

EDWARD C. BLUM, *President*
 WALTER H. CRITTENDEN, *Chairman*
 PHILIP NEWELL YOUTZ, *Director*

BROOKLYN MUSEUMS

CHILDREN'S MUSEUM
 185 Brooklyn Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Anna Billings Gallup, *Curator*

CENTRAL MUSEUM, EASTERN PARKWAY, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

TELEPHONE, NEVINS 8-5000

CABLE ADDRESS, BROOKMUSE

October 9, 1935

Mr. David Amram
 Feasterville, Pa.

Dear Mr. Amram:

This matter of transferring dates from the Mexican to Christian years is a somewhat difficult one and I cannot go into it in detail. However, I will say this: that the year 8 Rabbit was named after the day 8 Rabbit which occupies the first position in the month Toxcatl. The difficulty comes from the fact that at the time of the coming of the Spaniards Toxcatl was not actually the first month of the Mexican year. The beginning of the year had been advanced to Atlacualco. Before this month were placed the five days called nemontemi. These five days, together with the 18 months of 20 days each, made up a period of 365 days and no interpolation of any kind was made in this record to satisfy the extra quarter of a day which we adjudicate by the use of a leap year day. As a result, the Mexican year recedes in our calendar by the rate of the leap years which we interpolate.

Personally, I use Goodman's table which gives the 52 varieties of the Maya year and transcribes Mexican dates into Maya ones by a process which may be confusing to a person not used to manipulating the Central American calendar; that is, the first position of the Maya year 0 Pop is equivalent to the Mexican 1 Tlaxochimaco which in 1521 corresponded with the first day of August, Gregorian Calendar. The calendar for the first ten months of the Maya year from Pop to Yax coincide with the Mexican ones with 0 Yax equalling 1 Izcalli on January 28, 1521. Then come the five days of the nemontemi which cause an offset of five days in the correspondence of Maya and Mexican years, that is 0 Zac, the 11th month of the Maya year was February 17th in 1521, while 1 Atlacualco was February 22nd. The position 1 Toxcatl then becomes equal to 4 Muan on May 13, 1521. The Maya 5 day period (Uayeb) comes just before Pop.

Perhaps the best thing would be for you to make a table for the year 8 Rabbit by putting the day 8 Rabbit = 1 Toxcatl. I add a chart showing the relation of the Mexican year bearers to their civil years.

Nemontemi (5 days)	begins	1 House
1 Atlacualco	begins	6 Rabbit
2 Tlacaxipehualiztli	begins	13 Rabbit
3 Tozoztontli	begins	7 Rabbit
4 Uei Tozoztli	begins	1 Rabbit
5 Toxcatl	begins	8 Rabbit = "Year bearer"
6 Etzalqualiztli	begins	2 Rabbit
7 Tecuilhuitontli	begins	9 Rabbit
	etc.	

Position of the Year bearers

Year 13 Rabbit	13 Rabbit 1 Toxcatl =	May 14, 1518
Year 4 Rabbit	4 Rabbit 1 Toxcatl =	May 13, 1522
Year 8 Rabbit	8 Rabbit 1 Toxcatl =	May 12, 1526

Position of the calendarial New Year

Day 11 Rabbit	11 Rabbit 1 Atlacualco	February 23, 1518
Day 2 Rabbit	2 Rabbit 1 Atlacualco	February 22, 1522
Day 6 Rabbit	6 Rabbit 1 Atlacualco	February 21, 1526

Very sincerely yours,

Herbert J. Spinden

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Curator of Prehistoric and Primitive Art

HJS:NH

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CABLE ADDRESS, BROOKMUSE

October 15, 1935

Mr. David W. Amram
 Feasterville, Pa.

Dear Mr. Amram:

You are right in a way. But there is an explanation. I probably made the two transcriptions at different times by a slightly different method and then failed to check up for consistency. My real interest was in the data on Venus.

Practically, the Aztec calendar was not a good method for precise chronology. Their years run in cycles of 52 and the cycles are not distinguished. Their dates are a named day in a named year but there are 260 named days and 365 positions in a year so we often find the named day in two places in the year. Actually the Aztecs did not fix a date by its place in a month like the Mayas. The few such references are post-Spanish and put down because the Spanish priests followed their natural line of association. The Aztec "months" were named after 18 feasts which fell on the last days of 20 day periods, often with a culminating sacrifice to the rising sun. Etymologically the Aztec day names have about the same meanings as the Maya ones but this is not true of the months. Some of them are descriptive names of the feasts.

Toxcatl seems to have been selected in 1168 when the year 1 Knife begins the Toltec era. When Atlacualco was chosen I do not know but Toxcatl remained a most important festival. Atlacualco may not have been the first month of the civil year in all parts of Mexico: in Guatemala it is Tlacaxipehualiztli. But at any rate it is fully demonstrated that the Mexican year bearer occupied the position 1 Toxcatl, and 7 Calli (House) 1 Toxcatl = 7 Akbal 6 Muan by etymologically equivalent day names.

In general practice I convert the Aztec dates into the Maya calendar in this fashion but there is a one day, or part of a day, discrepancy which causes trouble. Here I seem to have transcribed the dates in the year 7 House by the Maya method and the dates in the year 8 Rabbit by

the Aztec method--an error on my part, of course. But it may only mean a difference of 12 hours for the Maya day 4 Ik 0 Uayeb, for instance, is correlated with August 7, 1474, because the day began at sunset August 6 and ran to sunset August 7. (Our day begins at midnight and runs to midnight). The Aztec day 4 Ehecatl (Wind) began at sunrise August 6 and ran to sunrise August 7 and can therefore be equated with August 6. The heliacal rising of Venus occurs just before sunrise in the middle of a Maya day and at the end of a Mexican one.

7 House 1 Toxcatl = 7 Akbal 6 Muan { May 24 Aztec
May 25 Maya

12- 6- 0- 0- 0, 6 Ahau 3 Zac March 2, 1477
4- 0- 0- 0
12- 5-16- 0- 0, 9 Ahau 3 Ceh year 20 in Goodman 1473
3- 3
12- 5-16- 3- 3, 7 Akbal 6 Muan May 25, 1473

1273 = 0 Pop on August 12 223
6 Muan 286
509
365
144 = May 25, 1473

12- 5-16- 3- 3, 7 Akbal 6 Muan
2-18
12- 5-16- 6-1, 13 Imix 4 Cumhu = July 22, 1473

Now as to 4 Ik:

12- 5-16-12- 2, 4 Ik 0 Xul (still in the year 7 House)
13- 0 { August 6 Aztec
12-15-17- 7- 2, 4 Ik 0 Uayeb = { August 7 Maya

Of course one should be consistent, but this is sometimes difficult. In itself the ancient Maya calendar and the numbers of days recorded between dates are perfectly consistent. The Maya year-bearers are Kan, Muluc, Ix and Canac defined as 1 Pop (First of Pop) but in the old calendar they fall on 2 Pop, really the third day in ancient usage for then they had a 0 Pop position.

I hope this will solve your difficulties. But I give you warning, my calculations are pretty certain to contain some errors. I haven't much time and I am bad at arithmetic.

Very sincerely,
H. J. Spinden

Herbert J. Spinden
Curator of Prehistoric and Primitive Art

HJS:NH

Tenosique
March 14th

Re side trip to Palenque

Dear Father,

This typewriter has had an attack of something or other so that the letters do queer things at times. Probably due to the fact that it has rained in tropical style for the past six days which if you might ask me is something to see. During the time mentioned we have proceeded nobly up the Usumacinta in the 80 foot Simbad, have ridden to Palenque village and spent three days riding thru the rain drenched forest to the really magnificent ruins at Palenque, set at the foot of ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ a mountain and covered to a great extent with dense tropical vegetation. Great ~~xxxx~~ mahogany trees struggling upwards with liana and orchidaceous vines clinging to them in one great tangled mass. We left the Simbad last Monday at the village of Montecristo, now, since the ascendancy of Garrido in Tabasco, Ameliano Zapata, not an attractive change. It had been clear and in the morning we mounted our horses and packed our mules for the trip. Our guide was a cousin of the big boss of the village, Hasso by name and accordingly was on time, a most unusual thing that embarrassed us since we had expected that he would be some two hours late, as is customary, and had not packed. We got off at noon for the ride of 14 leguas, an indeterminate distance, being the amount of ground a ~~good~~ mule can cover in one hour and of course varying with the topography and condition of the trail. In other words a possible trip of seven hours. The sun shone on us in fine style and going thru the forest was hot. Numerous howler monkeys disturbed by the passage of our troop grunted their disgust, the sound being somewhat that of a lion howling at mealtime. Green and red parrots squaked overhead and countless other varied colored birds darted before our phlegmatic steeds. The road, which is considered passable for a motor when in good shape alternated between grassy savannahs and dense forest, past poverty stricken fincas, or ~~xxxxxxxx~~ ranches. We halted several times in the cool shade making slow time. The animals were accustomed to go at a slow trot forcing one to ride a la mexicano, sitting slumped in the saddle and bouncing up and down on the well known cocyx (spelling) At five we still had six leguas to go but the heat had knocked the girls so that we had to walk practically all the way in. The sun set at six and since there is practically no twilight in the tropics it was dark quickly. We had flashlights and I, riding ahead several times saw red and green eyes staring into the light of the lamp, at one time a great brown lizard scuttled away in front of my horse after fixing a pair of bloodred eyes on me. The forest was quite still and there was no wind. Riding far ahead of the others I had a feeling of great elation as my horse moved ahead monotonously past dim shapes of trees and bush with all the possible life of this part of the world lying hidden there. At times a night flying bird ~~was~~ swoop noiselessly down upon us otherwise it was as passing thru a fantastic scene populated with all the mystery of the romantic jungle. The softly shining stars and in the distance over the savannahs the dim outline of the hills at whose feet lay the village of Palenque. And finally the barking of dogs announced the cluster of palm thatched huts that is the village and we rode in, tired and stiff after the ten hours in the saddle. Water, that is water fit to drink without possibility of danger, is scarce and we ordered beer in great quantity, there were only 26 bottles in the town, and downed it in great gulps. It was warm but tasted grand. And then we swung our hammocks in the one room hotel. The one bed was occupied by the two girls and the three of us slept in that handy article of rest. Incidentally Dr. Mason was not with us having to stay in Frontera and arrange our permits for the equipment which was quite late in coming in the usual Mexican style. It began to rain during the night, a heavy shower that beat upon the roof with great fury. The hotel boasted a tin roof and the racket even drowned out the noise of the various dogs, cattle, fowls that felt the urge during the night to perform their vocal villanies. It is a strictly agricultural community, formerly known as Santo Domingo, after the patron saint who has, of course been rudely evicted. And of course when ~~the~~ one rooster awakes under your window and does his stuff all the others copy his example. The schedule ran something as follows, Roosters from 12 to 12,30 Dogs, irregular but usually from 1 to 2 silent period observed out of respect to the unknown traveler from 2 to 3.30 Roosters at 4 sharp Cows and calves at from 4.30 to 5, with a slight touch of horses and pigs and at 5.30 a general uprising of humans and that's that. Now you can get an idea as to the power of the rain fall that can drown out such a confused mingling of sounds, all within a stones throw of the sleeper. I might also add a general assortment of more delicate and personal sounds emanating from lizards in the roof, wood rats and birds that took refuge from the deluge. In general, it was not quiet. Came the dawn and more rain but we sat down to breakfast under the guidance of Don Manuel, a dirty white bearded old gent with two teeth that showed themselves under the insistence of a crazy cracked laugh. A little hard of hearing with an inexhaustible supply of saliva that he shot with great force onto the hard floor at all ~~the~~ times. Smoking really tasty cigars that he made on the spot. A breakfast of coffee made from roasted corn, frijoles, tortillas, eggs and meat. The three lads decided to go the ruins which are one hour away, or rather two leguas, despite the rain which was something terrific. So off we went with our faithful Gonzales leaving the two girls behind. Within ten minutes we were soaked thru and well plastered with the mud that the horses threw behind them as they struggled thru the heavy muddy trail, at times two and three feet deep in slithering

slime. That is not fair though because even tho it is muddy it has the fresh clean smell of the forest. The trail goes up and down thru the hills and thru real dense forest, soaked and dripping vegetation, brilliant orchids and flowering trees in indescribable confusion. A rushing stream in the trail and rain loosened trees half over the path and times blocking it completely so that we had to cut a passage with machetes. Finally higher and higher and then up a very steep rocky climb, that took all the intelligence of the horses for its negotiation, to a small level spot, an artificial embankment by the side of the beautiful rushing mountain stream that runs past the ruins at this point. The main part of the ruins, that is the part that has been excavated to some extent and kept cleared by the government is at this location. A fine thatched hut houses the caretaker a finely built Indian who sticks closer than a leech while one goes about the ruins. We were the first visitors in some 6 weeks and he was very glad to see us. It was still raining hard but we did not mind at all. You don't get cold in this rain. From the hut the first of the temples could be seen, the least interesting but still a great kick for me. A ruined mass of stone and masonry on a rather small cuyo. Then thru the forest to the real thing. In one comparatively small section, the astounding palace of the governor, the temples of the sun, foliated cross, cross and the sepulchre lying at the foot of the great cuyo that supports the temple of the cross. And as far as the eye could see to the north a great green carpet, stretching all the way to the gulf in a one unbroken mass. To the south the mountain rises abruptly. The town is set on the side of the cerro with an innumerable number of streams coursing thru it. The first impression is not wonder at the architecture but admiration for the courageous peoples who lived in this lovely place, cleared and kept it cleared of the great quick growing masses of vegetation. I would not attempt to describe the buildings, you know all about them already. But I must say that I stood in front of the temple of the sun for an hour at least, my own guide, one of the caretakers sons, squatting quietly at some distance but watching me carefully. The temple faces the south east and is in excellent condition. It rests on a cuyo some 50 feet high and directly across from the temple of the foliated cross. Between these two is a cleared grassy spot. It took little imagination to reconstruct the scene, The sun rising over the mountain at a fixed date and striking his image, sheltered by the lovely inner temple and flanked by two priests, without the temple the living priests plunging their Klint knives into the hearts of the victims tied to the great altar which must have been directly in front of the temple and offering up the sacrifice to the fantastically sculptured god. The common people grouped about on the plain below, the noble families on the steps and the governor himself near the sacrificial stone. Then general rejoicing and celebration, feasting and drinking and return to the old tasks. To see the sculptured cement, with its dates and hieroglyphs, the priests fixed forever in attitudes of supplication and offering and the grim god himself staring out impassively is unbelievably impressive. It transcends all imagination. The altar is gone and some of the interior is ruined but the inner temple and the sculpture that it protects are still in good condition. Simply to touch them is thrilling. It is unnecessary to say anything as trite as "What a commentary etc.,," It is a lovely site, why when and who may probably never be answered. And so we returned thru the pouring rain to the village again. The next day the girls went out and I stayed at the village since my clothes had not even begun to dry and I didn't want to spend the day soaked again. I spent the day profitably exercising my Spanish on the village aristocracy and inspecting the old church built by the conquistadores and of course now unoccupied. It has been spared the pain of hearing children recite their lessons in it. It was all an anticlimax to the day before and although of itself interesting failed to hold the attention that it deserved. The village itself lies right at the foot of the cerros that later become the great cordilleras of Guatemala, it is a lovely location, with plenty of good water, cattle and corn. Our accommodations although comparatively very expensive were at the rate of 3.80 pesos a day for everything per person. The trip over, including six horses and one mule, plus the guides services was 75 pesos for five days or 15 pesos apiece. the peso at 40 cents!!!!

The rain continued during the night and by morning had done a thorough job. Again the three male members left together so that the girls might have a days rest before starting the long ride back on the following day. We had had a telegram from Mason saying that he would be Zapata late Saturday night, so this was our last day. The trail was in lousy condition following the heavy rains as we swung thru it again. However the rain had quit somewhat and was merely quietly dripping thru the dense foliage. The smells of earth and damp vegetation plus the more delicate odors of flowers combine to add to the loveliness of the trip, rain or no rain. Once again my horse picked his way carefully thru the mud and up the steep rocky trail. The guide at the ruin promised something special and it was all of that. He and his son took us up the steep slope above the cleared part of the ruin, hacking a path thru the bush, up and up, hot heavy going thru wet vines covered with nasty thorns that dug right in to ones hands. Suddenly he stopped and there before us and not ten feet away, tho hardly discernible thru the tangled mass of trees and vines that covered it, was a ruined building. A sight much more impressive than that of the cleared cuyos, a more vivid testimonial to the power of nature. It had been found by Blom in 1927 and we were the first persons to see it since that time. A multichambered building with remains of a roof comb and apparently no glyphs, populated with bats and, so the Indian said, the home of jaguars and other jungle folk. None of them were at home in the dark passages. Then down thru the forest again and after a long walk along a stream our guide brought us suddenly to a stela, perfectly blank, some ten feet high and resting on a subterranean

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aqueduct that brogght a stream to light some fifty feet below it. A marker of some kind on what appeared to be a stone road carried over the aqueduct. It was getting late tho and our guide warned us to get back, since it would be easy to go ~~ask~~ in the forest at night. So back we went to the village turned in, got up at four AM and rode back to Zapata the next day, that night. last night, there was a great baile in honor of Governor Garrido himself. He had heard some how that I was a radio man and had me come to his boat lying in the river to put his radio in order. His men had been doing their best but could not even hook it up. I hooked it up but couldn't get it to work. It had been repaired recently and in shipment porbably broken again. He is the absolute boss here, a ruthless individual from all accounts but amiable enough at the moment. He has been in powere for some time and rules with an iron hand, a heavy set man, about forty or fortyfive, ruddy skin and bloodshot eyes and a rather cruel smile. He thanked me for trying to fix it and wished us good luck at Piedras Negras, And so off on the Simbad at midnight and arriving here at Tenosique in the morning, We will leave here the day after tomorrow, go up the river to San Jose in native dugouts, the weather permitting and then into camp on muleback. Mail will take about three weeks on the average to reach me. I have received nothing yet but did not expect any news, we have heard no news except vague rumors of this and that, since the first of March, I expect to get the radio in order when we get into camp but I have very little inte rest in the outside world at present. One gets that way here in a short time.

