The Archaeological Field Diaries of Sylvanus Griswold Morley:

Explorations in Quintana Roo and Petén, 1922

The Morley Diary Project, Volume V

Edited, annotated, and with introductions and illustrations by

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An electronic publication, published online at Mesoweb:
www.mesoweb.com/publications/Morley/Morley_Diaries_1922.pdf

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Preface

The year 1922 was another banner year for Sylvanus Morley and the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Its Central American explorations now in their eighth year, by the time Morley sailed from New Orleans to Belize City in January the CIW had established itself as the single most important institution supporting research in the Maya field. And its role at the apex of the Mesoamerican archaeological pyramid would only become solidified as important projects at Chichen Itza and Uaxactun expanded in the middle and last half of the 1920s. All of this was directly Morley's doing. The 1922 venture, officially called "The Sixth Central America Expedition," consisted of three month-long legs with visits at Tulum (with a brief enroute stop at Quirigua), in central Petén, and finally in northeastern Petén. As detailed in the following chapters, important achievements were realized—discerning the E-Group at Uaxactun, the first comprehensive excavations at Tulum, the discovery of Naachtun, and the recording of numerous dated stelae.

Morley's Career Before 1922

As we now present this fifth volume of the Morley Diary Project, perhaps it is useful to review Morley's career—and by inference the CIW involvement in Central America—in the near decade leading up to our current presentation.

Between 1908 and 1910 Morley made occasional trips to Yucatán while at the same time finishing up his academic work at Harvard (he never finalized his Ph.D., but was called Dr. Morley for most of his career) and working on digs in the American Southwest under Edgar Hewett and the School for American Archaeology (SAA). These early years also brought him to Chichen Itza and the various Puuc sites that would become an important part of his legacy. Although diaries exist for these student years, the current Morley Diary project does not pick up until Morley's 1911 season at Quirigua, which for all intents and purposes represents the formal start of his career as a Mayanist.

At Morley's urging, in 1910 Hewett expanded the reach of the SAA to include work at Quirigua, Guatemala. In the first decade of the twentieth century, Quirigua was perhaps the most visited and well-known site in the Maya region if only because the United Fruit Company had a major operation just a few kilometers distant from the ruins. Additionally, the rail line between Puerto Barrios and Guatemala City ran through Quirigua and had a major stop there. It was not surprising that with the exception of the Peabody Museum's work in the 1890s at Copan, the first major North American-sponsored excavation in the region was focused on Quirigua. Morley served as an assistant to Hewett during 1910 and 1911, but when Hewett returned to the States at mid-point during the 1912 season, he left Morley in charge. Morley would return to Quirigua

for additional work for many years, but especially in 1919 and, briefly as recounted in our current volume, 1922. He went on to write a guide to the ruins (Morley 1935) which was popular enough to have a second edition published in 1947. Volume III of *The Morley Diary Project: Excavations at Quirigua, 1912 and 1919* (Ward and Rice 2022) is a thorough study of Morley's years at Quirigua.

The year 1914 was a watershed for both Morley and Maya archaeology in general. After several years of letter-writing, lobbying, and every imaginable kind of persuasion, Morley convinced the CIW to begin what would become more than four decades of archaeological work in the Maya area. Accordingly, insofar as the history of Maya archaeology is concerned, the first half of the twentieth century is now known as the "Carnegie Era."

Morley maintained a detailed, day-by-day diary of his life in the field, usually beginning his journal entries at the start of his annual expedition and ending with his return to the States. As his normal field season began in the cooler months of January or February, his diaries generally cover a period from late winter until May or June. These entries contain a wealth of information, both covering his daily life, interactions with the locals, and his professional discoveries. Parallel to the diaries, Morley also maintained detailed field notes, which consisted of his drawings of inscriptions and plans of the sites he visited or discovered. Many of the drawings included in his magnum opus, *The Inscriptions of the Peten* (1937–38) are taken directly and unaltered from his field diary sketches. If the field notes are full of drawings, it is in his diaries where one finds not just a wealth of information for scholars, but also a delightful tale of adventure that encompasses a mix of both the excitement of discovery and the sorrows of difficulties, but also, sometimes, great tragedy. The Morley diaries give us the best first-hand recounting of what Maya archaeology was like in the first decades of the twentieth century.

Rather than go into the details of what we have covered in previous volumes regarding Morley's career, below is a general overview of his expeditions leading up to the material covered in the present (1922) diary.

1914 This season consisted of travel through the far reaches of Petén with visits to Naranjo, Seibal, El Pabellón, Altar de Sacrificios, Tikal, Ixkin, Piedras Negras, Yaxchilan, Yaxhá, Topoxté, Ucanal, Chunvis, and Quirigua. The main goal of this trip was to gather epigraphic data. This was the earliest period of Morley's decades-long quest to find dated monuments, reflecting the general trend in early twentieth-century American archaeology to organize and classify archeological sites, particularly in terms of dating (Willey and Sabloff 1974). The diary for the 1914 season can be found in Rice and Ward, *The Archaeological Field Diaries of Sylvanus Griswold Morley, The Morley Diary Project, Volume I: 1914–1916 (*2021*:* chapters 4–9 covering 1914).

1915 Morley's 1915 expedition continued his Petén travels begun in 1914, with visits to La Honradez, Cancuén, La Reforma, Seibal, Itsimté, Tayasal, Motul de San José, Yaxhá, Benque Viejo, and Nakum. Morley also spent some of his 1915 season focusing on Copan, Honduras, with a brief visit to Quirigua. Morley, to put it bluntly, was completely enamored with Copan and its residents. To be sure, in these early years of his career, his academic focus was largely aimed at that site, a multi-year infatuation (and it can really be called an infatuation—at one point in one of his diaries he calls the ruins "my beloved Copan") that resulted in his massive 1920 *Inscriptions at Copan*, a prelude to his later work on Petén. This year also saw Morley's first significant publication—*An Introduction to the Study of the Maya Hieroglyphs* (1915), a volume, though much outdated, remains on the shelves of every current epigrapher in the field. It remains the best study of the basics of Maya calendrical glyphs. His diary and details of the 1915 season are covered in Rice and Ward, *The Archaeological Field Diaries of Sylvanus Griswold Morley, The Morley Diary Project, Volume I: 1914–1916 (*2021*:* chapters 10–17 covering 1915).

1916 It should be noted that the main goal of the CIW Central American project was the eventual excavation and restoration of the northern site of Chichen Itza. This was the project which Morley originally proposed to the CIW in 1914, and it was why they agreed to enter the Maya field in the first place. But work at Chichen Itza was not to be immediately realized (the project did not begin until 1924) because of political instability resulting from the Mexican Revolution, which not only made it impossible to negotiate long-term concessions (permits), but also meant that all of Mexico—including Yucatán—was unsafe for archaeological work owing to political violence. Guatemala, supposedly, offered a safer choice. As the 1916 expedition reached its tragic concluding week, Guatemala proved to be no safe choice at all.

Morley's early career reached a high point in 1916 with his discovery of the important site of Uaxactun (known at the time as Bambonal)—Morley renamed it based on his discovery of very early Initial Series dates on the monuments at the site. Uaxactun became one of the most important locations of study in the early years of Maya research, mainly because of Morley's excitement about the early dates found there. For his entire career, he mistakenly considered Uaxactun as the "first" city of Maya civilization, and because he headed up the large CIW Mesoamerican operations, he directed ongoing work at the site, making Uaxactun one of the most studied Maya cities during the 1920s and 1930s. Sadly, Morley's great achievement of discovery quickly turned into the most devastating tragedy of his long career. On the return trip, just near the border of British Honduras, Guatemalan troops ambushed the expedition, murdering two team members. Morley himself barely escaped with his life. He was so deeply shaken by this event that at first he threatened to give up Maya research (time heals all wounds, and he was back in the field the next year). He never failed to mark the anniversary of the death of expedition physician Moise Lafleur in his diary, year after year after year. Other sites

visited in 1916 before the Uaxactun expedition included Kaminaljuyú, Santa Cruz del Quiché, Zaculeu, Quirigua, Copan, Dos Aguadas, and Tulum. Coverage of the 1916 expedition can be found in Rice and Ward, *The Archaeological Field Diaries of Sylvanus Griswold Morley, The Morley Diary Project, Volume I: 1914–1916 (*2021*:* chapters 18–23 covering 1916).

1917–1918 There was no formal CIW expedition for either 1917 or 1918 owing to the First World War. Morley famously became an agent for the Office of Naval Intelligence, leading a spy ring that explored coastal Central America for potential German U-boat bases as well as keeping tabs on Germans in the region (Harris and Sadler 2003). Using his archaeological credentials as cover, Morley made regular reports back to Washington but still was able to undertake limited archaeological work: in 1917 he visited Copan, Santa Rita, Rio Amarillo, Los Higos, and Paraíso; in 1918 he traveled along the Quintana Roo coast visiting Chac Mool, Tulum, and Ichmul, and then went to Chichen Itza, Silan, Mayapán, Holactun, Uxmal, Kabah, Labna, Xlapac, Santa Rosa, and eventually ended up at Palenque. One interesting feature of the diary at the end of 1917 was Morley's first-hand account of the great Christmas earthquake in Guatemala City. The 1917–1918 diary is published with illustrations and commentary in Ward and Rice, *The Archaeological Field Diaries of Sylvanus Griswold Morley, The Morley Diary Project, Volume II: The Spy Years, 1917–1918 (*2021*:* chapters 2–23 dealing with 1917, chapters 24–29 dealing with 1918).

1919 Still impacted by the aftermath of the First World War, the CIW did not organize a large expedition in 1919. Instead, Morley spent his season at Copan finalizing his readings of inscriptions in preparation for his 1920 publication *Inscriptions at Copan*.

1920 Morley spent more time at Copan, but then returned to central Petén, visiting Kaminaljuyú, Tayasal, Xunantunich, and Benque Viejo. Morley also made one of his important discoveries—the site of Xultun with its late Cycle 10 Initial Series dates. The 1920 expedition is covered in Ward and Rice, *The Archaeological Field Diaries of Sylvanus Griswold Morley, The Morley Diary Project, Volume IV: Explorations in Petén, 1920–1921* (2024: chapters 1–11).

1921 This year marks the beginning of very large CIW expeditions, that institution's support rising each year during the 1920s. With the publication of his massive volume on the Copan inscriptions the previous year, Morley now had a new raison d'etre as he waited for the political situation in Mexico to resolve itself: he now had formulated the outlines of what would become *The Inscriptions of the Peten*. His primary research interest now became discovering and recording as many Maya date inscriptions as possible. In this pursuit he returned to Uaxactun, revisited Xultun, and paid visits to Nakum, Itsimte, El Encanto, Uolantun (which he discovered this season), Naranjo, and Tikal. As if that

were not enough, he then discovered Ixlu and went back to Flores and Tayasal, where he laid the foundation for Carl Guthe's excavations at that site in the years immediately following. Finally, he began one of the most arduous trips of his career—a long, grueling trek from Flores to Piedras Negras that found his party lost and wandering, running low on water and high on bad temper. Once at Piedras Negras, he spent many days recording the dated monuments at the site. The 1921 expedition is covered in Ward and Rice, *The Archaeological Field Diaries of Sylvanus Griswold Morley, The Morley Diary Project, Volume IV: Explorations in Petén, 1920–1921* (2024: chapters 12–46).

Over the course of his first active decade in Maya studies, Morley's career veered from that of a dirt archaeologist to a student of epigraphy. His earliest years under Hewett in the American Southwest saw shovel in hand as Morley participated, often doing grunt work, in actual excavations. This continued at Quirigua, which saw his excavation and reconstruction of numerous structures at the acropolis. After the excavation work at Quirigua, however, Morley's yearly field season consisted of the search for and recording of dated monuments, an activity which led to the discovery of many important Maya sites. This is not to say Morley never excavated again, but when he did his role was that of supervising large teams (as in the case of Tulum, described in these pages, and at Chichen Itza after 1924). His goal, insofar as his academic legacy is concerned, was to find dates and once and for all establish an accurate timeline for the course of Maya civilization. His epigraphic approach ran parallel to other dating methods (ceramic analysis, for example) developed during the 1920s–1930s by other CIW staff. Although after the 1950s scholars sometimes criticized Morley's focus—and that of the CIW in general—as not emphasizing more modern anthropology (as opposed to old-fashioned history), the work done in the first half of the twentieth century need to be done in order for the study of the Maya to move to its next phase. Morley was a key player, if not *the* key player, in building the foundation for the field as we know it today.

Morley's view of Maya civilization was pervasive in the first half of the twentieth century. He viewed the Maya as a peaceful people, ruled by priest-kings who lived their lives studying the heavens. Despite abundant evidence of violence and warfare, Morley could not see past his own perception of the Maya as the "Greeks of the New World," a term he often used. Morley's views infected the scholars who worked under him at the CIW—then practically the only game in town. J. Eric S. Thompson, arguably the second most influential Mayanist of the era eclipsed only by Morley himself, is a prime example of how Morley's views of the peaceful Maya held long-term sway not only in his own time, but in the decades after his death. This basic misunderstanding of Maya civilization became baked into the fundamentals of Maya scholarship, an ossification that held back advances in the discipline well into the last half of the twentieth century.

Morley's Classification of Maya Urban Centers

Morley's fixation on dates, and organizing information about the Maya in general, can be observed in the system he developed to classify Maya cities. Although modern scholars are not as eager to order data into classification systems as were students in the past, if they were to go about grouping Maya urban centers into categories, many factors stemming from current scholarship would be used to determine placement: regional population, political, cultural, and economic importance, duration of occupation, and a host of many other data points. Morley, on the other hand, had a much more simplistic view. He identified only three factors when determining the relative importance of a Maya urban center: 1) their respective areas—i.e., the spatial extent of the urban core; 2) the relative size of the architectural remains as found in ruins, and 3) the number and quality of their sculpted monuments, especially insofar as inscribed dates were concerned. In his *The Ancient Maya*, Morley mentions that other factors might be considered in determining the relative importance of these urban areas, but ultimately, he notes, "…it seems best, in attempting to make a classification of the Maya sites according to their supposed degrees of relative importance to judge them…by their respective sizes, the extent of their architectural remains, and the number and excellence of their sculpted monuments, quite regardless of any additional importance they may or may not have had as centers of pottery, textile, or lapidary production, or manufacture of other articles of trade (1946:317)." Never mind anything to do with political suzerainty over a given region large or small; never mind extended cultural sway; and, perhaps most significantly, never mind economic influence in all of its many implications. It is in some ways ironic that epigraphy has reshaped the Morley view of the Maya as much as anything else—the decipherment of political hieroglyphic texts shows that Maya centers held sway over other sites, sometimes far and wide (Martin and Grube 2008). Kingdoms and empires, as well as looser spheres of influence, dominated the Maya political landscape, especially during the Classic period.

But it is also interesting that when one looks at Maya polities from today's perspective, a modern classification does not wholeheartedly differ from that proposed by Morley, despite his more limited set of determinative variables. Morley divided Maya urban areas into four categories:

Class I: This included the largest centers with extensive ruins and numerous inscribed monuments: Tikal, Copan, Chichen Itza, and Uxmal. Morley debates whether to classify Calakmul and Coba at the bottom of Class I or the top of Class II. (We now know that the top two rival powerhouses of the Classic Period were Tikal and Calakmul). Morley decided to keep Calakmul out of his top tier because, "in spite of its mass production of monuments, the individual sculptured stelae are for the most part of little esthetic merit, and in the case of Coba, although there are many buildings, few if any of

them are of architectural distinction. Moreover, Coba's twenty-four sculptured stelae are also all mediocre in character…" (Morley 1946: 319). Such commentary demonstrates that when assigning each urban center to a category, Morley's judgement was rather subjective. Indeed, one could question the inclusion of Uxmal in Class I. No doubt, the site's stunning beauty as much as anything else, informed Morley's assignment.

Class II: These centers were also very large, but not on the level of Tikal or Chichen Itza. Sites such as Uaxactun, Naranjo, Piedras Negras, Palenque, Quirigua, and Naachtun made up some of the 19 urban centers Morley placed in this category.

Class III: These sites are smaller yet, including such centers as Tulum, Labna (as opposed to Kabah, which was in Class II), Yaxha, Seibal, and Mayapan. Morley placed a total of 39 sites into his third class, although he himself admits that in many cases the difference between a large Class III site and a small Class II site is somewhat ambiguous. He goes so far as to argue that Class II and Class III might be merged into one. The inclusion of Mayapán in Class III points out an important defect in Morley's system: it does not take a site's period of florescence into consideration: Mayapán, for example, would certainly be considered a Class I polity during the Postclassic period in the northern lowlands. The same might be said for El Mirador, but in a Preclassic context. (El Mirador had not yet been explored during Morley's lifetime). He did, however, note in his discussion of Class I that Chichen Itza and Uxmal reigned supreme well after Tikal and Copan. While considering defects in Morley's classification system, it might be noted that he did not differentiate between the northern lowlands and the Maya heartland, but rather, insofar as his ordering of sites is concerned, grouped everything together. Morley assigned 39 sites to Class III.

Class IV: This class held 54 smaller sites, such centers as Uolantun, Ixkun, San Clemente, Ichmul, and so forth. Given recent discoveries using LiDAR, this list could expand to hundreds more new entries.

As if these categories were not enough, Morley lists each site within each category not in alphabetical order, but rather in his view of their importance. For example, his Class II starts at the top with Calakmul and Coba and ends with Sayil, Edzna, and Santa Rosa Xtampak. Class III starts with Balakbal and Xmakabatun and finishes up with Izamal and Sotuta. Class IV begins with Bonampak and El Amparo and ends with Dzibilchaltun and Chama.

A Note on Drawings in Morley's Diaries

For most years Morley often included sketches—often just scribbles—on the pages of his diaries. His more formal drawings are contained in his field notes for each expedition.

These latter usually consisted of site plans, but most often were careful drawings of inscriptions which he later reproduced in his 1937–1938 *Inscriptions of the Peten*.

The typed version of Morley's diaries held at the American Philosophical Society (APS) omit these in-line sketches, leaving a blank space where they appeared in the original hand-written notebooks. Throughout the several volumes of our Morley Diary Project, we have relied on the APS version of the diaries as the source material for our own text in that these were, in our view, the "official" version prepared and edited by Morley near the end of his career. He felt his diaries should be put into proper form for posterity--perhaps he even envisioned their eventual publication.

Although in past entries to The Morley Diary Project we have omitted Morley's in-line sketches (most added nothing to the information contained in the text), in this volume we have decided to take a new approach and include these here in an appendix.

Why not place them in situ on each page in Morley's text? There are two reasons. First, often these are irrelevant and distracting, though in many cases they are important for an understanding of his text. Second, the Peabody Museum views each page of the diary as an artifact in whole, which we are not permitted to edit. In short, to present Morley's drawing we are required to present the entire diary page holding the drawing unaltered, frequently creating a distraction for ease of reading. Accordingly, as in the case of endnotes being included on separate pages at the end of many scholarly volumes, we have included Morley's drawings in an appendix so that those interested will have access to this information. In the text of Morley's entries, we refer the reader to these images as "Appendix Figure 1," etc.

Acknowledgments

The Morley Diary Project is a large one, now with this fifth volume approaching some 2,000 published pages covering 11 years of Morley's career. This ongoing endeavor would not be possible without the assistance of numerous people over the several years of our work. Of special note for this volume is, of course, Joel Skidmore of MESOWEB.com who provides encouragement and, most importantly, a home for our work on his important website. Thanks also goes to Paul Southerland and Joseph DiLullo of the American Philosophical Society for assistance in procuring the typed version of the diary. Finally, without the generous support of the Peabody Museum in providing the many photographs contained in the Carnegie Institution of Washington's archives, our text would be nothing but boring typescript. We want to particularly mention our appreciation to the staff of the Peabody Museum who graciously continue to support scholarly work.

CHAPTER 1

EDITORS' INSERT:
TANCAH – TULUM, QUINTANA ROO, MEXICO

Described as a "regional backwater for much of its history" (Miller 1982: 2), the east coast of the Yucatán Peninsula witnessed little Maya activity until the late eighth century AD, or the Late/Terminal Classic period. With the rise of Postclassic seaborne commerce around the peninsula and southward into Central America, the east coast prospered as Aztec (pochteca) and Maya canoe trade visited ports such as Cozumel, Chaktemal (Chetumal), and Ambergris Caye. Spanish colonial settlements in the coastal Tancah-Tulum zone were abandoned in 1668 (Miller 1982: 50).

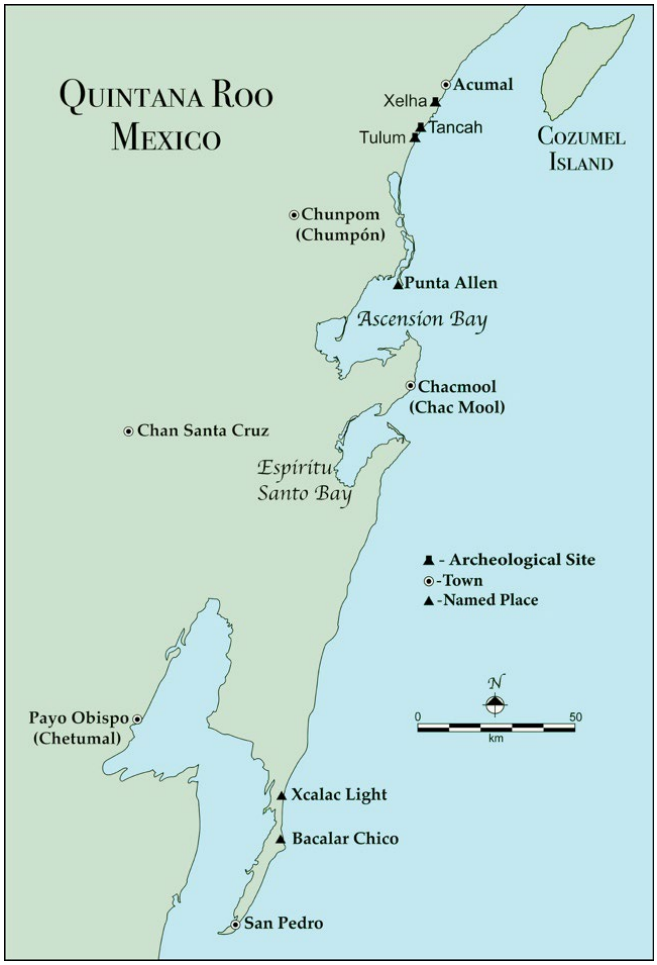

Figure 1.1. The Quintana Roo coast.

Three closely spaced sites are of interest in this region—Tulum, Tancah, and Xelha—and overlook the Caribbean Sea. They are primarily known for their late-dating murals. The region's artistic tradition shows four periods of development, from the Terminal Classic/Early Postclassic through Middle and Late Postclassic into the Colonial period (Miller 1982). A principal icon is the so-called diving god, a "youthful figure that appears to be diving headfirst from the sky," sometimes considered to represent the Maya Maize God or God E (Miller and Taube 1993: 80).[1] On a wooden scepter with a diving god figure recovered from the Chichen Itza cenote, the figure's headdress is foliated, supporting identification with the Maize God and also suggesting death imagery (see Finamore and Houston 2010: 279).

This descending figure also is known elsewhere besides the east coast, for example, from effigy incense burners produced by the Itzas around Lake Petén Itzá and sculpted on Flores Stela 5. It may be better associated with Quetzalcoatl and themes of the Borgia Group of codices (Rice 2018: 317). Although the diving figure is not clearly associated with eastern Petén, the architecture of the Topoxte Islands in Lake Yaxha has been compared to that of eastern Quintana Roo (Bullard 1970: 275).

The coastal region's well-preserved murals have been studied by numerous scholars, but recent work has called attention to the structures themselves. Geophysical studies have suggested that damage to the murals and cracks in the buildings were caused by settling of the subsoil (Vázquez et al. 2017–18).

Tulum

Tulum (Figure 1.2, 1.3) is a relatively small, walled Postclassic site, perched on the edge of Yucatán's limestone cliffs, roughly 12 m high. It was not a port per se; rather, in the opinion of Arthur G. Miller (1982: 88), after study of the site's art and architecture, it was more of a cult or pilgrimage center "dedicated to the cosmological concerns of spiritual and physical renewal." More prosaically, the community might have been a port of trade enclave (ibid.: 75).

Tulum was founded around AD 1200 and abandoned shortly after 1521. Its standing architecture, dating primarily after AD 1400, resembles the architecture of the inland peninsula—the earlier sites of Chichen Itza and Mayapán—but on a smaller scale. Its principal edifice, the Castillo (Structure 1), is only 7.5 m high with a two-room, vaulted temple superstructure. The two columns of its west-facing entry were modified into feathered serpent columns. Structure 1 is not a multi-tiered pyramid, however, as are the castillos at Chichen and Mayapán. Tulum buildings are distinguished by flat tops, rather than roof combs, and thick plaster coats, often embellished with stucco reliefs; both sub-

[1] The figure was initially thought to be an insect, a wasp or a bee, with analogies drawn to Venus.

and superstructures have projecting medial moldings framing inset panels. Two palace-type buildings on the west bound a possible north-south "street," and had beam-and-mortar roofs and colonnades. Structure 45, with a circular footprint, is thought to have been a shrine that housed a light for canoes plying the seas.

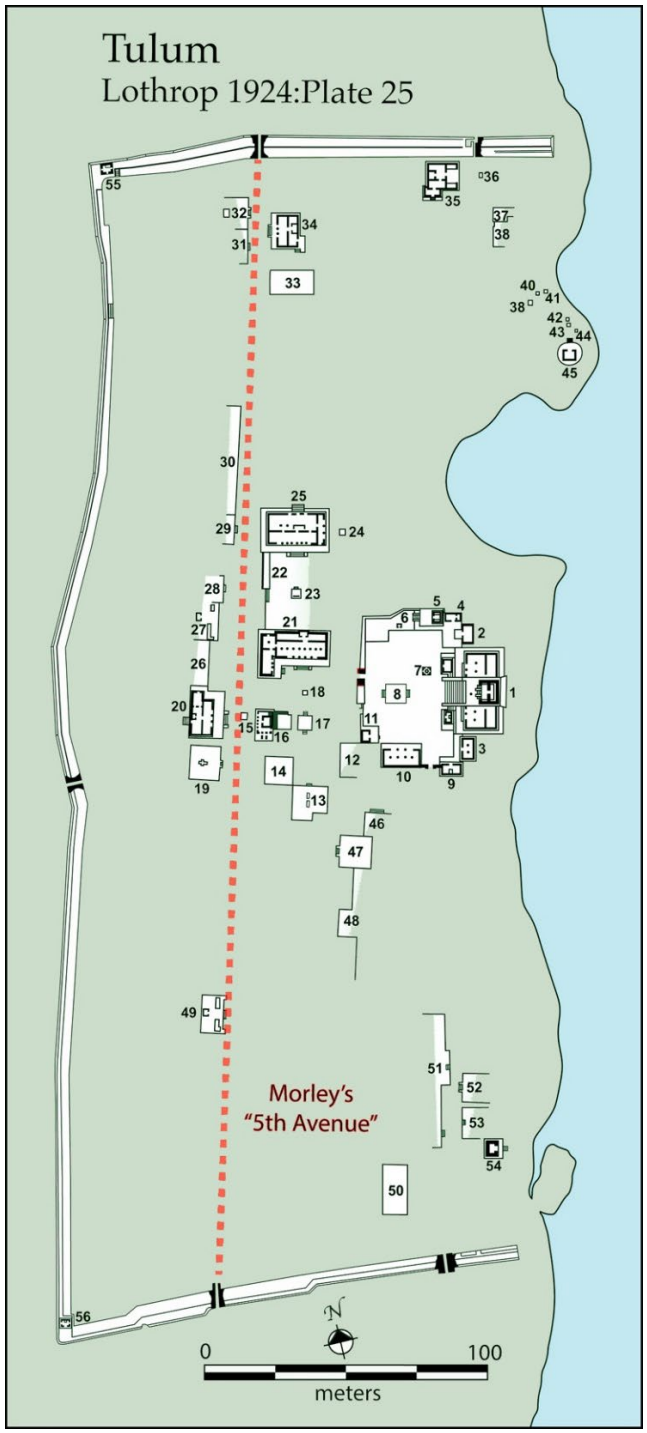

Figure 1.2. Tulum.



