we ever come to Guat. we will surely have to make one of these canoe trips down one of the many rivers that flow through jungle lands.

From Chomperico lands I drove to the highest ^{extensive} mass of upland in Guat. north of San Marcos: To get there I directed by misinformed people who led me a merry chase over some of the most impossible roads in the country. I gave two different people rides - the best road was always in the direction that they wanted to go and as a result I got into some

pretty bad country. The woodmen are cutting down the fine forests in the high lands - their activity reminds me of termites - slow but continuous and effective. I have found a keen correlation between the condition of a road and the condition of the buses that use the road. By observing the buses in the pueblos I can tell which roads are the best or worst. Buses that travel the bad roads use have differential movement in every connection - the hood goes up and down, the fenders in a different direction and the bumper dances like in all directions. To meet these buses on the road reminds one of a hula-hula dances.

From San Marcos I went to the scenic spot in Guat - Atitlan Lake. As at Chomperico I camped on the sandy beach of the most seclusive part of the lake. Hanging from the cliffs above me was the summer home of a Mr Samuel Greene of the United States. This home is really a dream house. It is 75 feet above the water with almost perpendicular slopes on either side. The approach is made by a long stone and