Well, adios, love,,,,, and don't forget to send everything by air mail it takes at least a week longer by regular mail,

Belated Birthday greetings to Philip and love to all..... You probably won't hear from me again for two weeks,,,,,

David Jr,

Fama cigarretes packed with creolin in the same box-- result odorous

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Piedras Negras,,
Saturday
March 19th

Dear Father

We have arrived, the radio has been set up and has worked very well, providing some news and music from the states. But the main point is that we have arrived after a rather hard trip. We left Tenosique early Thursday morning and instead of getting aboard those rather ancient hayburners, the mules, got into a cayuca, a native dugout, with an outboard motor chugging away behind and started up the Usamacinta for San Jose. There were no less than twelve of us and all our personal baggage, except trunks, in the narrow twentyfoot mahogany log. We sat side by side and close together for some three hours as the engine labored up the swift current at the speed of three miles per hour, scaring any number of water birds and iguanas into great activity. The river winds crazily above Tenosique and enters the mountains thru a narrow gorge right below Santa Margarita, once a proud lumber center. A large amount of the equipment had been sent up previously in cayucas and we picked out some food for the trip in. About an hours travel above the village we came to the main rapids. Fred Parris and I got out with all the baggage while the others went up the lower stretch of fast water. The river is quite narrow at this point. You may look up the pictures of the river in the National Geographic, dealing with the Madeira trip, there is one of this part of the river. Fred and I took in the river, a cool refreshing swim, enlivened by the nibbling of great numbers of little fish. We were careful to do a bit of splashing since there are a few alligators in these parts. The boat came back and picked us up and we went thru the fast water between great overhanging cliffs of white limestone almost vertical and some 500 feet above the waters edge. The boat went as far as it could make it and then the fun began. There were great boulders on either side of the boiling water and we clambered up on them took hold of ropes and pulled as hard as we could. The old riverman and his son stayed in the craft and helped by poling and shoving away from the rocks but it was some pull. We were soaked with sweat and tired after hauling it thru the three hundred feet of rocky rushing water. Then we had to carry all the baggage overland over the rough and slippery rocks to a point above where the water was still fast but navigable. We all piled in again and the motor began its tough job again. At times we made no headway at all but our experienced riverman manouevered and sideslipped the unwieldy craft up to the shore at San Jose. We arrived there just as it was getting dark but a good moon showed us the landing place on the shore. There is nothing at San Jose but a lean-to, It is the abandoned end of a railroad that was used to haul out lumber years ago. Now its narrow tracks over which mules hauled the trees are rusted and covered with vegetation. Our chinese cook, Luiz, made supper and we swung hammocks in the clearing under a lovely moonlit sky. Howler monkeys greeted us from the treetops and night hawks swooped down over us, the noise of the rapids in the distance and the night sounds of the forest were all about us and we slept. In the morning the sky looked bad, low grey clouds scurrying in from the north, the direction from which comes those nasty four and five blows known as northers. But the gods were with us, our mules arrived after their overland trip over the muddy trail from Tenosique and we started off thru the forest. The trip was pretty tough going, steep and rather muddy, hot and humid. This part of the forest is the real stuff. Looks just like you would expect the jungle to look. Great mahogany trees literally covered with vines, the brush so dense that you can see only a few feet into it. Hot and humid with a most intriguing smell with myriads of birds and brilliantly colored butterflies to add to a colorful background that needs nothing to brighten it up. Parrots, macaws and toucans scurried by shrieking the alarm and occasional a crashing in the trees over head told of the passing of a troppe of monkeys, one little brown howler was so mad he just stood up in his tree and shook the branches with all his strength. The road has been widened to permit the bringing out of the stelae and runs fairly straight thru the forest. There are no huts at all and the Guatemala line is passed without ceremony. The line is at a place called Tres Champas, or three huts but all that is there is a clearing overgrown and a tumbledown lean-to. Dr mason, Fred and I arrived in camp an hour before the others hot and tired, after seven hours in the saddle. It certainly looked and felt good to be here. Really we all have had so little rest that it will take a couple of days to get straightened up. We had a grand wash and swim above the rapids and looked around for the first time. (My typewriter is getting soggy and soggy tonight and the paper is feebly and damply hanging on, its pretty muggy just now, these keys feel like they were made of putty). Today we took a ramble walk thru the ruins, saw the stelae lying on the ground. You have all that from Maler. The city is quite large in extent but not anyway near as impressive at first sight as Palenque. The men were started at their clearing jobs but everyone was pretty tired so we all called it a day early and settled to putting things to rights in camp. I have to hurry this off for the Arrieros, who are taking the mules back to Tenosique at four tomorrow and I must confess I don't feel much like letter writing. All the others have gone to bed and I am going to go and do likewise right away. Wherefoe adios and I'll write again soon. Mail will be very uncertain from here, communication with the rest of the world is very poor which has both its advantages and disadvantages, so

Thats all for the present, lovingly
David Jr,

(6)
March 22nd,

Dear Father,

Times of departure of mail being as uncertain as they are and not knowing when Esparsa our arriero will return from San Jose to collect mail I am just writing as the spirit moves me.

The camp has been graced by the presence of two beings. One a gorgeously colored macaw that we bought on Sunday from a party coming down the river and the other a large iguana that I shot down on the rivers edge and which provided a tasty meal last night. The meat is rather greasy and somewhat gamey, tastes something like turtle. It took me some two hours to find him, since the limestone rocks are full of holes for the great lizards to hide in and besides they are the same color as the rocks. That coupled with the fact that they only come out and sit on the rocks in the heat of the day makes it pretty fair work to get one, but they are well worth the trouble.

Our hut has been repaired. Fred Parris and I are living together most amiably in the hut nearest the kitchen, with the result that it doesn't take long for us to get up once the cook, Luiz, has become active. A large number of vari-colored little lizards have set up housekeeping with us and are busily engaged in keeping the flies and spiders under control. We sleep in cots, with the added luxury of mattresses, all covered with a great pabillon, mosquito netting, which is large enough to cover everything and permit the air to circulate. There are surprisingly few insects running around, but at night the mosquitos are pretty well on the job. They don't buzz though which is a consolation and their bites ~~xxxxxxx~~ stop itching after a short while. There are also little jiggers and the everpresent garrapada, the tick, who really is a most unpleasant fellow. However they only hang around where animals have been so the thick bush is free of them. They are a fastmoving louse that attaches himself with great persistence to your skin. You have to pull him loose and then the skin is quite sore for a few days later. After all our horseback trips, to the ruins at Palenque and into camp, we had to have complete inspections for the little devils.

The camp itself has a lovely location. It is situated some forty feet above the normal level of the river, as a necessary precaution since in the October floods of last year the river rose thirty feet in one day and almost carried the camp away. The daily rise and fall is interesting. At present the river is falling steadily, it has gone down about six feet since we arrived here on the 18th. The shores are rather steep and very rocky, the rocks pitted and eroded into the fantastic shapes that limestone assumes. On the east side, which is the Guatemala side and the site of the camp, the bank does not rise as sharply as on the Mexican side. The ruins lie some 1000 feet back from the river, on the other side of the high hill bordering the water. The acropolis is the nearest to the water and marks the western end. The so called sacrificial stone, badly eroded by the rushing water, lies on the rivers edge and marks the south end of the village. In general the monuments here are badly worn. The only stela that are in good shape are those that have been lying on their faces. Parts exposed to the rain have gone rapidly. We have Maler's work on the ruins here and the photographs show the changes that have taken place in the past thirty years, some of them considerable in extent. His work and especially his photography are doubly impressive after seeing the originals and the country in which they lie. The light is never very good at best and he had no flashlight equipment apparently. Many details show on his photos that are very difficult to see with the naked eye. Morley was in here last year and also at other times and has worked out a series of dates for the various stelae. He as you know, assumes a five year interval for their erection. He has dated all of them by the initial series. There are twelve missing ones though, dating from 750-0-0 to 800-0-0 and one of the big jobs is to find the missing ones. However all the stelae have been found at the bases of the various temples so it will be necessary to uncover them first. Mason thinks that they may lie in a temple on the other side, the Mexican side, of the river, anyway I am going to take a walk one of these days and see what I can see. The erosion of the limestone fools you considerably. Many times a stone will appear to have carvings on it and on close inspection prove to be natural erosion. The stelae themselves are easier to find I suppose, although none have been found since Morley ~~xxxx~~ some ten years ago found two of them. Last year Mason uncovered a reused one which was being used at the base of one of the pyramids but in general Maler did a pretty thorough job in uncovering them. A great number have been broken by having trees fallen on them, others may have been moved and subsequently broken by lumbermen, although this seems somewhat doubtful since there are some many good trees to tie to. At present there are 30 men in the forest clearing the way. It is remarkable what they can do with a machete. The trees are quite soft and most of the small ones can be cut thru with ease. They are building a hut in front of ours for the housing of the drafting instruments. All the work is done with machetes, even the digging of the holes for the main supports. The hut will be finished in three days time, just now they are adding the palm thatch. A native vine is used to tie the wood together, the long leaves of the palm serving for its own attachment. The walls are of some soft wood, with spaces about one half inch between, allowing the air to circulate. The thatch comes down far enough that only a driving rain could possibly get in. These huts give the country

9550-
9800-
Mason
2/26/28

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the same sort of an appearance as that of the land pictured in the movie "Trader Horn". In general the country, and especially that between Zapata and Palenque, looks just like all the pictures I have seen of the African bush. Intermission,,,,,

Just returned from four hours spent at the West group placed nearest the camp. Hot as the devil today with a stiff south wind blowing and great thunderheads piling up in the west and southwest, rather humid in the forest. Spent the time with Mary Butler, measuring all the stelae carefully, as to dimensions and also as to the size of the glyphs on the sides and the height from the bottom of the stela before the first carving is reached. The measurements show a great similarity in the size of the glyphs, although the actual sizes of the stelae vary considerably. At first sight a number of the stela look like a meaningless mass of carving, so badly eroded as to resemble nothing in any shape or form that is human. Then the eye sees a head then the outlines of the figure show its general form and finally the whole thing assumes a significant aspect. At the present time the job is to show an art sequence as well as a time sequence. A large number of the stelae that are more or less contemporary do show similarity in form and decoration, but a great number are so mutilated as to be absolutely meaningless. The stelae in the West Group apparently were made of much better stone for they are in pretty fair shape, especially stela No. 40, representing the corn god sowing grain. Mason thinks that the stela in this part of the ruins were carved on both sides and that they therefore would show at least one good face. Be that as it may it is hard to understand why all the stelae, or rather practically all the others should be in comparatively bad condition. One sequence running from 21 on up to, I believe 26 are entirely gone. Maler of course shows all this. Many of his photographs display form and detail that are very difficult to see with the eye itself. A good number have been cleaned off, yet they still fail to show the detail that Maler's photographs show. Apparently they deteriorate rapidly under the tropical rains. All the stela that were found to be in good condition last year were protected by branches and also by covering of earth. Of course the stela that have been carved deeply still show their outlines rather well regardless of the fact that the glyphs and detail are gone entirely but the great majority are hopelessly shot. I climbed the acropolis and examined the walls of the buildings there. They are in very good shape and show a considerable variance in construction, varying from the old loosely put together piles to the later more solid construction. It is easy to compare its age with that of Palenque where the art of cementing was well developed. And of course great trees are now growing where the once level stone plazas stood. Big redheaded woodpeckers beat a tattoo in the trees overhead as one works below. And beware of the ants. I got too near one large hill of red ants and before I knew hundreds were swarming about me, and those little devils can sting too. The insect life is pretty active up in the bush. A gang of termite ants carry their tunnel of dirt up and over the face of one of the stelae little lizards scamper around, disrespectfully over the faces of the old Gods and the birds in the trees above behave most shamefully. The stelae have tumbled all the way to the bottom of the temple pyramid in the West Group but the holes where they stood are still to be found. Built up on three sides with stone walls and filled with loose fill and rock on the fourth side, some of the stones that the stelae stood upon are still nearby, unmarked except for a few glyphs near the top where the stelae joined their supports. Stela Nr. 40 which is a beauty is to be brought out and sent to Philadelphia. Guatemala gets half the number that are brought out and shares equally as to the condition and style of carving. There will probably be money enough to bring out ten, although the estimate of getting them to San Jose on the river which is still a days journey from Tenosique, is 200 pesos per ton. The museum must pay all the cost of taking them to Guatemala and I personally, having examined some of the accounts don't see how they can do anything like that. The accounts are in crazy shape. A provisional budget was developed in Philadelphia on the basis of figures that were purely guess work. I think that when the figures come in they will be at least two thousand dollars less than was figured on. And the expense of building the road and of getting the monuments out will run considerably higher than expected. In ordinary times I suppose a deficit would be made up easily, but even with the added attraction of getting the actual monuments before the public eye, it would be hard to raise the cash, but the Lord will provide. From the student's point of view more is to be had from the fine photographs of Maler and others than from the originals themselves. It is something though to see and touch the originals themselves. And between you and I, or me, and the next years taxes, Dr Mason is not so hot as a manager. We spent five days in Frontera waiting for a permit that could easily have been arranged for at Philadelphia; but no matter, because a heavy Norther blew in and raised hell with things generally. My companions are amusing and amiable, our food is good and all is well. There is little or no danger of malaria and none of dysentery since we drink only boiled water. I have found several pure springs bubbling up thru the limestone sands and have indulged myself in them with no possible ill effects. They are way above the river and cannot be anything but pure. This afternoon later I shall try a little fishing in the river. The radio has worked so well that we have been able to hear the regular national broadcasting companies programs from both Schenectady and Bound Brook, also I copy all the news that fit to print at night from 7 to 8, get up at 5.30 and go to bed about 9, breakfast at 6, lunch at 11.30 and supper at 6, swimming early in the morning, and in the late afternoon. I go down or up the river a little way and don't bother with the formality of a bathing suit and don't those little fish nibble at me. The work in the field starts at 6.30 and lasts till 11.30, then again from 1 to 3.30, then finish for the day.

(OVER)

And that is that. Esparso has come in from San Jose with another load of stuff and will take this letter out to the mails. Mary Butler sends her regards and such to Elinor. Today is the 22nd and your February 28th straight mail letter has not arrived yet! None of us have had any mail since we arrived at Tenosique on the 13th of March. So you can see that mail is pretty uncertain coming in. Going out is better just now because a number of the arrieros who brought us in are returning home.

So, adios, , , ,

lovingly

David Jr,

And we have a foreman for the men, named John Ross, a swell person from Belize, about 45 Spanish father, Mexican Mother who speaks Latin fluently and fine English, Spanish and Maya Scotch.

March 24th

Raining today, It has been raining steadily since last evening and the river is already rising rather rapidly, but since the Usamacinta drains all the country for miles around it is not surprising that there should be such changes. Accordingly the work that I began yesterday on Temple 27 has to be postponed. Yesterday morning I spent copying the news and getting things fixed in camp also in trying out the fishing rod. It was not successful since the river fish are either bottom feeders of decayed vegetation and refuse or fly feeders and in either case I had nothing with which to attract them. After lunch I gathered a bottle for the collection of some brilliantly colored butterflies that I had seen and started off into the forest. However it was dull and coming to the temple number 27 I found Mason and a gang of men busily engaged in clearing away a large tree that is noted by Maler as having fallen on the right side and to the front of the pyramid and which eh, Maler, suspected of concealing Lintel number one, part of which had been found by Maler near the ground. The men were working diligently in the cool of the clouded day and with the added incentive of a prize if they found the lintel or part of it. I climbed to the top of the pyramid, a rather tough climb since the debris is rather rough and looked about up there. The first thing I found was a square piece of jade that had been overlooked by the excavators last year who were working in the room on the left in the front series of chambers. The floor was taken up last year and several pots found containing objects of stone and jade. While I was poking around in the corners of the entrance room, finding sherds painted in reds and yellows, Mason came up and started me to working on the room to the right of the entrance which has not been touched yet and which is covered by the refuse from the wall behind and also from the roof structure, a rather loose conglomeration that houses many colonies of ants which incidentally I treated with great respect after having been bitten by several of them. They sting like the devil for a little while but applications of saliva quickly counteract the effect of the formic acid. He showed me how to find and distinguish the floor level which is of plaster and painted black and covers the rather loose sub-structure that forms the great mass of the pyramid itself. It is a little ticklish work since the rear wall is somewhat weakened by the falling of support stones and might come down rather quickly. I left enough of the debris near the wall so that it might keep it in position and went on into the loose mass in front of it. The debris consisting of loose earth and large building stones came away easily under pressure of my pick and the nearness to the floor was indicated by the absence of large stones that are found near the top of the mass of debris. The plastered floor is very thin and easily penetrated by the pick, so that care must be taken. This is not entirely necessary so since the floor is to be removed any way in search of the vessels beneath it, but it is necessary in order to prevent breaking them and also to determine the floor level with some degree of accuracy. Unfortunately it began to rain and I had to leave with several cubic yards of debris still to come out. And today it is still raining and steady. It promises to keep up for a while. After digging up the floor and getting out the objects which lie there I will go deeper into the floor and see if there is another floor below the first one. It is great sport to say the least the feeling of uncovering objects undisturbed for many hundreds of years. So back to camp to take the daily swim and bath and doctor the garrapada bites. And last night played a good game of pinochle with Mason and turned in at nine to sleep to the accompaniment of rain on the thatch roof. And this morning I didn't get up for early breakfast at 6 but lay in bed luxuriously since there was no reason for getting up. I finally did get up at 7 in time to copy the news from New Orleans. This storm we are having is part of the same storm that, according to the news devastated parts of the south. Espansa is expected in tomorrow from San Jose with more equipment but probably no mail. But we all are so occupied that I don't believe we feel the lack of communication from home. I myself am used to going some without word and I don't think the others excepting possibly Fred and Mary who are somewhat green feel the need. A party came on down the river yesterday bringing with them fresh tomatoes and a bunch of bananas and last night we had a really good apricot pie. Biscuits of honest to good flour take the place of bread and in general the living here is very easy the insects raise hell at times and we itch with great gusto, John Ross tells me that one soon acquires an immunity to the acts of the various little devils and that the bites don't bother one at all. No dogs or mules are allowed near the camp so that source of supply of the insect world is removed. Incidentally my typewriter is suffering from the humidity, it is sticking nicely but will quit with the end of the rain. The moisture seems to affect the battery adversely, since it depends upon the porous condition of the carbon for its continued action and the dampness gets into the spaces between the carbon pack and