Figure 1.3. View of Tulum from above, looking northeast.

Tulum's structures, originally numbered by Morley, now are known by Samuel Lothrop's[2] (1924) numbers (Table 1.1). Tulum's wall is 3 to 5 m high and stretches 385 m north–south and 165 m east–west (Sharer with Traxler 2006: 609). With five gates, only one in the long western wall, it encloses an area of 63,525 m^2 or 0.063 km^2, with several reconstructed buildings and numerous small shrine structures or "watch towers" scattered about. The wall may have separated the site's elite inhabitants from the hoi polloi living in the surrounding area or it may reflect defense and protection of trade activities (Barrera Rubio 1986: 61). There is some disagreement as to whether Tulum is contemporaneous with Mayapán (i.e., Late Postclassic), as suggested by Sanders (1960), or postdates that site, as Miller opines.

[2] Samuel K. Lothrop (1892–1965) was a student at Harvard as Morley's career was getting started. He specialized in the archaeology and anthropology of lower Central America, publishing on the pottery of Costa Rica, Nicaragua, and Panama (Lothrop 1926, 1976). Lothrop joined the 1916 Carnegie expedition (Rice and Ward 2021) and served as Morley's chief assistant at Copan that year, leaving before the second part of the season—the discovery of Uaxactun. Lothrop (1924) was charged with publishing the results of the 1922 Tulum expedition chronicled in these pages.

Table 1.1. Revised ID numbers of Tulum structures

Old[a]	New[b]		Old[a]	New[b]
1	1		29	26
2	3		30	35
7	9		31	40
17	19		32	29
18	20		33	27
19	28		35	45
20	26		37	54
28	34			

a, Morley's original numbers (herein)
b, Lothrop's (1924) new numbering
Note: structures not listed here retain their original numbering.

Most of the supplementary analyses of excavated material (ceramics, human remains) from Miller's work in the area relate to nearby Tancah (below) rather than Tulum itself. Ceramics were heavily eroded, but thin scatters reveal evidence of Preclassic and Classic settlement and interactions with the interior peninsula (Ball 1982). Tulum Stela 1, probably moved from Tancah (or Coba), was style-dated by Tatiana Proskouriakoff to the Early Classic period although the figure has some Late Classic traits (Miller 1982: 63).[3]

Tulum is best known for its Late Postclassic murals or frescoes: the Temple of the Frescoes, Structure 16, and the Temple of the Diving God, Structure 5. These murals are not the multi-colored scenes of courtly life known from the Classic period at sites such as Bonampak. Instead, they are primarily cosmological, depicting gods and scenes of the celestial world and the lower aquatic world, with the terrestrial surface in between. They are executed in blue on white outlined in black, with a black background.

Recent study of the iconography of the murals (Pérez de Heredia et al. 2021) has echoed the earlier work of Samuel Lothrop, identifying various deities (or individuals dressed as deities) including Chak, K'awil, Quetzalcoatl, and Xolotl). In addition, the murals depict many types of ceramic goods: effigy censers, urns, and jars containing corn and liquids. The flowers and fruits (pods) of the balché tree (*Lonchocarpus violaceus*) were

[3] Miller further postulates that the move of this monument to Tulum represents a shift in political power from inland Classic sites to the coast: if the stela came from Coba, it was not an indication of Tulum's subservience to Coba, but rather the reverse (Miller 1982: 63). Of course, by the time of Tulum's florescence, Coba was largely abandoned.

also identified. These authors link the murals to rituals associated with agricultural activities including harvest of maize and *tajonal* honey[4], as well as production of *balché*.[5] They describe the murals as representing the coastal Maya substyle of the late Mesoamerican International Style. The composition is characterized by horizontal registers divided into rectangular panels separated by intertwined serpent bodies. The upper part of the registers are sky bands; the lower part may be terrestrial or aquatic.

One scene shows "a pair of intertwined serpents ornamented with flowers carry[ing] a series of gods on their backs as they rise out of a sea" (Finamore and Houston 2010: 215). The sea is depicted with a fish, a ray, and a cosmic crocodile. Another mural shows a downward-facing saurian with rain, perhaps relating to a cosmic flood. Structure 5 exhibits traits that Miller (1982: 92–95) links to a local oral tradition about Kusansum, a mythological umbilicus or rope containing blood that joins the sky, the terrestrial world, and the underworld. The intertwined serpents on the murals may represent such an entwined cord and symbolize mythic links between upper and under worlds. The region's "culture hero," Quetzalcoatl–Kukulkan, "cyclically falls back into the Underworld as Venus so that the sun may pass through the liminal zone of dawn." Miller (1982: 85) concludes from Tulum's eastern setting—the location of sunrise—and its murals that the site carried a theme of rebirth.

Tancah and Xelha

Tancah—or Tulum, or perhaps the region as a whole—was called Zama (Tzama, Çama), "place of the dawn" (Miller and Farriss 1979). Three years of excavation at Tancah (Figure 1.4) by Arthur Miller yielded an occupational sequence dating back to the Late Preclassic period (Ball 1982; Miller 1985: 32). It was abandoned in 1668. Several Spanish olive jar fragments and a sherd of green majolica ware were recovered at Tancah (Ball 1982: 111). Analysis of human remains revealed two cases of a rare genetic defect—Klippel-Feil Deformity or Syndrome: fused neck vertebrae—and suggest inbreeding (Saul 1982: 118).

Xelha (Xel-Ha) has a bay, a cenote, numerous structures, and a substantial defensive wall (Figure 1.5). The murals of Structure A, which has an interior building contained within an outer shell, were painted in two styles (Farriss et al. 1975). One style is the "International Style" appearing on the interior of the inner chamber. It is similar to that of Tulum Structures 5 and 16 in the use of black and blue lines on a blue ground, but its "relative crudeness . . . clumsy . . . awkwardness" suggests it was painted later. The second style is found on the exterior wall of this inner structure and relates more closely

[4] Tajonal honey is produced by the stingless bees (*Melipona*) of the Yucatán Peninsula, from the yellow flowers of the tajonal (*Viguiera dentata*; plateau goldeneye) plant.

[5] Balché is a mildly intoxicating mead-like fermented beverage produced from honey and the bark of the balché tree.

to Tancah Structures 44 and 12. Depicting the diving god and using more colors than the former style, the paintings were later covered with "whitewash," possibly by Spanish Christians.

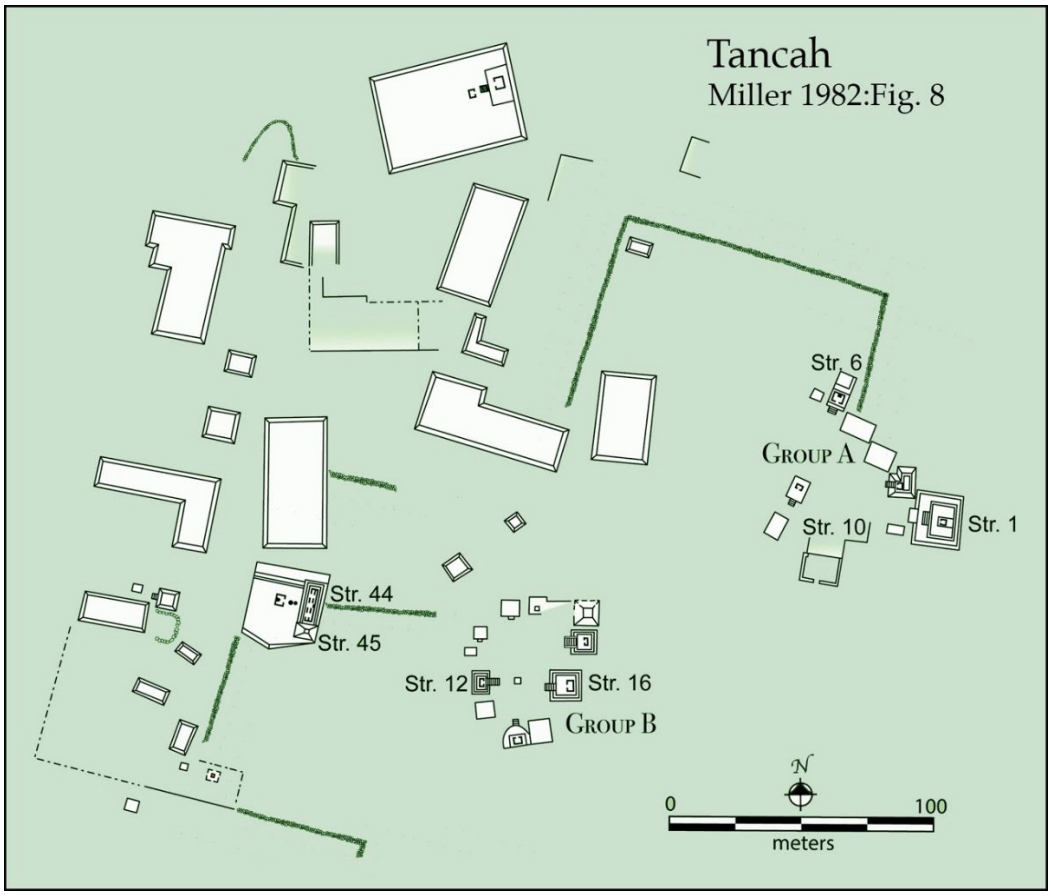

Figure 1.4. Tancah.

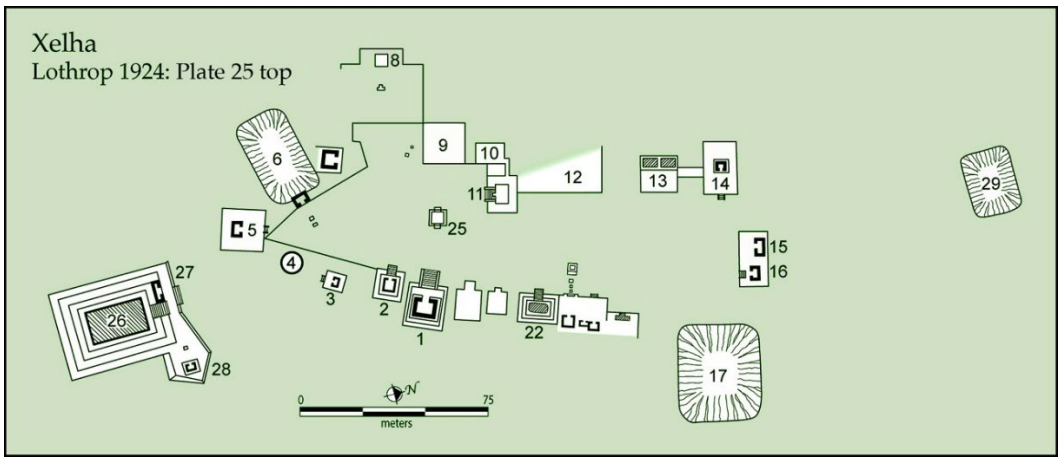

Figure 1.5. Xelha.

Investigations at Tulum

Despite its relatively small size and its location at the extreme periphery of the Maya world, over the years Tulum has attracted a disproportionate amount of attention. The earliest Spanish explorers marveled at its walls, early archaeologists—especially Morley—were captivated by its epigraphic and artistic history, and modern-day tourists descend in such numbers as to make Tulum one of the most visited sites in the Maya region, second only to Chichen Itza.[6] Why all of this interest? True, Tulum is the largest site on the Quintana Roo coast, but that is not saying much: population estimates based on raw house-mound numbers give a range of 1,000 to 1,600, although by including nearby sites into a single population zone, the population of the area might have been double this number.[7] With perhaps one exception, the architecture of Tulum and of other sites along the east coast does not compare to the more impressive ruins spread across the Yucatán peninsula. But that single exception—Tulum's Castillo, or Structure 1, perched above the azure-blue waters of the Caribbean, high on a limestone cliff—has sparked imagination for 500 years (Figure 1.6).[8]



Figure 1.6. Tulum Structure 1 (the Castillo) perched above the beach.

[6] In recent years Tulum has recorded something just over one million annual visitors; Chichen Itza just over two million. These numbers are provided annually by the Instituto Nacional de Antropología e Historía.

[7] These estimates are based on using standard calculation of 4.5 to 5.5 people per dwelling structure as applied to the house-mound counts made by Sanders (1960: 212–218).

[8] Morley himself wrote of popular interest in Tulum: "This site has long held a peculiar interest for students in the Maya field, not only because of its size and individuality, but also on account of its comparative inaccessibility and isolation" (Morley 1916: 44).

First Reports: 1518

The first recorded European account of Tulum was made by Juan Diaz, who served as a priest on Juan de Grijalva's 1518 expedition along the coast of the Yucatán Peninsula. The Grijalva expedition was one of several undertakings from Cuba probing the mainland of modern-day Mexico, the most famous of which was led by Hernán Cortés the next year in 1519.[9] An expedition in 1517 led by Francisco Hernández de Córdoba skirted the northern coasts of Yucatán from near Cozumel to Campeche. This voyage of exploration ended in disaster near Campeche when Córdoba and many of his crew were killed in a battle. Upon their return to Cuba, the survivors of Córdoba's expedition told of the wealth and prosperity of this new land.

Grijalva set sail in April 1518, accompanied by a number of future conquistador-era luminaries: Pedro de Alvarado (Cortés's second in command and future conquistador of Guatemala), Francisco de Montejo (future conquistador of Yucatán, after whom Merida's most popular beer is named), and Bernal Díaz del Castillo (the chronicler of the conquest of Mexico). Grijalva's small fleet of four ships mapped both the east and west coasts of Yucatán, eventually sailing as far west as Tabasco. Grijalva was the first person to use the term "New Spain" to describe the Mexican mainland (Clendinnen 2003: 16). Landing first at Cozumel, Grijalva sailed south along the Quintana Roo[10] coast until reaching the vicinity of Tulum. He writes that he saw:

> three large towns separated from each other by about 2 miles. There were many houses of stone, very tall towers, and buildings covered with straw…We followed the shore day and night and the next day towards sunset we perceived a city or town so large that Seville would not have seemed more considerable nor better; one saw there a very large tower; on the shore was a great throng of Indians, who bore two standards which they raised and lowered to signal us to approach them; the commander did not wish it. The same day we came to a beach near which was the highest tower [the Castillo] we had seen and one discerned a very considerable town (Lothrop 1924: 15).

In the years immediately following, several more expeditions to Yucatán were undertaken, including the 1519 venture by Cortés, a prelude to his subsequent conquest

[9] Our account of the Grijalva expedition and Juan Diaz's descriptions of Tulum are taken from Lothrop's summary (1924: 14–16).

[10] The name Quintana Roo came about in 1902 when the eastern part of Yucatán was so named in honor Andrés Quintana Roo, a lawyer, a poet, and an important figure of the Mexican War for Independence. Historically, modern-day Quintana Roo was lumped under the rubric "Yucatán." We have used both names interchangeably in our text recounting the early exploration of the area.

of Mexico. The actual conquest of Yucatán took place between 1527 and 1546 under the leadership of Francisco de Montejo.[11] Despite the reports of prosperous settlements along the east coast of the peninsula, the area between Cozumel and Chetumal was mostly ignored. The next colonial-era report dates from 1579 (Reigosa 1898), which notes that Tulum had been abandoned. By the middle of the sixteenth century and certainly by its end, it was recognized that Yucatán—particularly the east coast—offered little in natural resources (the term "resources" includes a large, potentially exploitable population) to justify vigorous colonization. Accordingly, areas east of the colonial center of Valladolid became a colonial backwater, ignored until the nineteenth century.

Stephens and Catherwood, 1841

The beginnings of the modern study of the ancient Maya can be dated to the publication of John Lloyd Stephens' two books recounting his travels through Central America. His books, *Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatán* (1841) and *Incidents of Travel in Yucatán* (1843), each published in two volumes, were much more than the typical travelogues of the day. Stephens' attention to detail, combined with the remarkably realistic illustrations by artist/architect Frederick Catherwood,[12] brought to the American public a first look at an exotic civilization located in the nearby tropics.[13]

Stephens and Catherwood first met in London in 1836, drawn to each other by their mutual interest in ancient civilizations and, specifically, ancient architecture. Stephens had authored two travelogues (1837 and 1839) covering the Middle East as well as Russia and Poland; Catherwood had travelled the Middle East on many occasions between 1824 and 1832, during which time he perfected his architectural drawings through the use of the *camera lucida*, a portable device that allowed him to project an image of his subject onto his blank drawing paper. Stephens was impressed with Catherwood's drawings and thought that including high-quality illustrations could greatly enhance the sales value of his future travel books.

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[11] The conquest of Yucatán has been well studied. In addition to detailed contemporary sources, the most important of which is Diego de Landa's R*elación de las Cosas de Yucatán* (1566), two modern studies provide detailed accounts: *Ambivalent Conquests* by Inga Clendinnen (2003) and *The Conquest and Colonization of Yucatan, 1517-1550* by Robert Chamberlain (1948).

[12] Although these books were authored by Stephens, Catherwood's artistic contributions are such that the volumes are invariably referred to as "Stephens and Catherwood."

[13] A very good biography of Stephens and Catherwood has been recently penned by William Carlsen (2016), *Jungle of Stone: The True Story of Two Men, Their Extraordinary Journey, and the Discovery of the Lost Civilization of the Maya.*



Figure 1.7. John L. Stephens (left) and Frederick Catherwood.

Stephens came across a copy of Juan Galindo's 1836 publication *The Ruins of Copan, in Central America*, the first widely available report of an important Maya site. Shown this, Catherwood was agreeable to joining Stephens on a voyage to the American tropics at some point in the future, so much so that he moved his family to New York, where he found work as an architect. The opportunity to head to Central America came in 1839, when Stephens was appointed Special Ambassador to the new Central American Federation. His position was not onerous, allowing much time for exploration with Catherwood. This period resulted in the publication of the first of their Central American volumes.

A second trip focusing exclusively on Yucatán was planned and executed in 1841. This second expedition focused mainly on the Puuc area, with extensive visits to Uxmal, Labna, Sayil, and other Maya ruins nearby. After a short stop at Chichen Itza (they had already written extensively about Chichen Itza in their earlier volume), the team heard about an important ruin on the east coast from Yucatán scholar Juan Pio Pérez, whom Stephens had met on his first trip through the area.

In 1840 Juan José Gálvez, a local official, possibly from Merida, travelled down the Quintana Roo coast as far as Tulum, taking detailed notes. Sadly, these notes are now lost, but at the time he gave a copy to Pio Pérez (Carlsen 2016: 341–342). Intrigued by Gálvez's reports of a large walled city situated atop a cliff overlooking the sea, Stephens turned his expedition eastward and began an arduous overland trek across the tangled

scrub forests of Quintana Roo.[14] After a short stay at Cozumel, the journey continued by boat south to Tulum.

The pair spent only a few days at Tulum, but in that brief time Stephens was able to make the first map of the site (Figure 1.8) and explore several of the main temples. He took measurements of the perimeter wall and set about clearing the area in front of the Castillo from dense overgrowth so that Catherwood could make what would become one of his most famous drawings (Figure 1.9).

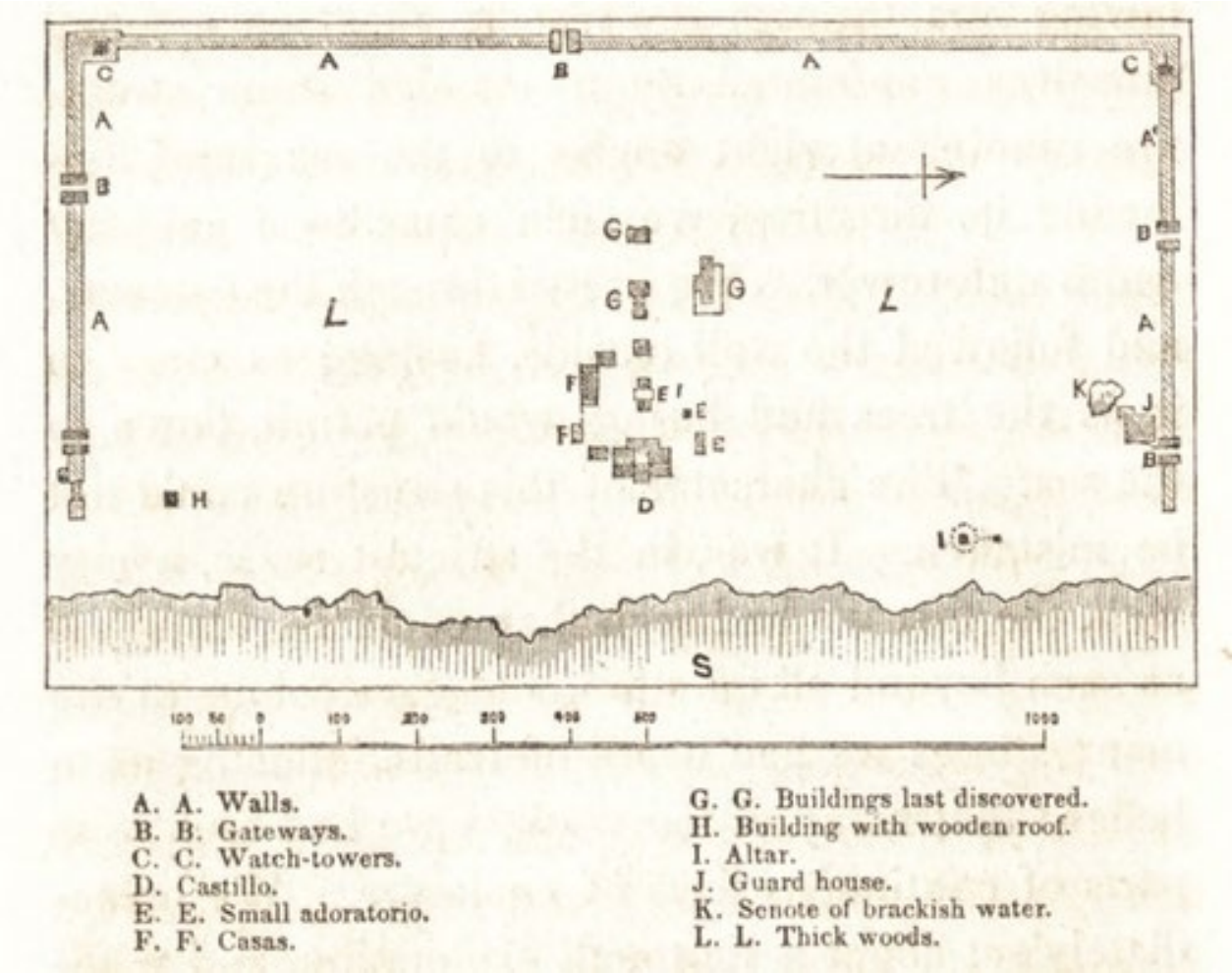

Figure 1.8. Tulum map prepared by Stephens (1869: 396) showing the buildings and defensive wall examined during his short visit.

[14] Many editions of *Incidents of Travel in Yucatan* have been published over the years, so many that offering page number references is less useful than simply citing chapters (which remain consistently numbered across all editions). The trek across Quintana Roo and arrival and stay at Cozumel are detailed in Chapters 18–20; Chapter 21 and the first part of Chapter 22 are devoted to Tulum.



Figure 1.9. Catherwood's engraving of Structure 1, the Castillo (1843, facing page 390).

Perhaps the most important immediate legacy of Stephens' publications was the inspiration for a fascination in the United States with all things Maya. Although both his text and Catherwood's illustrations depicted many sites much grander than Tulum, it was the description of the cliff-topping seaside ruin that caught fire, not surprising given nineteenth-century romantic imaginations. Within a decade of the publication of *Incidents of Travel in Yucatan*, the noted writer Erastus Wolcott Ellsworth (1822–1902) published his famous poem *Tuloom* (1853). *Tuloom* became a literary phenomenon and was reprinted frequently until the end of the nineteenth century. It was included in many school textbooks of the day and even made an appearance in Morley's *American Museum Journal* article on Tulum (Morley 1917).

Stephens and Catherwood's visit to Tulum occurred at a very fortunate moment. Within a few years the site became inaccessible owing to the violent Caste War that consumed Quintana Roo until the early twentieth century.[15] From the late 1840s until the

[15] The Caste War pitted the indigenous Maya in Yucatán against the Hispanicized ruling class, called the *Yucatecos.* The initial Maya insurrection was met with brutal repression, which led to an equally brutal response, the result of which was the slaughter of

first decades of the twentieth century, Quintana Roo was strictly off limits to anyone who was not Maya; it was nearly impossible to visit Tulum or other parts of the east coast.[16]

Attempted Explorations, 1871–1900

The next known report mentioning Tulum dates from 1871, when Colonel Daniel Traconis led a military expedition against the town as part of a push to re-secure government authority over the east coast of Yucatán. He found Tulum to be occupied by rebel Maya under the leadership of a "priestess" named María Uicab.[17] The area within the town wall was filled with grass huts, which he burned. Although his diary offers a short description of the Castillo—he considered this structure to be the town stronghold—and the defensive walls, Traconis offers no commentary on the architecture of the site other than that which pertained to his military operations. Ultimately, Traconis's attempt to subdue the Maya at Tulum was a failure and the region soon reverted back to Maya control.

The next attempt at a visit was that of French explorer Désiré Charnay (Figure 1.10) in 1886 as part of his retracing the route of Grijalva on his final trip to the Americas. His 25 years of exploration in Central America and Mexico culminated in his lavish *The Ancient Cities of the New World*, published in 1887. Engravings based on his excellent photographs of numerous ruins presented the first new renderings since Catherwood's 40 years earlier (Davis 1981). Although Charnay sailed the east coast of Yucatán, he was unable to land at Tulum because of the danger presented by the local inhabitants. Limited to viewing the ruins from the safety of his yacht, Charnay was not the first to be similarly disappointed.

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thousands on both sides. After the initial years of active warfare, decades of low-level violence ensued until the formal reincorporation of the Maya-controlled territory—mainly Quintana Roo—into the Mexican state in 1915. The classic study of the Caste War is by Nelson Reed (1964); also see Allen Wells (1985) for coverage of the great economic success of western and central Yucatán during the last half of the nineteenth century, and its dramatic contrast to what was going on in the isolated eastern half of the peninsula.

