growing areas, and the parts where rice and fruit—oranges, pineapples, mangoes and guavas—grew. In places the countryside seemed a patchwork of Indian corn, yams, cassava and sweet potatoes. The children saw that the main roads did not go far inland. Mr. Baird told them that there were other roads and tracks in the heart of the country.

Tess cried out in delight as they swooped over a lagoon covered with lovely water-lilies. The Glenella droned on, above tall trees covered with rare orchids and trailing vines. Once a flock of macaws and parrots rose suddenly in the air like a cloud of many colours.

"If the Glenella were to crash into the forest below we might find ourselves in strange company," remarked Mr. Baird. "Perhaps we should meet a big baboon, or an armadillo."

Soon Daddy made a careful landing near a sugar estate. Here the children saw fields of young sugar-cane planted in rows. Men were cutting and heading the mature canes. Mules were towing barges loaded with canes along a transport canal to the near-by factory. The canes were hauled by crane on to a moving platform, and so carried to the
factory. In the factory the children saw the sugar-canines being crushed to extract juice. They learned that a third of the wage-earners in British Guiana were in some way connected with the production of sugar.

As Peter and Tess walked by the transport canal a worker asked them if they would like a ride on a barge of sugar-canines. This, thought the children, was a great adventure. "I've ridden on hay-carts and wheat-loads, but never before on a sugar-load," Peter said to this new friend, an East Indian.

After lunch Mr. Baird joined the Flynns in the seaplane trip from Georgetown to the Kaieteur Fall. As the seaplane took off Mr. Baird explained to Peter and Tess that a series of plateaux rises like a giant's stairway to the edge of Venezuela, and as the rivers plunge down that stairway to the sea they make some remarkable falls. "The Kaieteur Fall, on the Potaro, has a clear drop of 741 feet," he said. "I think it is the grandest picture in the world. After seeing the Kaieteur you will never be able to forget British Guiana."

"'Kaieteur' is a funny name to remember," Tess said.