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March 23th

This day deserves little attention. first of all being Good Friday the population has taken the day off, and secondly the rain was still performing so that the work was halted anyway. However the prospect was for clearing during the day and sure enough it did clear it during the day and this evening it looks fairly decent although still hazy. It being a holiday the hour for rising was shoved forward from 5.30 to 7. The rest of the day was spent looking over Mr Maler, playing pinovhile with the Mason, washing some clothes, swimming, eating and other perfectly harmless and prosaic duties, The thought of the ruins lying in the now rain soaked forest is sufficient stimulus to pass any kind of a rainy day and tomorrow by the grace of God I shall continue digging on Temple 27. It is still quite sticky, the typewriter betraying the humidity with its now rubbery keys. The news from the U.S keeps coming in and as usual is surprisingly uninteresting. The puny efforts of those in power to alleviate the present condition seems of little consequence from this vantage point. In fact this sort of life and work precludes the possibility of conceiving of any solution to the crisis that has hit the modern civilized world. But it would be considerable of a platitude to note the effect of the present culture that we are excavating and studying on the world as it now exists, and which of course has been entirely lost in its turn in the divine scheme of things. The tremendous artificiality of the life as it exists in the outside is only too apparent here where we are secluded, except for the radio from contact from the world for long periods of time. But its advantages also assume a greater importance, the conveniences and ~~many~~ aids in the great fight to combat nature are only too apparent here where although we have all that it is possible to have, the bald fact of nature about us is ready to step in, and step in quickly if given the slightest opportunity, is only too evident. Of course the answer is a simple one and that is that civilization today if given the slightest opportunity would overrun and conquer this part of the world as it has the desert and other former uninhabitable lands. But, fortunately there is no economic reason for this action at present and the problem will in all probability never arise here. The all important matter of communication, that at the present time rests with a highly capricious river and a road or rather trail that refuses rather obstinately to keep cleared of vines and growth, will preclude any attempt to battle with nature here. At home in the U S, one may speak of nature as the old lady but not here. Here it is an implacable, unreasonable warrior, with an unlimited resourcefulness in the art of defeating mans quaint little conceits. One sees the natives, the chicleros, staggering thru the bush with all their possessions on their backs, bringing back to their homes in the down river country, the meager booty torn from a jealous monster only after terrific labor and hardship, but they appear happy and greet one with a pleasant buenos dias as you ride by on your mule. Of course we are only to be here ten weeks more at the most, and we have plenty of provisions and aids for the comfort that is really necessary in order that the mind may be free to function. So it is really a grand and intriguing game, not much of an adventure. However I should wonder what would happen should an emergency arise. I know damn well that my fellow workers would fall very quickly upon the aid that the natives might be able to provide. But that is idle speculation one never knows to what heights, or depths, a human will plumb when forced to it. In the great U S, much stress is and has been placed on the necessity of thinking and acting quickly, but believe you me that here there is greater need for sane and quick thinking. Fred Pariss, who is quite an infant, shows at times his inability to look after himself and I wouldn't give Mary Butler much of a score in a show down. Pleasant amiable companions but they just don't belong here. Peggy on the other hand is a good substantial person who I am sure would be able to stand up in any kind of a crisis and of course Mason and Satterthwaite would be OK. But our good and amusing friend John Ross is the man for the job at any time. His training and ability would be worth fifty of us. He gets out and walks 25 miles thru the wet and muddy forest without food just because he has promised to be at a certain place at a certain time. A swell person with a good sense of humor that has been sorely tried. He lost his wife five years ago and has not had any word of the fate of his three children since the terrible cyclone hit Belize, his home, last year. His business in mahogany has gone to pot completely, so much so that he is working for us as supervisor of the men for 150 pesos per month. An intelligent, capable man, speaking perfect Spanish and English. Last night I slipped in the mud going from the main rooms to our quarter and sat down rather hastily and muddily. This morning I found a small wooden cross at the spot "In loving memory of David Anram, who fell here while on duty"... He was educated in the Jesuit college at Belize, speaks latin, quotes good poetry and makes intelligent observations on a great variety of subjects. all, bronzed goodlooking, about 40 years old maybe 50, spare but not gaunt and hard as nails. He has walked the distance from Tenosique here in one day although it is a two day mule trip. I should hate to try and keep up with those long legs of his. Sober and tolerant. Well, it is 9.30 and I have to get up at 5.30, our regular rising hour now, John has threatened to wake me with his cows horn, that he uses when on the trail with a mule train, and which is something to hear-- sounds like aglorified shofar tomorrow and I want to be able to appreciate it, , , , --

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March 27th

Yesterday was a big day. I went up onto Temple No 27 early, about 6 and started to work again on the clearing of the floor. I cleared about half of it down to the thin and very fragile black plaster and then thought I would break thru it and just see what was there. I chose a spot for no reason at all, about three feet from the entrance and very close to the inside wall. The walls incidentally are in pretty fair shape on the north side but completely gone on the south side. The plaster was only a half inch thick and the floor itself about three inches thick, composed of sand material. Under the floor at this point I found nothing but rubble and further down larger stones. I had made a hole about a foot square and then moved six inches towards the right side of the room, and there, was a piece of dull red pottery, with two objects of flint nearby. It was a kick finding these ceremonial objects that had been buried for 1500 years. I yelled down to Mary and Mason and they came on up and we started very carefully to get all the stuff out. The pieces of pottery, orangeware, were arranged about a circle of some 18 inches diameter and covered the objects, although some pieces were found on top of them. Mary thinks that there were no pots but just lids that had been placed over the objects. We removed, altogether, 11 pieces of Jade, of which five were carved. One piece being a swell representation of some God in full face. Then there were no less than thirty pieces of ~~xxxxx~~ flints, in many curious shapes, horseshoe, swastika, humanlike and others. Also, 17 pieces of Obsidian, in form of knives, hammers, spear heads. And many pieces of pottery all of the same kind of ware. It took about an hour to clear them out of their cache and then they were carefully put into paper bags and taken into camp at noon. I went to work again and got most of the room cleared away by noon time. There was about six feet of earth, stone and plaster or stucco covering the floor, which is about three and a half meters long and one meter wide so that the labor was considerable. Mention may be made of the flies, of various varieties, little black ones, big green horseflies with mouthparts a centimeter long, mosquitos, gnats, all attracted to my sweating and salty skin, where they dined with much gusto. And the sun is a honey in these here parts. I made the mistake of wearing a black shirt with nothing under it and the sun's rays went right thru it and burnt my back, but all these considerations were of little importance in the excitement of finding more bits of pottery. Also, I sweated so hard that the ground was literally muddied where I was working and my arms were covered with damp dirt. After lunch I went back and finished the job of clearing away and got the side walls out into the open, showing the old plaster quite clearly. Near the door where there was ventilation, the plaster is in pretty fair shape, but back towards the rear, the dampness has destroyed the stuff to a great extent. Mason took a movie shot of me, working on the floor and also a still of the room itself. Brushing away the dirt in front of the door I found what appeared to be two drainage holes in the wall. When I clear the floor away entirely and get at the floor beneath which must exist since the plaster line runs down below the present floor, it may show itself for what it is. The sun was terrific in the afternoon and, beating down almost overhead from a spotless sky, practically ruined my color sense. So much so that I had difficulty in distinguishing the pieces of pottery and flint objects from the debris. I had to finger each handful of material to find out whether there was anything of value contained in it. Near the rear wall my hopes for another cache were aroused by finding two sets of two each of obsidian and flint objects, but aside from further bits of pottery broken considerably nothing developed. In fact it began to look as if, thru dumb luck I had stumbled onto the only cash in the 40 square feet of floor. Mason spent the greater part of the afternoon up on the mound with me. We found that the floor varied considerably in its formation. Some parts were of hard packed clay, others of thickly strewn small rocks and still other of sandy material, all overlaid with plaster and varying in thickness. The first cache was found apparently beneath the floor, subsequent findings were made in the floor itself. I removed a fair amount of material and found the rear supporting wall of the room running down and back under the floor and still covered with plaster that was very brittle. Found one more flint object isolated and several more pieces of pottery, nothing in any way resembling another cache. My sunburnt back began to get rather unpleasant and I quit about 5 and came into camp to luxuriate in a swim in the Usumacinta and make general repairs to myself. And to bed early after copying some news for the boss. Esparsa came into camp again from San Jose, with cargo, but of course no mail. He is being sent into Tenosique today to bring back the mail that is or should be there. Today is the 26th and we haven't had mail since the 13th. But none seems to care much about that, we are all too busy,,,,, Up this morning at 7 AM with a stiff back. The men are working today although it is Sunday, making up for the day lost on Good Friday. I am leaving shortly for the ruins and will do a little but very little today.,,

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March 28th

Today was another big day or rather night and day, enlivened by a rather violent excursion into the insect world, as represented by the scorpion family. This youthful lad was sound asleep at the humble hour of two AM when he felt, but that is hardly the word since the reaction caused him to leap from his cot with a loud cry of anguish. An immediate search discovered a rather large and black scorpion scuttling away under the mattress. Having neglected to fold my pabilon under my covers and having slipped down towards the bottom of the cot where a box was resting, and which must have been the home of Mr Scorpion and family, I laid myself open to the suprise attack. Having heard various stories as to the potency of scorpion bites I was a bit perturbed but having disposed of the insect, applied alcohol to the burning sector, my knee. He must have crawled up my leg and been disturbed by some motion of my body and done his stuff. I beat it for the medical supplies and got some mitigal which is good for bites and applied it liberally. It was pretty nasty for only half an hour and then stopped hurting completely. I had no other reactions but the pain, no swelling so apparently scorpions are not so bad, or I'm getting tough. Anyway I went back to sleep and woke, or rather was awakened at five as usual. I thought I would make a little inspection of my clothes which were near the bed and lo and behold turned a little fellow only an inch or so long out of my white pants. Having dispose of him I gave Alberto, our boy, instructions to examine everything near the bed while I was up on the ruins. He did and reported no more of the little devils. I have the honor of being the first person to have been bitten by one, including all Mason's and Satterthwaites or expeditions, I can certainly report that it is much like a bad wasp sting and quite harmless otherwise. So, I went back to temple 27 to finish up the floor. I worked under the clouded morning sky and turned up several more pieces near the site of my original, and only, cache find. I finally got all the first floor cleared and went lower to search for another, on the way down at a depth of some two feet below the first I uncovered a fireplace with lots of ash in it and what appeared to be a piece of corn husk. The fireplace was rather roughly done and sat directly on the second floor, which was very well preserved. There were no further pieces of pots found or objects. The walls slant somewhat and apparently were bolstered up with large flat slabs. The fireplace may have been an altar also but the well blackened stones were apparently not for ceremonial purposes. The second floor was some 2 and a half feet below the first. Further excavation revealed that there was nothing below this floor since the media walls and the front walls quit right there and the typical rubble and clay soil of the pyramid made its appearance. Besides excavation had become rather dangerous due to the precarious angle at which the media wall lay, the top of which was now some ten feet above my head. I must have taken out some 4000 cubic feet of earth, rock and plaster in my two days work. And today the sun was so bad that I had to wait for clouds to cover its face before I could work at all. But I have finished with that room and it has been fascinating work, so much so that I have lost no less than five pounds in weight in the two days without noticing it. The temple is the one noted by Maler as the Temple of the Lintel of the Consecration of the Warriors, Page 58, he has a map of the ruin and you can spot the room I worked in, and on. I guess that brings Guatemala pretty close to you! I have also devoted the better part of one day on the pottery that was found in the cache. Although the pieces were broken into rather small bits I have been able to practically assemble one of the two pots and also, with Mary's assistance show that there were three lids, or plates, there. The pot that is the best is orangeware and will be brought back to the museum. also the objects found will be divided between Guatemala and the Museum so I will be able to see them again. Mason's men working at the foot of temple 27 have uncovered a main stairway and also a flag pavement in front of the mound itself. This pavement is rather unusual, since most of the others are plastered or roughly laid. Satterthwaite thinks that the entire city which is of course now all jungle except for the excavated parts, was once all paved between the temples. Mason has been looking for ~~St~~ Lintel Nr, three which Maler mentions as having found a corner of it and expressing the hope that the other piece would be found under a tree. The tree, lying under five feet of rubble was found but after excavation did not yield the lintel. At the little temple to the west of this one, number 42, on the north side of the west plaza, where Morley found a badly shot stela, Mason has uncovered a second floor three and one half meters below the level of the temple. Caveins made the work so dangerous that the work in the temple itself has been stopped and will be attacked from the north side to uncover the building that must lie under the present one. I understand that at Chichen Itza there have been several cases of temples constructed on top of older ones with corresponding enlargement of the pyramid proper. I forgot to note the positions of the caches I found, I believe. The first was three feet from the entrance and one foot from the media wall. The fireplace was next to it and some six inches below the lowest object found. It extended about four feet towards the rear or south wall, in a semicircular form with the opening towards the front of the room.

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The second cache which only contained the two pairs of objects and had no well defined pottery near it lay to the front and somewhat south of the fireplace. Of course it lay at a higher level being in the floor itself, as differentiated from the first cache which lay just below the floor. The construction of the floor varied considerably, under the first floor and markedly so ~~and xxxxxxxx~~ between the two halves of the building, or rather room. The south half was of rather large pieces of building stone and boulders, the north half of fine rubble and clay. But then the fireplace being of large stone occupied half of the south side and the remainder I believe was reinforcement for the weakened wall to the inside. The plaster on the bottom floor, the second was very fine and tough, coming loose in large sections as against the flaking and dusting condition of the top floor. Of course it was protected from the elements for an enormously long period as compared to the top floor which suffered from the falling debris. So, what with excavations and insects I have been having a swell time, but the insects are not very bothersome now although they are just as numerous. Apparently one becomes used to the irritation rather quickly. It has been very hot during the mid day though and that is pretty tough since Nr, 27 is completely exposed to the sun. But I feel very well and am learning a great deal. My companions are all very pleasant, the Usumacinta is a grand place after a hot days work, the road is good and plentiful and all in all it is pretty swell. Esparso is to leave tomorrow for Tenosique and bring back mail in four days it being a two day trip for the mules. We have had no contact with Tenosique since we left there although parties going down the river from San Jose have carried mail for us. You will be able to place the camp rather accurately if the maps are correct, we are thirteen miles from the border. The radio continues to function fairly well although somewhat sporadically as rather varied atmospheric conditions ruin the voice reception fairly often. But the news comes in nobly twice a day, if I care to copy it. Of course to remark again on the unimportance of outside events would be repetitious, but of course if things go too far their will be no expedition next year which would be rather tough. Incidentally, I spent, including the side trip to Palenque and the five days spent in Obregon, \$180. Of course I have no expense of any kind here in camp.

I have sort of thrown these bits of information, because not knowing when the mail was going out, and wishing to send my records home to you for keeping, I made them as I went along, and simply dated them. Which doesn't make much sense but you can decipher it all. The typewriter as mentioned before gets very contrary at times in this humid land but I think you can get all the words OK.

As regards our living I may say that we have a Chinese cook and boy from Villa Hermosa, capital of Tabasco, a serving boy, Alberto Perez, about 30 men to work in the ruins. Then Mason, Satterthwaite as field men. Mary Butler as general assistant. Fred Parris as Architect and general engineer and myself as hunter, radio man, part time archaeologist, accountant, potsherder, etc etc. And the river is rising again and it is nearly nine o'clock and I am sleepy. ten hours in the sun and up at five does the trick. I have lost eight pounds since leaving, thank the Lord, my chins have disappeared, likewise one stomach. A life on dirt flooring, under thatched roofs and beside open walls of bamboo like palings is good. Satterthwaite and I are just about set to let the world go and rot in its own sweet way and stay here and eat, deer meat, wild pig, antelope, wild turkey, fish, monkey, iguana and heart of palm for desert. Not quite though, because I understand the rainy season is a bitch, and since this is the dry season and it pours every other day, and it pours like nothing you have ever seen, well..... And there is corn, rice and beans. No fruit though, surprisingly enough. we get an occasional hand of bananas from Desempeo, up the river, but that's all. Also no eggs, butter or milk, except the canned varieties.

And that is that. Stow all this away for me in a dry place. I don't trust any climate no 'mo. My love to everybody who is interested in the matter. and for yourself, if you have any suggestions for me, let 'em fly. I will probably take a walk one of these fair days and look for some new buildings and stelae and what a sport that will be. Adios. y Amor

David Jr,

The negatives are views of the mountain up river from Tenosique, streets and huts in the town and the town church at Fronteras now a school, Hva e some prints made of them.