[16] Neither Stephens nor Catherwood lived long lives—both meeting their demise just a decade or so after the publication of their Central American tomes: Stephens died of malaria in Panama in 1852 while working for the Panama Railroad, then under construction; Catherwood died when the transatlantic steamship *Arctic* sank off Newfoundland in 1854.

[17] Traconis's diary of his activity at Tulum was published in *La Revista de Mérida* (a local newspaper) in February of 1871 (Traconis 1871).



Figure 1.10. Désiré Charnay.

In 1894 Chicago industrialist Allison Armour funded an extensive expedition to Yucatán on behalf of the Chicago Field Museum (now known simply as the Field Museum). Armour gathered a group of scientists, anthropologist William Henry Holmes[18] (Figure 1.11) among them, and went south to Mexico on his yacht, the *Ituna*. After stopping at Progresso and overland visits to Chichen Itza, Uxmal, and other Puuc sites, the expedition sailed to the east coast of Yucatán with the intention of not just landing at Tulum, but of mounting a full-scale investigation of the site. As Holmes notes

[18] William Henry Holmes (1846–1933) was an important figure in late nineteenth/early twentieth-century American anthropology, his career closely associated with the Smithsonian Institution. In 1920 he became director of the National Gallery of Art, a position he held until his retirement in 1932. Although Holmes' focus was on North American archaeology, he did venture into Central American studies at numerous points during his early career, including his accompanying Morley on his 1916 CIW expedition (Rice and Ward 2021).

in his *Archaeological Studies Among the Ancient Cities of Mexico*, this plan was quickly abandoned:

> It is a remarkable circumstance that this place [Tulum] is held today by a Maya tribe which has never been permanently subdued by the Spaniards or Mexicans, and which now holds it as an outpost, being at war with the Mexican Government and with all intruders whatsoever their nationality. At the time of our visit to Cozumel there were special symptoms of hostility, and the sub-chief, to whom the Tuloom district was intrusted [sic.] by the principal chief...had recently been summarily executed for permitting trade between his people and the habitants of Cozumel. It was natural, therefore, when the leading citizen of Cozumel, Don Pedro Perez, assured us that we would certainly be fired upon by the hostiles if we attempted to land, that the project of studying this ruin was abandoned…We decided to take a look at the ruin from the sea, and were well repaid for the few hours consumed in the trip (Holmes 1895–97: 75).

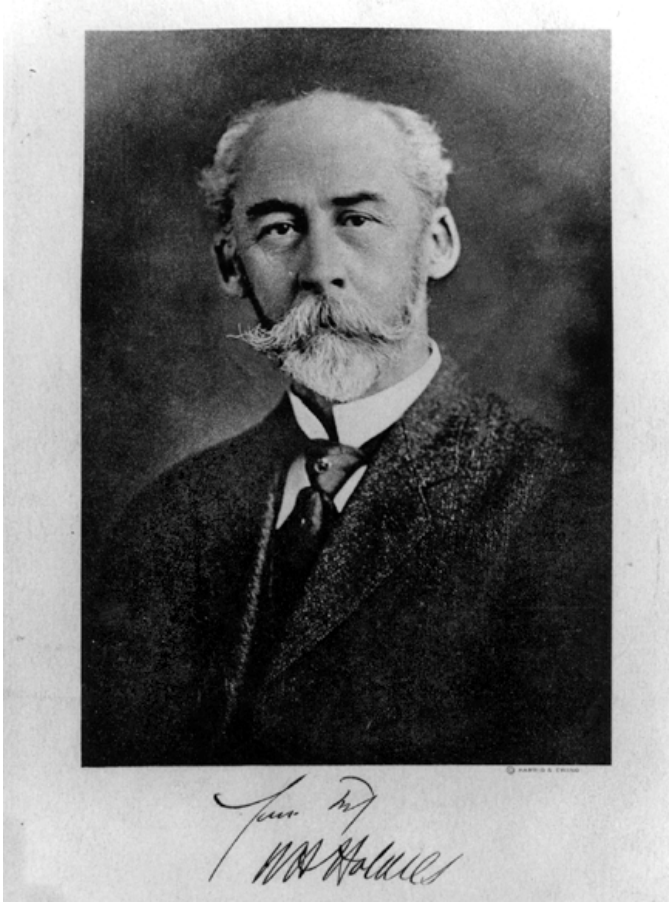

Figure 1.11. William Henry Holmes.

Holmes gave only minimal description of the site in his text, which reflected only what he could observe from aboard the *Ituna*, but he did publish two sketches illustrating the site from the sea (Figure 1.12). Although no new important information about Tulum came from Holmes's aborted visit, his publication served to re-emphasize the danger of exploration along this still-hostile coast. As the first first-hand published commentary on the site since Stephens and Catherwood's visit in the 1840s, Holmes's commentary, sparse as it is, served to stoke ongoing interest in the site.

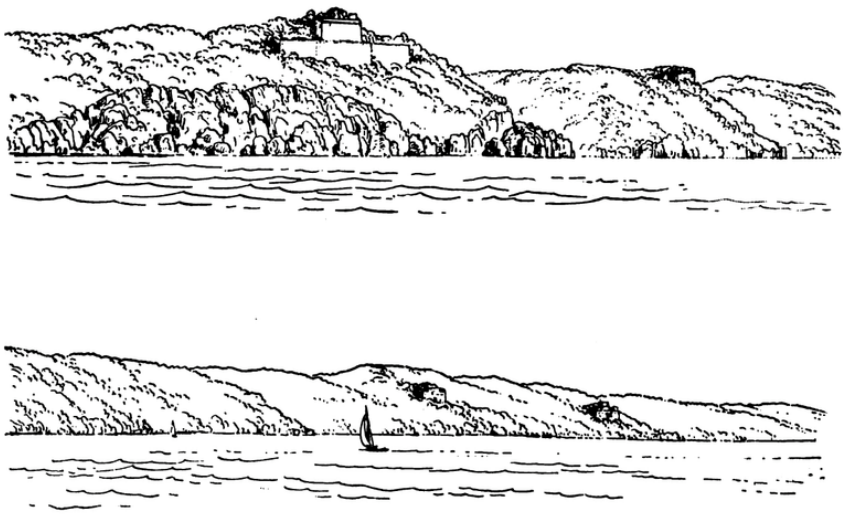

Figure 1.12. Tulum from the sea, as sketched by Holmes.

Teobert Maler (1895) was the next to write about Tulum, but as he could not visit the site himself, he used Stephens's observations to offer conclusions about the seaside city. Comparing Catherwood's images with photography of other sites, Maler was the first to propose that Tulum dated from what eventually became known as the Postclassic period. He also noted that the name "Tulum" was derived from the Maya word for a fortified or enclosed space.[19]

Just over a decade after Maler's mention of Tulum, Channing Arnold and Frederick Frost published a Stephens-like travelogue entitled *The American Egypt: A Record of Travel in Yucatan* (1909). They too made an attempt to land at Tulum but were faced with warnings of danger and refusals by locals to assist in their goal: "…we wanted to cross to the mainland where, exactly opposite Cozumel, lie the ruins of Tuloom. But this proved absolutely impracticable. As we have said…the Indians are encamped there, and thanks to the brutal treatment they have received, they shoot white men at sight. No boatman could be found to cross to the shore, even though we offered such record prices as a hundred dollars for the ten miles" (Arnold and Frost 1909: 183–184).

[19] A lengthy discussion of the origins of "Tulum" as a name for the site can be found in Lothrop's CIW report on Tulum (1924: 66–67).

First Modern Explorations, 1911–1918

Finally, in 1911 an expedition under the direction of Harvard-trained physician George P. Howe[20] (Figure 1.13) was able to land at Tulum. Howe was able to stay on the ground at the site for two days, the first such visit since that of Stephens and Catherwood. Howe published his description in his article "The Ruins of Tulum" in *American Anthropologist* (1911), basically covering the same material as presented by Stephens but with some important new contributions. One was the re-discovery and photographing of Tulum Stela 1 (Stephens had mentioned this carved stone in his account), an accomplishment that almost certainly was the immediate inspiration for Morley's several visits to the site in the next decade.



Figure 1.13. George P. Howe.

[20] Howe (1878–1917) trained at Harvard Medical School, but because of his keen interest in anthropology, he joined the Peabody Museum staff rather than set up a medical practice. He undertook two important investigations for the Peabody: his 1911 venture to Central America and an expedition to the arctic. Sadly, his career was cut short when he was killed in action while serving as an army medic in 1917. In death he earned the dubious distinction of being the first American officer killed in combat in World War I (Browman and Williams 2013: 328).

Few photos survive from Howe's trip, but one he published is available in the Peabody Museum archives (Figure 1.14). At the time of Howe's discovery few inscribed stelae had been discovered in the northern lowlands, and Tulum Stela 1 was exceptional in that it had a well-preserved Initial Series date, which Howe correctly deciphered to read 9.6.10.0.0 (AD 564).[21] The general consensus of the then nascent Maya scholarly community was that Howe had read the IS incorrectly—to have a *b'ak'tun* 9 date in the northern lowlands upended the general theory then prevalent that the Maya florescence in the Yucatán Peninsula took place much later (in what is now called the Postclassic). As Morley himself noted in a 1917 article on Tulum, "Unfortunately his [Howe's] photographs of this important monument were very indistinct, and his reading for this reason remained open to considerable doubt" (Morley 1917: 139).

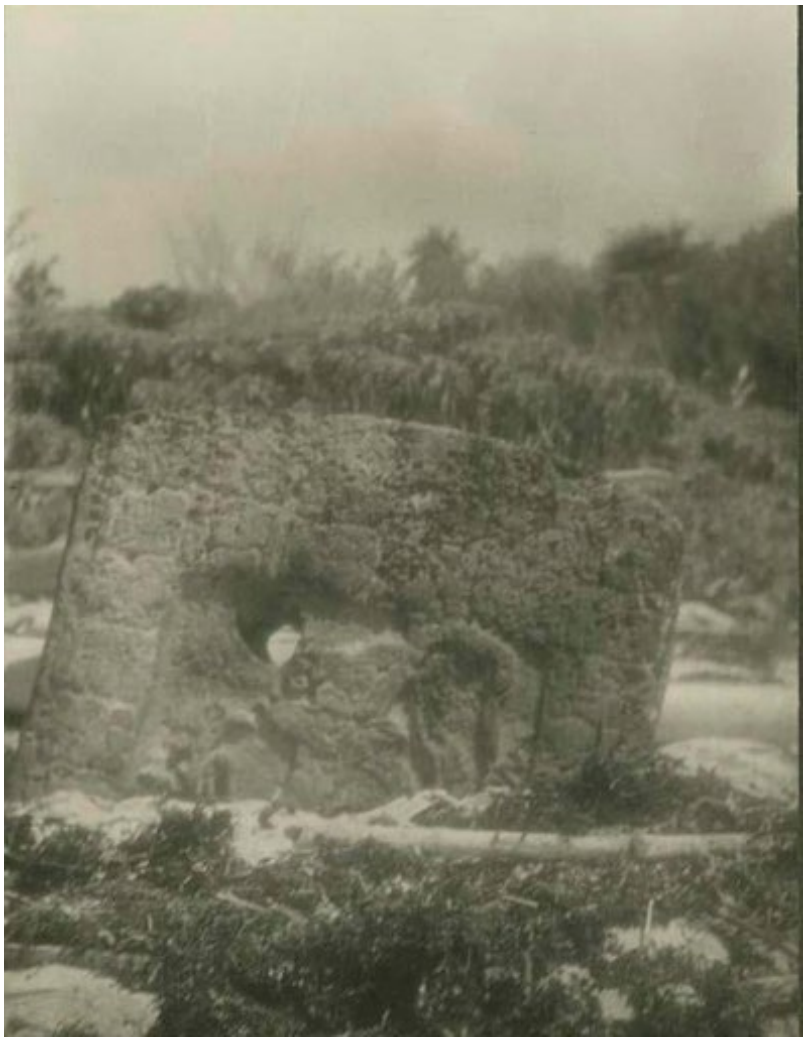

Figure 1.14. Howe's hasty photograph of Tulum Stela 1.

[21] Two IS dates were discovered at Chichen Itza in the 1890s—both dating to B'ak'tun 10.

Realizing the importance of the find, Howe made a furtive attempt to bring the heavy stela back with him to New York, but under the perceived threat of impending hostility on the part of the local Maya, Stela 1 was instead buried for safekeeping in the sands of the beach just to the north of the Castillo.[22]

Howe and his staff were very concerned about an attack, even though they had not actually seen any Maya people in the area. Tulum, by reputation, was a dangerous place. Howe (1911: 548) wrote:

> No one can realize more fully than I the extreme superficiality of the work I was able to do at Tuloom, and my only excuse for publishing it is to call attention to the large and important area of Maya culture as yet unstudied. To carry on work in this region it is necessary to have the assistance of the Mexican authorities to the extent of allowing an escort of about thirty soldiers…This would be absolutely necessary, as the Indians are extremely hostile and live in the immediate vicinity. I am convinced that any party not fully prepared to defend itself would certainly be attacked before working long at any of these places.

After seeing a fire on a distant hill and what were perceived to be Maya "signal flags" waving from afar, Howe concluded that "an attack, I believe, would inevitably have followed had we waited a few hours longer."

Before Morley launched the CIW Central American program in 1914, the Peabody Museum at Harvard was the leading institution in the Maya field. Active work in the area began in 1891 with the excavations at Copan under John Owens and George Gordon. In 1909, the Peabody returned to active fieldwork under the leadership of Alfred Tozzer (1877–1954), with a reconnaissance trip to Petén. Accompanying Tozzer was one of his graduate students, Raymond Merwin (1881–1928). Over the next years, Merwin served as field director on several Peabody expeditions in 1910–11, 1912, and 1913–14. Although his crowning achievements were the early excavations at Holmul and the discovery of the important Rio Bec sites, Merwin also had a strong interest in the archaeology of the Quintana Roo coast. All expeditions sailing from New Orleans in the direction of Belize or Guatemala passed close along the east coast of the Yucatán Peninsula, usually within

[22] Thomas Gann provides a detailed account of the sequestering of Stela 1 as told to him first hand by William Parmalee, who accompanied Howe on his visit: "…shortly before leaving the ruins they [Howe's team] had conveyed the fragments of the stela from the temple where Stephens found them to the beach, with the view to their transportation to New York, but being surprised by the Indians before they could get them on board, were compelled to abandon them, first burying them in the sand near high-water mark in a little bay to the north of the Castillo" (Gann 1924:106).

sight of land—Tulum's lofty Castillo is frequently mentioned by travelers as looming in the distance.

Merwin's interest was piqued and he, like Morley, developed a strong desire to visit Tulum. Attempts were made three times, all of which failed. In January 1912, Merwin, with Clarence L. Hay (1884–1969), sailed north from Belize for the specific purpose of studying the coastal ruins and Tulum in particular.[23] Merwin was in regular communication via post with Charles Bowditch (1842–1921), one of the principal benefactors of the Peabody Museum. In several of these letters Tulum is discussed, with Bowditch urging Merwin to make all efforts to visit the site. Merwin wrote to Bowditch on May 23 that the Tulum visit was impossible because local authorities required that he obtain a military escort, which he was unable to do. The next year, in December 1913, Merwin was again in the field, this time at Isla de Mugeres, hoping to stop next at Tulum, but Victor Morón, the Santa Cruz de Bravo-based governor of Quintana Roo, cancelled their plans, citing the danger of a visit.

Upon learning of Howe's rediscovery and questionable translation of the IS date on Stela 1, Morley, then an associate of Edgar Hewitt's School for American Archaeology, made a visit to Tulum a high priority. Hewitt[24] tasked Morley and Jesse Nussbaum to travel to Yucatán in 1913 to make a movie showcasing the ancient Maya, to be presented at the San Diego Panama-California of 1915[25] (Brunhouse 1971: 56–57). The pair filmed in Merida, Valladolid, Uxmal, and Campeche before setting out for the east coast and Tulum.[26] Once arrived at Cozumel, Morley hired a sailboat to cross to Tulum, but local authorities, citing the dangerous conditions presented by the hostile Maya, refused to allow the boat to depart.[27] Eventually they got permission to sail to the Quintana Roo

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[23] This account of Merwin's travels is provided via personal communication with Keith Merwin, current president of the Institute of Maya Studies (Miami). A distant relative of Raymond Merwin, Keith is researching archival records held at the Peabody Museum related to these early expeditions for an upcoming biography of Raymond.

[24] Edgar Lee Hewitt (1865–1946) was a Santa Fe, N.M. based archaeologist who headed what became the School for Advanced Research. Although mainly working in the U.S. Southwest, Hewitt supervised the early excavations at Quirigua, a project that brought him into close association with Morley (see Ward and Rice 2023).

[25] Not to be confused with the more famous Panama-Pacific Exposition held the same year in San Francisco.

[26] Sadly, this footage was never edited and shown at the Exposition. It is now lost. The Maya exhibit at the fair instead focused on life-size replicas of the Quirigua stelae, which are today still on display at The Museum of Us (formerly the San Diego Museum of Man).

[27] Our account of the 1913 visit is based on Morley's report to Hewitt (Hewitt 1936: 163–164). This same account is also presented in Brunhouse (1971: 57–59).

coast, but not to Tulum specifically. Immediately upon departure, Morley directed the boat directly to Tulum.

Their arrival at the ruins was a disaster. The sailboat was unable to cross the reef offshore, owing to rough seas. Morley, having come this far and anxious to see Howe's monument no matter what the danger, loaded a small dory with Nussbaum and their photographic equipment and aimed for the surf-pounded beach. After taking on water, the dinghy capsized at the shoreline, ruining their cameras and photographic plates. Fearful of impending hostilities, Morley and Nussbaum fought their way through thick overgrowth in an attempt to see as many structures as possible. Considerable time was devoted to an unsuccessful effort to find Stela 1 which, unknown to Morley at the time, had been buried by Howe on the beach. Although Morley became excited by the well-preserved murals at the site, he remained greatly disappointed about not finding the dated stone, which had been the main goal of his journey. Morley and his team departed the ruins after a visit of just five hours, fearful, like Howe before him, of a potential ambush. The dory ride back to the sailboat was as perilous as the arrival; years later, Morley's recollection of the 1913 Tulum visit focused on his near losing his life in the waves (Ward and Rice 2021: 385–386).

When Morley left Tulum in 1913, he did not know that he himself would be the next non-Maya visitor to the site. In 1916 an expedition jointly funded by the CIW and the Peabody Museum arrived for what can be considered the first serious survey of the site in modern times. The situation in Quintana Roo changed dramatically in the three years between Morley's visits—the Mexican government had made peace with the rebellious Maya, effectively reducing the threat of hostilities. This development opened the Tulum area to multiple investigations over the next decade.

Morley set off from Belize City on an old tugboat, the 40-ton *Corozal*, which had seen decades use stateside before being shipped south for a few final years of service.[28] The expedition consisted of ten crew plus four staff members in addition to Morley: Arthur Carpenter, co-leader of the expedition representing the Peabody Museum; Dr. G. Underhill, physician; Thomas Gann, Morley's friend and part-time archaeologist from Belize (also head of the British Honduras Medical Division); and Samuel Lothrop, a newly-minted archaeologist from Harvard (Figure 1.15). Morley's main goals were to make an accurate map of the site, make copies of the several murals, find Stela 1, and take the first quality photographs of the site. The 1916 expedition succeeded in all its objectives.

[28] Our main source for information on the 1916 Tulum expedition comes from Morley's 1917 *American Museum Journal* article, "The Ruins of Tuluum, Yucatán, Mexico" as reproduced by Rice and Ward (2022: 250–263), and from Lothrop's description of the visit (1950). Morley's diary of 1916 does not include entries for this trip.

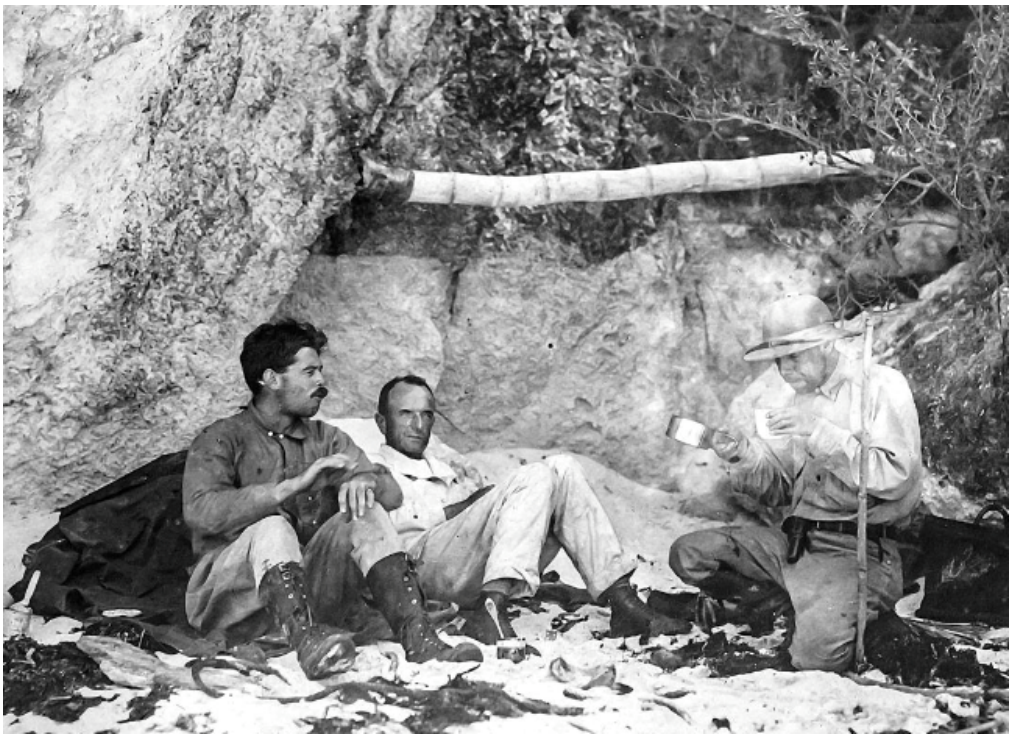

Figure 1.15. Lothrop (left), Gann (center), and Morley (right) lunching on the beach at Tulum.

Morley himself offers this summary of the visit:

"By specialization of work, it was possible to gather sufficient data for a preliminary report on the site in four days. Mr. Carpenter devoted himself exclusively to the photographic record [Figures 1.16, 1.17], which involved considerable clearing. T. Gann spent all his time copying the mural paintings.[29] Mr. Lothrop made the observations for the map, ground-plans, and elevations [Figure 1.18], and drew an excellent panorama of the site. The writer copied the inscription on the monument [Figure 1.19], drew the figures, and made the general archaeological notes on the site. Dr. Underhill remained on the *Corozal* to watch the crew. These cowardly fellows, with but one exception, flatly refused to leave the boat, and spent the days and nights in discussing the 'Indian Peril,' which was never acute" (Morley 1917, as quoted in Rice and Ward 2021: 262).

[29] In terms of his career as an archaeologist, Gann first made a name for himself by making high-quality drawings of the murals at Santa Rita Corozal in Belize, one of the main reasons Morley wanted Gann to accompany him on the 1916 trip (Gann 1900).



Figure 1.16. Photographing Stela 1 in 1916.



Figure 1.17. The Castillo as photographed by Carpenter in 1916.

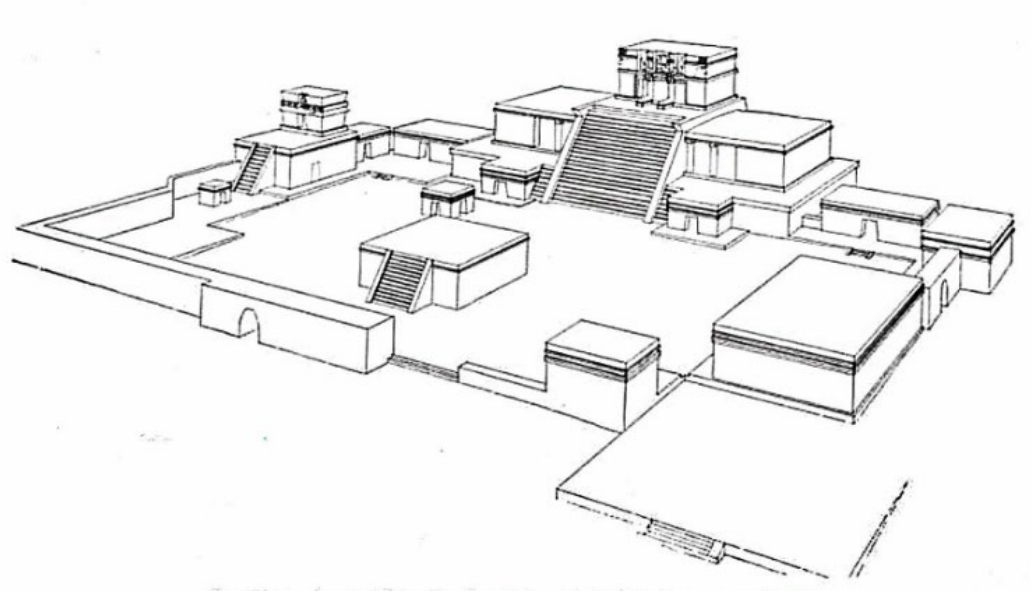

Figure 1.18. The Castillo group as drawn by Lothrop in 1916.



Figure 1.19. Morley's drawing of Tulum Stela 1.

Lothrop offers an anecdote about the 1916 venture, which reveals that the threat posed by hostile Maya was still a major concern. He describes how both Morley and Gann decided to camp overnight on shore rather than on the heavily-rolling *Corozal*—as Morley was prone to severe seasickness:

> Morley and Dr. Thomas Gann, who had joined us in Belize, decided that death from savage hands was preferable to the miseries of the sea. We therefore carried cots and food through the heavy surf and established a camp for them at the base of the cliffs near one end of the beach. In case they should be attacked, we arranged for them to signal us with a flashlight. On board the Corozal, a couple of hours later, the captain informed us that the light had flashed madly from the camp…and then was seen no more. Gann and Morley obviously had signaled to us as they tried to escape the Indians and then had been struck down. On the chance that they were wounded but not dead, Arthur Carpenter and I persuaded some reluctant members of the crew to row us towards the beach… We saw no movement of any kind. Carpenter…suddenly stripped, swam through the surf and disappeared into the shadows. Undecided, I waited. Had the Indians got Carpenter too? What should I do? At long last Carpenter swam out again, the angriest white man I have ever seen. His sudden appearance had given Gann and Morley the fright of their lives and they nearly shot him…The light? Very simple. Morley and Gann had used it as they strolled up the beach and they had returned to their camp by moonlight. Starting the long row back to the ship, we felt let down. Suddenly the light on shore began to flash again. Carpenter screamed with rage, grabbed a rifle and sent a bullet into the cliff above the camp which showered Gann and Morley with limestone fragments. No light showed on shore again for the rest of our stay at Tulum (Lothrop 1950: 128–129).

The 1916 expedition nearly ended in disaster when the *Corozal* was hit by a major storm while returned to Belize. As the vessel was at the point of near foundering, she also ran out of coal about ten miles from her destination, requiring the crew to take a dory to shore to gather enough wood to steam into port (Brunhouse 1921: 100).

