

West Indies Journal, Vol. III

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[[preprinted]] 10 [[/preprinted]]

that". Whereupon the cook began her protestations of loyalty, and vowed she never would have thought of playing her master such a low trick.

"Very well", said the man. "If you are as honest as you say you are, you wont mind my asking the fish to tell me how much you paid for it." To this the cook readily assented. "Fish", said the man.

"Yes sir", replied the fish.

"How much did this woman pay for you".

"A six pence", replied the fish.

At this the astounded woman fell on her knees and begged for mercy. "The fish do speak the truth", she wailed, and with fear and trembling she vowed that in the future she would be an honest woman

Either I'm more English than the English, or else Mr Urich never got to the end of his story, for thus it ended, and I'm certain there should have been a story teller's denoument. Maybe no point was intended but I would surely say ventrilloquism.

In the latter part of the evening we got around to the subject of authors and Urich proudly exhibited to us a

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[[preprinted]] 11 [[/preprinted]]

recently received letter from Beebe. It also appears that Ditmars. . . . whom I had to admit I ^[[insertion]] had [[/insertion]] never heard of before that evening - and another fellow were down here and visited Urich. They then described his menage in one of their articles, taking many liberties for the sake of the story. A few days later I noticed the review of a recent book by William Bridges and Raymond L. Ditmars entitled, "Snake Hunter's Holiday". This is supposed to be all about vampire bats, and bushmasters in Trinidad and British Guiana.

As I said before, I noticed a good many Chinese articles in the Adamson house, but she assures me that they were bought in California, and were not purchased in the local stores. It seems their collections here are rather poor.

[[double underlined]] Thursday, November 21, 1935 [[/underlined]] This was rather uneventful. I spent a great deal of it reading the new Cosmopolitan I bought. I did go to town just to look around but saw little of importance

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