March 30th,,

Mail arrived today after all. A chiclero coming thru from Tenosique and looking for work and brought it in. My typewriter immediately went on strike in honor of something or other. The letter mailed at the same time as the airmail on Feb 28th arrived as well as ones of March 6th, 9th and 14th. So it would appear that the fastest time to Piedras Negras would be two weeks. Esparso will be in here from Tenosique on Friday, which means Saturday according to the Mexican Gospel and may have more. The New York Times dated March 6th also arrived.

As regards the request for information regarding the Gideon Society. The only complaints that I might have are structural ones, for instance there should be pictures in nice gaudy colors and plenty of them. I could do with less last suppers and a little more and a little more of the animals going into the ark. Also tell them to can the virgin and give us a little more of Delilah at her barbering trade, Noah on a spree and some of the more sprightly of the old testament stories. After all a tired traveling salesman who has been ordered to keep his expenses down anyway can get a good and inexpensive kick out of them. And also you might have them lay a little more weight into it. The present edition is of course practically useless for the heaving of at cats etc. and from the standpoint of acting as a brace to keep a transom open it falls down completely. Maybe if you pass on my suggestions, the society will be so well pleased that they won't annoy you again with correspondence.

I regret to state that I have failed to hear the programs from KDKA as yet. A number of poor reception nights, coupled with the fact that for some reason KDKA comes in with poor volume as compared with WGY and WJZ, who rattle the phones and also due to the fact that WJZ interferes with KDKA's wave at times, it has been almost impossible to hear him. However I feel that next Saturday night I will be able to get him OK. That will be April 2nd.

Yesyesterday I went over the accounts and the budget and was astonished as well as grieved to find that Mason's figures were ridiculously low. I went into a huddle with myself, did some figuring, called in John Ross for additional information and prepared an ultimatum. After lunch I delivered myself of the news that I figured that if the primary purpose of the expedition, and there is no question that it is the important thing, was to get out the monuments, for which purpose money had been given this and last years, then all work should stop immediately on the excavations at the ruins and that all the energies of those present be devoted to getting out the stelae. Well sir Dr Mason's face fell about ten feet and he asked me if I thought he should go out into the forest, instead of taking photographs and ordering the men at their diggings. With due respect somewhat like a little boy who had been ordered to chop wood when he wanted to play with the rest of the lads. I intended to begin with to make it as strong as possible and I did. So directly we had a big conference and I got out my figures which raised the budget of the irreducible expenses no less than \$2000, A very sizable figure since the total sum available is only \$15000 at the most and I doubt whether that much is available. The additional sums made the total run over the \$15000 without leaving anything for the usual emergencies, which here at least are bound to crop out. Well we made big palaver without any white mans medicine to help out and I made my point over the objections of everyone, by insisting on what I have learnt at Feasterville under the Referee, namely careful attention to detail and nothing assumed. So, it seems that the present situation, and it is hardly to be changed, is that the men are to be kept on as long as we can and then are to be fired and we are to work alone, more or less. Which is a good thing because after all I excavated my room all by my lonesome and it took only two days. One of the things that got me worked up was the fact that Todd, who is the tractor man, and admittedly unreliable, had been given an advance of no less than 1500 pesos on account of a contract for 2500 which was to be his for getting out the stelae and which not only has not been signed but has not even been agreed upon as yet. Throwing away \$600., when the total sum is only \$15000, is silly to say the least. And also as I have figured and which has been agreed upon by the others, the cost of getting out each monument will be about \$400 apiece instead of \$300 as Todd is supposed to have figured. Then again the matter of logging chains. No one knows where the chains are, no one has any record of the equipment which consists of no less than 4 tons of chains. And they are absolutely essential to getting the stelae out since they are to hold the rafts together and, which are to carry the 4 ton loads of stone down the river to the gulf. And no one knows or has figured upon the cattle that will be needed to haul the wagons if the tractor gets stuck, which is easily possible since it is a Fordson with a broken crankcase. In other words I doubt if any of the stones will get out on time. The season for getting them out over the road on which 2500 pesos has been spent and which will have been wasted unless they are gotten out this season, ends on June 1st at the very latest, probably before then. And then they will lie in the forest for another year and the equipment and mens labor will all have been lost. But Mason, and the others are going on blithely, or have been anyway, digging up last years stairways and using up lots of time at the ruins, which of course is pleasant work, when the days are going by, in a land where the byword at all times is "manana". Well I am going to keep after these idealistic gentlemen and see that something happens.

April 3rd,

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Can't do very much in this recital. The weather has been pretty bad, a Norther has been hanging around for four days and everything is wet as hell. I did go over the river yesterday into Mexico to hunt for possible ruins. With me went six of the men. We found nothing at all. I had been told by Mason that the country had never been gone over but the first thing we found were chicle trees with the great slashes into their barks that the chicleros put there to get the precious white fluid from which chewing gum is made. The men estimated that the cuts were only four years old. As a matter of fact the chiclero has been responsible for the finding of a great many of the ruins. The mahogany men find it necessary in looking for timber to ask a chicle foreman, who will invariably give the required information. They are an interesting group of people, never having anything, walking miles thru the forest with their precious burden. The captain of the men that were with me was an old chicle man. He can climb a tree like a monkey using a rope in window cleaner fashion. Well, we found nothing but the land is quite different on that side of the river. There are none of the comparatively flat spaces such as form the bases for the great west group of buildings. The hills are steep and the valleys more like canyons. Myriads of beautiful birds and animals of all types are to be found over there, but of course they are undisturbed by man on that side of the water. There are no caminos only sadly overgrown trails that may not have been used for years. I saw one flight of gorgeously colored toucans very near me. They are large birds with bright yellow bills, a black body and wings, a white breast and a brilliant red tail. I also saw parrots in every conceivable shade of red and green, smaller more delicately colored blue, yellow, green purple, in fact every shade imaginable. The life in the untouched jungle is unbelievably varied. I saw caves in the limestone with fresh tracks of puma and jaguar near by and within, according to the capatin. Also marks indicating the presence of wild pig and deer. No snakes though, I have seen only one snake since we arrived and that was a dead one and quite harmless at that. The man had assured me that he had killed a dreaded nahuaca, the Fer de Lance, "my nail", said he. I got out Mr. Dismers and located the snake as a harmless variety of tree snake. But then all the reptile life is greatly feared. My chiclero toted his home made shot gun along to get what they call Pheisan, a species of toucan which makes good eating. I stayed a respectable distance away from his weapon, it looked considerably more dangerous to the operator than the operatee. Down at the river again (we had lost four of our men in the thick brush and only Amata and Lorenzo, a Yaqui Indian, of all persons, remained) we walked up the bank quite a little way looking for potsherds and finding them in great numbers. Suddenly Amato drew me back and pointed toward the river, breathing the word "largato" into my shell-like ear. A largato is an alligator, much feared and very much respected. It was rather of a shock since we bathe regularly in the river. I bethought myself of the habitat of the beasties and took a better look. Just then Amato and his gun went off. The gun in the general direction of the water, shot spraying the river quite harmlessly for some three hundred feet, and Amato himself following the gun. Near the river he stopped again and fired another shell, that roused several parrots that had apparently taken no action at the first bang, into a state of great activity. I by this time was able to see the cause of all the excitement, a perfectly innocent Iguana who from the safety of a spot some three inches below the surface of the water was surveying the wreckage of the water above him. How many fish are going to suffer the pangs of constipation from dining off those shot I don't know. But to Amato it was still a largato. Another one of the boys had a violent setto with a lizards tail that he claimed was a snake and which had attacked him. The lizard had broken loose from the tail and run under a box and the tail for some unknown reason went hopping about. So it was promptly "killed". All the same, it behooves one to step with care everywhere and to be damned careful where one puts ones hands. There are many scorpions in and about the stones and after my experience with them, I am quite shy. There are Fer de Lance here and the deadly Bushmaster but they rarely are seen. John Ross who has spent the greater part of his 45 years in this country has seen very few anywhere. Well, to get back to the camp. I have been devoting all my time to the accounts which are in an outrageous condition. Money spent and not recorded, practically thrown away, but I am seeing daylight and have insisted on certain changes which have been made.

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Accordingly the latest time for staying here has been set back at least two weeks to May 15th and, if the number of stones that are figured on are to come out the time may even be cut further. I have noted elsewhere some of the so called accounting data.

As regards your notations in re Maler. I can get the negatives of all the photographs that were taken with the fine cameras that were here here last year and this and since all the Stelae have been photographed from every side I am not bothering to take any pictures. I shall take some general shots of the country but tyat as all. As regards the sacrificial rock. Without the aid of Maler's description one would almost pass the rock by without notice. The sculpturing is practically all gone. Only the line marking the division between the central group of figures and the glyphs still exists. There are some depressions left that show the lines of the glyphs, that is the boxes in which they lie and there are some indications of the figures themselves. The rest is deduction. As regards Altar 1, it has been exposed to the rain since Maler saw it and the sculpture is very far gone. When Maler came, he of course was the first to see and clean the stelae. They had been known to the woodcutters, who had noted their sizes and committed depredations upon some of them, but Maler was the first to remove the protecting coat of earth and humus and photograph them. For that reason they are so much the better in his photos than in actuality. It takes a good deal of imagination coupled with study to make the majority of them out. The best ones I hope will be on view at the museum and at Guatemala City. As regards the sculpture that you mention, it has

been lost somewhere, believe it or not and hasn't come to light yet so I can't report on it yet, an interesting bit of sculpture is coming to light in one of the buildings on the acropolis. It has not been completely uncovered yet and consists of a number of small, compared to stela, pieces of stone, decorated with design and glyphs. Until the whole thing is gotten out and put together I cannot report on it. It apparently fell from, or was pushed from a niche in front of one of the lower level buildings. Maler is rather weak on the acropolis itself which is a study all by itself. Satterthwaite has been busy on the group, which are very expensive. He expects to devote most of his time to them and since Parris, the architect is making a detailed plan of them, you will be able later to get all the detail. Suffice it to say that the structure lies on a number of levels, the highest some 120 feet above the plaza where the stelae lie. The buildings are chambered somewhat like Palenque, ~~xxxxxxx~~ with possible roofcombs some of the walls are still in good shape and show a good type of construction. Most of the roofs have fallen in and there is little plaster left. High stone steps carry one from one elevation to another. The stones that are coming to light still bear the brilliant red paint that once ornamented them. The glyphs are small and delicately incised. Further deponet sayeth nothing. There will probably be a date when it is put together. From the position of the stones it is evident that they did not fall naturally but were probably overthrown, possibly by some conquering peoples. A good idea anyway to account for it. Intermission----- the mosquitos are raising hell tonight and I have to move into the light where they are more reasonable-----

Dr Mason has been busy on the pyramid near the West Group called Nr 42. *e has found a floor 10 feet beneath the ruined temple and so far has not been able to get anything else. The rubble is being hauled out, the great majority of it is of the usual impedito construction that forms the mass of the cuyos. Stones rounded by water dripping thru the soil and spaced rather far apart. The enormous amount of stone in one of the pyramids becomes apparent in such an excavation. Outside of that nothing has come to light but an important piece of sculpture may turn up any time. Morley writes in from Chichen at various times asking for information on certain details of the ruins. The final report on this work should be of great interest. A good deal of it is of the hit and miss variety. Mary Butler is busy with one of the men gathering potsherds in a test trench sunk into the West Group. The monuments are still here tho and tonight it is raining again, not hard but enough to prevent the road from getting good and dry. I have suggested that the effort be made to get the stelae regardless of weather, building up the bad spots with trees etc. but the idea seems to be to sit and wait which doesn't seem so hot. Todd, who has been intrusted with the job of getting them out has been called into camp (I am ashamed to say, on my own insistence) and will arrive tomorrow, weather permitting.

I listened for KDKA several times and have not heard him, although 2 New York stations come in very loud, also Montreal and Chicago. Sorry,, but I have had mail from you dated the 24th of March, fair time. It takes ten days at the absolute best for your air mail to get here. The straight letter dated the 28th arrived the 29th of March!! Since we will in all probability leave here around the 15th of May or sooner you can judge accordingly.

Adios,,, y amor----

David Jr

Dear Father,

Today I began excavations on temple nr. 4 according to the Morley notation and the temple in front of which stands stela number 29, in the South group, according to Maler. You should have no difficulty in finding it on his map. It has never been touched and accordingly provides all the thrills of the grand game of digging. When I say it never has been touched I mean of course that no one as yet has dug into the top to search for details of its construction and of course possible lintels and caches. I went up early this morning, about six, with Lino Castro for helper, a black from Belize and started operations. Several respectably sized trees had established house-keeping on its top side ~~and~~ with the usual complication of vines and brush. Castro wielded his machete with telling effect and I began a hole on the exact center of the top surface. The pyramid is not very large, about 30 feet high and some 25 by 20 feet at the top. The terracing on the east side is still in good shape and the escaleta to the top covered with only humus, earth and a slight amount of debris—the reason for this I found out later. I found about six inches of humus and earth and then came onto some roof slabs, thin, angular pieces of limestone, much larger than the wall stones and not as heavy. It gave promise of a vaulted structure, which hardly seemed possible though since the surface at which I began to dig was only three feet or so above the level of the top of the stairs. However I went in slowly, examining all the debris and ~~examining~~ continued to find roof slabs and some other small pieces of debris. I threw all the stuff down the west side so as to keep the steps clear. After a little a light sandy soil came into view and sure enough, at a depth of only two feet, a well preserved black, plaster floor. Well, it looked rather funny finding a floor right under roof slabs, indicated the possibility of a tiny little room. By this time, Castro, had finished the clearing of the vines and was busy digging nearby. He finally unearthed a piece of pottery and I hopped over to find that it was part of a small, rather poorly made dish, sitting smack on the floor. The floor space at this time was only about 15 square feet and no walls had come to light, so I couldn't place its location. I kept on at the floor and at noon had brought to light what appeared to be a small vaulted structure with of course the dish sitting in one corner and only two feet below what seemed to be a roof. It looked queer, after the buildings at Palenque and here. So, after lunch Satterthwaite and Mason came up and they allowed that it was a large one room building without a vaulted roof and with the walls fallen in. That did not account for the fine earth and plaster debris on the floor to a depth of one foot, nor the slabs that are always associated with a vaulted roof. So, they left and Lino and I, after a refreshing drink from a vine that stores water somewhat after the manner of the cactus, began to search for the walls. We found nothing but wreckage that indicated collapse somewhere, finally later in the afternoon I got a good part of the floor cleaned and came onto the real wall, to the West, It consisted of only one layer of stone and was tilted at an angle of 20 degrees from the horizontal. It had pulled away from the floor a distance of about an inch indicating a pretty good blow from the east side. The wall had all fallen out to the west of course. Further digging to the east showed the collapsed east wall. So, comes the speculation. It seems as if the structure had been a large one roomed building with a roof and that the roof had fallen in first, accounting for the predominance of roof slabs over the debris of plaster and soil on the floor. This apparently had happened a good long time after the building had fallen into disuse since the accumulated debris on the floor was a foot thick. Then with the roof support gone, the east wall had gone down with a bang and given the west wall such a crack that it fell out completely, mortar and all, leaving only the bottom most stones next to the floor. I had a swell time picturing all this and then found a large building stone on the pile of debris above the busted west wall, with good painted stucco on its under side. The stone was lying flat and pointed so that it could not have fallen from the east wall in the normal position a stone occupies. It was wrong end to. Now how the hell did it get there? You figure it out. There is still a good deal of the floor to clear and the answer may turn up later, also the idea of the roof falling first may get smacked. It is a good puzzle. Since the east wall fell in, one of Mason's pet ideas that lintel number four came from this temple, gets thrown out. If there is a lintel it is buried under the debris still on top of the pyramid and will come to light. A lintel is a ~~rara avis~~ *rara avis* and might have a good date on it. And that's that. Tomorrow is Sunday but I may take a look anyway. //

Satterthwaite uncovered an important piece of sculpture on the acropolis. Lintel number three, which is now in the museum depicts a figure seated in front of a niche, on an altar with other figures about him. Satterthwaite found a niche with a piece of carving behind it which is the same as the background of the lintel 3. And in front of the niche was a plain altar supported on legs with good glyphs on them. The sculpture is unusual since ~~it contains~~ it contains an ornamental background with glyphs and decorations surrounding two busts, the heads of which have been knocked out, and which are or rather were, fully sculpted out of the stone, Nice cool air surrounds the space

where they once sat. The lintel 3 shows a background with two opening on either side of the figure squatting on the altar and which correspond to the two niches occupied by the busts in the new stone. In other words Lintel 3 is a representation of an event which took place on the acropolis in front of the temple where the stone set. It points to a revision in the idea that the Maya were peaceful boys since the stones that make up the new piece were found so scattered in front of the niche that they could only have been broken and thrown there. Also the two heads are missing and point to an act of either vandalism or destruction by an enemy. Lintel 3 is military in design and the whole indicates that a conquering peoples destroyed the sculpture of the defeated ruler or rulers. Excellent color still remains on the lower part of the busts, a bright red and a color which is found in stucco work and on sherds. Likewise on some of the stela. So instead of gods we have men, depicted on monuments. The dates on the acropolis are figured by Morley as quite late as compared to the temple where I am now digging and indicates the good possibility of abandonment of the city as being caused directly because of military conquest. And what do you think of that?

Again, Mason has found a third floor some ten feet under the second on pyramid number 42 in the east group. It lowers the level of the cuco some twenty feet. Now it seems a good guess to the effect that the large pyramids were built up over a long bit of time and covered successively abandoned temples, which again may help out the idea of successive military conquest and reestablishment. Everywhere one digs there are walls and floorings come to light in the most unexpected places. It puts the decline and fall of the city as a matter of successive events, culminating in one final and grand debacle. Further diggings on the acropolis, now being carried out by Satterthwait may develop further along these lines. These deductions are my own tho and not the general opinion here, but its anyones guess it seems.