After his time at Tulum, Morley set out on his last expedition of 1916—the ill-fated discovery of Uaxactun, which ended in disaster when his mule train was ambushed. Two team members were killed and Morley himself barely escaped a similar demise.[30]

[30] This most tragic of events is recounted in Rice and Ward 2022: Chapters 21–23.

Morley was largely distracted after his return to the states in 1916 by his becoming a leading spy in 1917 and 1918 as part of the war effort against the Germans. Undercover as a roving anthropologist, Morley engaged numerous scholars at work in the field to submit reports on German activities—especially insofar as potential areas where U-boats might be based.[31] His detailed descriptions of the coasts of Honduras and Nicaragua are among the best documentations that exist, offering insights into the people and their way of life during the period. While writing reports to his superiors in Washington, Morley also made time to undertake some furtive archaeological work. This included a two-day stop at Tulum in February 1918. He was accompanied on this trip by both Thomas Gann and John Held, a budding artist who had been hired into the spy ring to produce maps.[32]

Morley's main purpose in visiting the site—really just a quick side venture, since he was already sailing the Quintana Roo coast as part of his espionage activities—was to re-examine Stela 1 still again. Despite confirming Howe's reading in 1916, Morley remained unconvinced that the stela could date so early. On the basis of both the late-appearing architecture of the structures and the large defensive wall surrounding the site, Morley was certain that Tulum and the other east coast cities dated from the end of the fifteenth century: "Believing as I do that all these cities of the east coast were not founded until after the fall of Mayapán, circa 1441 AD, when all centralized authority in the peninsula broke down and every tribe was warring with its neighbor, such defenses [Tulum's walls] were necessary, and the prince of Tulum, whomever he may have been, made himself as secure as he could against the vicissitudes and uncertainties of his epoch" (Morley's diary entry for February 19, 1917 in Ward and Rice 2021: 390).

As in 1916, considerable time was spent searching for the buried stela, which had been dislocated on the beach because of a hurricane in fall of 1916.[33] After finding the several pieces, both Gann and Morley restudied the text and contrived a possible reading of 10.6.10.0.0 7 Ajaw 8 Yaxk'in, a date more in line with Morley's thoughts about the chronology of Maya civilization. Morley was desperate to fit the evidence into his theory rather than the other way around.

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[31] Morley's spy years are documented by Harris and Sadler (2003) and very thoroughly in Ward and Rice 2021.

[32] John Held Jr. (1889–1958) would become a prominent artist known for his drawings and paintings of the Jazz Age. He accompanied Morley on his long 1917–1918 journeys for the U.S. Naval Intelligence Service (Ward and Rice 2021).

[33] The 1916 hurricane season was an active one, with two hurricanes impacting the Quintana Roo coast (National Hurricane Center, n.d.).

Additional measurements were made of the defensive walls and several more structures were found in the thick vegetation that covered the site. Required to push on to the north, Morley realized that he would have to mount a major expedition to Tulum at some point in the future.

The next visit to Tulum was made by Sweden's Prince William[34] in 1920. His expedition was privately funded and had no state financial sponsorship, although the ethnographic section of Stockholm's Riksmuseum was peripherally associated with the venture: any photographs, drawings, or accumulated artifacts were to be made part of the museum's collection. William noted in the preface to his book, *Between Two Continents; Notes from a Journey in Central America, 1920,* "Our efforts were…restricted to preliminary work, and the procuring of such information…as might serve our fellow-countrymen, and subsequent explorers, in good stead" (Ludvig 1922: xiv–xv). Although he hoped to procure artifacts through purchases, "In the absence of qualified experts, however, no excavations could be made" (Ludvig 1922: xvii). William's Central American explorations took him to Tulum, Quirigua, and Guatemala City.

The party was able to get passage from Belize to Cozumel, but complications arose when William was unable to secure passage from the island to the mainland to visit Tulum. More than a week passed before a coastal schooner was hired. Bad weather delayed the landing at Tulum for another day, frustrating the explorers with the ruins in sight ashore, but out of reach. As with Morley in 1913, the small boat used for the landing was nearly swamped in the surf. Wet but safe, they reached the beach and were met by seven Mexican soldiers, the remains of a troop that had been permanently stationed at Tulum for the past year. These soldiers cohabited the ruins alongside a large number of indigenous Maya. Although these two groups had been at war for the past 70 years, they now existed side-by-side under a hesitant truce. It was clear to William that the Maya were in charge, and it was with the leader of this group that he negotiated permission to explore the ruins (Figure 1.20). As William writes, "We were allowed…to measure, sketch, make notes, and photograph as much as we pleased. Indeed, they seemed quite eager after a while to show us round, and when we were not quick enough in apprehending the meaning of their signs, they would emphasise them by a friendly dig in the ribs with their guns" (Ludvig 1922: 107). William stayed just a few hours at Tulum; because of his popular book, his visit was frequently referenced (Lothrop 1924: 5; Con Uribe 2005: 17).

[34] Prince Carl Wilhelm Ludvig (1884–1965) was second in line after his older brother to the Swedish throne. He was a writer, a poet, and an early film maker who was fascinated by exploration and science.



Figure 1.20. Prince William (center) with "Tulum Indians."

The 1922 Big Dig and Other Visits in the 1920s

By 1922, the Carnegie Institution of Washington had been actively working in the Maya area for eight years under the direction of Morley and was now gearing up for its most productive decade. The 1920s saw ongoing excavations at Tayasal and Uaxactun, a major expedition to Tulum and nearby sites, further explorations and discoveries in Petén and, of course, the biggest project of all—the excavation and reconstructions at Chichen Itza. The month-long work at Tulum was by far the largest project at that site until 1922, and one of the CIW's most ambitious undertakings to that date. The resulting 179-page publication by Samuel Lothrop (1924) remains a foundational study of the site.

The 1922 Tulum project had three main goals—first, to clear and thoroughly map the site and its structures; second, to discover, transcribe, and decipher all carved monuments at the site; and finally, to make exact copies of the many well-preserved murals.

The Tulum venture was part of a much larger 1922 CIW expedition, which also included explorations of central Petén and another extended exploration of northeastern Petén which culminated with the discovery of Naachtun (see Chapter 15, this volume). The work at Tulum took place between February 12 and March 4, a period which included important side trips to Tankah (alternatively spelled Tancah and Tancar) and Xelha. Lothrop's report also includes detailed information on these two sites (1924: Chapter 5).

The CIW team consisted of Oliver Ricketson (staff physician, archaeologist, and site surveyor), Juan Sopeña (photographer), Alfred Harvey (general assistant, especially to Ricketson for his survey of the site), Samuel Lothrop (principal investigator), and Morley himself. One more key player was Amado "Muddy" Esquivel, Thomas Gann's right-hand man from Belize. Gann had intended to come to Tulum with Morley again, but he was laid up with a severe illness; Muddy was sent in his place. Muddy was a key assistant in the administration of the expedition and also in food preparation. The workers used for clearing the site and other manual tasks were hired from the local population.

Morley (1922b) offers his summary of findings in his 1922 CIW annual report, noting that the structures at Tulum, with the exception of the Castillo Group, were arranged along a principal thoroughfare—his "Fifth Avenue," which was in contrast to the normal layout of Maya sites: structures surrounding plazas. He also commented on the importance of the discovery of new stelae. Morley correctly notes in summary: "All of the archaeological evidence, the architecture, the mural paintings, the stucco ornamentation, the serpent columns, the Mayapán type of stelae, everything, indeed…points to Tulum as having reached its zenith after 1400 A.D…"(Morley 1922b).

Although much more space could be devoted to the 1922 visit here in this chapter, we have opted for brevity as the entire visit is documented in Morley's diary published in this volume in Chapters 5 through 9.

Thomas Gann, though missing from the 1922 CIW expedition, came to Tulum at least twice in the 1920s—first on a somewhat clandestine visit before 1924 and then again, briefly, in 1926. His account of the brief stay in 1926 is recounted in his book *Maya Cities* (Gann 1927) but offers no new information. The unreported earlier visit, however, is of more interest, although there is no published record of his activities. But active he was—for in the collection at the British Museum in London is to be found nothing less than Tulum Stela 1, with acquisition records noting that the monument, together with other, smaller artifacts, were purchased for $600 from Thomas Gann. Accordingly, at some point between 1922 and 1924, Gann came to Tulum and removed the monument. Gann's role in making acquisitions for the British Museum (apparently with personal profit as partial motivation) was well known. Morley disapproved of these efforts, as he notes in his diary of March 30, 1920 (Ward and Rice 2024: 280), when Gann was making efforts to remove sections of the Naranjo Hieroglyphic Staircase (Ward and Rice 2024: 252). At any rate, Tulum Stela 1 remains today at the British Museum, where it is not even on display.

The final archaeological visit to Tulum and the adjacent Quintana Roo coast of the 1920s occurred in 1926 when Herbert Spinden[35] and Gregory Mason, a New York-based

[35] Herbert "Joe" Spinden (1879–1967) was a Harvard-trained anthropologist (he studied under Tozzer). His doctoral dissertation, *A Study of Maya Art* (Spinden 1913) was the most thorough treatment of the subject until Proskouriakoff's *A Study of Classic Maya Sculpture* (1950). Spinden travelled with Morley on several early Petén expeditions, but his career

journalist,[36] undertook a three-month expedition jointly sponsored by the *New York Times* and the Museum of the American Indian (the Heye Foundation). The early 1920s saw a surge in public interest in all things related to archaeology—a phenomenon directly related to the discovery of Tutankhamun's tomb by Howard Carter in Egypt's Valley of the Kings.

Mason saw an opportunity and approached the *New York Times* with an offer to supply weekly articles[37] in exchange for sponsoring a scientific journey along the east coast of Yucatán. Finding the publication agreeable, Mason began working on logistics. He realized that to legitimize his expedition he needed an expert in the Maya field, which led him to approach Spinden, then at the Peabody Museum at Harvard in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Spinden agreed and the venture was soon underway.

Spinden involved the Heye Foundation as a partner in the venture. Lothrop, after publication of his report on Tulum for the CIW, joined the staff of the Museum of the American Indian, with which he was affiliated from 1924 to 1930. When Spinden informed him about the proposed expedition, Lothrop, along with his museum associate Marshall Saville,[38] was very agreeable to providing institutional support to Mason. Lothrop and Saville both provided guidance in formulating the proposed route and goals of the trip.

On January 9, 1926, Mason and Spinden, accompanied by Ludlow Griscom (Assistant Curator of Birds at the American Museum of Natural History), Ogden McClurg (a Chicago-based yachtsman and former naval officer), and Frank Whiting (another journalist), left New Orleans for Belize and then pushed north along the Quintana Roo coast (Figure 1.21).

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highlight was his long-standing position as Curator of Primitive and American Indian Art at the Brooklyn Museum (1929–1951). Spinden was also known for his proposed correlation of the Maya to Gregorian calendar, which produced date decipherments 260 years earlier than the now accepted Goodman-Martinez-Thompson (GMT) correlation.

[36] Gregory Mason (1889–1968) had a keen interest in archaeology. He wrote as a foreign correspondent for the *New York Evening Sun*, in which role he frequently traveled to Mexico.

[37] These articles appeared in the *Times* between January and May of 1926, but were reworked and republished in Mason's book, *Silver Cities of Yucatan* (1927). Our description of the 1926 expedition is drawn from this volume rather than the original newspaper articles.

[38] Marshall H. Saville (1867–1935) was an American archaeologist from the generation directly preceding that of Morley. Harvard-trained under Frederick Putnam, Saville graduated in 1894, going on to join the staff at Columbia University in 1903, a position he retained until his death. He was also head of the Heye Foundation's Mesoamerican department from 1915–1935.



Figure 1.21. Key members of the Mason/Spinden expedition. From left to right, Whiting, Mason, Spinden, and Griscom.

Although Mason's reports for the Times were flamboyantly dramatic,[39] Spinden balanced the expedition through high-quality archeological work. Most notably, new sites (including Muyil and Xcaret) were first explored, and at the latter site another coastal defensive wall was mapped. At Tulum itself, Spinden focused on studying and re-drawing the murals. Interestingly, Mason noted that while at Tulum they were visited by a Mexican official from Cozumel, José Sauri, "of the Department of the Mexican Ministry of Public Education," who had been ordered to supervise the Mason/Spinden visit and confirm that no damage was done to the ruins (Mason 1927: 212–213). Sauri's oversight of the Mason/Spinden visit is an example of a new level of official interest in the archaeological activities of foreigners in Yucatán. It should be remembered that at this time the giant CIW project at Chichen Itza was well underway, which also saw a high-level of official Mexican cooperation.

[39] One article began, "The uolpoch, a deadly poisonous snake with a parrot-like beak; an insect that attacks humans in the nostrils, frequently causing death; and the treacherous reef of the coast of Yucatan are three of the chief hazards to be faced by the Mason-Spinden expedition in its attempt to explore the ancient Maya ruins in Yucatan…" (*New York Times*: January 5, 1926, p. 5)

Work at Mid-Century, 1945–1970

Mexican archaeologists began to emerge as significant players in the Maya field in the 1920s at Chichen Itza. Morley's negotiation for the CIW concession to work the site resulted in a division of labor between American and Mexican teams, with the Mexican archaeologists being charged with the excavation of the ballcourt and the principal pyramid while the CIW team worked other areas of the site. Although the work at Chichen Itza during this period is often thought of as an American-led venture, in reality it was very much a joint operation, with the Mexican team responsible for the most significant aspects of the endeavor. Importantly, the Chichen Itza project provided a training ground for a generation of Mexican Mayanists. One such person was Miguel Ángel Fernández,[40] who was charged with excavating and restoring the great Chichen Itza ballcourt.

Over his career, Fernández became the foremost Mexican expert on restoring and stabilizing ancient Maya structures, and this was the focus of the work that he undertook at Tulum between 1937 and 1940, the longest and largest program at the site to date. His work was published in 1945, the first professional Spanish-language coverage of Tulum. It should be remembered that during the time of the Fernández project, Tulum was still very much a remote and difficult-to-access site. The coastal road which connected Carrillo Puerto and Tulum was not constructed until 1969, with the segment going north finished by 1973 in connection with large-scale plans to develop Cancun and the "Riviera Maya."[41] The work at Tulum was part of an overall program, the *Expedición Científica Mexicana*, which devoted resources to the archaeology of the Quintana Roo coast. Another researcher on the project was Alberto Escalona Ramos, who produced the first thorough archaeological survey of Quintana Roo as a whole (Lizardi Ramos 1946).

What did Fernández achieve over his three-year effort at Tulum? First, and perhaps most importantly, he stabilized several of the structures that were becoming more fragile as time progressed—specifically Structure 1 (the Castillo), Structure 16 (the Temple of the Frescos), and Structure 5 (Miller 1982: 11; Fernández 1945). As was the case with his earlier work at Chichen Itza, the excellent condition in which these buildings remain today is a direct result of Fernández's stabilization program. He also built upon Lothrop's mapping of Tulum to create detailed elevations and plans of each structure.

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[40] Fernández (1890–1945) was the leading Mexican Mayanist of his era. His early work at Chichen Itza paved the way for his future work at Tulum, Uxmal, Palenque, and many other sites. He died of yellow fever while working at Palenque, after serving over ten years as director of work at that site.

[41] The road connecting Merida to Chichen Itza was opened in 1923, greatly facilitating the CIW project at that site, which commenced in 1924.

More controversial was Fernández's conservation efforts on the Tulum murals. By the late 1930s many of the murals were heavily calcified, rendering some significantly obscured. Today anyone who has been to some of the minor coastal sites that have lacked any restorations have seen ancient murals that are barely discernible, little more than fragmentary outlines of the originals. Fernández sought to address this problem by attempting to remove built up calcification by scrubbing with acidic chemicals. Additionally, after removing the centuries of calcium buildup, he in-painted some of the murals, not only to fill in gaps, but also to restore them to a more vibrant state (Fernández et al. 1945). Finally, Fernández sealed his newly vibrant murals with a recently developed clear automotive paint which, over the ensuing years, caused more damage than benefit. Today scholars offer mixed reviews about what happened to the murals during this period. Patricia Meehan, the director of the INAH *Pintura Mural de la Costa Oriental de Quintana Roo* project, has offered severe criticism of all three aspects of Fernández's mural work—cleaning, restoration (in-painting), and sealing for preservation (Meehan et al. 2014). Meanwhile, Miller makes this counter argument: "Although it is difficult to distinguish between Fernández's restoration painting and the original Maya parts, it is probable that, were it not for Fernández's efforts, these murals might have been completely lost to the elements" (Miller 1982: 11). Of course, hindsight is 20/20, and since 1982—and certainly since 1945—archaeology has completely changed in approach, technique, and perspective.

William T. Sanders (1926–2008) (Figure 1.22) was a student of Gordon Willey at Harvard, graduating with a PhD in 1957. Although his doctoral research focused on ecological factors and the development of Maya civilization, his attention was re-directed to the Quintana Roo coast, and Tulum in particular. Sanders was at the right place and just in the nick of time. While completing his Ph.D., he moved to Merida and became involved with researchers at the CIW offices there. The CIW was at this point wrapping up its Mayapán project and indeed would soon close down its entire historical division. With strong recommendations from Willey, Sanders was able to get funding from the CIW for field work on the coast of Quintana Roo, with a main goal of establishing a reliable chronology for the region based on careful excavation and ceramic analysis. Although his research focused on the Tulum/Tancah area, he also surveyed some 40 additional coastal sites, mapping each and taking surface collections of exposed ceramics.

As Sanders was a student of Willey, it almost goes without saying that he devoted considerable effort to the analysis of settlement patterns. Interestingly, the long-held belief that the area contained within Tulum's defensive walls was civic-ceremonial was completely wrong: Sanders' excavations revealed that with the exception of Structure 16, all the structures along Tulum's main thoroughfare (Morley's 5th Avenue, which Sanders called "Main Street") were actually residential (Sanders 1960: 16). His findings were published in his *Prehistoric Ceramics and Settlement Patterns in Quintana Roo, Mexico* (1960). The ceramics-based chronology established during this period, still relied upon today,

offered clarification of the confusion presented by the early date on Tulum Stela 1—he definitively established that Tulum's period of florescence was during the Late Postclassic. He also was able to identify an introduced ceramic complex that both separated the Early Postclassic from the Late Postclassic and suggested a migration of a new group into the area (Sanders 1960: 220–221; Miller 1982: 11).

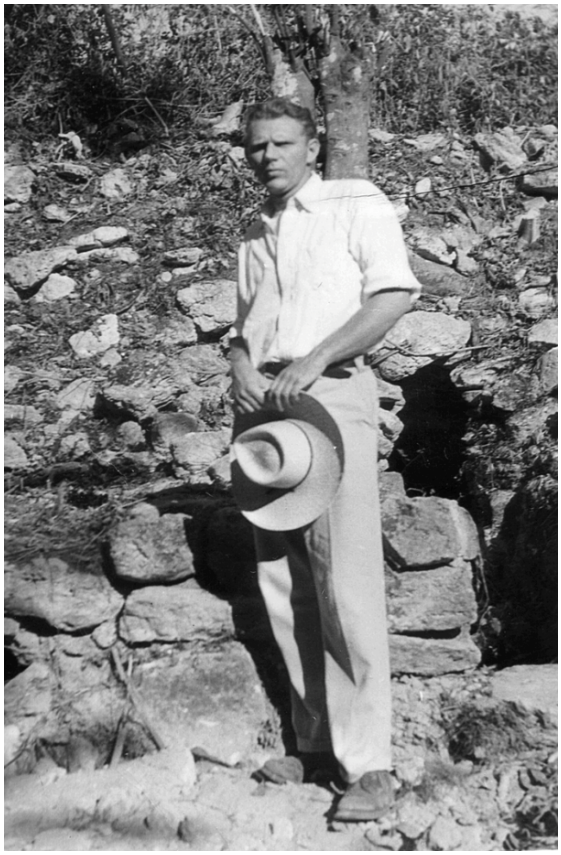

Figure 1.22. William Sanders at the time of his work at Tulum.

About the same time that Sanders became interested in coastal Quintana Roo, so too did E. Wyllys Andrews IV of the Middle American Research Institute at Tulane University. Although he visited Tulum, his work focused on Xcaret—the first extensive study of the site since its discovery by Mason and Spinden (E. W. Andrews V and A. Andrews 1975).

The Modern Era, 1970–Present

The construction of the paved highway along the Quintana Roo coast between 1969 and 1973 was a major turning point in Tulum's long story. Not only did access by car facilitate ongoing archaeological work, it also made Tulum into one of Mexico's major tourist

attractions.[42] One of the first researchers to take advantage of this new-found access was Arthur G. Miller (1942–2026). Miller was not solely a Mayanist—his 1969 dissertation at Harvard was a study of the mural painting at Teotihuacán (published in 1973 as *The Mural Painting of Teotihuacán*) and his later professional work focused on the study of the tomb art in Oaxaca (Miller 1995). Miller's study of the murals of Tulum and Tancah took place over four seasons between 1972 and 1975,[43] culminating in his well-regarded volume, *On The Edge of the Sea: Mural Painting at Tancah-Tulum, Quintana Roo, Mexico* (1982). This publication joins those of Lothrop (1924), Fernández (1945), and Sanders (1960) as one of the foundational works in the study of the area.

Miller's venture was formally called the Tancah-Tulum Archaeological Project, an appropriate name in that the investigators did not focus singly on the study of murals and other art, but rather undertook extensive excavations, especially at Tancah (Miller 1982: 14–46), where revealed substructures (Tancah Structure 42) demonstrated the long history of habitation (Miller 1982: 21–26). Additional test pits and trenching both at Tancah (Ball 1982: 105–111) and Tulum allowed Miller to both expand and confirm the chronology of the area as first outlined by Sanders. These excavations also confirmed the obvious—Tulum, situated on the coast with an approachable beach (if not a Xelha-like harbor) was very much involved in coastal trade (Miller 1982: 62–63). Excavations in the floor of the Temple of the Frescos (Structure 16), together with stylistic analysis, allowed Miller to develop a chronology for the painting of the frescos in which he identified four distinct styles (Miller 1982: 56–57; also see Miller 1986: 206–211): (1) an early, Classic style found at the older sites of Tancah and Xelha; (2) a Middle Postclassic style also found extensively in Tancah Structure 44; (3) the Late Postclassic murals that represent the cultural florescence at Tulum and the embrace of the "International Style,"[44] well represented in Structures 5 and 16; and (4) a derivative period, probably lasting into the earliest colonial times, in which less skilled artists copied older murals.

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[42] The huge impact of the sudden boom in tourism on Tulum and the surrounding area has been well studied. One publication specifically addresses the impact of thousands of visitors on the ruins themselves: "Crowding perception at the archaeological site of Tulum, Mexico: A key indicator for sustainable cultural tourism," (Medina-Garcia et al. 2022).

[43] Miller provided annual reports to Dumbarton Oaks (unpublished); these were summarized in his 1982 volume, from which we have drawn our information on his work. Also see his chapter in *The Sea in the Pre-Columbian World* (Miller 1977).

[44] Also known as the Codex style or the Mixteca-Puebla style, this art form was common in the Late Postclassic period across much of Mesoamerica and is seen in murals, codices, and extant picture-texts from central Mexico. The term "International Style" was first used by Donald Robertson in his study of the Tulum murals (1970).

Insofar as the coastal murals are concerned, Miller observed that the cycles of birth and death and the connection of divine life to the cosmos—as exemplified in the Venus cycle as well as the rising and setting of the sun—were major themes. Indeed, the concept of birth was distinctly associated with Tulum, not surprising given the rising sun emerging over the sea each day. Miller postulated that one aspect of birth, the umbilical cord, is represented in the murals of both Structures 5 and 16, represented in the form of an intertwined, cord-like serpent attached to various deities (Miller 1982: 94–95), while noting that such imagery, like so much in Maya art, may have multiple meanings (also see David 2022). The focus of the murals—and stucco sculpture at the site—was distinctly tied to the supernatural, unlike the sculpture and murals of Classic-era Maya sites, which had both natural/social—depictions of rulers, etc.—as well as cosmic subjects. The Tulum murals were often painted in three bands representing the supernatural sky, the earthly world, and the underworld. Finally, Miller postulated that the murals attracted pilgrimages to the city (Miller 1982: 95–96), visits that continued well into the sixteenth century. "I see Tulum as being dedicated to the cosmological concerns of spiritual and physical renewal…," writes Miller, "The state of being between death and rebirth is the overall theme of Post-1400 Tulum" (Miller 1982: 96). In the iconology of Tulum there is

> … an underlying unity in the concentration on cosmic boundaries between night and day, death and life, underworld and upperworld, immortal and mortal, ritual disorientation and spiritual reintegration. The Tulum Maya were seemingly obsessed with these transitional states of being and seem to have constructed Late Postclassic Tulum and painted its walls as a testament to their obsession (Miller 1982: 98).

Concurrent with Miller's Tancah-Tulum Archaeological Project were INAH initiatives at Tulum, which for the first time extended mapping to the area adjacent to and outside the city walls, where additional walls and structures were found (Con Uribe 2005: 22). Studies by Alfredo Barrera Rubio explored the marine-based economy of the area with a focus on the analysis of seashells recovered during excavations carried out under the direction of Norberto Gonzales Crespo (Director of the Centro Regional del Sureste of the INAH) (Barrera Rubio 1985: 50–61). The INAH presence at Tulum—a permanent office was established in the area in 1972—ushered in a period of ongoing maintenance at the site, including the excavation and stabilization of structures, clearing vegetation, and creating pathways and other infrastructure to accommodate the ever-growing number of tourists (Con Uribe 2005: 22–23; Velázquez Valadez 1976, 1985).

During this same period, other sites attracted research interest, especially Xelha, Tancah, and, farther north, Xcaret. At Xelha, Carlos Navarrete studied ceramic remains from nearby caves (Navarrete 1974) and after the partial destruction of one of the structures at the site revealed previously unknown murals, Martine Fettweis-Vienot began her multi-year study of wall paintings not only at Xelha, but also at Tancah, Tulum, and Cobá (Fettweis-Vienot 1976, 1988). Nancy Farris (Arthur Miller's wife) undertook the

underwater exploration of the bays at Tancah, Xelha, and other sites along the coast, presaging the boom in the underwater archaeology of Quintana Roo's network of cenotes and caves (Farris and Miller 1974). Another INAH project at Xelha began in 1979 under the direction of Fernando Robles, which resulted in a more detailed site map and the consolidation of deteriorating structures (Robles 1981). Meanwhile, over at Xcaret, the Andrews clan—especially Anthony—continued work begun by E. Wyllys IV and expanded research to include mapping of additional sites along the central Quintana Roo coast (multiple publications, but especially A. Andrews 1976).

An important project under the direction of Ernesto Vargas Pacheco took place in the 1980s, which continued studies of residential areas immediately outside the Tulum walls[45] as well as excavations of several structures inside the Tulum enclosure (Vargas Pacheco 1984). Xcaret was again the site of study under María José Con, who led a six-season project of mapping, excavation, and structural consolidation (Con Uribe 2005: 26). The 1990s saw continued maintenance of the ruins and further restrictions on tourist access: rooms with murals were permanently closed to visitors. One of the most groundbreaking innovations was the 1998 INAH-sponsored underwater project led by María del Pilar Luna Erreguerena (2016), which explored the cenotes and underwater caves in the Tulum area.