I shall go into the floor of number 4 later and look for caches and lintels and then tackle the cuco next to it, to the northwest. Our finances I hope have been straightened out, I hope, after, what I must admit is my own work and which occupied me for almost two weeks. I can see daylight and have arranged a budget for Dr Mason that ~~ask~~ calls for working all the men to May 5th, then firing all but six and staying on here till June 1st, ~~etc~~, if this is done 20 tons of stela dn stones can be gotten out. One half of which will go to Guatemala City. It means that three stelae will come to Phila and several other pieces including the stone Satterthwaite got out. If any lintels are found on Number 4 they will come to Philadelphia also. I have also devoted some time to putting pots together and have assembled the two pots and lids that came from the cache I dug up under the floor of Pyramid Number 27 and also one pot that the men got out of Mason's number 42, the cuyp nest to 27 and to the northwest of it. It is a swell puzzle game getting the small pieces together and I varied my time between the accounts and the sherds for the last two weeks.

The weather has been lousy up to yesterday, raining every day, but today was clear and hot as hell, 102 in the shade, which with the humidity here is something. I sweat like all get out and the flies make the most of it. Every day a new variety of insect hatches out and either buzzes around ones ears or dines, con mucho gusto, But by now I don't care and the work of excavating is fascinating to alleviate such discomforts, there is always the swim in the Usumacintla (per Yaler) to cure all. The bad wether has held the getting out of the stones up and it will be May 1st before the oxen get going over the 30 miles to San Jose, from which point mahogany rafts will be used to ferry them down to Frontera and thence to New Orleans. The nights have been cool towards morning and with the pabillons to keep the insects out, sleep comes easy, especially after ten hours in the forest with a pick and shovel. I have dropped some twelve pounds which is good and shh, have not shaved or had a haircut since leaving New Orleans, on the 26th of February!! I don't know whether I will save it but the camera will tell all. It is a great aid in keeping the bugs under control. Once in the great redwood forest they just wander around and around and then drop dead, an easy matter to remove them and booeey! John Ross and I are going deer hunting one of these nights and the fish are getting pretty fresh down by the river. The scorpion season seems to have closed although I still look into my clothes before putting them on. And I haven't seen a snake yet, although the spiders run around with little or no restraint. And agin I shall reserve any comment on the news from the outside world which the Robert Dollar company so kindly transmits, EDKA continues to absent himself. And Esparza comes in tomorrow from Tenosique, Quien Sabe. I can cuss gently in Castillano by now.

Tell the Gideon society that if they make there product a little snappier with some good shots of Noah, climbing off the wagon, Delilah at her trade etc, and lay off the unintersting Virgin and her boy that it might be considered. I got a swell laugh out of the idea of you as sandwich man!

Adios y tambien amor,
su hijo

Don David,

Tell Elinor that "Como noi" "No me diga" and "No hay de que" send regards,,
And how the hell was I to know that Gen Butler was Mary Butler's cousin when I began to pan him?

April 13th
P. N. Guatemala

Dear Father,

Received your letter dated March 31st today. My especial regards to Bachman and he would not regret being in these parts just now. I say just now, since the weather, to mention so trite a subject has become gloriously cool, so much so that two blankets are just about enough. The mornings are more than cool and the mist that hangs over the high hills on the rivers banks, keeps that delectable chilly air right on the ground. A little dampish perhaps but then the exercise of walking up the steep hill to the ruins is enough to warm up a body that fails to respond to a hot cup of breakfast coffee. Then the pick and shovel do the rest. The various bugs have called it a day and all is most serene. Under these auspicious circumstances I had the pleasure today of digging up, on my own private pyramid number four, south group, that rarity, a sculptured lintel. I had been working for the past three days up there and cursing the luck that had placed the temple in a hopeless mass of rock and soil. Several times I had to change my ideas concerning the form of the damn thing (see my last letter). Today what I thought to be a rear room turned out to be a terrace, one of the succession of rises that culminated in the top of the cayo proper. Then in the front of the building, right on the ground, or rather floor level, a group of stones proclaimed the previous existence of a large stone pillar. In the center of the group too. So there was the possibility of two lintels to take care of the doorways on either side of this pile. And safe enough under the benign protection of an enormous old tree was a large squarish stone, perfectly blank on the side turned outward to the temple. The stone was so embedded in roots and debris that it was some time before we, that it Lino Castro and myself, could get at it. I turned it over a little it had been standing on one end, and there was a nice worn surface with a number of glyphs looking at me. On the ground nearby was another piece that I had not suspected or inspected, turning it over showed another piece of the same lintel, with traces of glyph blocks on its underside, the whole so worn though that the glyphs themselves had disappeared. Measurements showed that it had fallen in position, one of the few that have been found this way. Satterthwaite was especially interested in this phase of it, since it shows the way in which they fall and erode naturally, and also gives a good line for further operations in hunting for them. Some of the glyphs were in good shape. They were arranged in groups of four abreast, the total length being about 150 cms figuring in a piece that is still missing but which may turn up later. The width corresponds to the width of the supporting side pillars and is about 70 cms. This part of the city is supposed to be the oldest section and this lintel coupled with some rough incense burners and dishes seem to indicate a fairly early date for it. The lintel is apparently all glyphs and corresponds to a good stela at the base of the pyramid that is also composed entirely of glyphs. Also, the indications are that the building had a timber roof, supplemented with slabs, a fact that is associated with primitive types of architecture. The other lintel on the other door has not come to light but there is good evidence that it is pretty well busted up. The destruction that time and the elements played here, is only too evident in this structure. The walls all around are completely gone. The only indication of rooms at all are the traces of symmetry seen in the stones lying about the floor and deduction as to the positions of the stones that have tumbled in all over the temple. Mason having been told of the find, said that I might write a joint report on the subject with the approval of Jayne at the museum. He has uncovered a magnificent plaza in front of temple 27 west group, the one where my first cache came from. I also found a queer rounded stone that came from a ruined niche and which is supposed to be the good old phallic symbol. It has been swell fun up there, amongst the birds and scorpions (Little fellows only a half inch long that come scurrying out all over the ruin and are quite innocuous) digging into an

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apparently meaningless mass, hopefully looking at each stone that comes to view under the pick, and trying to make a good guess. The roots of the trees that covered the top with a dense shade, make it quite messy at times, but like all the swift growing plants in the jungle, they succumb to a few blows of a machete or an axe. Any amount of bits of painted plaster wall come to light, the red of the oainted surface stimulating the digger on in the hope that all the good sweat running down his face, into his shirt and so on, will not have been for nothing. It is no race against time, the slowere the better. These here stones have been lying around for some 1500 years and dont give a damn watherx they come out or not. A particularly heavy gentleman will come into view, that is in the way, and down he goes over the side of the great pyramid, crashing along the way, ripping down vines and bowling over the small trees and bush, as if he were glad to be out of the pile and down to the level ground once more. Sometimes ~~will~~ one will hesitate on the way down as if loath to leave his old home, until he is given a gentle shove by a former comrade who is noisely bouncing along down ~~to~~ the bottom. Then again if the labor of separating the sheeps from the goats becomes to tiresome a couple of brilliantly colored parrotts will come squawking into view and put on their famous duet. Followed perhaps by a pair of great red brown woodpeckers busy at their trade. I saw one bird yesterday knock himself clean off the tree he was pecking at, must have hit an unexpected knot in the trunk. Then again a rustling in the trees will betray the presence of an inquisitive little monkey or a rabbit will go scampering by down below. Add to all this the myriads of small birds that are always flying about thru the dimly lit forest and you can see that it could not be tiresome, at least not to the spirit. But it is not quite as idyllic as all that, the bugs, and a new variety hatch out each day, buzz sing and bite without much of a letup. It is remarkable how soon you get used to it. When we first arrived in this country we had careful and daily inspections for garrapatas and their ilk. Now, when I am coaly and nakedly, immersed in our good friend the Usumacintla, I carelessly cast an eye over myself and with nonchalance pick off a garrapata or two that had probably been feeding for a day or two. one must be careful with them tho since when their bellys are full their heads are empty, and the two may come apart, leaving a pair of insect jaws imbedded in the skin. But it is not so bad and I haven't seen a live snake yet. Their are any number of lizards around, of every shape and color, they scuttle around in a friendly manner. Some of them are up in the roof of our thatch all day and far into the night we hear them, rustling in the dry palm leaves, hunting for spiders and flies. every once in a while one loses his footing in his hurry and bounces lightly onto the top of the pabillon that is over under and all around the cot. And a necessary article it is, with all these little fellows falling down. Other insects do the same trick so that if you don't want, to wake up suddenly with a scorpion or spider crawling off your face, well....

But to get back to the diggings. Billions of potsherds have been collected by Mary and patiently lugged in by the men and washed by them, then most of the carefully thrown away. But she did get into a cave and dig out a swell collection of burial articles, carved bone and the like. Nice stuff for the museum to show, when some one wants to know, what the hell Bill, what the hell. And Linton is still uncovering all sorts of things on that interesting pile of buildings, the acropolis. It evidently is of late construction. since most of the pottery, sculpture and architecture is far advanced over that of the south group, where I am. It approximates the beautiful ruins at Palenque although there are no temples left standing. He is now into a vaulted ~~xxxxxxx~~ chamber that may bring forth interesting stuff.

And today we had a letter from Morley saying that he is on his way to ckeck up on the interesting news that a group of ruins about in the center of the state of Campeche has been found, as usual, by the ubiquitous chicle gatherer. The foreman of the gang that found theruins took the trouble to take some pictures and the report states that there are no less than 64 stelae a number of them still standing in position. Also a great pyramid 175 feet

Usumacintla

not quite

high with a good temple on its top. Mason thinks it is the same ruin that he saw from the air while flying with Madeira last year. It is apparently miles from anywhere, being described as three jornadas Uaxactun, to the east. (put word "from" before Uaxactun in above). So Morley and his gang are leaving Chichen to see all about it. It is supposed to be an old empire city. Of course if the stelae are standing they will be badly eroded by now but a great number such as that would indicate a long occupancy at any rate so some interesting stuff may come of it. Morley is apparently busy on the glyph question since Linto gets detailed questions, concerning the photographing of this and that ~~main~~ stela....

His, that is Lintons stone, of which I spoke in my last letter, has been scrubbed up and cleaned. It is quite impressive and you shall have a photo of it shortly. I have contented myself with taking some shots in and about the ruins, leaving the good details for the better amateurs of the expedition.

And that is about all... KDKA has apparently come on the air with a new station and pounds in very strong. I should have no trouble hearing him next Saturday, providing you are still sending out the messages. You might check up on his transmissions on the short wave and let me know if there has been any lapse in his broadcasts on that frequency. He now comes in with great strength on about 49 meters.

Sorry you are being bothered with the worlds troubles, they certainly could be eliminated here, but then one would have to pay the price of an almost total isolation. That, even with the known advantages would be tough, communication is too good and something would leak thru just enough to put you out. Coming up from Obregon, we were met at Ameliano Zapata with the craziest and yet most disturbing bits of news, all of course false. Such as the U S having declared war on Japan, the Soviet likewise, various important men assassinated. Red terrorism and all the bogies that an ignorant people would care to conjure with. And after all habit is too strong for total isolation. No, I should prefer to take my occasional chances with what may be under a civilized, rule. but not for too long at one time. Of course the ideal life would be to do just that and then run off to some place like this and quietly archaeologize. The relics of antiquity as you call them. surely do take my interest. They combine all the interest of a good puzzle with the added attraction of really having gotten something at its completion. Morley. who seems to be Jesus himself in this field, says that if more people would play at archaeological puzzles and leave the cross word puzzles aside, that some real work would be done. He claims that it requires just about as much energy to do both. Then again, this work tries ones powers of deduction and stimulates thought as much as any problem I can think of. And finally, seeing only too well what is going on in the outside world it seems to have as much justification as sitting down with a board of directors and working up a fake income report to satisfy the stockholders. Which is rather a poor simile, if it is a simile at all, but then it is eleven oclock, which when one has a 5.30am rising hour and the prospect of 10 good hours with a pick and shovel and brush and trowel.. leads one young fellow to the conclusion that he had better quit all this

and

hit

his

cot

Lovigly to you

David

Jr.

And what a typwrite. E.and O.E.

Stela I2 is Malers stela I2. I give you his numeration when possible.

Adapt information with a new ribbon.

In re Tenosique,,

The towns name is pronounced with the accent on the ai,, as if spelt Tainoseekay. It is a clean little town, with wide streets covered with grass and generally lined with stone paved sidewalks. There are two towns. The new town at which the boats come to dock is to the north of the rocky promontory that supports the old town. The new town is of usual Mexican construction with one storied yellow and red, or rather pink painted walls. There are hardly any doors and all the shops are open. It is hard to distinguish the shops from the homes when walking down the street, since there are no advertisement or signs of any kind and the facades of the business houses are the same as those of the homes. The better class houses, of which there are only a few, sport fine griled windows, the others have a barred construction that permits all the air to circulate. As for the mesquites, there are far less at Tenosique than at Obregon and the air is much finer. The view to the north discloses the line of high hills thru which the Usumacinta flows, at the point called Boca de la Serra. Upto the mountains the country is very slightly rolling and then rewehes the hills abruptly. Incidentally the range is the same that provides Palenque with its unsurpassed setting, sweeping around to the south and then southeast to greet the river. To the north the country is almost flat all the way to the gulf. The only difference is that the river banks get higher and higher as one progresses southward. I am continually forgetting my orientation and call south north, but the above are correct. Tenosique is just about 10 mile north of the hills. The river winds crazily until the boca is reached then dashed straight thru. The Old Town is a beautiful little place, all made up of thatched huts shaded with the grapefruit trees, fine cedars and mahoganies and graced with the everlasting beauty of the bougainvillae vine. The streets are narrow and crooked, winding about until they suddenly deposit you into the open fields, plined in corn and beans. A quaint little cemetery, cheerfully decorated with brilliant flowers and surrounded on three sides with the colorful jungle growth, lies a short distance on from the town edge. It harbors many colorful birds, the whole giving the feeling that death is not such a somber fersome spectre. It is a pleasant restful place, contrasting most favorably with the civilized custom of severity of line and color. All the monuments are of stuccoed stone, some of cement, all colored in pinks and blues, decorated with what the local firemen believe is sculptured figures. The birds show their appreciation of the nice rough surfaces in their usual manner.

The new town sports all the shoes ~~in camp~~, likewise items of one large plaza bedecked with flowers, the ubiquitous church now a schoolhouse, to the glory of Garride, the newly painted, yellow, pink and blue telegraph office and the arceded homes of the better class. The peso situation is quite acute, everything is done on a credit basis, giving of vales one to the other. The men here in camp are paid by vale on Villanueva at Tenosique. If he is short of cash, which is usually the case, then the workman has to go to his tradesman who will discount the vale generously, for himself. It is just a little village, manufacturing nothing and supporting all the usual trades, barber, blacksmith, shoemaker and trademen. The department of Tenosique has just finished a flying field about a mile and a half from town and quaintly enough sitting on a good old mound. The work was done in good oldfashioned Garride style, the town folk were conscripted man and boy. If anyone was suspected of having any cash he was then relieve of the trouble of laboring by paying one and one half peses a day. the others, and that means the town went out and did the work. While we were in town waiting to come on into camp, the deputy from the department came on into town. We were all invited to go out and see the airport. A two year old Ford Truck was the power and we started off over what they believed to be a road. The poor old ford carrying about 20 of the ruling peepul was shoved into and out of mud puddles and strained to the utmost by the driver who was only to anxious to show his stuff. The result was not exactly unexpected. We arrived at the field, still covered with stones and debris and,, the motor gave one final pheap and died, with a tremendous death rattle. A bearing had gone and the portesting crankshaft had parted company and gone thru the crankcase. It was a beautiful late afternoon and the moon lit the way after the sun had set, while we walked back into town. And that is Tenosique... A rather clean, tight little vilage of 3000 counting the children, enclosed by thatched huts which are the shock troops, keeping out the unrelenting jungle. No radios, movies. Horses graze on the streets, roosters have it out at your doorstep, lizards sit on the hot stones and look at you. Women sit at their barred windows and look at you. Children gather about the door

or your hotel and watch every move you make. Dogs ditto. The sun sets, the pool parlor fills up. Comes nine o'clock, soft voices bid you a buenos noches. The moon shines on the grassy streets. A snare comes from a house. A singer passes by with his guitar on his way to serenade his girl (believe it or not, it happened several times), rehearsing his passionate plea and all is quiet again. And that is Tenosique, lying quietly in the plain, below the hills that hide the Mayan glories, waiting peacefully for nothing.

Today is April 14th-- which is of no importance---

Up to the pyramid this morning and looked at the lintel in the early morning light. Th got to work with Line to see if there were any pieces of the lintel lying under the old Sol tree that protected it. The lintel had eroded in a peculiar way, the surface of the glyph boxes having split away from the rounded surface of the stone. As a result the outlines of the boxes are excellent and a large part of the glyph itself is gone. I did find quite a number of thin pieces in the soil and dust and some of them fitted into their former places in the stone. A number of other pieces came to light, some with good bits of glyphs on them but did not fit in. I didn't feel much like working anyway-- the whole camp, men and all are suffering from something or other that has provided an intestinal upset. It will be over soon, in fact is quitting already, but is not conducive of energetic arbeits. So that's that.

Get a report from KDKA tonight that the early ball games have been postponed on account of cold weather. We are having unusually cold weather here, it may be all the same disturb ance..... The gasoline lamp just expired and so shall I, for the night,,

And today, strangely enough is the 15th...

May I say that I devoted the day to making measurements and estimates of the weights of the various monuments which we expect to get out. At present the schedule calls for Number 40, which was found by Merley some time ago and which seems to me to be the most fascinating of all the stelae, as I have told you before it depicts the corn god in the act of sowing grain. It is in two halves, the upper being that of the god and the lower being a representation of a human figure, king or what not, The whole in excellent high relief. You can judge its size since the entire stela weighs six tons. It is about 200 inches high and some 40 inches wide. Then number 12 is coming on. That one you have in Malers book. The last is number 14, also Malers notation, one of the so-called Budda group and a swell piece of work. Then lintel, or rather niche stone, that Satterthwaite got out of the acropolis and which while incomplete is a most interesting piece. These four pieces will weigh 15 tons and that will be the limit I believe. Stela number 13, which Spinden thinks is the ne plus ultra, is pretty badly shot and does not show up as well as the others. Then there will be an assortment of pots, figurines etc. I have had the job of putting together a number of the pots, which will be busted again when they are transported to Philadelphia. Mason's men uncovered two caches today that contained a very interesting collection of figurines and flints. A curious fact is that all the objects are in pairs. It came from Temple 27 where I found my first cache, under the floor of one of the front terraces. This particular cuye was undoubtedly one of the most important of the cities mounds. It is rather high and boasted the finest lintels that have so far come to light. Behind it is the cave where Mary Butler is busy taking dirt of the bones of a very much deceased gentleman, or lady. He was unornamented but for two bone objects, like pipes, on his neck. Quite a good sized person. The first measurements give him a size of 5 feet 9 inches. But then when the arrangement of the bones has been better studied, he will be cut down somewhat.

In the afternoon I went back up to my temple and tried to piece together some of the glyph fragments with no success. Something new has developed there though and it now seems as if there were no less than four lintels up there. At least the arrangement of ruined stone give the possibility of spacious doorways, of proper size to accommodate the lintels. There is a ruined stone lying at the base of the first terrace on the south side, it has been designated as stela number 31, I believe, but may have come from the doorway which I believe existed on that side of the ruined building. Excavation further may reveal the truth of the matter. After this temple has been worked out I shall transfer headquarters to the pyramid to the north and so close that the two have mingled their debris in a common pile on the north side of the temple that I am now on.

Line Castro, who has done a great deal of work up on the top, and I, went fishing this afternoon in the Usumacinta. Results quite negative. If there is anyone

that can make an axe talk, it is that boy. I would trust him to cut my hair with it. They use an axe here with a long straight handle, especially made for work in the forest where the trees are very close together and a cleanly felled tree is a rarity. It usually takes an extra cut to free the trunk that has caught in another tree during its fall. He talks to it while he works, in god knows what language. We have great conversations together in pigeon english and spanish. He is from Belize, British Honduras, and speaks some english. If I talk to him and use fairly good english he looks to one side and I know he doesn't get it. Then I try "You take him rock out now, then catch him pick, bustem up", That he gets and a big smile lights up his face. His spanish is as bad as his english, however John Ress, for whom he has worked for many years, swears by him as one of the best woodsmen he has ever seen. Ress was in the mahogany business until a year or so ago and lost all his money in it, which accounts for the fact that we are able to have a well educated, gentleman, who speaks Spanish Maya and English, for the sum of 200 pesos per month. Some day I am coming back here and roam all over Guatemala, Quintana Roo and Yucatan with him, looking for this and that. He is my good friend and a swell comp nion, with a grand sense of humor that has been sorely tried. Withal he keeps a stiff upper lip and does his job uncomplaining. His experiences, both official and unofficial are vastly entertaining. But to get back to Castro. He was with the Mexican government man at Yaxchilan, some three jornadas up the river from here, for three months. His experience was a great help to me, since I had to feel my way in the digging. Every once in a while he would suggest that he had seen something at Yaxchilan that corresponded to what was being turned up at the time and he was usually right. Until the whole ground plan of the temple has come to light I will not attempt to give you any details of it, that is with any sense of accuracy, but it appears to be somewhat unusual.

We have had word from the museum to the effect that finances are very low, not very surprising, also that Mr Hrdlieka has found remains in Alaska, indicating without any question, to the said Hrdlieka, that the Mayans are directly related to the peoples whose remains he dug out up there. Some how or other my thoughts turned to the Arizona highlands, and how they compare with this virile land. High desert land, magnificently colored, and peopled with the descendants of those primitive agriculturists, or were they only nomads, that passed thru on their way to the southlands of Central America and then on to the high plateaus of Peru. Fighting for existence as they went along. And if culture that is highly developed is a byproduct of a leisure, why did the Maya, develop as they did, while battling with a voracious nature in these jungle lands, and why did the Inca do likewise on the high semi arid plains of Peru, and why did the Aztec develop in the valley of Mexico, where living conditions are so totally different than here, and again, why did the peoples of the New Mexico and Arizona plateaus not also produce a somewhat similar culture. I am considerably confused as to all this. The divine scheme of things should be a wee bit more consistent. One looks at the various priests and warriors, kings or chieftains; sitting on their stone stelae, still receiving the tribute from the slaves and under chieftains, kneeling below or before them. Still adorning the facades of the magnificent temples and buildings, whose erection they ordered. Some how they seem ageless and as defiant today as they were in the height of their power. Even though a great number of the stelae are completely obliterated as to figure and form, still one feels that the life that ordained the construction of all these great stone monuments still exists, still rules the vast green world that has for the time ~~submerged~~ being being submerged by a jealous nature. The Lacandon Indians, descendant of the Maya, still come to the ruin temples, burn their copal and offer their tiny stone gods to the memory of the glorious past. They know that the old days have only been, for some reason or other, sidetracked and that some day a resurrection will occur and once more the pomp and power of the old Maya will be revealed anew. I had the same feeling at Palenque, standing in front of the altar in the beautiful temple of the son. With a little stretch of the imagination the whole scene could be reconstructed and if I could have believed my thoughts, I should have closed my eyes, for an infinite period and opened them to behold before me the old life reborn. And why should I not believe what that queer subconscious mind would have me believe, that reality is unreal. But this going to far, whea, back up say I. But then why not. I can believe in the curse of the Pharaohs and all such matters firmly and absolutely, all that is necessary is to go into a small sized trance and let the spirit carry on. It solves an infinity of problems and seems as good a solution as any for any number of the problems that beset one..... I shall read this at some late time and probably wonder what lay behind the thought,..... The feeling has gone almost before it had made its presence known..... Buenos Noches.....

April 23rd—

(29)

The hot weather has been upon us for the past four days. Temperatures of from 95 to 100 every afternoon, in the shade of the palm thatch of Masons house. What with the humidity that is something. The sweat runs out of ones pores ~~xxxx~~ in a steady stream. I have dropped no less than 10 more additional pounds of the fat with which I was so well supplied when I left the ancestral fireside. However the insects have taken it on the shin as well as we and it is possible to work unencumbered by a shirt, and that helped considerably.

Tuesday and Wednesday were devoted to clearing work on the much higher pyramid number five, directly to the north of number four. The top was a mass of trees, living and dead, mahogany, sol and cedar. When the pick would strike the ground it was almost certainly encounter a root or decayed trunk which made it very difficult work. And the shelter of the leaves being removed, the sun was able to beat on us relentlessly. The first dig was made from the rear at a depth of some ten feet below the debris at the top, and continued straight in, in the hope of finding a wall with which to reckon all further points. Nothing came to light and the trench was sunk a few feet further. No wall came to light in this dig either but apparently the rear terrace had been dug thru and four caches came up. One had two flint objects in and about the broken sherds, another had housed a piece of obsidian and a third had a curious monolith nearby, looking like the larger stone from temple 4 and which is presumed to be the phallic symbol. The fourth cache contained only a broken mass of sherds. Encouraged by this, the dig was continued in until the hole had been made large enough to uncover the roots of the old dead mahogany that once graced the top. But no wall came to light, nothing but great rough building stone and the usual empidide from the cayo proper. A wall of roots and trunks finally stopped progress from that direction. We turned our attentions to the front, the next day. Two trenches were sunk into the front, Lino and I working side by side here and the debris carefully removed. The sides of the pyramid were so littered with debris that it was evident that any walls or structure would be found if at all in bad condition. A terrace wall developed out near the front but that was all. Lino's pick went thru a rotten trunk and into a large nest of ants and right then and there we quit work on Temple number five. How those babies can sting. Back to number four and dug into the earth and rubble directly above the stone that Morley called stela 42 and which I thought was a lintel, or rather piece of one. It lay on the side of the pyramid to the south and about thirty feet down from the top. Imagine my surprise when the pick turned up two large stones only a few feet above the supposed ~~stone~~. They were lying flat and had plaster on one side, not enough to indicate what was painted or incised into it in earlier days. But the two pieces completed the stela and made it a rather large and narrow one. Some 240 cms high, 27 thick and 65 wide, with good traces of plaster on all three smooth faces. Measurements of the doorway above from which it might possibly have come showed that it was much too wide to have fitted anywhere in there. So, my lintel is a stela, which is interesting because it is the first. I believe, plastered stela found in this city, although they are to be found elsewhere.

I read over Malera that night and found that he has little to say about the pyramid but he did say something that I had overlooked and that was that the stone he calls stela 29 had been up on the top in front of the ruined temple and that he had rolled it down to the position in which we found it at the bottom, in order to photograph it. Well, its measurements check with those of the undoubted lintel found in the other doorway and it is all glyphs like that lintel and furthermore has a good initial series on it, -

Wall of front right terrace has empidide from Nr. V
agreed to showing that Nr. IV was built first +
its terrace wall used as a sustaining wall for
one side of Nr. V //

26
April 24th,
PN. Gaut,

Dear Father,

The old Maya gods are indeed wrath. Half of the camp today lies in ruins, a blackened pile of debris. Yesterday about 11 AM, fire broke out in the kitchen roof. I happened to be here, also Peggy and the kitchen force. The flames quickly devoured the thatch of the kitchen and then, while we were busy getting stuff out of the houses that could be approached, swept over to the main house, Masons, Fred's and mine and finally the house where the drawing instruments were housed. Within ten minutes, in fact before the men could get down from the ruins, the whole job was done. Only a miracle saved the bodega with all the food and the houses of Mary Butler and Linton. I lost all my working clothes and a number of small articles, boots, films etc. Fred lost even more. You can imagine how fast the fire spread when I tell you that I was in our house, only a few feet from the house where the fire started, and had only time to get out my trunk, some of Fred's clothes and odds and ends, before the heat from the burning kitchen and our own burning roof made it impossible to stay there any longer. A few things were saved from the main house, but the cameras and all the films and negatives went up. Also all the small equipment. However the only serious loss is that of the negatives and some records and also the medical supplies. Most of the negatives can be retaken, but quite a number are irreplaceable. The radio is all gone and the National Carbon Companies films and testimonials that I had just finished went too. So it will be impossible to give them any photos now, although they can still have a fine written testimonial. When the fire reached our supply of guns and ammunition, the effect was that of a movie war scene. The sharp crackle of the rifle shells, there were 500 of them, and the deep boom of the shotgun shells, gave proof thru the night that nothing was left. We all ducked behind the remaining buildings while the fusillade continued. It was a terrific spectacle. Great red tongues of flame shooting from the thatch, which was as dry as tinder from the last ten days of dry hot weather that we have had. The fire apparently was started because of an overheated stovepipe, in contact with the already overheated and dry thatch roof. Senor Campeseco, the governor of this department was sent for at Porvenir, arrived leisurely and will have an investigation made. All the losses must be reported to him I don't know yet what effect this will have on the plans for further work. Most certainly we will have to quit much earlier since it will take a good deal of time and money to get the stuff back into shape. The men are busy today with their machetes, in the woods and the new houses will go up rapidly. One of the men sets out on foot for Tenosique and he will be back tomorrow night with some of the more necessary stuff. We have plenty of quinine and a bottle of iodine, so, in case anyone gets damaged, he can be repaired. Luckily for me I had put my laundry into the trunk, also my watch and ring, so I lost comparatively little. The radio, fishing rod, blankets, bathrobe, working stuff, boots, toilet articles all went. But no one seems to be much disturbed at present. We have plenty of shelter in the other buildings and by doubling up will be fairly comfortable until the houses are ready. A real swell party it was, in honor of my birthday today. I am going on down to the ruins today and do very impolite things to the first stone image I meet. Curious tho, Amata Aguilar, just the other day swore that he saw a flame rise and fall four times in the forest. Linton uncovered a burial a few days ago and Mary Butler dug into a cave and brought out remains. There was no fire-apparatus, but it would have been of little use anyway and only the night before I had mentioned the possibility of fire to Mason. All of the written notes are safe, we all had duplicates except Mary, whose stuff went up in the blaze. All the pots were destroyed, but some will be salvaged. Maler and a number of other works were destroyed and all the correspondence and reading matter, likewise my diary. But then I wrote you practically everything that was in my diary and I haven't lost any of that.

And what do you think of that-- shows you what happens when you dare to disturb the remains of these powerful old fellows. All of us are OK of course but Hose the parrot lost a large amount of tail surface, went into a spin and just about recovered in time. We all thought he was gone but he finally showed up in the roof of Mary's house, scared stiff and pretty well ruffled up. Butter applied to his head fixed him up and outside of a loss of appetite he is alright.

As I said, I don't know what the effect will be just now. We must order new stuff and it takes a long time to get it. Still the work in the ruins can go along just the same but the all important photographing can't be done. What will be Mason's decision I don't know. Judging from past performances I don't think he has one--like the fabled Englishman Englishman he will probably blunder thru.

One can not complain of action here-- when it comes it comes fast-- I have a couple of pictures of the remains that I took with my own camera, which I luckily had in my trunk. Need I say that we are not much disturbed, again, and that the major loss is the negatives of objects and architectural detail which has subsequently been either covered over or removed from the scene and destroyed. The matter of clothing and small equipment is slight.

You might drop a note to Mr, W.I. Corwin, of the National Carbon Co, 500 Fifth Ave N.Y. and tell him in general what happened, explaining that he can only get a good testimonial now, also that the apparatus worked perfectly after the long trip and that the flashlights were all destroyed. I shall let you know as soon as possible what the plan will be, if

any. I should say off hand that I will be back by the first of June now-- but it all very indefinite. Probably will leave here around the 15th of May, quien sabe?--

Interesting things have developed up on temple 4-- The stone that Morley calls stela number 29 and which he gives the date of 5-10-0-0, making it the second oldest in the city and which is the one called number 29 by Maler and lying in front of and slightly to the north of number 4 temple-- undoubtedly, say 8, was the lintel that sat in place in the doorway opposite the one where I found the lintel which had fallen in place and which bears the same time of Glyphs. Maler has a picture of number 29 in the back of his book and it compares in size, design, taper and general construction with that of the one I found. Now Morley uses that particular stone to further his sequence of the dates. He numbers the stone that was lying on the south side and quite blank, as stela 42,, and dates it by provenance. He makes it 5-15-0-0, then comes the jump of twelve missing stelae and then his sequence begins again. Well, I found the two missing parts of number 42 right above the first piece, quite blank but with enough plaster left to indicate that the design probably was incised into the thin plaster, something which is found nowhere else in the city. But to get back to the other stone. I found that Maler recovered the stone from the front of the little terrace on the top and tumbled it to the ground and photographed it. As it lay on the ground it could only have been tumbled from a position which I believe to be exactly that of the ruined doorway. Also, further digging in the steps and debris in front of the other doorway has disclosed no other stone, so that it does not seem as if there was a stela standing way up there on that side. Now, if that stone is the lintel, it dates the building and accordingly the whole south group, which has been considered the oldest, both from the architectural standpoint and also the ceramic-- Morley has a photo of the lintel that I found and I shall take another picture of it with my own camera.

Further digging into the front of the building has uncovered the great steps leading up to a small terrace, then another smaller flight to another small terrace and then the final flight to the top. The whole only about 40 feet high. The supporting walls on the side of the pyramid have come out perfectly, practically undisturbed after all these years they show a massive construction, sloping slightly to the base. Numerous sherds have been found by Lino and myself in the space at the bottom. They will be of use in the figuring of the art sequence since they were there before the ruining process began.

And that is that,,,,,

It might be much worse than it was---

Lovingly-----

david Jr-

April 27th

One of Villaneuvas arrieros came in today with goods that had been ordered to replace some of the stuff lost in the fire. He brought letters dated Apr 8 April 10 and 13th. I am glad that my letters were enjoyed. It is fun to sit and write them here and there is always something to write about. What with one thing or another it requires little effort to sit at the typewriter and misspell and mispronounce and mispunctuate etc.

As regards the letters. The camp is located at the northern end of the ruins. Almost directly beneath the highest structure on the acropolis and a good ten minute walk from the South group where I am working at present. It is about one kilometer from the spot where we swim to the sacrificial rock. The vagaries of the river cause the bathing beach to oscillate up and down stream within a distance of some hundred yards. At present it is behind a sand beach so that anyone with modest tendencies will feel secure. Since the fire bathing suits are at a premium, but, since I have not bothered to wear one since we came, believing that the burden lay on my companions of the other sex, it makes little difference to me. In general, a Mexican woman will not shy at sight of the human male figure, far from it. A somewhat puerile (sp) mainliner might. Incidentally this is no place for a white woman. The Mexican men are the soul of honor in these parts and the Indian men that we have seem to be entirely unconcerned in the subject of the sexes. I mean that the climate is tough, needs considerable readjustment to make living pleasant. There is little a woman can do, except look after the camp life. It is really a severe physical life and a white woman can't make the grade. We have two washwomen with us from Tenosique. One of them is a magnificent woman, with a good percentage of Indian blood. Tall, straight, fine featured, broad shouldered I remember watching three women at Jonuta on the way up, the Usumacinta. We had arrived in there at daybreak and Fred and I went ashore to look at the town. We happened on these three making tortillas, which sounds easy enough. But they were doing the job through from soup to nuts, but reversing the process. They had the rough

corn before them and all the apparatus. Consisting of a mortar and stone and considerable of Mr. Armstrong's well known engines. To grind the corn, one of the women stood on a box at some distance above that at which a normal person would be above the table and which enabled her to reach forward and give the added weight of her body to the stroke. After she had pounded it up, the second took it and made the necessary additions of water to the grain. This she brought in her self in large five gallon tins. Formerly the property of one of the oil concerns (it is wonderful what civilizers they are) The third tended the fire, brought in the wood and baked the tortilla. The dough is spread on a palm leaf and worked into circular shape with the tips of the fingers. Then it is placed on a hot plate above the fire and baked. It raises up some during the process and this raising is squelched by applying pressure to it. After all this it is stacked away in nice piles. Incidentally the 30 men being fed at the men's kitchen, consume 325 tortillas a day. Any time of the day and far into the night, as well as at four in the morning Jose Lopez is at his job, kneading and baking. Their daily food bill calls for tortillas, frijoles, rice, coffee, lard and meat (when it is available) They eat about two and a half pounds a day and can work hard on it. But I digress. Anyway this is not a white woman's country. In case of emergency, there is no doctor nearer than Frontera, four days away at the least.