In 2021, INAH launched its PROMEZA program (*Programa de Mejoramiento de Zonas Arqueológicas*), a multi-state (Quintana Roo, Chiapas, Tabasco, Campeche, and Yucatán) undertaking to direct resources toward Mexico's many archaeological sites impacted along the route of the new *Tren Maya*. Under PROMEZA, Tulum benefitted from funding for a new museum and expanded research grants, under which work at the site continues at the time of this writing (2026). Current project leadership at Tulum includes José Antonio Reyes Solís (director) and archaeologist Enrique Marín Vázquez. The most news-worthy recent discovery was accidental: while clearing new pathways for tourist traffic near the center of the Tulum walled area, a natural cave was uncovered that contained the bodies of eleven individuals of high rank, one of whom had been crushed by a large stone at the entrance (Reyes Solís 2023).

[45] Today some of the structures beyond Tulum's walls (the Nauyacas and Cresterías complexes) are incorporated into the tourist access zone.

CHAPTER 2

STATESIDE

January 10, 1922, Tuesday

Starting again. These annual diaries of mine begin (usually) the day I leave Washington and should continue until I get back, but in looking over them I find that they usually stop when I get back to civilization as expressed by some frontier town at the edge of the bush on my last trip thereinto. Perhaps this year of 1922 I may do better, but *quien sabe*? A real diary of events in these eventful countries is a real business to keep going, and I may fall by the wayside.

Sam [Lothrop; see Chapter 1, note 2] as per schedule, arrived this morning from Boston with his mother. I saw him with Gates[44] after I got back from the Carnegie after my first trip up there. I brought back with me 1,000 dollars in gold coins (fives) and also New York drafts for 200 more. In addition, I have a draft on the American Security Co. for $1,500.00 payable in gold. Had a little *junta* with Sam and made a date with him to go around to the American Security Co. at two to cash his voucher for traveling expenses.

Afterward, he went over to the National Museum to see Holmes [see Chapter 1, note 18] while I cashed the draft for $1,500.00 and brought it back to the Club[45], where I sealed the three canvas bags into which it had been divided:

$500.00 in $20.00 pieces in one

$1,000.00 in $10.00 pieces in another

$1,000.00 in $5.00 pieces in a third.

I put the whole amount in one larger bag, and after sealing left it with Page in the office safe until I should leave tonight.

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[44] William Gates (1863–1940) was a rare early American Mayanist not educated at Harvard (he attended Johns Hopkins and the University of Virginia, specializing in law). He was a collaborator/rival with Morley during the 1920s. He helped organize and became the first president of the Maya Society. Although Gates worked closely with Morley—he volunteered to do the index for Morley's 1920 *Inscriptions at Copan* (1920)—the two had a major falling out. Gates went so far as to campaign against Morley's great project, the CIW Chichen Itza project (Brunhouse 1975: 129–167).

[45] The Cosmos Club was founded by John Wesley Powell in 1878 as a gathering place of intellectuals to socialize. Morley was a long-standing member. The Club remains active today.

At 11:45 Juan Sopeña[46] (who is to be my photographer), a young Filipino lad of 25, recommended to me by Martin of the National Geographic Society, met me and we went over to the Columbia Photo supply. Brewer was in when we got back, and there remained very little to clean up. All the photographic outfit is in save only the Georz lens and shutters[47], the film roll adapter, and the films for the 3A [Figure 2.1] The chemicals and films (for the 5 x 7) are to be sent out to Juan Sopeña this afternoon at 1636 Rhode Island Avenue. I told Juan to come back about seven for a list of final instructions.

At 12:30 I met Cook,[48] Gates, and Sam for lunch. Cook (from the Bureau of Plant Industry, Department of Agriculture), together with his two assistants, H.F. Loomis, his photographer, and R. D. Marin, a plant collector, are going to join me in Belize on March 1st. Cook wanted to meet Gates to get from him some dictionary material on the Maya names for the flora of the region, and this was the only possible time. I knew the upper dining room would be much too crowded at this hour to get a table for four, so went downstairs.

After lunch I took Sam off to the American Securities Co., where he got his draft cashed, and then he returned to the Club and with Gates then went up into the latter's room on Connecticut Avenue. I spent the early afternoon in packing my suitcases; fortunately, I did not have to rush, as this year for once I have begun a long enough time in advance. I should have mentioned that early this morning I had a call from Nancy Webster, who is back from one of her long trips. She is very anxious to get in touch with Bo Long about their Pan-American Woman's Conference.[49] I told her he had been with me out at Secretary Fall's[50] for a few minutes last night to say goodbye, but that I

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[46] Juan Sopeña (1895–ca. 1930) was the chief photographer for the 1922 CIW expedition and was Morley's principal assistant at the ruins of Naachtun. Sopeña again worked with Morley during the 1926 season at Chichen Itza (Guillermo 2024).

[47] C. P. Goerz was a high-end German camera/scientific equipment company headquartered in Berlin. In 1926 it merged with two other companies to form Zeiss Ikon.

[48] Orator Fuller Cook (1867–1949) was a botanist and entomologist who worked for the Department of Agriculture. He specialized in cotton and rubber cultivation; in the realm of insect studies, he specialized in millipedes and centipedes.

[49] The Pan-American Woman's Conference, an offshoot of the National League of Woman Voters' annual convention, was held in Baltimore in April 1922, bringing together representatives from 32 western-hemisphere countries (also including the Philippines). Topic panels included Women in Industry, Prevention of Traffic in Women, and Civil Status of Women.

[50] Albert B. Fall (1962–1944) was Secretary of the Interior during the Harding Administration. Previously he served as Senator from New Mexico (hence Morley's friendship with him). Fall's career ended in disgrace because of his involvement in the

understood he was going over to New York last night. I bid her goodbye myself over the phone and she wished me good luck.



Figure 2.1. Kodak's popular 3A camera, introduced in 1914, was produced throughout the 1920s.

About five I got around to the Institution to see President Merriam[51] for the last time. I got my letter of credentials and also a few parting instructions from him. Coville[52] had said he wanted to see me and came up to talk plant collecting over about 5:30. He was also anxious to meet Gates. I felt sure the latter would be in before six, and sure enough as Coville and I sat there talking, Gates came in. I introduced them and they were soon absorbed in Maya plant knowledge.

Teapot Dome Scandal. He served one year in prison convicted of bribery and conspiracy. He was the first Cabinet-level officer ever to serve time in jail (Stratton 1998).

[51] Paleontologist John C. Merriam (1869–1945) served as president of the CIW from 1920 to 1938. Before this he was head of the Department of Paleontology and dean of faculties at the University of California, Berkeley.

[52] Frederic Vernon Coville (1867–1937) was the chief botanist for the Department of Agriculture, the first director of the United States National Arboretum, and the chairman of the National Geographic Society Research Committee. He specialized in the botany of Death Valley.

I bid goodbye to Coville at six, a fine man, and if he succeeds in reconciling Science with a capital "S" to the activities of the National Geographic Society and vice-versa, he will have done more to popularize science than any other single agency in the field.

While Gates and I were dining, Washington[53] joined us. I feel sorry at leaving him too—he and Popenoe[54] are perhaps my best friends in the Club. At seven, Juan Sopeña returned for final instructions. I told him to be sure above everything that all the photographic outfit left here before he did, and that it all go on the boat of the 28th. Finally, that he was to look up H. C. Hicks, the United Fruit Co. passenger agent, as soon as he reached New Orleans.

At ten o'clock we foregathered at the Club—Sam, Gates, and I. Although I did not realize it, Sam told me later he was pretty-well heeled, he and three State Department men having gotten away with three bottles of gin since four o'clock. I got the gold from Page and packed it in my suitcase, the safest place, it appeared to me, to carry it. The $2,500.00 only weighed 12½ pounds and was not all that bulky. In fact, I was surprised so little gold was worth so much.[55] At 10:30 we left the Club in a taxi, Gates with us. There was little to do at the Union Station save show our tickets, and Gates was even allowed to go through to the train sheds with us. Sam's New York car with his mother aboard was being shifted when we got down, but presently it came in, and bidding Gates goodbye, we went aboard. Just as I was undressing, we pulled out of Washington.

January 11, Wednesday

A long, tiresome day during which I wrote a dozen-odd letters. It was quite cold in the morning, and I heard later in the day that a 50-mile gale and blizzard were raging in New York. This was the tail end of it.

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[53] Harvey Washington Wiley (1884–1930), a chemist, was appointed by Theodore Roosevelt as the first Commissioner of Food and Drugs. His significant achievement was the passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906.

[54] Frederick Wilson Popenoe (1892–1975) was a botanist who spent years exploring Central America for new strains of avocados. He became the chief agronomist for the United Fruit Company in 1925. A good biography exists (Rosengarten 1991). He was married to archaeologist Dorothy Popenoe who specialized in the study of the northern coast of Honduras. She died in 1932 after eating an unripe and undercooked ackee fruit (*Blighia sapida*, the national fruit of Jamaica) cake, a fruit known to be toxic if not properly prepared. The cause of her untimely death is morbidly ironic given the profession of her husband. Morley and Wilson Popenoe became close friends because of their membership at the Cosmos Club—the two shared rooms next to each other at the club for several months at some point around 1920 (Popenoe 1950).

[55] Today (2025) 12.5 pounds of gold is worth nearly $450,000.00.

Coming out from breakfast, whom should I see but Nancy Webster's nice friend, Dr. Valeria Parker.[56] I sat down beside her in the dining car, and she introduced me to her secretary, a nice looking girl, who, however, will never set the world aflame with her achievements, but a nice person withal. Mrs. Parker is on a trip for the Social Hygiene Service and is to speak at a number of meetings in New Orleans, Dallas, Memphis, and elsewhere. Sam came in after breakfast and said his mother was aboard. They are both getting off tonight at West Point, Georgia, the other side of Atlanta, where Sam's brother is working in a large cotton mill.

Rachel had bought Sam *The Sheik*[57] and he is still deeply immersed in that. Says it is "peppy." He is going to loan it to me this afternoon.

I wrote all morning, as I have said. Showed Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Lothrop the advance pages of my *National Geographic Magazine* article,[58] but myself did no reading at all.

Lunched with Sam and his mother, and then back to my writing. I left Washington with a huge epistolary debt behind me, but by dint of much effort, today cleared a great deal of it away. A Miss Hyde, a librarian who knows Kroeber,[59] introduced herself to me. She heard me coughing and wished to suggest a remedy: chewing gum. This reminded me of the English lady in Toronto last fall who, after my lecture, came down to the rostrum and said, "Evans Licorice Pastilles, made in Liverpool, one at the back of the tongue before retiring. Thank you!" and disappeared in the crowd.

Toward the close of the afternoon, it still continued chilly and wintry, and the landscape without gray, cheerless, and damp. Sam brought in *The Sheik.* The only condition was that I was to send it back to Rachel before I left New Orleans. In spite of some fatigue, I continued my letter writing a good part of the afternoon, though finally fell asleep. Just before dinner began *The Sheik*.

Before we got to Atlanta, we were in the dining car. We were foresighted too, because afterwards the people lined up and had (some of them) quite a wait.

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[56] Valeria Parker (1879–1959) was, for the time, a rare female physician. She was active in the suffragette movement and also served as the director of the Connecticut State Farm for Women.

[57] A novel by Edith Maud Hull published in 1919, the first in a series of somewhat risqué desert romances she penned. *The Sheik* famously was turned into a movie starring Rudolph Valentino in 1921.

[58] Morley's article, "The Foremost Intellectual Achievement of Ancient America," appeared in the February 1922 issue. It focused on Maya hieroglyphics (Morley 1922).

[59] Alfred Kroeber (1876–1960) was a cultural anthropologist who studied under Franz Boas at Columbia University. He is noted for authoring *Anthropology,* an important textbook which was used for many years, with editions printed in 1923 and 1940. He was affiliated with the University of California at Berkeley until his retirement in 1946.

I read and dozed in the evening until nearly nine, when I went back to the New York car to say goodbye to Sam and his mother. They are coming on tomorrow by this same train, just stopping over 24 hours to see Francis Lothrop. After they left, I went to bed at once tired out with the last strenuous days in Washington and all the letter writing I had done through the day.

January 12, Thursday

When I woke up we were skirting the Gulf of Mexico and I knew that New Orleans could not be very far off. I had breakfast by myself and finished *The Sheik* before I got in. It isn't really long. We reached New Orleans on time at 9:30. Before getting in, the New Orleans transfer man came though the train and I gave him my checks for the 11 kyacks. He said he thought they were in. When I got to the St. Charles [Hotel] I found they had a room reserved for me, and also for Sam and his mother. I found four letters, one from Ricketson[60] written a month ago when he passed through New Orleans en route for Cumberland Island with his carload of bronchos, another from Carl[61] saying that everything was O.K. and that he would follow me on the steamer of the 28th, and two from John Esquivel.

These two latter said that he had an important letter from his father for me and gave me a telephone number to call up. I called him up and told him if he could come right around that I would see him at once. In about half an hour he knocked at the door with his brother Alfred. Those were the two Sam had had with him five years ago. The brother, though older than John, was smaller; he works on boats most of the time and was even then looking for a job at sea again. Sam's experience was that Alfred was far more reliable than John, which I daresay may be true. Muddy[62] (their father) confided to me that John had been ruined by reason of his musical talents. He could always pick up an odd dollar

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[60] Oliver Ricketson (1894–1952), another Harvard man and distant relative of Andrew Carnegie, met Morley in 1921, joining him on the CIW expedition of that year. As will be seen in the pages below, he was a key player on the 1922 Tulum expedition, joining in February. His claim to fame, insofar as archaeology is concerned, is his extensive work at Uaxactun beginning in 1926. His association with the CIW lasted until 1941.

[61] Carl Guthe (1893–1974), still another Harvard-trained anthropologist, accompanied Morley on several CIW expeditions beginning with the 1920 season. Guthe made his mark with his archaeological work in the Philippines. He was the first chair of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Michigan. Also while there he founded the Society for American Archaeology, a leading professional organization that remains extant, publishing *American Antiquity* and *Latin American Antiquity,* two important peer-reviewed journals.

[62] Muddy Esquivel was Thomas Gann's right-hand man in British Honduras. He accompanied Morley on several of his early expeditions.

or so by playing at some *baile,* and this congenial and at the same time easy method of earning a living had quite gotten him out of the way of harder work, with the result that he was somewhat of a loafer, which was Sam's precise experience.

The important letter from Muddy was to the effect that he wanted me to pay each of his sons five dollars and charge the same to his account. This I did, much to their joint relief, as both, I think, had the belief that I would refuse to do so.

I next went around to the United Fruit Co. offices to see that our [steamship] reservation was all right. Sam and I were down for Cabin No. 1. The only other passengers whom I know were Victor M. Cutter, vice-president of United Fruit Co., and M. D. Bromberg,[63] vice-president of the American Chicle Co. It will be pleasant having them both aboard. I next telephoned Stephanie Levert.[64] She is the same as ever, wanted me to come out for dinner tonight and also this afternoon. I tried to get in touch with Herbert Cook, but he was not in, so I lunched by myself at the St. Charles.

Wrote letters during the afternoon and got out to Stephanie's about 3:30. It still continues cold, and I was glad enough to be ushered into a room where there was a fire going in an open grate. It was quite the pleasantest sight that I had seen in New Orleans this trip. Of course, after hearing her family news—that Julia Levert and her children were all well at Biloxi, but all homesick for Santa Fe, our conversation turned thither. She had two big pieces of news which I had not heard: one was that the De Vargas Hotel had burned down to the ground (with no loss of life, however) and two, that Mrs. Leroy Moore had married Judge Niblett. Both a great surprise. The first because, although it was an old firetrap, it had so long escaped destruction by fire that it seemed as though it might fall to pieces before it would burn up. And the second because having successfully escaped for so long it seemed as though the judge must be pretty well immunized against matrimony.

Presently Stephanie's sister, Beatrice (Mrs. Carney) came in. Since the death of her husband two years ago, she is living with old General Levert, and this makes it much easier for Stephanie now. Also, Lucia Miltonberger came in and we had a pleasant visit. I rather half promised that I'd return for dinner, but when I got back downtown, I was so tired I decided not to. I telephoned Stephanie and she was willing that I come over tomorrow night instead. It is arranged too that I am to lunch with Stephanie and Lucia at the Patio tomorrow noon.

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[63] M. D. Bromberg was the assistant treasurer of the American Chicle Company, though Morley lists him as vice president. Bromberg is mentioned frequently in Morley's 1921 diary (Ward, Rice, and Rice 2024).

[64] Stephanie Levert (1875–1961) was an old family friend from Santa Fe who for a time resided in New Orleans.

Found a letter from Ricketson on my return to the hotel. He says among other things that Glenn and Jaqueline Steward[65] are there and are burning up to know "Wot's wot." One thing he writes of as certain: He will not come down on the yacht with Glenn, says that big and palatial as the yacht is, it is not big enough to hold both him and Glenn. Says Jack's chow is fed at the table with biscuit dipped in claret.

January 13, Friday

Had an early breakfast and then returned to my room, where I wrote until ten, when Sam called up, just having gotten in. He came right up to the room and then together we went over to the U. F. Co. to buy our tickets. The first step necessary was to get our passports visaed by the Guatemalan Consul General, so thither we repaired. This did not take long. I feared the charge for a visa might be $10.00 in retaliation for our passport charges, but it was only $2.00. Thus armed, we returned to the U. F. Co. office and found Bromberg there bent on the same errand. After securing our tickets I saw Mr. Hicks. He said my baggage had been received in his care and was then in charge of a Mr. Victory, their baggage master down at the Calliope Street wharf. I told him Juan Sopeña and Ricketson would be down two weeks from last night and that the former was rather green and would have to be somewhat wet-nursed along.

At 12:30, Stephanie and Lucia came around in the machine [automobile] and we went over to the "Patio." The Patio is a lovely old home in the French quarter, 419 Royal Street, which has been done over by a wealthy Mr. Enby under Jeanne Castellanos' supervision. Jeanne was for some years hostess at the country club, and now has opened this lovely lunchroom "on her own." The home was fundamentally good—fine lines, good details—and well adapted for its present purpose. There is a big stone-flagged patio behind filled with several large trees and a garden, and here an awning has been stretched and there are a number of small round tea tables.

Jeanne has half the first floor of the house for her lunchroom. Just next to and only separated from it by a large grill is an art shop, and beyond the art shop, Mrs. Beuguirre (Ida) has a little Parisienne lingerie shop. I understand she is doing very well. Above are bachelor apartments, and here Jeanne lives herself with her son.

Here it was that Lucia and Stephanie and I lunched. The lion of that particular lunch

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[65] This refers to Glenn Stewart and his wife Jacqueline Archer Stewart. Glenn served in the diplomatic corps, but his claim to fame was via his marriage to his Irish socialite wife (godmother to Gloria Vanderbilt). Their extravagant house, modeled on the Alhambra in Granada, Spain, was a center of east coast social activity during the roaring 20s. Stewart himself was something of an eccentric and became convinced someone was out to kill him. Accordingly, over the years he fortified his house until it became known as Centaur Castle (Guillermo 2024).

hour was Hamden, the actor,[66] who is in New Orleans this week in Shakespeare. He looked quite the part, prominent beak-like Roman nose and long shaggy black hair. He couldn't have helped his nose I suppose, but he might have at least had his hair cut like a gentleman. Met many people, among others Stephanie's namesake and niece—Albert Levert's daughter Stephanie. She is really very pretty.

After a fairly good lunch at the Patio, we walked around to the Cartier Club, which has just been installed in new quarters in the southern of the two Pontalba buildings [Figure 2.2].



Figure 2.2. One of the Pontalba buildings that form the north-east and south-west sides of Jackson Square in the New Orleans French Quarter.

One of the three girls running this, Hedda Koch, I met going north in the trains last June. The same time as I met the two Misses Smith, old maid cousins of ex-President Wilson, as they lost no time in informing one. Indeed, they were then on their way to visit Mrs. McAdoo, and in fact the latter met them at the train when we got into Washington.

Hedda Koch is not the least bit pretty, but rather attractive. In the six months just, which I have not seen her, she seems to have aged. Lucia says she's been burning the candle at both ends, working days at the tearoom restaurant, for that is really what the Cartier Club is, and going to parties at nights. At any rate, she looked much pulled down to me.

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[66] Walter Hampden (1879–1955), a noted stage actor who also performed in film, was a prominent Shakespearean.

We stayed here only for a short time as Hedda was just leaving for the market to lay in supplies against a dinner to be given that night. Stephanie had telephoned for her car, but it had not yet come, so we wandered into an art shop next door, the Cartier Club, where a young caretaker from Chicago showed us over his place. There seems to be the same sort of a renaissance in New Orleans old things such as we had in Santa Fe beginning now a decade ago. They have at last discovered that in the lovely old buildings of their French Quarter they have a delightful native architecture, something to foster and adapt to modern conditions, and already one sees a movement of artistic people toward the French Quarter and the intelligent renovation of some of its splendid houses.

The chauffeur presently came along, and we went first to Solaris, where I purchased some of those bran biscuits I had at Stephanie's yesterday. Next to Lyon's, where I tried to get some carbolic acid soap,[67] but could only buy five cakes when I wanted a dozen. I tried to locate it several other places but could not. After this, Stephanie returned me to the hotel, where I lay down for a while. At 5:30 I left again and was at Lucia's by 6:00. I was announced as Dr. Morley and told to go right upstairs. Mrs. Miltonberger was expecting me. Poor old lady, in speaking of Winifred she broke down and cried. It is hard when you reach these old ages—she is well over 70—to have to see your children go before you. I comforted her as best I could with mother's own sad similar loss, to which she never, never will become reconciled.

Presently the rest of the family came up from dinner, Lucia, her sister-in-law, the oldest boy (17), and three sisters, all younger. I stayed until Stephanie telephoned over that I must come over at once as dinner was ready. We were five at dinner: the old General, Stephanie, Beatrice, myself, and a Mrs. Brown, a buxom southern widow of sixty-two. She had been a widow for seventeen years. She was very high-spirited and gay, and for sixty-two exceedingly well preserved: plump, well-founded, full-shouldered, and nowhere fallen away. And hair of a nice brown, through which only a strand or two of gray was beginning to show.

While we were at dinner, Julia Levert called up from Biloxi in more trouble. Elizabeth had been desperately ill since yesterday with acute appendicitis, and the local doctor said that if she were no better in the morning, he would have to take the chance and operate at once. The news was very upsetting, and it seemed as though poor Julia was certainly having more than her share of troubles. They telephoned her sister while I was there to see if she could not go over to Biloxi to be with Julia during the operation, but the sister (rather selfishly, we all thought) said it would not be convenient for her to go. I saw the family were much distressed, so I left early. If Elizabeth is better, Stephanie and Lucia will go down to the boat to see me off. If not, tonight is goodbye.

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[67] Also known as "red soap" because of its distinctive color, carbolic soap was an early anti-bacterial soap.

January 14, Saturday

I rose early, at six in fact, wrote a few last letters, packed, shaved, and bathed. At 8:30 I had breakfast with Mrs. Parker and Miss Donahue, her assistant in the New Orleans region. I had met Miss Donahue at the Patio yesterday noon where she was lunching with Mrs. Parker, and Mrs. Parker wanted me to see her at close range and tell her what I thought of her good looks, whether I thought she had them or not. I should add in this connection that Stephanie, Lucia, and Ida all three thought she was very good looking yesterday. Miss Donahue is extremely good looking. Her face is very young, finely chiseled, and her nails lovely. Her voice is sweet and musical and quite un-American in timbre. It is a distinct shock then to note that her hair is more than flecked with gray. Mrs. Parker tells me this is due to the flu, as she is only thirty-two.

I had loaned *The Sheik* to Mrs. Parker, who in turn had loaned it to Miss Donahue. They both enjoyed it, they said. We had a delightful breakfast together for the end of which Mrs. Parker's secretary came in. At 9:30 I bid them goodbye and called up Stephanie. Elizabeth, it seems, was so much better that an immediate operation was postponed. Stephanie and Lucia were coming down at once to meet me and take me on to the boat. I did my few last chores at the hotel. Sent True[68] a box of pralines, sent Rachel Lothrop *The Sheik*, skipped over to Katz and Betzdorf's and got a safety razor, and returned to the hotel. The last thing I did was to get my gold out of the safe and pack it in my bag.

I met Sam in the lobby at 10:00 and he was just leaving in a taxi. Stephanie did not come along until 10:20, but there was plenty of time. We had some little difficulties in finding the Calliope Street dock, but got there finally, after some wandering around in New Orleans slums. Sam was already aboard when I got down, though Bromberg and Cutter were not. My 11 kyacks were on the dock and I presently checked it and got it aboard.

Talking to Cutter as I got there was old Scott, formerly superintendent at Trujillo, whom I had last seen in Washington during the middle of the summer. We exchanged news of each other. He tells me he is probably going into business in New Orleans. I wish him every success: he is a fine type of American.

We went on board, Stephanie, Lucia, the former's nephew (the little Carney boy), and I. I introduced Sam and Bromberg to them. Presently (it was quite cold) someone suggested a nip (I fear it may have been me) whereupon Bromberg gave us a good draught each of cognac. Stephanie only tasted her lips to it, but Lucia took a good one, and afterward M. D. [Bromberg] (to Sam's chagrin) gave her half of a small flask full. It was excellent brandy, too. Meanwhile the signal for all passengers ashore had been given and the little Carney boy was getting nervous, so we accompanied them back to the dock

[68] "True" was Morley's nickname for his daughter, Alice Virginia. Morley and his first wife, Alice, had an acrimonious divorce in 1915.

and bid them adieu. When Bromberg returns about a fortnight hence, he is going to look them up.

We had not been on the boat long before we cast off and began slipping out into mid-stream. I had a letter to me from brother delivered at the last moment. A wrong stateroom had been sold us, or rather we had been given No. 1, which is the purser's room. The purser told us he would take care of us, however, and we left our baggage in his room until after he had found where we were to be put. The first thing I did was to put my gold in his safe. It appears that anything above $100.00 has to pay 10% if declared, so Sam and I sealed it in with his ring and valued it at $100.00. By this time stateroom No. 8 was ready for us and we got in there. The lunch bell sounded and we descended to the salon. Cutter, Bromberg, Sam, myself, and a Mr. and Mrs. Schluback are at the captain's table.

After lunch, I came upstairs and wrote to mother, True, and Jennie. I began at one and wrote right up to the last minute, about a quarter before five. The mail then closed and was put off with the river pilot. It must have been about six-thirty or seven when we crossed the bar. The Gulf for a wonder was not too rough and I felt no inconveniences, though I decided not to tempt fate. I had taken the precaution to take out three books from the library before we left the river, and selecting the most like of these, *These Twain* by Arnold Bennet, I turned in to read. Sam came down about ten and said Cutter, Bromberg, himself, and another man had spent a pleasant evening over high-balls swapping tropical yarns.