Desempeno is not on the maps that you have. It is one day's journey from here via mule and one hour and a half on the river, coming down. The day's journey can easily be shortened to seven hours. It consists of seven little farms, each with a hut of course. The community owns one mule between them. I was in error in my last letter. There is no bodega there. In fact there is none between Tenosique and, strangely enough, Filadelfia, way up the river. It is not very far ~~south~~ north of El Cayo. I am planning to take a week and go up to Yaxchilan, with Lino Castro as guide etc. He has worked there and may see some of these places. May go next week.

Also my boy, it was a scorpion that bit me, or stung me. He was a black gentleman about two inches long, his stinger was about three eighths of an inch long and his claws probably $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch long. I killed him in my blanket so I guess there is no question about it. The natives think little of them here. But they have the greatest respect for snakes. The other day Sixto Perez killed one of the dreaded nahuaca family, fer de lance. Wicked looking devils, rather same this one was, with a spear shaped head, horny protuberances over the eyes and fangs, curved and about three eighths inch long. He brought him into me, dead of course (They bring me all kinds of insects and animals knowing that I am interested) and I looked him up in the

April 30th

30

The dog days have been upon us since the 19th. Hot, humid days without any rain at night to relieve the heat. The slightest exertion brings forth a magnificent flow of sweat. But it is an unmixed blessing since the insects have gone into retirement. Temperatures range up to 100 in the shade in the early afternoon and the nights are rather uncomfortable for sleeping. I have noticed that Maler took care not to be here during the hot weather. He was here in 1898 in the late months of the year and then went on up to Yaxchilan where he spent the three months of January, February and March. It is difficult to get up any real enthusiasm for work now. The air is heavy without being languorous-- the forest humid but not steaming. Lino Castro, whom I did a great injustice by calling him a black from Belize, is showing the heat so I don't feel so badly about it. He is a Waika Indian from the Mosquito Coast, Nicaragua, I should have known he was an Indian myself, since he has the high cheekbone, straight hair and broad forehead. His skin is quite black though. He believes, as most of the workmen do, that sweating weakens one. The other day he told me that if I kept on sweating I would get so weak that I wouldn't be able to leave here. John Ross passed on to me a remark that he, Lino, had made. It seems that Lino and I have been assaulting the rock piles with great energy. A continuous rattle of rocks rolling down the sides of number four and of shovels hitting against the ringing rocks has been coming from the general direction of the south group for some time. I have been more or less astonished at the activeness with which said Lino, pick has been flinging rocks right and left. After all with the climate and all one doesn't look for that here. And I have been sticking right with him. It all came out with his remark to John, "That man he workum like hell. No can let white man beat me". And I have been blasting away to keep up with him! The result is that we have accomplished as much as the ordinary gang of five would. It is one way to avoid the heat and the insects leave one entirely alone when the pick and shovel are flying thru the air. But at the end of the day I am thru. Lino is much thinner and I-- well-- I bought an alligator belt in Frontera and had the maker punch five holes in it for reserve. Each hole is about an inch from its neighbor. I left Frontera with my stomach holding out at the number one, outside pole. Today I am running a bad fifth. Five inches of circumference gone to salt the earth in the South Group, Piedras Negras, Guatemala. I make it 76 kilos now, a new low, appropriately enough since around 1921-- the year of the depression. And the depression is on my abdominal regions now.

Yesterday, Fausto came ambling into camp on his way up the river to stamp mahogany logs. His uncle Villaneuva is owed a sum of money, so Fausto goes up country and stamps the owners logs, with his, the owners permission of course, and then when they float down the river with the July and August floods, Villaneuva grabs them at Tenosique. Well, Fausto came on in and naively announced that he would like to have three men to pole him up the river from here. A hard four days pole to Yaxchilan. He also wanted the three best men here. He had the sense to come to Mason, who of course said all right (He says all right to anything) But John didn't allow Fausto to get away with it, he told him that he couldn't have any of the men and Fausto rode off blithely enough. The good old poker bluff is worth a fortune here. The man who gives an immediate answer to a question gets taken advantage of. And Mason has not the spirit at all with which to battle with these gents. Ecco, they take advantage of him all the time. Then when he finds it out he says, a bit tearfully, "Well what can I do, I am a scientist not a business man". The answer might be that a leader of an expedition should have some executive ability, to say the least. Without John Ross, this place would be a total loss. He does everything and does it well. On one hand he bawls the men out to a state of respectful admiration and on the other quotes, Cicero and assorted Latin texts. He was educated at St Johns college, Belize, a Jesuit institution, but John shows nothing of the religious side. He told me that he went broke in Houston and had to get a job digging ditches in order to feed himself and his wife. He was hacking away in a ditch, quoting Livy to pass the time, was overheard by a newspaper man who called him to his office, the Houston Chronicle, took his story, gave him \$25 and a good job. Benefits of a classical education John calls it. He has offered to take me all over this mans country. Thru British Honduras on up thru Quintana Roo, across Yucutan into Chiapas and down thru here. I am thinking most seriously of coming here around the end of the year and doing the trick with him. He will not ask for any pay. He hopes I believe to get something for his stories. He tells me that the National Geographic offered him \$25 a thousand words for a story on the chicle industry. He knows Blom well. Also Carlton Beals and Anita Brenner is a good old friend of his. I hope to make the most of this opportunity to do something that very few persons have ever done. Chiapas alone is practically unknown in great part, and supposedly uninhabited. Quintana Roo is also more or less in the dark. John has been all over these places in the course of his chicle and mahogany work. Tells me the Quintana Roo people are not savage at all but that they happen to enjoy their freedom and won't give it up. He is going to take some pictures for me with films that I will send him when I come out. You can't get anything in here. And then he will take a number of shots for me, such as the cattle hauling out the stones. Photos of the men and shots of the ruins. So all the lost films will not be gone to the limbo land. I found two developed rolls in my trunk which were saved, rather I should say, Exposed rolls I don't remember what they were, but imagine they are of good subjects. I did what was suggested and took action pictures instead of scenery. The native knowledge of the camera is rather slight, so I don't know whether I appear in any of them.

In re Esparsa and a mix up regarding the 1st mule train from San Jose,,,,
The mules came in the other day from San Jose, some 20 in number carrying an average of only 100 pounds apiece instead of the usual 200 pounds. Since the pay is determined not by the amount of the cargo but by the number of mules and the days in transit, there was some thing wrong somewhere. It costs 20 pesos per trip from Tenosique to camp and 10 from San Jose. During the afternoon of the day that they arrived in camp, after shrugging of shoulders had been the only answer to questions on the subject, Esparsa, the head Arriero got pleasantly and somewhat tearfully drunk on Comitata, a raw alcoholic product brought down from up the river. He offered the following information entirely unsolicited. One does not ask too many questions anyway since the assumption of improper action might cause a general mutiny. It seems that his four assistant arrieros were all members of the league of the arrieros. Here it might be worthwhile to state that everything in Tabasco is in the hands of unions or leagues. A pleasant little system devised by Garrido and apparently for his own benefit. They operate in the most autocratic manner possible, for instance, there is a league of cargadores, or porters. If you come in on a boat they must handle the baggage. If you attempt to carry anything yourself you get charged for it anyway, any cargadore who permits a passenger to carry stuff is fined. And of course the additional cash that comes in finds its way eventually to Villa Hermosa and Garrido. Well, one of the arrieros was the president of the league, another the vice president, and the other two high officials Esparsa himself is not a member of the league but has to pay his taxes anyway to them and they had insisted that the load be brought in as it was. Esparsa with the most comic gesture and expression of his swarthy, villainous face, although he is the soul of amiability and gentleness, with tears in his eyes at times explains in detail how they were all members of the league, officers of it, and he, Esparsa, was nothing. I could hardly keep from laughing at the sight of him gesticulating with his hands and gently weeping at the thought of the injustice being done, first of all to him by the possible interpretation that we might place upon his actions and secondly, the injustice to us by the action of his fellowmen in insisting on twice as many mules as were needed. It was a swell performance. He is quite a character anyway, one of the best horsemen in these parts and acknowledged to be the best handler of mules. And that must be an art, to drive them along poor trails when their first instinct is to turn into the cool forest and save the baggage from being smashed against the trees. He wears gaudy colored clothes, a big six shooter slung from his hip, decorated boots and an enormous and magnificent sombrero, topping off his black mustachios and eyes. But all these people are colorful, there is not one of them that does not appear in an interesting light at some time or other. The mobility of their faces, their eyes their carriage are fascinating subjects. They wear their sombreros all the time, giving them a swaggering effect that overcomes the simplicity of their cotton pantaloons and shirts. Alberto Perez, our young, somewhat bashful and goodlooking table boy is expert at the Zapatao, a native dance, surprisingly intricate and fast. They all love to dance and sing and gather about outside the dining room when the victrola is played. Excessively polite, always giving a buenos tardes or buenos dias. When the party came down the river the other day they could not leave until everyone had shaken hands with all of us that were present and been wished a good voyage, a proceeding that occupied some time. But then everything takes time, it is impossible to get anything done right away, all the formalities must be indulged in. When a bargain is struck it is only after greetings have been exchanged, and polite mention made of all the families health. If they try to slip one and get caught they call on all the available saints to witness that it was a slip of the tongue and no fault of theirs that the price had been mentioned as Twelve pesos when only a short time before it had been sold to someone else for ten. But what is the difference, they are honest, we leave things lying aound in our huts which of course have no locks on them and nothing is taken. But then in all my travels the only place I have had anything stolen was right in New York Harbor-

I find I have done Lino Castro and injustice. He is not a blackf from Belize. He is a Waika indian. from Nicaragua. the Mosquito Coast section. Yesterday he gave an exhibition of his ability as a tree climber. Chico, the spider monkey that we aquired from Camposeco, decided that he wanted to travel. He started down the little hill to the bathing place and then struck up the bank to the forest. Some vines struck his eye and up he went, but being a young fellow and inexperienced he went too high and then was afraid to come down. So lino went up another tree, swung into the vines, chased him down and then came down himself, monkey fashion. This little monke is a circus. He has really five legs what with his long prehensile tail with which he does the most remarkable things. He is most pleased when hanging by his tail from a pole. and occasionally giving himself a push that sends him spinning at the end of his own natural rope.

But tonight is a beautiful night. The air is clear and fine, the stars are brilliant points of light in the mellow light of a tropical night, whatever that is. And I finished up another day on pyramid number four, my own private cuyo. It has given birth to its second stone. The day before yesterday an uncarved lintel or stela, no one seems to be willing to say which it is, came to light. It was lying on the first terrace, on the northwest side of the pyramid. According to its position it could not have come from the terrace on which it half reclined and it was too near the corner of the cuyo to have it come from the top. Still the roots and the walls do queer things and it is difficult to say what happened to bring it to its last resting place. It may have come from temple five. The northwest wall of four and the south east wall of five are one and the same, so it may have slid down from the top of five. But its measurements compare favorably with those of the right front doorway on four, whose lintel is missing. And again it has the same width as the stela, which is also blank and has corresponding traces of plaster on it, that lies on the southeast side of four. 66 cms for both, and it has the same thickness as the lintel which is lying in place on the top of four and its length, after estimating the size of a piece that is missing, is just about that of the width of the right front doorway on four. But its position in the right front corner of the cuyo, at the foot of a steep terrace wall, seems to preclude its having come from there. As to whether it came from five, I can hardly say. No decent walls have come to light there and without a doorway it would be difficult to estimate. So you can see that these things can easily become a first class puzzle and its anybody's ball game. It is quite blank, has traces of plaster at either end and one side, measures about 155 cms, by 21, by 66 cms. In length, thickness and breadth respectively. The stela on the southeast side is 255 long 66 thick and 27 thick. The lintel at the top is 160 long, 21 thick and tapers from 70 to 80 in width. If it is a stela it is one of Morley's missing 12 stelae. If a lintel it is of different type than the other found in the same group, it does not taper and is narrower. I wonder what Morley will say. He called the stone that was lying on the southeast side, when we came, a stela, and which subsequently was ~~assumed~~ completed by our finding the two pieces lying above it. The original piece measured only 80x66x27. So I guess he will call this a stela also, and give it one of the missing dates. Which may give you an idea as to how indefinite the whole system of dating really is.

Today however, something real turned up. Satterthwaite noted a few fine lines on a large square stone sitting in the wall of the left room of temple 27, where I found my original cache. Numbering by the Morley system. Near it was another. They were lugged into camp and when the plaster was scratched off, revealed the earliest date of any stone found here to date. It dates 9-3-12-0. The stone has not been cleaned sufficiently to give the day date or any of the sculpture in detail. However there are two groups of figures. The left group consisting of the three figures all facing towards the center of the stone and the right hand group, apparently of a single figure facing the center, with another kneeling behind it. The initial series is in position at the upper left, a line of glyphs runs along the top and down the right side. Another little strip probably containing glyphs, lies to the left of the right hand group. Each group is boxed off by itself. The stone is rather small and the glyphs archaic in character. The general arrangement, so Linton says, is that of lintels found in the south group, where I am now working, and which is supposed to be the oldest in the city. But pyramid 27 is some distance away and the stone was well plastered over. Reused lintels are found elsewhere. Mason has dug sufficiently far into number 27 to show that there was another structure beneath the present temple, and this stone may date that. This of course would throw out the idea that the south group is the oldest and would upset a lot of calculations. It would be necessary to find a new series of stelae to take up the dates intervening between the date of this stone and that of number 29 in the south group. It makes hash of lots of figuring as to dates of the whole group, and of course of the city as a whole. A real piece of luck. The stone in the wall was found by Linton, but he just told me that Eduardo Mendez, his captain on the group, remembered seeing the other stone on a tree trunk last year, ~~from which~~ where it was saved from being covered only by the grace of God. Now, the screen found on the acropolis ties in with the lintel number 3, now in the museum, and this in turn ties in with this one. But the acropolis has been presumed to be several hundred years older than the south group, so there you are. The glyphs on this stone are certainly archaic in style, but again three hundred years or so is a long time and a change to a more delicate workmanship is precluded. More detail will come out with cleaning but Fausto is here and ready to leave tomorrow so you won't hear of that till later. Morley will be tickled to hear of it and will offer his ideas on its dating and it will be photographed and turned loose.

I haven't more to say, except that I plan to leave here the day after tomorrow, by mule and go up to Yaxchilan, with Lino as guide etc. It is 2 and a half days there and I will carry food for a weeks trip. I'll be back, about the 13th and will leave shortly after for the outside world. The museum has notified us that no more money will be available, not a surprise to me, I will be able to clear up several important details of expense in Fronteera and New Orleans and should be home around the first, maybe sooner. So don't write any more to Villaneuva. You might take a chance and write me care of Alvaro Perez Sucs, Obregon; Tabasco. I should be there around the 22nd of the month.

Your latest letter dated 20th came here in 8 days!

Love and this and that---
David Jr,

May
April 9th

This letter is going out with Pomposo Villesis and may reach you before I do. I am leaving next Friday, early, on one of Villaneuva's amiable animals. Villaneuva is here in camp now, having dropped in on his way up to Filadelfia, up river, where he is to transact business. God knows what business it will be. When someone passes thru on such a mission, it means that goods will be grabbed, anything taken, for payment of debts. So, I suppose Villaneuva is on such a mission. Likewise, Fausto, his nephew, was thru here last week, probably on the same mission. Villaneuva is a handsome man, tall with a fine flowing mustachio. He speaks no english, but seemed to understand my spanish fairly. I took him over to see the cleaning up that had been done. Pyramid number four, looks pretty fair now. There is enough cleared away to give a very good idea of the original construction. I found a large section of plaster imposition on one of the terrace walls. It serves to prove that the stone were covered with plaster although it had no traces of paint upon it. It was a rather rough but plane surface, of gray plaster. No more stones have come to light, but dig on the southeast side of the cuye has brought to light a large number of sherds and one or two figurines. All the stuff had apparently tumbled off the top and the terraces. One of the figurines had a very well carved torso of a woman, rather rare to find, but no head. The other had a good male head, fairly large, but no torso. One of the sherds had a figure, consisting of a head and headdress of a priest, or what was it, carved on its side. But in general the sherds are small and contain little of interest. I did find a large broken vessel on the second terrace which is interesting since Maler, suggested that they placed pots on the terraces. So far none have been found, but then no one has taken the trouble to dig out the terraces on the pyramids. The more spectacular, burials and lintels are hunted for. I find it much more interesting, to say the least, to attempt to restore the building to its original form, than to rip it to pieces, and forever destroy its shape. As I said before, I can now get a fair idea as to the original form of number four. I have taken a few pictures of it but the light is usually poor under the shaded forest, and I doubt if they will be good. There were four terraces, each one of which was offset somewhat. The front has two offsets, at the same distance from the steps that ran straight up to the top. The offsets are about 8 feet from the wall of the steps. The step wall itself is rather hard to find, having been so wrecked that only a few of the stones at the base remain. The dig to find them was made along the terrace, which had been cleared and was in good shape, into the center. The only notice of the step was given by a few large stones irregularly piled in position. The rest was gone. What with roots pushing out, rain soaking in, and the monteros pulling over, the walls don't last very long. Fortunately the terraces were saved from the falling rocks above and were inclined sufficiently to preclude the growth of small trees on their sides, also shedding the heavy rainfall. But the smaller walls are completely wrecked.

Morley has sent a telegram to Mason, announcing that the newly discovered city in Campeche, is a beauty. He reports that he saw no less than 105 sculptured stones of which 51 had initial series upon them. They dated from 9-5-0-0-0 to 9-16-0-0-0. That was all he said. That is the city of which I told you in a former letter. It had been found by the usual method, the chiclero.

As regards my trip out. I have decided not to go to Yaxchilan, at this time. I have no camera for one thing and could not stay long enough. I shall wait until some time next year, when I expect to be here and travel with John Ross. I had thought of going on over to Chichen, but that I shall postpone. Without the necessary equipment, such travel would be very expensive and touristy. Besides to digest what I have seen here will take a while and simply to go chasing around looking at new sites would not mean much to me just now. When I say new sites I mean of course, new sites to me. If some chiclero should come in here today with the report of having seen something new among the trail, south east or west of here, well, you would not see me for quite a time. Barring all that I shall leave here next Friday, early, with the intention of going on to Obregon directly. Then up to Vera Cruz, and from there to Mexico City and Teotihuacan, which I should like to visit, if only for a day or two. It would cost me little more, since the boats usually run to Vera Cruz on their way to New Orleans. But this I shall know about in Obregon, and may wire you from there if I change my plan. The party has had a lucky break. The exchange has been going up every day, now is 3.10, but Mason will probably be in debt anyway. Of all the managers he takes the leather watch. Stones are on the way and going out very slowly, what with desertions in the bulldrivers set and breakdowns in the wagons. So, I should be back sometime around the first maybe sooner, depending on so many things that I can't say, from here, just when. I will know at Obregon tho.

It has been fascinating to be here and to have had the opportunity to work about the ruins unmolested. The weather has been absolutely perfect. Almost desert skies at night and blazing hot in the day, but in the shade of the forest it is cool enough. I look forward to being here the early part of next year and of travelling over this part of the world with Ross. He is feeling fine again, having finally heard from his family, whom he had feared lost in the Belize disaster. They were all spared to him and we are all very happy on his account. He is really a fine man and ~~deserves~~ deserves a better break from the fates. He and I have made tentative plans for the next trip and of that more later.

You shall hear from me at either Obregon or Vera Cruz, but then this letter will possibly get to you late. Received letter dated 24th, And more lovingly,
David Jr,

May 11th---

This here number four is getting to be a regular cemetery. On the eighth found a lad laid out between number four and number three, next to three's wall. And today what does Lino do but dig up somebodys fingers on the northeast side of four. His head is at the angle formed by the steps and the northeast terrace wall. He had been digging in the debris that was left after the first excavation of the wall and the terraces above and his orders were to collect sherds and then go into the step wall and clear it, so that Fred could run his lines. He had found a few sherds and then all of a sudden came onto the finger bones and a femur bone lying below them. Yesterday I had finished clearing away the bones of lad number one and had packed them in toilet paper, all we had to pack fragile stuff in. While sitting on the ground pecking away at the rapidly disintegrating bones & my eye fell on a reddish object nearby. The ground had already been cleared to what I thought was the floor, so I was somewhat surprised to pull a nice figurine out of the surface. This part of the dig has produced several figurines each day. One of them a womans torso, quite unusual; also a seated figure dressed in a breechcloth and a smile. The head is missing but I assume that the smile was there. He had a thin pair of arms and a nice fat stomach, complete with umbilicus. The arms were rather unusually posed. In supplication, and towards the left. But to get back to stiff nr, 2 H was lying with his head towards the northwest and feet to the southeast. A 90 degree angle from cuerpo number 1, but at the same level; in the floor itself. I was fooled by the fact that the floor is raised somewhat in the front and thought that I was above the level. But I wasn't looking for any more skeletons there anyway. I stumbled over the first one a too while clearing the ground between the two structures, three and four. I had found a few bones which Mason had pronounced normal and was finding quantities of sherds when bingo, I went into a thin slab. A space under it intrigued me. I placed my hand there and came out with part of the gents skull. Gent number 2 was not protected and though I have't had the rest of him in a view as yet, I think that he will be some messed up. Number one had plaster over his ribs from his waist down and falling stones had raised hell with the position and condition of the bones. His chest was gone, likewise his left hand and most of his toes. No ornaments near him, except one clay bead at the feet, probably accidentally there. He was boned when put in since the plaster covered his bones and was probably a sacrifice to commemorate the building of the structure three. Likewise stiff 2 has nothing on him but plaster, in fact part of him, so far, is in the plaster floor itself. Shall dig him out tomorrow. So cuyo four is a swell place. Have found everything on it that is to be found in these parts apparently. Namely-- lintel, stela, caches, good walls terraces and offsets, steps fine pottery, incised and sculptured sherds, figurines, jade and obsidian, fairly good temple outline, plaster in position on walls (best example yet found in the city), Red painted plaster on temple structure. Rounded ends of terraces. Incense vessels, tripod dishes, polychrome sherds, double floors in front of structure and on top, fine megalithic stairs on plaza in front of temple, paved floor of plaza, steps in position, and of course two skeletons, one of which will make a good skull restoration job. So far this year only two stiffies have come to light and here I have the good fortune to get two in three days. The gods are good, probably there little way of repayment after the fire loss. Likewise the style of the burial is entirely new, that is in and below the floor. Probably were both sacrifices and secondary burials. No traces of color on the bones as yet. Age indeterminate, but the first lad was only 155 cms overall from end to end of his stone cyst and that means about four feet ten or so total height. Returns on other no in yet. So I am leaving this place in a blaze of something or other. Having had the experience of actually digging up myself practically all the main features that are found here and having supplied new variations on some of the old themes. A swell piece of luck for a starter and befitting the original luck that lead me to the only caches on temple 42, right off the bat. It seems to me from this bit of work that systematic study and slow and careful excavation of everything on one temple or rather pyramid can get more than tearing into structures and only looking for certain features. And besides it preserves the structures form for the next fellow that comes along. There are probably other features concealed by the cuyo proper that may come to light later on, such as older temples, more walls, caches, burials at greater depths and levels. But I am satisfied with the results. The structure is in such shape that Fred can make an accurate plan of it, offsets and all and can reproduce it as it once stood forth, even to color. And pots and terraces, a feature that is also new, and which I forgot to mention in my list. Of course I have had the luck and undoubtedly there are great amounts of material to be dug out of the others, since the south group had not been touched as yet. But I believe again, that the systematic removal of everything, and leaving nothing for granted will bring to light unexpected treasures. Maybe not as spectacular as ripping a structures terraces apart to hunt for large impressive stelae and lintels, but collectively I believe to be of more value. Satterthwaite and I are in agreement on this point. Find everything little thing on the ruin, show all the walls and terraces, ruined or not and then if you wish tear into it for more dope. Since there is nothing to restore to speak of here, there being only one small structure standing in the whole city, the loss to the future observer is slight, altho destruction of the form, precludes the ~~the~~ imaginative observation. To wade into a new structure, ruined only by nature, is productive of more imagination and reasonable deduction, than the same structure laid bare to the skies by a digger.

There is a certain feeling for the builders and their motives in building that is lost when the bare bones lie staring up to the blue tropical skies (Only at this season tho) For instance I find that the southeast second terrace wall is shot. I also find that there are old massive roots in the places where the old wall stood. The reason for the fall is laid bare and all these little points are of value in further deduction when faced with a somewhat similar ruin when the cause is removed by excavation, the effect becomes a matter of mere conjecture. It really is swell fun too. I found practically nothing for almost a month but went on with Lino and, since last week, with Abel Sierra, Guatemalteco from up in the highlands, slowly and laid out the walls, steps etc. Then low and behold stuff begins to come to light. I have brought in about ten large cloth bags of sherds, quite a few figurines and the two skeletons all within the past week. And that after a month in which nothing came out. I was a bit discouraged at times but still I did not expect to find anything, since I was only looking for the walls and offsets. The blank stela on the northwest side did come to light about two weeks ago and that stirred things up some. But the rest of the time Lino and I worked peacefully together, sweating in the hot afternoon sun, undisturbed by anyone. Occasionally Mason would drop by, not more than twice a week and sometimes Mary. Fred spent a few days with us but in general we had it to ourselves. This swell little cayo tucked away in the furthest corner of the city from the camp-- a good five eighths of a mile from the home folks. I have a good deal of feeling for it now, salted as it is with the sweat that caused me to drop no less than twenty pounds in these parts. For the sake of record, this afternoon I weighed just 74 kilos, 163 pounds, dressed, but of course without any coat. And when I left it was 183. Sic ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ transit gloria stomach. Without hard work, in this climate one would be laid out quickly. I sweat the malaria out of my system as fast as the stuff gets in. There is plenty of it here, some of the boys are all ways hit with a touch of it and there are bastante anopheles. But the quinine and the work knock the hell out of that. No one has had even a suspicion of the fever. Then the work keeps the general elimination of the system in order too. A very healthy life, as I have been leading it. Up every morning by 6 at the latest, and usually it is 5.30 and to bed by 9,,,. And that about sums things up in general. The experience has been swell-- I have been entirely on my own and believe it or not have had to direct everything on number four myself. You may draw your own conclusions to that fact. And when you have the opportunity of seeing, doing and thinking for yourself you work hard and think clearly. And to have met John Ross has been an additional pleasure, I certainly look forward to seeing him again here.... Without him there would have been a decided loss. Fred is a good young fellow, quite green but a good companion and a fine architect. A scholarship boy at Ohio State and Harvard. Address,, Clendenin, W. VA, on state route 21, 19 miles east of Charleston W Va, age 24,, John Henry Ross, Belize, British Columbia,, Lino Castro c/o John. M.C. Todd, Tenosique-- Amado Aguilar, Tenosique-- Abel Sierra, Tenosique-- Mary at Media, other at museum && Finis--- Rosendo Esparsa c/o Don Pancho Tenosique--- Panchito Vn.

550
450
1000

May 19th

Thursday---

I am finding it very difficult to keep up with my own movements these days, to say the nothing of any record of others. For instance, Wednesday morning at ten I left Villahermosa bound for Vera Cruz and Mexico City, via the Pan American. A big Ford, trimotored, rolled in on time at the landing field a short way from the city of Villahermosa and after she had been refueled and checked by the mechanics, left. The sky was overcast with the spotted cloud that usually means a rough trip and judging from the looks of some of the passengers who had gotten out for a rest at the station, the opinion seemed justified. The takeoff was a little bumpy and soon we were climbing to three thousand feet at a great rate, the three Wasps droning away in perfect harmony. I settled myself comfortably near the radio operator who sat in front near the pilots. It was pretty cloudy at 3000 and the pilot made no effort to climb above the clouds. The run into Vera Cruz is broken up by a stop at Minatitlan, which is but one hour away. Flying along just under the clouds was pretty rough. The country is quite flat, with watercourses winding crazily on their slow way to the gulf. The stop at Minatitlan was short and we were off for Vera Cruz. Soon after leaving we had to climb fairly high to get over the mountains that border the isthmus of Tehuantepec. We went to 6000 dodging rain clouds and occasionally being hidden from the earth. San Andreas mountain, on the coast and then the plane swung out over an arm of the gulf. It was rough again when the ship dropped down to 3000 and I was glad to get into Vera Cruz, or rather the airport which is quite a way from the town itself. We changed ships and pilots here, picking another Ford and a rough and ready, red-haired pilot. The radio operator and I started a conversation even before we took off, exchanging the usual radio ops lies. We began to climb for the two hour trip from sea level to above 6000. We climbed and climbed thru one layer of cloud after another-- 8000 -- 9000. At 10,000 we went thru a heavy cloud and emerged still climbing into a brilliant sunlit sky. All below lay the white carpet of cloud while higher thunderheads were piled five and ten thousand feet higher on both sides. We kept climbing until I could feel the ship getting feathery and finally leveled off at 13,000-- It was cold as the devil against the windows. Occasionally the clouds would break away and far down the land stood out. But generally we stayed way above the land, moving at 130 miles an hour thru a cloud paradise. Queer fantastic shapes loomed all about and at times all would be obliterated as the plane went thru a thick cloud mass. The radio reports kept coming in every fifteen minutes. Theop told me that there was some rain at Mexico City, I could see great mountains looming up suddenly below the clouds and passed on. Finally nearly, 75 miles from Mexico we passed over the pass that dips into the great valley. A terrific and majestic mass of granite lay on the north side at the same altitude that we were holding, 12500 feet. Eroded and worn but standing triumphant above the clouds. Soon we hit a little sleet storm and the pebbles rattled against the windows. Then far off to the southwest showed the line of the Sleeping Woman, whose aztec name I have forgotten. Below the ground was of desert appearance broken by great, long extinct craters, whose forms showed perfectly from the air. It began to blacken up ahead and Orizaba and Popo could not be seen. A great high rain cloud showed ahead, rushing to meet us. The ground station at the field gave the report of rain and lightning and for the next ten minutes the pilot was one busy man. The radio operator kept getting his reports in and out almost continuously and I could hear the pilot yelling for the wind direction. Suddenly he began to rev the motors up and we hit up to 1900 instead of 1700, the prop whining away with a heavier beat. Suddenly there was a brilliant flash apparently right next to the plane, followed by the roar of the thunder. The rain was coming down hard and the sky ahead was black. The pilot pulled the ship over in a steep left bank away from the centre of the cloud, from which the lightning was coming. These Fords are all metal, and --well you know the feeling. We came rushing to the ground and leveled off at about fifty feet. I could not see a thing ahead and thought we were going to make a forced landing and wait until the little storm quit. We suddenly bank sharp again, then fishtailed wildly, banked again with the wings just over the ground and made one hot, although perfect, landing onto the end of the rain soaked field. We must have landed at about 100 miles an hour and yet that good pilot sat the thing down without a bump. We rolled and rolled and right up to the hangar. It was raining so hard that they taxied us right into the hangar and we all piled out. It was quite a thrilling experience for me, knowing the little that I do about flying and appreciating the marvelous skill of that man. He got out entirely unconcerned and took his papers into the office, while the second pilot gave some orders. The radio man told me that the Pan American has never had a crackup yet. The only times they have made forced landings have been on account of darkness. At 13000 feet there is a feeling of exhilaration that you don't feel at any other level. ~~anyxseaxxwixixixaxs~~. So, I got into the city at 4PM. and came to the Regis. Had some drinks with the radio op. Joe Collyer, had supper with him, more drinks and then went to watch the fastest most exciting game I have ever seen, and the best gambling game to. Fronton. A glorified, handball, played at lightning speed with a hard ball and peculiar looking bats of straw with which they catch the ball and send it whizzing back against the backboard. Two teams, two each play. We bet three times and I came out just even at two and came back to the hotel. Up at seven and went up to the Observatorio section at Tacubaya and bought maps from a be-whiskered gent. Saw a protest parade against a deputy who had shot and killed a student. Telephoned to Vera Cruz to make sure of my passage. and then went out to Teotihuacan. Of which more later. I must have eaten or drunk some water a few days ago that was not so good, for my stomach is sure shot. &&&&&-----%/%/%%!!!**//6543204

Re trip to ^mLA CONDON
S.C. and GUAYENIALA

June 24th
Tenosique, Tab.

A Quien Corresponda...

For statistical purposes it might be advisable to record the temperature. I am sitting in the office of Dr. Todd, doctor, mahogany cruiser and transport engineer. It is breezy in this high plastered room, but still its 85 against the wall. What its outside you can guess for yourself. It was 114 here two weeks ago. But even so it is much more pleasant than Philadelphia during the hot spell that preceded my departure. One makes no explanations to an adamant god. One retires to ones hammock. I have already acquired the hammock habit. I bought a large cloth one in Obregon and if I had had any sense would have used it coming up the river on the Plutarco Calles. The bunks in that barca are made for the Mexican figure which is just too bad. The springs have suffered fallen arches years before I arrived and the general form of the bed was that of a rudely shaped dugout. For company I had a choice collection of cucharachas and the longest legged spider I have ever laid my eyes upon. The cucharachas took it on the chin with FLIT but I had to smack the spider. Not that he was dangerous but I didn't want to be annoyed by having his hairy legs dragged across my face while I was asleep. When the Plutarco came close to the shore, which happened continuously while we were coming thru the Rio Chico due to its narrow banks, a horde of insects came aboard, attracted by the bright lights. Why they keep the lights on I don't know, except probably to provide a thrill for the people who live in the champas along the shore. Every champa we passed had its quota of happy men women and children, watching the great Plutarco as she slowly passed by. And it was probably a pretty sight at that and along the Rio Chico anyway an unusual one. It is not often that a craft leaves the Rio Usumacinta ~~below~~ below Jonuta to wander about thru the crazy windings of the Chico and come out again on the great river again some distance above Balancan. (Above and Below are used incorrectly. Above is north of and Below is south of). But we had cargo for a big Finca, La Naranja and had to go thru the Rio Chico to deliver it. It would have been impossible for the Plutarco to turn around in that waterway.

John was on hand at 5.30 as we docked at Tenosique and I settled myself in the hotel of Don Miguel Casanova, met many friends, was patted and reppatted, had breakfast (Its too God Damned hot just now, mas ~~xxx~~ tarde, con permisso-)