January 15, Sunday

I kept to my room all day long reading *These Twain* and only appeared at mealtimes. After dinner I thought I had my sea legs sufficiently to stay in the social hall and listened to the graphophone for a while, but I did not tarry long. Before supper, Sam and I had a couple of high-balls, which were delicious. Cutter came in and ordered a third round, but I only drank a small portion of mine. It seemed to me that discretion was the better part of valor when it came to this third one. I retired early to read *These Twain*, which is a good yarn of the Arnold Bennet "Five Towns" style.[69]

January 16, Monday

We must have passed Cape Catoche[70] about sunrise, for at 7:30 when Sam called for his bath he reported when he came back that we were off there. On investigation, however, I saw that we were in reality off the southern end of Isla de Mugeres [Isla Mujeres], just abreast, in fact, of the lighthouse and the small Maya temple at the southern end.

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[69] Arnold Bennett (1867–1931) was a British novelist who set many of his tales in the villages of Staffordshire (hence Morley's reference to the "Five Towns style"). *These Twain*, the last of his "Five Towns" novels, was published in 1916.

[70] Cabo Catoche, the northeast tip of the Yucatán Peninsula.

As usual in passing along these turbulent waters, a long swell was coming in and I took to my berth and book, feeling nastier than at any time on the voyage so far. This continued all morning and was going strong when we finally passed the southern end of Cozumel, just about lunch time. I ate lunch, though it served me but little as I lost it as soon as I got back to my room—the first time I had been really ill to that point on the voyage. This misadventure quite prostrated me and I was glad to climb back into my berth and finish *These Twain*. I started next a yarn of Sam's called *The Council of Seven*[71]—only just average. By teatime I had plucked up enough to have some tea and sweet crackers, and by supper Richard, though not himself, was getting around therefore.

After supper I sent a wireless to Gann[72] telling him Sam and I would reach Belize on the 28th, the rest on the 31st, and to have the boat ready to leave on the first of February. There is a Mr. Bryan going over to Belize by this week's coast boat and I am going to send a letter to Gann by him. After sending the wireless to Gann, I came down and had a long talk with Cutter, in which I broached the idea of writing a brochure on Quirigua to be published by the United Fruit Co. He fell in with the idea readily enough and said that when I got the manuscript completed to send it on to him, and he would take care of its publication.[73] He suggested an Initial Edition of 2,000. I am to furnish the photographs and the text. By the time we had finished discussing these matters, we decided to turn in, though it was only eight.

[71] A novel by J.C. Snaith published in 1921 which tells the story of a rising politician and his dealings with the press in the midst of a scandal.

[72] Thomas Gann (1867–1938) was the district medical officer for British Honduras, a semi-professional archaeologist, prolific writer, and one of Morley's best friends. Gann accompanied Morley on many CIW expeditions, including the 1916 and 1918 trips to Tulum.

[73] The idea of a guide to Quirigua sat with Morley for over a decade, but on the back burner. It eventually came to fruition in his *Guide Book to the Ruins of Quirigua* (1935) published not by United Fruit, but by the CIW.

CHAPTER 3

BELIZE AND GUATEMALA CITY

January 17, Tuesday

Feeling much better. We were over the worst of the choppiness off the northeast coast and I no longer felt seasick. Proof was that immediately after breakfast I came upstairs to the social hall and, preempting a desk, wrote for three hours in my diary. I am ashamed to say that owing to letter-pressure at first, and sea sickness on the way across the Gulf, I had not started it. But after I finally sat down, I almost caught up in one writing.[74]

Lunch, owing to Cutter's presence at our table, was most *lujoso* [luxurious]. The steward whispered in our ears that a planked steak was coming and to lay off the regular menu. What a steak and oh how planked! It was dressed up and embellished with every kind of vegetable. It looked almost like a birthday cake. I will say that lunch today was almost the best meal I have ever eaten on a Fruit Co. boat.

Before lunch was over, we picked up Manabique Point[75] on the port, and we docked just at two. I saw a number of people on the dock whom I know—first of all, old Don Federico Coronado, for many years Customs' head here at Puerto Barrios. He retired during the Herrera regime, but now that the Liberals are back in, he has been reinstated. I saw Flucker, Gooch, Pollan, and was later introduced to the new manager, a Mr. Thompson. After the inspection in the social hall, we were permitted to land. Sam and I had decided to leave all of our kyacks (save one, which he wants in the city) at the Customs in bond, so to speak, to pick up on our way out to Belize. This was soon accomplished. Here in the Customs I met another old friend, Major, the southern darkey who has been taking care of baggage at Puerto Barrios for many a season.

Flucker said he thought he would be able to fix us up in a Fruit Co. room, so we had our bags carried over to the Fruit Co. building directly. I got rid of some of my gold here, leaving it in Flucker's safe until we should return from the city [Guatemala City]. Next, I went over to the telegraph office and dispatched these three telegrams to the city: 1) to Captain Grace; 2) to Jim Roach; and 3) to Adrian Recinos. While here an old friend came up, that Mr. B. Gordon Bryan, the turpentine man, who is going over to Belize, to say that a little boat was just leaving for Belize and if I wanted to write Gann I'd have to do so at once. With him was Harvey, Shufeldt's brother-in-law. He was also going to Belize, where was Alfred Harvey, his half-brother and the younger chap who had served me so well in

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[74] Astonishingly, this means that Morley wrote over 5,000 words in one session!

[75] Punta de Manabique is a peninsula that creates Amatique Bay, the body of water upon which Puerto Barrios (Guatemala) is located.

Piedras Negras as Rick's map-making assistant. The rest of the family, Harvey said, were in Guatemala City at No. 49 *numero* la, 3rd Avenue South.

I walked over to the boat, which was on the point of leaving, and on the back of three telegraph blanks wrote a letter to Gann to have the E.M.L. ready to leave on February first. One of the many Pierces of the colony was on board, a cousin of the dentist Pierce in Belize. After bidding adieu to Harvey and Bryan, I returned to the Fruit Co. building where I had a delicious shower bath, not however without some misgivings as to the adobe itch. It is said that one contracts it from swamp water such as you get in these port towns to bathe in. Having had it before, I never want it again.[76]

We went down to dinner about six and soon Bromberg joined us. Cutter, it seems with all his staff, has gone up the line to Virginia, I think it is, or Quirigua. I saw again a number of people I knew. We spent most of the evening talking to the Doyles, Mrs. Doyle and Mrs. Sara. The latter has a five-months old boy, really a nice-looking child, of whom the grandmother, one can see at a glance, is inordinately proud. Old Doyle still works on the railroad as a conductor. He tells me poor old Doctor Johnston, the Zacapa dentist, died in the Quirigua Hospital sometime last year. "Of what?" I asked. "John Barleycorn,"[77] he said, and thus the same old enemy is gradually eliminated one by one most of the old timers.

January 18, Wednesday

Sam and I as bedfellows do not harmonize. Each accused the other this morning of occupying more than his share of the bed, and neither of us seems to have slept much. We were up at 5:45 and finished breakfast about 6:20. Sam went ahead to the station to buy the tickets and Bromberg and I followed shortly. There were not so many of us in the parlor car—Sam, Bromberg, and I, a Mrs. Matan returning to her husband in Guatemala, and the Schlubachs, but of these a tribe: in addition to the father and mother and three sons, there was a German *fraulein* and a Guatemaltecan maid.

I had brought Poe's *The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym* and read this all day. When we passed Quirigua I saw not a soul I knew, though the place looked familiar enough, in all conscience, even to the first little wooden shack we built there eleven years ago this year, and now known as "The Bug House" because every scientist down here, whether he be an archaeologist, a botanist, a geologist, a zoologist, or what not, is dubbed a "bug

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[76] One of many tropical fungal infections. Morley's 1917 expedition along the northern coast of Honduras was made miserable because of his having a severe case (see Ward and Rice 2021. Chapters 10–12).

[77] John Barleycorn is a term common in seventeenth-century ballads as an allegory for alcoholism.

hunter." And since our crowd built that house—it was really Jess Nusbaum who contrived it—it has ever since been called "the Bug House."[78]

It began to grow warmer after leaving Los Amates and beyond Santa Inez we passed out of the humid coastal zone with its dense, luxuriant vegetation into the comparative aridity of the lower foothills, which reaches its sun-back maximum in the Zacapa plain. Lunch at Zacapa at the old Railroad Hotel [Figure 3.1] was a welcome diversion. This place, as always, is filled with many interesting and happy memories for me, since it is the place one leaves the railroad for Copan. Barring the proprietor of the hotel, a Spaniard by the name of Crespo, I found no one whom I knew.



Figure 3.1. The Hotel Ferrocarril in Zacapa (photo circa 1920) remained in use, though decrepit, until it burned down in 1990.

The afternoon dragged along, though not very hot, happily. I have been across this Zacapa plain when the heat without, and indeed within, the car was like the breath of an

[78] Before his work at Chichen Itza, Morley's career focused on the southeastern Maya area with extensive work at Copan and Quirigua. His first major publication was *The Inscriptions at Copan* (1920), and in 1935 he published his *Guide Book to the Ruins of Quirigua*. Morley led major excavation work at Quirigua for the Archaeological Institute of America under Edgar Hewett in 1911, 1912, and 1914, and then returned under CIW aegis in 1919 and 1923. The second volume of our Morley Diary Project is devoted to his work during these seasons (Ward and Rice 2022a).

oven. We gradually wound out of the Motagua Valley and up into the foothills. It grew colder, though never cold, and indeed I must say I have never made this journey under more delightful climatic conditions.

We reached the city on the dot. Carlos Casteñeda was down to meet Bromberg and I caught one fleeting glimpse of him. There was the usual crowd at the station and amid a thickly weaving mass of humanity we followed our bags, borne ahead by two boys. Captain Grace had sent his machine to meet us, and we were soon stowed in. The boys tried to hold us up a dollar for carrying the baggage, but we were too wise for that. Grace's Hotel looked familiar and the Captain had not changed a bit, even has that peculiar little preliminary "ahem" to everything he says. Or is it "ugh?" Toxica Roach[79] left a message that we were to come over to dinner, and I telephoned her up. She said to come right on over, but before we had done meeting people (the new military attaché, a Major Cruz, for one, and the attendant cocktails) it was some time before we got off.

Toxica and Jimmy Roach haven't changed a bit in the year that has gone by, though both have managed to be seriously ill therein. Of all people, the third and only other guest was Carlos Cordero, an old Guatemaltecan flame of Toxica's. After a delicious dinner, Jim left for some business meeting at the Club, and we four played auction. Sam and I managed to lose a dollar each. We left at 11:45 and Sam ragged me all the way back to the hotel, for having let him in for such a boring evening. He had a good start before we went up there, and he wanted to make a good night from about 9:30 on. Told him I'd never date him up again.

January 19, Thursday

A full day. We breakfasted about 8:30 and then I went down to look up the Shufeldts. They were greatly surprised to see me and are very much the better—particularly Mrs. Shufeldt and Anastasia. They invited me to dinner tonight, and I said I would be happy to come down.

Returning to the hotel I was hailed by one of the men I met last night and asked to come into his office, which turned out to be that of Mr. Hogsdons or Hodgdon. I never can spell his name. I knew him, of course, though saw most of him that time Manuel Estrada Cabrera sent him down to meet Col. Ashmead and that economical survey party

[79] Tocsika Townley Roach moved to Guatemala City with her husband Jim in 1917. Morley met them first in December of 1917 during his visit to the city at the time of the Great Earthquake. Tocsika opened the first tourist-focused handicraft shop in Guatemala City and grew her operation into a large business. Over the years she built a large collection of native fabrics and clothing and published writings on them. She eventually donated her collection to the Museo Nacional de Arqueología y Etnología.

was sent by our government to determine the value of the strip of disputed territory between Honduras and Guatemala.[80]

On my way back to the hotel I met Bromberg in front of the Pension Gueroult[81] and he asked me to go down to the cable office with him, but I told him I'd meet him afterward at the Foreign Relations Ministry, where Carlos Casteñada is officiating as a kind of undersecretary. I picked up Sam at the hotel and we went over together. I asked him about our concession, and he thought there would be no difficulty in getting the thing honored for the coming, or rather now the current, year.[82] We picked up Carlos with us and returned to the hotel. Met another old friend, however, at the Foreign Relations Ministry, that chap Palma who for years worked in our Legation and who was supposed to be a spy of Estrada Cabrera's at the time. I daresay he was at that. The Old Man of Guatemala had a most comprehensive and wonderful system of espionage.

Bromberg joined us shortly and we went first to our Legation. I had not seen Curtis since Managua days, though I knew he was in Washington all fall. But he had seen me, he said. He and Mrs. Curtis had come to that lecture of mine before the National Geographic Society that rainy afternoon in December something over a month and a half ago. It was queer meeting, or rather seeing, him down here. Also met Southgate, who is Curtis's assistant. He was '14 at Harvard, the class ahead of Sam. From the Legation we went down to the Consulate to see Frost, who, Jack Belt had told me, was an awfully decent chap, but unfortunately, he was out.

Returning to the hotel—the four of us, for Bromberg and Carlos were still with us—we had a couple of rounds of cocktails and then separated, Sam and I coming down to the Roaches for breakfast. We left the Roaches when Jim went back to work shortly before two, and returned ourselves to the hotel. I had not been here long when Alfredo and Pedro Aguirre came in. They brough some diamonds for me to look at. One was 4 carats, one 3½ carats and one 3 carats. Both the 4- and 3-carat stones were off color, the 3½ looked all right. I am going to have them appraised in the morning, though doubt whether I will get any of them. His prices are very high, though they are, of course, only first prices and would doubtless come down after haggling.

Poor Alfred told me of his wife's death, whom I first knew as Concha Laroando three or four years ago. She died a year ago yesterday of blood poisoning.

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[80] As part of his espionage activities in 1917, Morley sent back information on a long-simmering border dispute between Guatemala and Honduras (Ward and Rice 2021: Chapter 20).

[81] The Pension Gueroult remains in business today as the Hotel Gran Central Gueroult at the edge of Guatemala City's historic district.

[82] This refers to the ongoing CIW work at Tayasal under Carl Guthe, which began in 1921 and ran through 1922.

After the Aguirre cousins left, I telephoned Adrian Recinos. I had tried to reach him earlier in the morning from the Foreign Relations Ministry, but he was out. This time I had more luck. I asked him down for lunch tomorrow and to get in touch with Fernando Cruz and ask him also. He said if I were going to be in, he would come right down, and in about a half an hour did so. He is growing quite gray and now there are three little Recinoses—a girl, a boy (Adrianito), and a girl. We were regaled with the inside story of the revolution, which was an anti-Unionista, anti-clerical movement.[83] Adrian, I think, was very much mixed up in it. He lost a cousin, one Raoul Recinos, who was killed by the *Unionistas* in a village near Huehuetenango. While he was here, Alfredo Aguirre returned to caution me to silence so far as Rafael Aparicio was concerned. And further, that the jewels he was selling were his own. I fancy them to have been Concha's, but he did not say. He only stayed a moment and Adrian left shortly afterward.

In the late afternoon we foregathered at cocktails and Sam and I, and later Curtis and Southgate, came in. Sam went with them to dinner and I stopped at the Legation with them for a moment for a highball. Dinner at 7:30 with the Shufeldts. Stayed until after nine and then came back to the hotel, where Mrs. Grace and I talked until 11:00. She showed me some lovely things she has—furniture, plates, shawls, etc., most of which she bought from Burnley Campbell before he left. I guess it's money in my pocket that he isn't here, but I do so wish he were. He had such beautiful old things.

January 20, Friday

Another full day. The first thing I did after getting up was to bring this diary up to date. We breakfasted at 8:30 and at 9 Sam went with me down to La Marquesa to present Captain Grace's letter to Arthur Stein, the proprietor, who is going to value some diamonds, or rather one, for me. Although we were back at the hotel by 9:30 on the dot, the hour fixed, Alfredo Aguirre had come and gone leaving word that he would await me in his house until ten. We went over immediately, found him waiting, and then went on down to the Marquesa again. Unfortunately, we found Stein had been summoned to the Post Office, whither we followed him. He said he would be delayed for some time, but that he would meet us at his shop at 11:45, whereupon we all separated, Sam and I going over to Hector Montano's. Here was a *muchedembre* [multitude] of beautiful things—silver, carved wood, textiles, damask, etc., jades, stones, pottery, paintings, and

[83] In December 1921 General José María Orellana staged a successful coup, supported by the United Fruit Co., which overthrew President Carlos Herrera y Luna. The Orellana regime signaled a return to power for supporters of ousted (1920) dictator Manuel Estrada Cabrera. Herrera y Luna had supported a plan to form the Central American Federation, a new state composed of Guatemala, El Salvador, and Honduras (Nicaragua and Costa Rica refused to join). One of Orellana's first acts was to withdraw Guatemala from the Federation, which led to its demise after just one year.

china. Sam and I foresaw we would spend some time, and we were both afraid to have much money there. In the end I made the following selections which he came down on $15.00, selling the lot at $115.00 instead of $130.00, though he said the $130.00 was the rock bottom price:[84]

No. 1 Two old Spanish chairs from La Merced church. These have red damask seats and are painted a dark red with gilded carvings and a shield in gold on the back. They were marked $40.00 the pair, but he finally put them in at $35.00.

No. 2 A silver ewer and basin. This was marked $25.00 and he would not come down on it.

No. 3 A silver picture frame marked $15.00, and he would not come down on it either.

No. 4 A lovely little painting of a Virgin on wood, in gold and colors. He had this marked $20.00 but came to $10.00

No. 5 A Mexican majolica plate marked $25.00, and he came down to $20.00. This is lovely, in two colors—blue and yellow—and has a crown above, the double headed Hapsburg eagle and *Salus Hispanis Rex* on it.

No. 6 A large rose red damask cover with gold galloon braid, $15.00.

No. 7 A large piece of very heavy rose red damask, $5.00.

No. 8 A chalice cover of red silk brocade and gold galloon braid, $5.00

These total $130.00 and he sold them to me for $115.00. I asked him if he knew where I could get any more of that lovely carpet I purchased from him last year, and he said the only man who had a piece of it was Doctor Fernando Iglesias. As it wanted some time to twelve, I thought I'd run over and see Doctor I. and ask him if he would sell it.

Both the Doctor and his wife were out, but the Indian maid was willing that I should step in the sala, and one could not help miss it. It is a lovely thing, the same width as mine but half again as long. The design is more symmetrical, but the colors, weaving, and technique identical. Indeed, I later found out that both mine and the Iglesias' piece are both parts of the same whole. He had other lovely things—beautiful damask, embroidered velvets, chests, paintings, etc., but I did not tarry then. I returned to the hotel and then had to go on to La Marquesa again. I found Alfredo there. Stein very quickly, and I thought efficiently, examined the stone. It is a perfect white diamond weighing very slightly in excess of 2½ carats. There were no carbon spots, the cut and color were brilliant, but there was a very small splinter gone from it. Stein estimated its worth at $350.00 a carat.

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[84] One aspect of Morley's life that is not often discussed is his lifelong quest for Colonial Spanish objects for his personal collection in Santa Fe. In 1945 Morley donated his collection to the Museum of New Mexico. Currently it is divided between the Museum of International Folk Art and the New Mexico History Museum/Palace of the Governors (Villela 2014).

I told Alfred I would let him know tomorrow morning what I could and would pay for it. From La Marquesa I hurried over to Hector Montano's again and we all then went up to his house, where he has some other lovely things. Here Sam acquired two very fine Quiché pieces, a large *incensario* [incense burner] and a reclining human figure, perhaps 18 inches long, with a bowl on one side.[85] He has some wonderful chasubles[86] and other pieces of embroidered velvet, but nothing that I fancied particularly, save a wonderful big, solid, carved ebony door. A beautiful thing. To celebrate Sam's purchase, Don Hector brought out two *cognacitas,* very good but very strong. But it was now getting well on toward one, and we had to hurry back for our lunch engagement with Adrian and Fernando.

I stopped off at Doctor Iglesias' to see him about his part of our famous carpet. Unfortunately, he could not be induced to sell for any price. I know more about the history of the carpet than anyone else. The whole carpet was originally very much larger, perhaps 20-feet square, built up of three narrow woven strips such as we all have. He bought it from the Santa Catarina church and it was in his house before the earthquake. The earthquake threw the roof of his house in, the adobe walls fell down on the carpet, and the rains completed the ruin. The carpet in its larger aspects as a unit was "*completamente arruinada*" but he salvaged four pieces: the one he kept himself; one he has sold to Mr. Felix Schaffer, the manager of La Perla; one to Hector Montano; and one to someone else, he says he thinks Carney, but I believe probably to Mrs. Keith. I think the Montano piece was split into three, those of the Sholles, Carney, and my own. He had other lovely things—a large historical painting by Villalpando[87] showing a scene in a church, the principal figures being obviously portraits, a fine old chest, damask, etc., and a portrait of Alvarado. But he would not sell the carpet.

Returning to the hotel, I found that Adrian had already arrived. Poor Fernando, however, had sent regrets as he was ill in the stomach. During dinner, however, he came in, not to eat, he said, but to visit. We had a fine reunion. While we were thus engaged in going over the past ten years, Mrs. Grace brought in her young Mr. Guirola, to whose finca we are going tomorrow. Arrangements were made with him to go out in the Grace machine at 2:00 tomorrow afternoon.

After lunch the four of us, Adrian, Fernando, Sam, and myself, went around to the Legation, where I introduced Adrian to Curtis. He (Adrian) had asked to meet him and this seemed the best opportunity. We did not tarry long as I wanted to get away and Adrian himself had an engagement. From the Legation we went to Montano's where we

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[85] Morley seems to be describing a chacmool.

[86] The outermost garments worn by clergy for celebrating the Eucharist.

[87] Cristóbal de Villalpando (1649–1714) was a baroque painter native to Mexico. His paintings can be found in numerous Mexican churches, including in the cathedrals of Mexico City, Querétaro, and Puebla.

concluded our business and had the things removed forthwith to the hotel. Here we stopped for the rest of the afternoon.

About five, Bromberg came in and cocktails were started. I got outside of four Bronx and went on to the Roaches' dinner party at seven-thirty, *muy contento*. There were as guests beside Sam and myself a Mr. Logan, a Mr. Knoer, and Carlos Cordero. The dinner was one of Toxica's best, built around a deliciously cooked turkey.

After dinner we had only time to stop for a minute as we were due back at the hotel at 9:00 to see Guirola and before 9:30 at the Osbornes' (Cutter's sister-in-law). Guirola did not show up, so we went on to the Osbornes' at 9:15. Cutter, a Mr. Gray, and the Osbornes were the only people there. She has a very good collection (part of Jaramilla's things) and a few very fine pieces. We left about eleven, and both were again *muy contento* to turn in at once.

January 21, Saturday

Our schedule here is getting so crowded that we found ourselves with three callers at nine o'clock. Southgate, the secretary of our Legation, came first, then Lara, and lastly Alfredo Aguirre. I made a date with the last to see him Tuesday morning, when I will make the final decision about his stone. Lara did not have so many good things as formerly, though there was one beauty, an ivory Christ on the cross for which he is asking $200 gold—too much. He had some mediocre silver and two old chasubles—one fairly good, which Southgate bought for $5.00, a bargain at that price. Next, we went over to a Mr. Tishler's, a German who has the remains of the Obst collection.[88] He had a large number of very mediocre pieces of pottery and some very handsome silver things, chiefly in the way of church plaques, picture frames, etc. As we were going in, we met Victor Cutter and his sister-in-law. The former had just bought a large silver plaque and a piece of French tapestry for $200.00. I left Southgate and Sam here, while I went around to the United Fruit Co. to see about our stopping off at Quirigua. Mr. Thompson, the new manager, and Pollan were both in. The latter said he thought it would be perfectly safe to take the chance of getting off at Quirigua Wednesday night and that they would get us down to Barrios on Thursday morning before the boat leaves. In fact, Pollan said if worse came to worst they'd hold her for us an hour.

By the time I got back to the next rendezvous I was ten minutes late. This was at the *Municipalidad* at eleven with Fernando Cruz to see the originals of the Bernal Diaz and of the Fuentes y Guzman. The former closed with a statement signed by old Bernal Diaz himself that it was finished on November 14, 1605. He says elsewhere that he started it

[88] Máximo Obst (1872–1927) was a jade collector in Guatemala. He was the German Ambassador to Guatemala before the First World War but stayed on after the war, serving as manager of the Empresa Eléctrica de Guatemala. Many of his jades are now part of the collection at the National Museum of the American Indian in Washington, D.C.

when he was 84 years old. As the old man was with Córdoba in 1517, as well as with Grijalva in 1518 and Cortés in 1519, he must have been born at least as early as 1500 or 1502, which would make him over 100 years old when he died. Possibly he may have been 105 or 106.[89] His *Historia* is in splendid condition.

The Fuentes y Guzman original *Recordación Florida* is in two volumes, of which the first has been partially published. The second is illustrated, there being eight large plates in colors, mostly maps and plans, and 21 figures in black and white. There is a project on foot down here to have the National Government print it, Adrian and Fernando doing the editorial work, a most worthy cause, but *todavia* [yet] the funds are lacking.

From here we returned to the hotel and then went down to the American Club, still with Fernando, for cocktails. We met here a Mr. Vásquez, whose father or father-in-law, has a large collection.

We lunched very late, nearly two, so that when we finally got off to the ruins [of Kaminaljuyu; Figure 3.2] beyond the city on the Mixco Road it was 2:30. There were six of us—Mr. Guirola, Captain and Mrs. Grace, Major Cruise, Sam, and myself. On the way out the right-hand side of the road there are two gateways where there are some squat stone human figures flanking each gate, or four in all [Figure 3.3]. The second gateway leads to the Arevalo *finca*, and here we turned in. I had been here before in 1916 with Sam and Rachel Lothrop, Alice, and Percy Jackson. After driving in perhaps half a mile, one finds oneself in a large group of mounds [Figure 3.4]. Climbing under a barbed wire fence, we were soon in the midst of these. A short walk brought us to what was probably the principal plaza, and here were three new squat human figures discovered accidentally eight or ten months ago. It seems they were digging holes for fence posts along one side of the plaza and came across three of them. They had also started to uncover another longer stone on a third side. It seems to me that trenches fairly wide along the bases on all four sides of this plaza would almost certainly yield others [Appendix Figure 1].

Just over the north side is the large square piece which shows such a strong Maya influence, having glyphs on its front and one side[90] [Figure 3.5]. This latter piece looks very late, New Empire, that is, but the other stone figures have been identified as possibly very early pre-Mayan. The question is very complicated, and by no means has the last word be said upon it yet. Before leaving we saw a large stone, quite the largest here, perhaps 7 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 2 or 3 in thickness. This has every appearance of having fallen face forward and we made arrangements with Guirola to return Monday and turn it over.

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[89] Morley hand wrote in the margin of his diary: This is wrong. He died in the '80s of the previous century.

[90] This is Monument 2 located on the Lower Plaza (Parsons 1986 Figure 52).

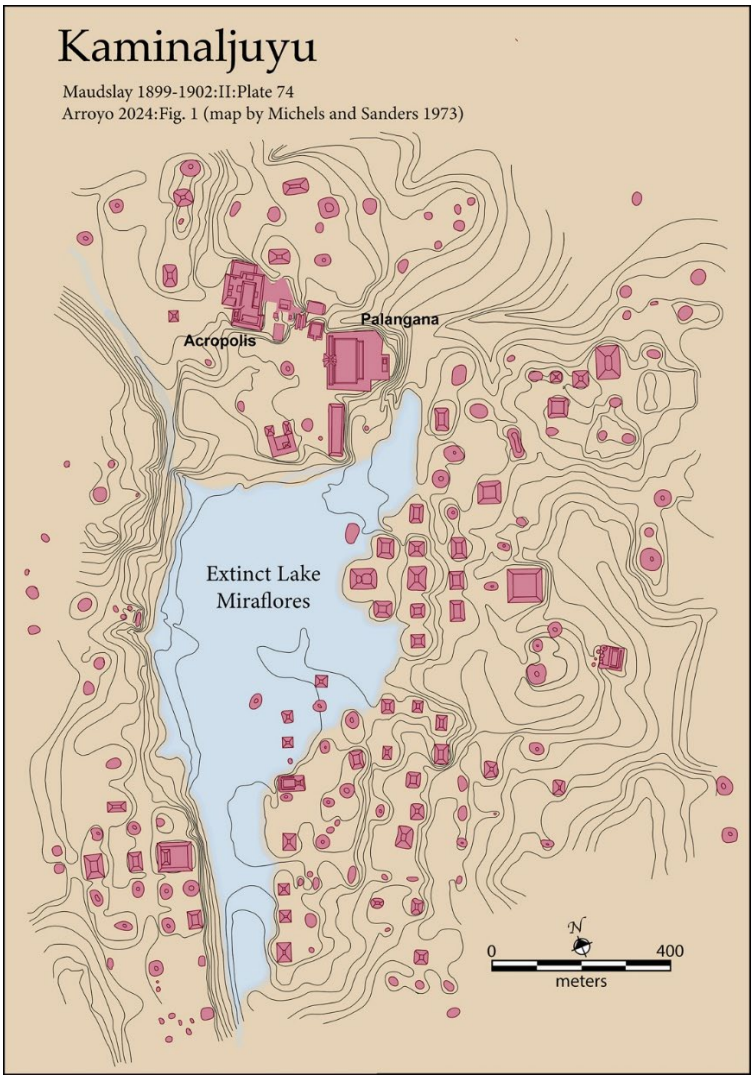

Figure 3.3. Kaminaljuyu. Finca Arevalo centered on the area north of the lake marked Acropolis and Palangana.



Figure 3.3. Two squat figures at the gate to Finca Arevalo, photographed by Sam Lothrop during his 1916 visit to the site.



Figure 3.4. The mounds at Finca Arevelo as photographed by Sam Lothrop in 1922. The mounds are unexcavated structures.



Figure 3.5. Carved stone described by Morley at Kaminaljuyu.

It was now five o'clock and time we were starting for home. On the way back we stopped at a roadside restaurant called Hillerman's and had something to eat and drink, getting back to the hotel about 5:15. I was feeling quite seedy. The cocktails I'd had at lunch, plus the heat and work at the ruins, had given me a splitting headache. I lay down for a while and later tried to go to dinner, but after eating a little decided I would do better without and called it a day with a cup of hot tea. Later, Sam returned from the Legation where he had dined, and Bromberg and Carlos Castañeda came along and wanted me to go to the theater with them, but I was feeling too miserable to even attempt to make the grade, so they went off without me.

Sam came in very quietly at one A.M., but I woke up and he told me all about it, quite a fiesta.

January 22, Sunday

Rose early (long before Sam) and after breakfast got a *coche* to go down to see Lara. I wanted to see the table and chair he had so that when I get my permits, I will know what to ask for. After some wandering around beyond the railroad tracks on 15th Avenue South, we finally located the shack, for I cannot dignify it by a better term. Lara was in and showed me the chair, a nice substantial affair, and one I would buy if it was easier to get out of the country. The table was way up beyond the plaza, and thither we repaired next. After going several places, it was finally run to ground but was most disappointing being what they call a console, used to support a large mirror.

I got back to the hotel fifteen minutes before ten. Fernando had already arrived with his maps. These seemed so excellent that I asked him if I might have copies made here and he most kindly said "yes." We went out to look for a man to do this and after running around to several barbershops, finally met him on the street. The maps were delivered to him and he promised to have copies of them ready by tomorrow night. We came back to the hotel to wait for Mr. Vásquez, who was to call between eleven and 11:30. While we were waiting a Mr. Ernest Schaffer came in. He, it proved to be, has the jades and best pottery from the Obst collection. He also probably has some of those shields which stood over the houses in Antigua. We made an arrangement to go out there Tuesday afternoon after seeing the president.

Afterward we went over to the Imperial and had some highballs and then on to the Roaches' for dinner, or rather breakfast, at 12:30. This was a nice family party of Jim, Toxica, and myself, and consisted of stewed kidney and rice and hot waffles. After lunch Carlos Cordero came in and with the two Roaches went out to play golf. I came back to the hotel.

I had written my letter to the Minister of Foreign Relations but had not submitted it as yet, as I wanted Adrian and Fernando to see it first. They had approved of it with minor textual changes, and so in the afternoon I went over to Bromberg's at the Pension Gueroult and copied it on his Corona. By good luck I found I had one sheet of Carnegie

stationery. Bromberg asked us all to dinner at the Pension. We were a party of four: Sam, Carlos, Bromberg, and myself. After dinner we rode around to several of Carlos' friends and came back to the Grace [hotel] about eleven. We have a very strenuous two days ahead of us, tomorrow and Tuesday, and against these Sam and I were both glad to turn in early.

January 23. Monday

The busiest day yet. I did some errands before Fernando came around, though before I got back to the hotel he had already arrived. I had given Carlos Casteñeda my letter for the Minister of Foreign Relations last night, and we went first to the Ministry of Fomento. After a short wait, with the magic of Fernando's *simpatía*, we soon had entry to the Minister himself, a Señor Mencos. I had heard that this one was very *antipático* [unfriendly] but we certainly did not find him so, and we were told to return in the afternoon when the papers would be ready.[91]

From here we hurried down to Carlos Luna's to see him, as he had been named as one of the two experts to pass on the material we were exporting. Carlos was not in but we left word for him to stay in his office until twelve when we would call him up again. We went next to the other referee's, a Señor Monroy (he had been with us to see the Fuentes y Guzman at the *cabildo* on Saturday). I asked him to lunch, which was set for 1:30 to 2:00, and then we (Fernando and I) went over to Bromberg's lawyer, a Mr. Martinez, with whom Fernando had business. Just before 12 we returned to Monroy's to telephone Carlos Luna. He was in but said he could not come to lunch but would be at the hotel at 2.

Next, Monroy, Fernando, myself, Martinez, and a brother of the Spanish Consul adjourned to the Club Guatemalteco where we had some cognacs, and later to the Imperial where we had some more. I then returned to the Grace where, to my surprise, I found Sam. I had left him to go out to the ruins, but for some reason he could not get out. We lunched together at the hotel as soon as Mr. Monroy came. While we were lunching Carlos Luna came in and after a double *abrazo* we fell to talking archaeology.

After lunch we adjourned to our room where Monroy and Luna inspected the materials we were exporting and wrote on the back of the request their official approval. Fernando came in while this was going forward and helped materials—as usual—to expedite the business. But we now all had to separate. Monroy was going to the funeral of General Ascenia (or something like that), the postmaster general who had died yesterday. Carlos had to return to his office, Sam decided to go out to the ruins, and Fernando and I had to return to the Fomento.

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[91] This and the following paragraphs refer to Morley's securing permission to export his antiques to the United States.

While at the Fomento the funeral cortege of the ex-postmaster general passed, the hearse, heavily topped by black ostrich plumes and drawn by four black horses, came first. The two bands followed, and then about 2,000 troops. Then followed Ubico, the minister of war and Guatemala's Man of Destiny.[92] He affects, too, the Napoleonic air, I am told. He pulls a forelock occasionally and is photographed with his arms folded *a la* the Grand Emperor. Yesterday, however, he was willing that the Liberal party name Orellano to succeed himself as president. Ubico is still very young, about 40, and he has his eye on the future. I hope now that recognition will follow the elections, which have been brought forward from April to February 22, a graceful compliment to us, by the way. After the funeral had passed, we went to the house of the man who is copying Fernando's maps and this work was finished and Fernando said he would pay him.

We now returned to Monroy's, since it had been planned at noon that we were all going out to the ruins at this hour. After waiting until 4:30, however, Monroy came in and announced that other business would prevent. We all gave it up then, and Carlos and I went around to a Mr. Vásquez's office to see when he could meet us to take us to his father-in-law to see the latter's collection, but he was not in. It was now nearly five and I had an engagement with Landa at that hour, as also the other man Lara had taken me to see yesterday morning. Lara brought a pair of silver candlesticks for which he wanted $100.00. He said there were 57 ounces in them. His crucifix of ivory at $180.00 his lady was still holding out for, but his friend Velarde brought a smaller one which he asked $75.00, which I felt sure I could have for $50.00. This man knows where an old table is, and I am going to see it at eight in the morning.

After this we were left in peace for a little. Presently, however, another dealer came in who told us wonderful tales of antiques, jewelry, silver, pictures, etc. There was no time like the present, so we went over to his place on 12th Street, just below Hector Montano's and saw what he had. There was nothing I wanted particularly except a box of tiles, though Sam fancied greatly a beautiful little idol of a soft dark stone. We took nothing, however, and returned to the hotel dead tired out. After dinner Sam felt so tired, in fact, he gave up going to the dance at the Legation, and indeed I nearly did so too, but I had promised Bromberg to go with him. When he came over a little after nine, I was already partially dressed. We got to the Legation about 9:30. There must have been about fifty people there, all told. The Gessfords were there (the British minister and his wife), the Armstrongs, the Roaches, the Frosts (the American consul) and a number of others. The belles of the occasion were the youngest Miss Coffee and a Miss Knorer, the latter a

[92] Jorge Ubico (1878–1946) did eventually become dictator of Guatemala in 1931, ushering in one of the most brutal regimes in Central American history. He was ousted in 1944. Morley was perceptive in mentioning Ubico's "Napoleonic air," as Ubico considered himself a Latin American Napoleon.

1922 model of the Baby Vamp.[93] She was very daringly and effectively dressed in blue cut velvet and cloth of gold.

I met Mrs. Vaughn, wife of the Rockefeller man here now. Also met a Norwegian girl, a Miss de Lange I think, not pretty especially, but exceedingly intelligent. She insisted on my talking archaeology—even at a dance—and I had several pleasant numbers with her. The evening wore on. I danced with Toxica Roach twice, with Miss de Lange twice, with Miss Knorer once, and one of the Coffey's (not the pretty one) once, with Mrs. Vaughn once, with Mrs. Armstrong once, with Mrs. Loomis once, and I think that was all.

But the evening had now drawn to its close. Our invitations had read from 9 to 1, and the final limit had arrived. People were leaving, and Bromberg and I were among the last to go. We walked home together, and it was just 1:30 when I finally crawled in under the covers, for the night was cold.

January 24, Tuesday

The busiest day since we reached here, and our last.

At eight o'clock sharp the Mexican Velarde came. He knows Emilio Moyonyi, by the way, and has brought things for him. We went first up to the Merced church to see a table in a house, but this was very mediocre and I saw at once that I did not want it. He next took me over to the Merced church itself, where I espied a very nice small table, which must indeed have been the mate of my two chairs which also came from this same church. He said he would see the padre during the day and would find out its price. From here we went to the Calvario church, but the padre was at breakfast. But after waiting some time, I gave it up and returned to the hotel.

Fernando came in, or rather was there when I got back, and we went up to the Fomento, and there at last secured the order on the Ministry of Hacienda to permit our things to go out. This we next had to carry to Hacienda for a notation ordering the *Dirección de Aduana* to order the administrator of customs at Puerto Barrios to permit the exportation of the goods.

We called at the Foreign Relations Ministry and had a pleasant chat with Löwenthal, the undersecretary. I have known him for a long time, first as minister to Salvador in San Salvador, and then in the Foreign Relations Department here. He assured me, as Carlos Castañeda had already done, that the permits would be granted and would be ready that afternoon when Carlos would bring them around himself. From here, as it was getting late, we picked up Sam and went to Carlos Luna's. He had a Lorenzana which Sam coveted, and also his original drawing of the famous Heye Museum vase [Figure 3.6]. Carlos bought it from an Indian for $30.00, sold it to Obst for $800.00, I think it was, who sold it to Saville for $1,000.00.

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[93] Baby Vamp was a common term to describe a young, beautiful woman.

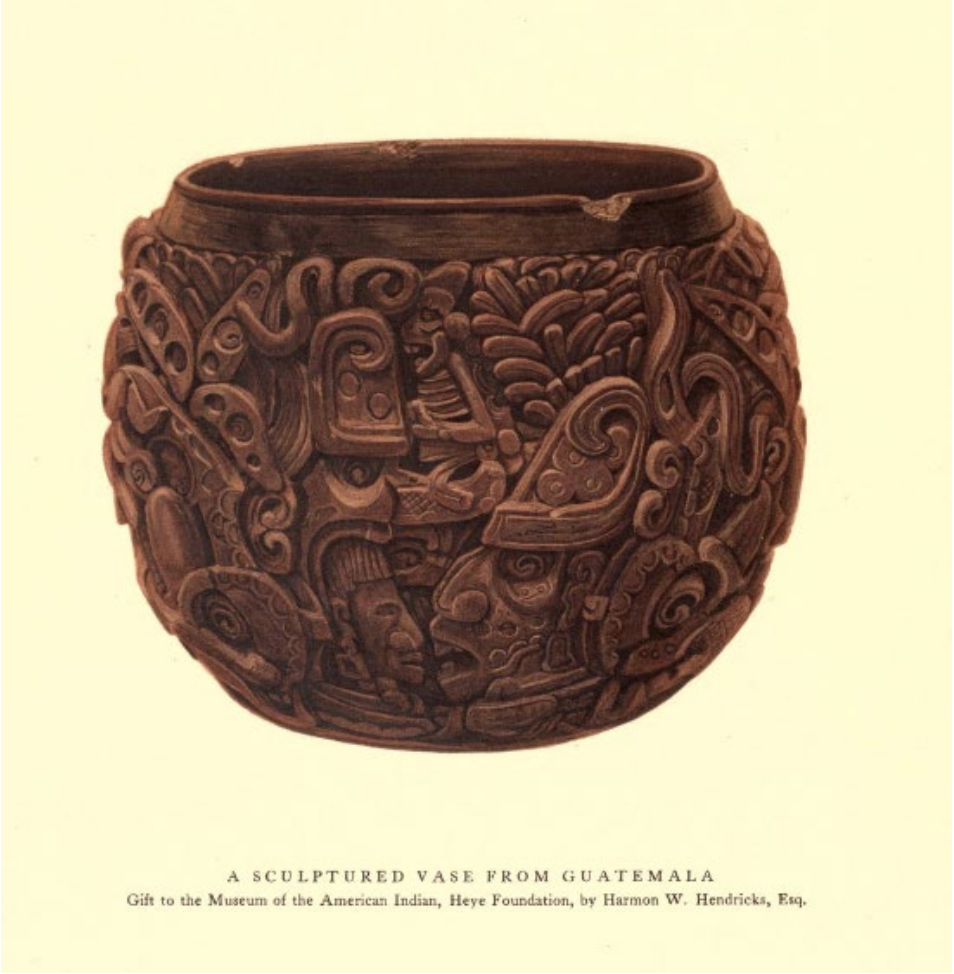

Figure 3.6. The "famous" Heye Museum vase (Kerr #2776), which was purchased by Marshall Saville for the Heye Museum in 1919. The pot was so well made that J. Eric S. Thompson later wrongly thought it was a fake (Miller 1989: 131).

From Carlos' we went to Vasquez's house again, but he was not in, though a date was made for later at 11:15. Fernando and I now took a car and went down to the station where I wanted to see Mr. Clark. The latter gave Sam and I an annual pass. I also looked up the question of rail-jacks, but all they had were too heavy. I saw I was going to be some time with Mr. Clark, so suggested to Fernando that he return to the hotel, pick up Sam, and go on to Vásquez's without me.

I came back to the hotel with Bromberg, who was also seeing Clark. And presently Fernando and Sam came up, not having been able to connect with Vásquez, or rather with the latter's father-in-law who has the collection. Presently Adrian came in and we all four adjourned to the Gran Hotel where we (Sam and I) were the guests of Adrian and Fernando for lunch. And such a lunch. Under its pleasant stimulus we became quite friendly so that by the time it was finished we were in a very happy humor to see the president, General Orellano [Figure 3.7].

Our audience had been set for 2:30 and we had scarcely half an hour to wait. We were the first received, thanks to the company we were in, and stayed about 15 minutes. We felicitated him on his nomination at the hands of the Liberty Party Sunday, which will mean election at the polls next month—February 22. After some conversations about the earthquake, Petén, etc., I asked him for a letter to the *jefe politico* of Petén and this he said would be sent to us later in the afternoon, whereupon we took our leave. At his request Adrian stayed to discuss some business relative to Huehuetenango. Indeed, Fernando tells us that in a few months Adrian will become the Foreign Relations Minister. He certainly will make a good one. From here we picked up a car and went to Schlubach's to get that man Shaffer, who has the Obst collection. I forgot to mention that as we were leaving the president's we met Don Federico Coronado and his successor at Puerto Barrios, who is going down on the same train as we are tomorrow. We were introduced and recommended to him.



Figure 3.7. José María Orellana Pinto, President of Guatemala from 1921 until his death in 1926.

From here we went to Schlubach's to pick up Mr. Ernst Schaffer, who has the Obst jades for sale. He lives in Jocotenango and we were soon at his *quinta.* He has the best part of the Obst collection: the jades, carved stones, and pottery. We saw a torso and another head from Copan and a smaller piece or two. Aside from its stylistic characteristics, its identification was easy on account of the peculiar light green color of its stone. He had some fine pottery, including a lovely piece of the so-called "codex ware"[94] I have seen before, and some fine jades, including that large solid basin. The color of this piece is not so good, a dull gray-green, but the workmanship on it is excellent.

He could not sell any pieces singly without first consulting Mr. Obst, and as we were in no position to buy the collection as a whole, we suggested that when I return in May he might have had an opportunity to communicate with Mr. Obst and see if he were willing at all to sell the pieces individually.

Returning to the city, I dropped Sam and Fernando together, and then Obst.[95] I went up to Hector Montano's house to see if I could close a deal with Mrs. Montano for that ebony door and that large Spanish armory or cupboard which must be 6½ or 7 feet high. Yesterday I had slipped up to her house to see what she would do if I bought both. Hector himself put a price of $30.00 on the armory and $20.00 on the door. She said yesterday she would sell the two for $45.00. And today I offered her $40.00 and she came through. I suggested she send her son back with me to look for a cart, and that I would give him the money when the goods were delivered at Schwartz and Co., where I was going to leave them with Jack Armstrong, to which she confirmed.

We drove back to the *Calle Real* where we found a *carreta* much used by Don Hector in his business, and sent him back to the Montano house to fetch the door and armory whilst the little Montano boy and I continued on to Schwartz and Co.

Jack was very busy with Salvador Herrera and could not see me at the moment, so leaving the Montano boy to hold the cart when it arrived, I went down to the Ministry of Hacienda where I arrived on the appointed moment of 5:00. Fernando and Sam had already arrived. Soon after we were given our papers, which only required one further signature, that of the *Administrador de Aduanas.* It was too late to get this, but Fernando said he could telegraph the *permiso* down and that it would be all right.

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[94] The "codex style" refers to a class of Late Classic Maya polychrome vessels that resemble in painting style and subject matter the Maya codices, usually with deities outlined in black on a cream background and a red slip or lip band. Chemical compositional analyses have shown that at least some of these vases and plates were produced at Nakbe, in the Mirador basin of northern Petén (Hansen et al. 1991). Interestingly, Morley suggests this distinctive codex style was recognized as early as 1922, although Michael Coe is usually said to have identified the style and coined the term in *The Maya Scribe and His World* (Coe 1973; see also Coe and Kerr 1998: 232n35).

[95] Here, Morley must mean Schaffer, as Obst was not present in the city at this time.

After receiving the permits, we again separated, Sam going off with Fernando. I returned to Schwartz and saw Jack Armstrong just as the cart was arriving. Jack said he was moving almost immediately and that, if possible, it would be better to store these things elsewhere, so I took them over to Captain Grace at the hotel. I made an arrangement to come back and see Jack at cocktail time. The cart was sent around to the hotel and Captain Grace gave me permission to store the door and armory there. I paid off the carter, gave the Montano boy $40.00 and the deal was closed.

Now I had a few moments before my next engagement and went down to the Herrera's to see Margarita. Although I got as far as the reception room, the maid presently returned and told me she had just gone out! I returned to the hotel and found Sam, Fernando, and one of the latter's friends engaged in cognacing and I joined them. Presently Adrian came in, and we had some more. Fernando and Sam had seen Adrian earlier and got the letter from the president, and Carlos Casteñada had brought these from the Foreign Relations Ministry. At last, we had accomplished all we set out to do, but it would never have been done without the active assistance of Fernando and Adrian, who smoothed our path at every turn, and the road was very winding at times.

While these were here in the room (save Carlos, who did not stay), Lara came in with his pair of candlesticks. He came down first to $80.00 (his original price had been $100.00) then to $75.00, then to $70.00. I told him that $60.00 was my very last price, which he could take or leave, that I didn't want them particularly but that I would take them for $60.00. I took them into Mrs. Grace's scales and found the pair weighed 56 ounces. This made them worth a little more than a dollar an ounce, practically the price of the silver in them. He finally accepted this price, and I bought them. Scarcely had he left when Curtis and Southgate came in to say goodbye, and we had another round, after which they all left. Fernando is coming down to see us all off in the morning, but to Adrian it was goodbye. I will probably see him in June when I return before going back to the States.

The room was emptied of all save Sam and me when Rogers, the British consul, came in. He is going to Copan week after next and wanted some dope about the trip. I gave him a letter to Rafael Villamil and Juan Cuevas and told them to treat him right. I also gave him two maps, one of the main structures and the other of the village to have framed to take over and present to the cabildo to hang there. It will show tourists at a glance the general points of interest. This he very kindly offered to do.

I had yet to see Jack Armstrong and so he walked with me over there. At first the maid said Jack was not in, but when he found out who it was he came out and had us come in for a cocktail. I gave him the permit to embark the furniture and he said he would attend to it all for me so I guess that will go forward, too. After a cocktail we bid him goodbye, Rogers returning to the Legation and I to the hotel, where I dined with Sam. After dinner I sallied forth again in a *coche* to pay some last calls. Went first to Toxica's where I had to endure some reproach for not having come around oftener. From here I went on around

to Shufeldt's to say goodbye to them all, and here to endure more reproaches because I had not been around oftener.

I picked up Guillermo here, and together we went around to see old Don Clodoveo Berges, ex *jefe político* of Petén.[96] The old man had called on me the first day I had arrived, and until now I had not had a time to repay it. But I had not for a moment intended to leave without doing so, and so although it was 8:30 Guillermo and I went down there. At first I thought the old man had gone to bed, but when we finally roused someone, and after much fussing with locks and bolts, we got in. At that hour we could not stay long, and after a few reminiscences we left. Col. Julian Pineda had also called, but I missed him. Will, of course, look him up in May when I return.

I should record that I saw Alfredo Aguirre at 9:00 and concluded my business with him. This, I think, has been one of the very busiest days of my whole life, and I was glad when it came to an end. Our whole stay here in Guatemala [City] has been the same way, and I think we may truthfully claim that we have accomplished here in the past six days what it takes some people a month or so, if not longer, to put through. We are tired out, and tomorrow the train will seem like a day of rest in comparison. Sopeña leaves Washington tonight.

[96] Clodoveo Berges Penados (1857–1924). The *Blue Book of Guatemala 1915* (Jones 1915: 113) offers some information about him: "Colonel Claudio Berges was born in Flores, capital city of the Petén territory, and was educated in the city of Quetzaltenango, where he graduated as a lawyer and notary public. Colonel Berges has held the position of Governor of Petén for more than 20 years, giving perfect satisfaction to the people of Petén as well to the Central Government. He owes his success as First Executive to his firm character, honest rulings, and at the same time sympathetic disposition, making an ideal Governor for this vast and almost unknown region, embracing more than 20,000 square miles, and overflowing with wonderful possibilities and opportunities. Colonel Berges is a firm friend and staunch supporter of President Manuel Estrada Cabrera, and the people of the Republic of Guatemala owe him an everlasting debt of gratitude for his faithful and efficient services in the far-off Petén."

CHAPTER 4

A VISIT TO QUIRIGUA

January 25, Wednesday

I arose at 5:30 and finished packing. Paid Captain Grace my bill and received from him a variety of packages which we are to deliver at Quirigua, Barrios, and even Belize. Fernando was down at the station to see us off, and Don Federico was at the same time *despediring* [Spanglish – saying goodbye] the new administrator of *aduanas* at Barrios. We were presented to the latter, and Fernando explained how we might need his help in Barrios, since yesterday afternoon we had not had time to get around to the *Dirección de Aduanas.* The new administrator is a clerical type, rather heavy, apparently stupid, and about as broad gauge as a micrometer. And as for *simpaticismo, no hay*.

Finally, Don Federico took our order signed by the Ministers of Fomento and Hacienda and himself offered to carry it to the *Dirección de Aduanas,* and have the necessary permission telegraphed down. Fernando also brought, wrapped in cardboard, the *Hojas de Fecundición* over which we have been having so much fun these last few days.

Another old friend on board going down was Adrian Recinos' father. I introduced him to Sam.

Although this was no parlor car, happily the first-class coach was not crowded, so we were fairly comfortable. The day also was cool, and we managed to pass the time comfortably and fairly speedily, it seemed, in reading, Sam at Mary Johnston's *Prisoners of Hope* and myself at Victor Hugo's *L'Homme qui Rit* [*The Man Who Laughs*] in English. At Zacapa I saw no one that I knew and after a good lunch we returned to the train. If we could find anyone to look after our baggage at Quirigua who was going down to Barrios, we had decided to send all of it save a single suitcase apiece down on the train today. After arriving at Quirigua, I saw only one lady get on. Mrs. Pollan was standing by, and I got her to introduce me and asked her if she would look after our baggage to the point where Flucker would send someone aboard for it. This she consented to do. After the train pulled out, I got ahold of the hospital boy, and we went up to the hospital.

First saw Miss Ellerby, and our ears were at once filled with the noise of the big find made on the hill behind the hospital some eight or ten months ago. She was very hazy as to just what had been found, but it was very nice, she said. The mozo who had found this cache, for such it seemed to be from her description of it, had refused $25.00 for it from Dr. Ross, only to have it seized by the *comandante* at Los Amates who sent it on to the

city.[97] I heard all this at tea. A rather pretty nurse, a Miss Molina, seemed to know more about it than anybody else. When I asked her whether there were any large carved stones, she replied "Yes. There is a large slab broken in two pieces with letters like those in the ruins on it."

Of course, I went right up in the air. I saw that, tired as we were, we would have to climb the hill at once before dinner to see this wonder, which from Miss Molina's description I made out to be an altar or stela. She said it was about half an hour's walk (she was again right) and Doctor Tenny said it was a good hour, in which estimate he erred very badly.

Poor MacPhail[98] is in bed with a touch of indigestion but was his old, nice self whom everybody loves. He put me in my old room, and Sam in the doctor's room forward of the dining room. I met, too, Doctor Alexander, whom I utterly failed to recognize, so terribly changed is he. He was gassed badly in the war and is now but a shadow of his former robust self.

Miss Ellerby had in the meantime facilitated our getting up the hill—Frado [Ramírez], the native who had discovered the place, had been sent for, but could not be found; a hospital boy who knew the place was sent in his stead and we started up the hill behind the hospital at ten minutes to five. We started up a slippery slide. Mud, water, rock, etc. At intervals our Jamaican guide would cry out "Frado, Frado." After we got pretty well up the hill we heard a halloo and a tall *mozo* joined us from his milpa. This was Frado, and from here on he was our guide. Shortly after we came out on top of the ridge, and continued along toward the right, i.e., down the valley. This ridge had been artificially levelled off and from it a wonderful view of the Motagua Valley was to be had with the main group of ruins lying in its center, with the river winding beyond and the hills on the east side of the valley in the distance.

Shortly, we ascended a higher knob of the hill and climbed an artificial platform [Figure 4.1].[99] At the back of this were the ruins of a temple and in front stood a small

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[97] The cache consisted of 24 eccentric flints, the finest found up until that date. Morley, in his 1935 *Guide Book to the Ruins of Quirigua*, recounts the finding of these flints by Frado Ramírez, but mistakenly dates their discovery to 1923 (pp. 44–47; see Sharer 1990: 97).

[98] Dr. Neil Percy MacPhail (1882–1949) was the head of the United Fruit Company hospital at Quirigua, promoted to this position in 1913. He and Morley became very close friends, a Quirigua parallel to his long-time friendship with Gann in Belize City. Morley last saw MacPhail over Christmas during a visit to La Antigua in 1947 (Long 2006: 38). Both men would be dead within a year.

[99] Group A is now usually referred to as Locus 002. Morley was interested in this group because of the 1921 discovery of two stelae (T and U). Stela U is the earliest dated stela (A.D. 480) at Quirigua, indicating the early importance of Group A (Looper 2003: 39, 2007: 29–31).

stela, perhaps not more than seven feet [2.1 m] high, all told, and six feet [1.8 m] above ground [Stela T, also known as Monument 20; Figure 4.2].[100] The front had been sculptured with a figure, and the back with a double column of glyphs. Unfortunately, these are in a very bad state of preservation. The first glyph is the Initial Series introducing glyph, the second (B1) is the cycle sign and coefficient, both badly gone, and the *k'atuns*, most important of all, are 14, probably. I have hopes that an intensive study may reveal its date.

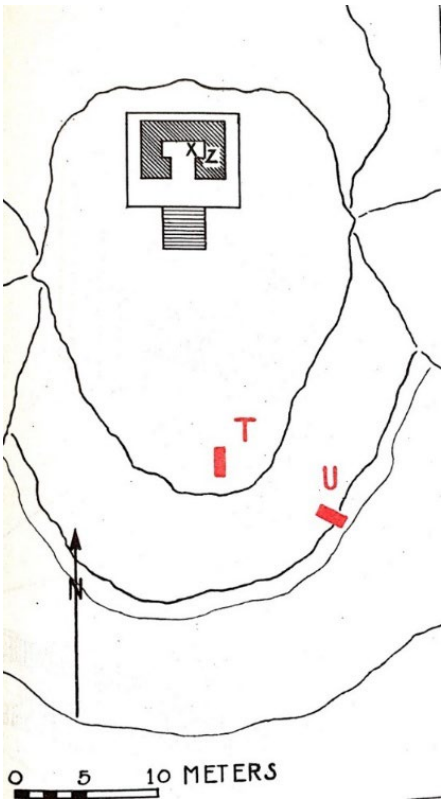

Figure 4.1. Quirigua Group A with Stelae T and U from Morley's *Inscriptions of Petén* 5(ii), plate 215a.

There are two columns of glyphs with a 9 Ajaw and possibly 10 Ajaw showing clearly. It was getting late and I did not stop to decipher it further, particularly since a tree was fallen athwart it. From its appearance, I judge it would have a good carving on the underside or front. We will turn it over tomorrow morning. It was now 5:30 and time to

[100] Stela T (A.D. 692) was erected just over 200 years after Stela U (Looper 2003: 54–55). Its inscriptions are too worn to decipher anything other than the date.

start back down the hill. We made it in twenty minutes, though plastered ourselves with mud in the descent.



Figure 4.2. Quirigua Stela T. Left: As discovered, top missing; right: after top replaced.

Descending the north [correction: south] side of this platform we came on the other stela lying on its face broken in two pieces [Stela U, also known as Monument 21; Figure 4.3]. This was at the bottom of the slope.



Figure 4.3. Quirigua Stela U.

At the hospital was old Weightman, and we arrived just at the highball hour. After highballs, we had a wonderful shower bath, and Gooch loaned me a gaily colored shirt. Archaeology at Quirigua with shower baths, electric fans, iced tea, and starched clothes is distinctly *de luxe*, and I sighed at the thought of the hardships we have got to be undergoing a month hence in the Petén.

After dinner I walked over to Pollan's with Sam to see about a motor car down to Puerto Barrios tomorrow morning after the passenger train goes up. He said Keller would take me down. From Pollan's we went over to Ames to arrange for some laborers for tomorrow morning. Frado will go up the first thing, and I want three other laborers. These he promised to have ready and also mules if we wanted them, but it seems we could go up faster on foot than on mule-back.

We came over to the office to look up the nose of the figure on the north side of Stela E [also known as Monument 5]. When this monument fell two or three years ago, the nose which Maudslay had fasted on with plaster of Paris in the early '80s broke off again and fell to the ground. When I first saw this stela after its fall [in 1917] I looked around for this nose especially, and finding it, brought it up to the superintendent's house. This

was in Landry's time.[101] He found the nose, and this we put in a paper and I wrote on it what it was, and this time he put it in the safe.[102]

We were very tired from the journey down and after that stiff climb up that slippery hill, and on returning to the hospital we went to bed immediately. It was arranged that we will get up at 5:45, breakfast at the hotel at 6:00, and get off up the hill by 6:30. The boys will probably already be at work.

January 26, Thursday

The best laid plans of mice and men often gang aglae [Scottish, "go wrong"]. We were up as per schedule at 5:45, but our worthy laborers did not start up the hill until we did, which was about five minutes before seven. We met Frado on the way and all of us, the four laborers mounted on mules and Sam and I—*the jefes*—on foot. We reached Stela T in front of the temple at 7:15, but continuing we discovered the high platform again and came to Stela U, the prostate one. Here I put the men at work, one cutting away the tree which had fallen athwart the stela, one felling bush, and the other two digging behind the stela so that we might turn it over.

Ames had provided us with a young *mayor domo* and, leaving Sam to look after the turning, he and I returned to Stela T, which I next proceeded to measure, and in so far as possible to decipher. The *k'atun* coefficient seems to have been almost certainly 14. At least traces of the four dots are apparently to be made out. The *tun* coefficient and *k'in* coefficient are fairly clear, at 0, and the *winal* only slight less so [Figure 4.4]. The best reading, therefore, is 9.14.0.0.0 6 Ajaw 13 Muan (about 455 AD) [GMT AD 711].[103]

[Note: in the margin Morley penciled in "Think now it is 9.13.0.0.0."]

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[101] Dr. M. C. Landry was the superintendent of the Quirigua district of the Guatemala division of the United Fruit Company. Based in the town of Quirigua, he became intimately familiar with the nearby ruins and discovered several stelae and outlying structures. Landry and his wife were the center of the active social scene at Quirigua, a "must stop" on the train line between Guatemala City and Puerto Barrios. Landry and Morley became long-term friends.

[102] The fabled nose was re-attached with a steel tenon by Gustav Stomsvik in 1934 during his program of conservation and resetting of the Quirigua stelae. At some point after 1934 the nose fell off again and today remains missing.

[103] At the time, Morley was using a Maya calendar correlation that was incorrect. The GMT (Goodman-Martinez-Thompson) correlation is the standard used by scholars today.

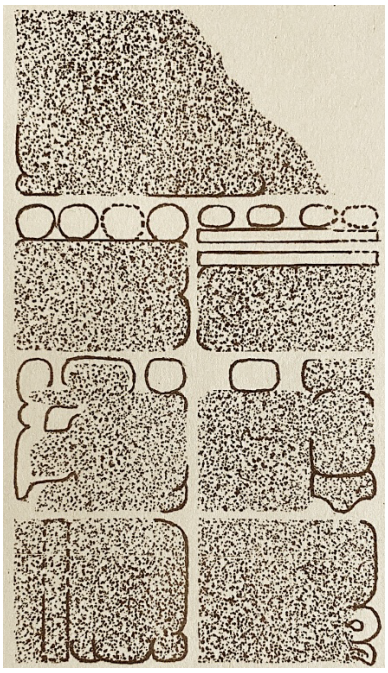

Figure 4.4. Back of Quirigua Stela T, drawn by Morley. Morley first assumed the broken section on the top right side had removed the final dot which would have made the *k'atun* coefficient 14. He later corrected himself and determined the coefficient was a 13, rendering an IS date of 9.13.0.0.0—GMT AD 692 (see Figure 4.2, right).

After finishing my notes on this stela, I returned to Stela U to study its inscription [Figure 4.5]. The Initial Series introducing glyph runs clear across the top, occupying the space of two glyph blocks. The cycle coefficient is broken off, but the *k'atun* coefficient is most astonishingly 2! When I made this out, I was very greatly amazed. It is a perfectly clear 2 with no other reading possible.

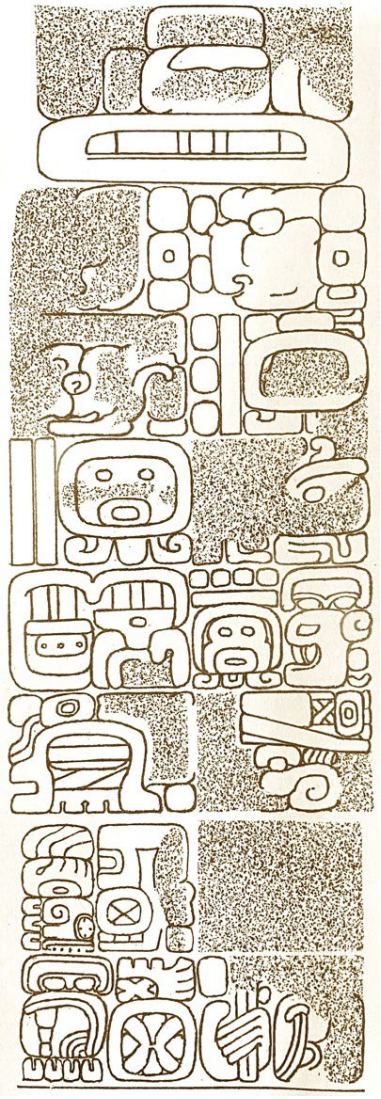

Figure 4.5. The IS inscription on Quirigua Stela U.

The *tun* coefficient at A3 would seem to have a coefficient of 0, 1, 2, or 3, though not one of these is even probable. The head variant period number is itself fairly clear. The next glyph block, B3, seems to be the *winal* and *k'in* coefficient periods combined. A certain 8 appears to the left, and above the sign, which, however, is too effaced to tell whether it is the *k'in* sign or the *winal* sign is almost sure 0. The next glyph (A4) surely has the day sign Ajaw, which conforms to the reading 0 for B3 upper part. This coefficient of this day sign appears to be best at 10. If it were 10, we have here, filling in all possible values for the *tun* coefficient in A3, two possible readings for this date as follows:

9.2.6.8.0 10 Ajaw and
9.2.19.8.0 10 Ajaw

Probably the latter is the better of the two. I cannot speculate here as to all the possibilities this opens up if it is a really contemporaneous date, which I am inclined to doubt. It would mean, if it were, that there was a gap of 260 years in the monumental series at Quirigua without a monument. I hope to be able to shed some light upon this problem in May when I return, for I have about decided to return and excavate this temple in May.[104]

We turned to Stela U next, but most disappointedly all of the relief had scaled off on the front save only the feet of the figure, which are 180 degrees apart. There appears to have been two glyphs under each elbow, but I could not detect that they were calendrical.

It was now getting close to nine, and time we started back down the hill. This had been a most interesting and profitable experience finding these two new stelae and adds two more to our already known 202 Initial Series, or 204 we now know.

Yesterday on our way back down the hill, Frado showed us where he had found the cache of objects, which from all descriptions we can get would now seem to have been a collection of eccentric shaped flints such as Gann found at Benque Viejo and Maler found at Naranjo [Figure 4.6]. This cache was found inside the sanctuary of the temple, almost against its back wall.

I paid off the men and we returned to the hospital. Sam indulged himself in a shower, while I was changing Miss Ellerby's boots for my own, and then bidding goodbye to old Mac, who is still a bit seedy, we took our leave.

We heard here at the hospital a sad piece of news before leaving. That young captain Fitzgerald whom I met last year in Guatemala City (he was military attaché to the British Legation) had died suddenly a week or so ago in Paris. He was G. M. Shaw's financial backer of the new fruit project up the Polochic River,[105] and had gone into it to the tune of two hundred thousand dollars. Mac said that Shaw told him that his death would probably make no change in their plans, however.

Keller was waiting for us at the station with the railroad automobile[106] and we got off at 10:05. Our first hold up was some distance below Quirigua, where we had to get off for a wood train, though this caused us no real delay other than the lifting off of the car, the passage of the train, and putting it back on again. Our next delay was at York, where we waited half an hour for the local southbound freight. Below here, however, we got a through running order to Tenedores, Mile 21, and made such good time that we pushed

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[104] Morley did, in fact, return to excavate Group A (Locus 2), but not until 1923.

[105] The Polochic River originates in a steep valley in the Baja Verapaz department and runs some 194 km before emptying into Lake Izabal in eastern Guatemala. It merges with the larger Río Cahabón near the town of Cahaboncito, though the confluent result retains the name Río Polochic.

[106] An automobile affixed with wheels to ride on the rails of a railroad.

on to the pile driver at Mile 13. At one of the Fruit Co. commissaries down below this we got some cheese and crackers and had our lunch, and a very good one it was, too, en route.



Figure 4.6. An eccentric flint from Quirigua, now in the Cleveland Museum of Art. Many of these, as exemplified here, depict a human figure in profile adorned with a back rack, possibly a human head at waist level on the front, and a large headdress. Morley speculated that the smooth end at the bottom of this eccentric was used to attach it to a staff, creating a "ceremonial staff or baton" (Morley 1935: 46).

Our greatest delay was at the pile driver, which had a bridge partially ripped up and which had to be replaced before we could get by. This held us back for an hour and we finally got off from it at 1:35. At the switch just below Mile 13 we passed the freight, and at 2:20 we rolled into Puerto Barrios, 4½ hours on the way, or about 2¾ actual running time.

Next followed a terrifically strenuous two hours in Puerto Barrios. First, we purchased our tickets [to Belize]. Next, I sent telegrams to Adrian and Fernando thanking

them for all their kindness to us while we were in the city. Next, we got our *permisos de embarcación* from the *comandante*, which took some time. Next, we went over to the *aduana* and saw our luggage through. Luckily the telegram promised yesterday had arrived and all of our stuff was permitted to go through. Next, we hurried back to the Fruit Co. offices where Flucker gave me the gold he had been keeping for me, and bidding him goodbye, we went down to the wharf. Here one last thing remained to be done—to get our baggage on board which had been left in bond. It was necessary to telephone the Inspector of the Customs first, but he readily gave his permission, and the faithful major saw it aboard.

I had met Clarence Harvey down at the dock, having just returned from Belize. Poor chap, he wanted to go up the east coast with me, but of course had no place for him. I told him goodbye on the dock and went aboard the *Sousa*,[107] which immediately weighed anchor and cast off, indeed Sam thought the Norwegian captain was in a grouch because she had been held for us an hour and 20 minutes.

As soon as we were aboard, we ordered up a pitcher of lemonade as we were burned up by the sun and our exertions. Instead, we got a soup-tureen full. After, or rather over this, we fixed our accounts and then both took a nap, which we felt we had richly earned. At about 8:30 we made Monkey River and we were still loading bananas there when I fell asleep.

January 27, Friday

When I woke in the morning we were alongside the wharf at Stann Creek, and loading [bananas] was well underway. Heitler, the Belize supercargo, told me we would have to pass a medical inspection here, as no one would inspect us at Belize. I got out and roused Sam. The doctor, Blodgett, whom I have met before, was already on board and after giving us no more than a glance handed us our quarantine permission to land.

Old Francis came aboard. He worked for us the first year at Quirigua in 1910 and has since risen to a position of some authority on the railroad here at Stann Creek. After breakfast I got out this diary and proceeded to "write it up," having fallen in the strenuous week at Guatemala City some days behind. I wrote, in fact, right up to the lunch hour at 12:30. We made good time, and by 1:00 had sighted Belize[108] and by 1:30 had dropped anchor. The customs people came aboard soon after and we were ashore before two. It is the same old Belize—mostly blacks and black and tans. We landed at the Custom House wharf and Bradly, the inspector, told us our baggage need not be inspected.

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[107] The *Sousa* was a Norwegian-built freighter run by the United Fruit Co until it was sold to Chile in 1935.

[108] In 1922 what is now known as Belize was called British Honduras. When Morley refers to "Belize," he is identifying what we now call Belize City.

A boy hailed an automobile for us, and we were soon at the hospital where a bitter disappointment awaited us. Gann, we found, is laid up with phlebitis and cannot go with us to Tulum. I am dreadfully disappointed. The thing is a recurrence of an old ailment and this time was quite serious. What I learned later at the club was that it had been very serious indeed, the danger lying in the fact that a clot of blood might break away from the affected vein and go either to the head causing paralysis or to the heart causing death. He has been quite ill. And unhappily it is quite out of the question for him to go with us, another disappointment added to a long line of them. We sat and talked thus until time to go to the club. We are fixed quite comfortably in the little house by the sea which I have come to regard as my own, though it belongs to His Majesty the King of England, and our baggage soon was installed therein.

Muddy came around presently, and I soon found myself involved in advances, charters, food details, mule possibilities, etc., quite like old times. We have three possibilities as to boats, the *Aurora,* the *Esperanza*, and another which I forget. We are to examine these in the course of the next three days and choose one. At five we went out to the club and saw everybody—the Craiks, Melhados, Taylors, Starkeys, Alhames, and many I will not enumerate. This funny provincial life goes on and on all off here by itself. Tennis, gold, dancing, auction, and whiskey—a pleasant quintet.

We had dinner with Gann and spent the evening archaeologizing. We were both pretty tired and went to bed about ten o'clock. The electric light was out of order, but the invaluable Muddy tinkered it into luminosity.

January 28, Saturday

A very uneventful day. I did little going around. In the afternoon I went down to Brodie's and saw Alfred Harvey. I will probably take him, though it is by no means as yet decided. I did not feel like going out to the club in the afternoon, though Sam did. About five, the three of us drove out in Gann's flivver[109] and we dropped Sam at the club. We took a *paseo* about town and then returned to the hospital. A game of auction had been arranged for the evening. We first tried to get Wolfsohn, but he thought he wouldn't come, and we tried A [blank spaces] but he also was engaged. Later Wolfsohn telephoned he could come, and we began to play at 8:30. Gann and I played against the other two, and out of the seven rubbers played, we only took two. We lost $3.60. We played until 11:30 and then, very tired, turned in.

January 29, Sunday

It was 83 yesterday, quite delightful I thought, but Gann was complaining about the heat. We nearly had trouble with Muddy this morning. Even last year I can remember he never

[109] Flivver: a well-used car—a jalopy – in very bad condition.

liked Alfred Harvey, and when he heard he was going this year he came to Gann say he, Muddy, couldn't go. The trouble is this: he feels himself just as good as Alfred, the same social level, and it hurts his dignity, so he says, to wait on Alfred at table and to wash his dishes. If he works "along with him" it will be all right. Another sore point is that Alfred calls him "Muddy." This, he says, he can and will stand from us, but from Alfred never, to such an extent, in fact, that he would prefer not to go.

I mollified him as best I might, telling him that the status of Alfred would be changed this year. Indeed, with Juan Sopeña along I will have to have a second table. On this Tulum trip it appears best that Sam and Rick and I constitute the first table and Juan, Alfred, and Muddy the second table. These class and color distinctions are very tiring, but they exist and have to be reckoned with.

I passed the morning in reading and writing and working things out with Gann. One conclusion we have reached during our conversations of the past two days is that the famous Tipu[110] of Villagutierre[111] and Father Avendaño which figures so prominently in the histories of these regions from 1617–1697 is located on the Mopan branch of the Belize, or Old River, not far from Succotz. The Río Cancanillo, which was crossed on a stone ledge six leagues beyond the place where they left the New River Lagoon is probably Laboring Creek, and from here to the Río Tipu was another six leagues. The latter we suppose to be the Belize River somewhere about Duck Run or below. These distances are about right.

Two leagues after leaving Tipu on the way up to Tayasal, they cross a big river, the Río Grande, which we suppose to be the Mopan again at Garbutts Falls or a little above, possibly as far south as Arenal. And from there it was eight leagues to Yaxha, two leagues along the long axis of that lake, 15 leagues to Sac Petén,[112] and two leagues more to the lake of Petén Itza, called by Cogolludo[113] Chaltunha. This latter part can be nothing else

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[110] The Classic and Historic period mission town of Tipu, on the west bank of the Macal branch of the Mopan River, played a significant role in the conquest of the Itzas in Petén, and has seen significant excavation and analysis since its initial identification by ethnohistorian Grant Jones (Graham et al. 1985).

[111] Juan de Villagutierre Sotomayor described the Spanish conquest of the Itza, the last remaining unconquered Maya polity. His volume, *Historia de la Conquista de la Provincia de la Itzá* (1983[1701]), is a contemporaneous account, but he never visited the Americas and Grant Jones (1998: xxii) describes his account as "often biased and unreliable." It was written, in part, to support Martín de Ursúa y Arizmendi's conquest, which had been strongly critiqued.

[112] This is probably the Postclassic and later site of Zacpetén, occupying a peninsula in Lake Salpetén, west of Lake Yaxha (Rice et al. 2024).

[113] Diego López de Cogolludo (1613–1665) wrote the *Historia de Yucatán*, which gathered materials from earlier authors. It appeared posthumously in 1688.

but a description of the modern Benque Viejo-Flores road, which would locate Tipu on the south bank of the Mopan River somewhere between say Buena Vista and Benque Viejo.[114] And there are mounds in the bush behind Succotz, Succotz itself may well be the site of Tipu.[115] Gann remembers a wonderful *tunkal* (wooden drum hollowed from a tree trunk) which came from there and was in the possession of a former governor of the colony, Malony. Later Lady Malony, his wife, had it in her possession. The only tradition pertaining to it that the *alcalde* at Succotz had was that they had had it there a long time, and that it had been brought there by their ancestors.

I believe it may have been brought thither by fleeing Itzas in 1697 after the fall of Tayasal, and that Succotz is probably Tipu. At any rate it seems probable that we are to look for Tipu on the south bank of the Mopan between Buena Vista, say, and Benque Viejo.

In the afternoon Muddy brought a launch around and we went out to visit the *Aurora* and the *Esperanza* [ships for the travel to Tulum] in the roadstead. The latter is of 30 tons burden, has a 42 H.P. gasoline engine and draws 3 ½ feet. She may probably be charted for $8.00 [per day], which includes only the rent of the boat and the salary of the engineer. The *Aurora* is 34 tons, has a 36 H.P. kerosene engine and draws 5½ feet. Her owner, a Mr. Beltran, wants $10.00 a day for her, and would demand a guarantee against loss from any source. Of the two, the *Esperanza* appeared to be the better choice for us. She is an old boat, though lately rebuilt after a 3-year sojourn on a reef north of here. Her hold is commodious and if her engine can be made to work, we will probably take her. A Russian engineer was at work on the engine while we were aboard. He speaks no English but can talk Spanish. Both Sam and I thought he looked as though he knew his business.

We returned to the hospital, stopping at the *Esperanza* [Figure 4.7] a second time on the way back. If the engine is assembled by tomorrow, Muddy, Sam, and I will take a trial trip in her. Shortly after getting back to the club, we took a drive, the three of us, out to the club, then about town, and back again to the club where Gann dropped us. Met Dr. Fulse and his wife, Miss Roberts, the Taylors, Mrs. Starkey, and Mrs. Conolly there. The club was rather dull. Dancing was started, but we did not participate. Afterward we walked down to the Polo Club where we saw the Craiks. Back to the house at 6:45.

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[114] Morley was off, but by not much. Tipu (note 67) lies nearly equidistant between Benque Viejo and San Antonio, or about 5 km east of Benque Viejo.

[115] The site of Xunantunich lies 2 km northwest of Succotz. Morley's mounds may be settlements on the Xunantunich periphery.



Figure 4.7. The *Esperanza*, the vessel Morley chose for travel north for the Tulum expedition.

After dinner we drove over to the Craiks' where we spent an hour with them. Jim described at some length the Río Grande ruins, or rather the ruins built on the Columba branch of the Río Grande, those where Merwin found the three altars [Figure 4.8].[116] He says Merwin did not see half of what is down there and that an Indian there tells him there is a big city like Quirigua down in that region on another branch. We left there about nine-twenty and were in bed in an hour thereafter.

[116] The Río Grande ruins were renamed Lubaantun. Merwin briefly investigated the site in 1915, locating three altars which were later determined to be ball court markers (Houk 2015: 103; Wanyerka 2003: 13–24).



Figure 4.8. One of the three Lubaantun "altars," actually ballcourt markers, found by Merwin in 1915. Merwin recovered these and sent them to the Peabody Museum, where they remain today.

[Note that there is 13-day gap in the diary between this entry and the next]

CHAPTER 5

ARRIVAL AT TULUM

February 12, Sunday

At 4 A.M. we passed Ascension Bay and about six when I began to waken, we were not far from Boca Paila. The wind had been bettering and by daylight had become what might be termed a fair breeze. At first Baltasar thought we would not reach Tulum until about two, but the wind continued to freshen so briskly that by 10:00 we had raised the Castillo[117] and half an hour later we were passing the *chicleria* of Carlos Padilla Camara. This was quite a collection of well-thatched huts about two miles south of the Castillo. Baltasar brought us in through the reef in front of this as we were only under sail, and he said the opening was larger. Although somewhat more tranquil inside, I still noticed considerable motion on our rocking rolling old craft, even inside the reef.

We came right on up to the Castillo [Figure 5.1] and anchored to the northeast of it at 11:00. We ate lunch aboard and then the first contingent put off in the dory to choose a camp site, though Sam and I had agreed in advance that we wanted to live in the Castillo. Six of us went ashore in the first boat load: myself, Sam, Rick, Miguel, and two of the *marineros*, Palbo and Heriberto. I wanted to land in the cove as it was the nearest approach to the Castillo, but when we got in the breakers were so high over the rocks there that it was quite out of the question. We continued on to opposite our old bathing beach of six and four years ago, and here a fine landing was effected. Only one breaker broke over us and that didn't wet us badly. The old beach looked unchanged, and I felt quite at home.



Figure 5.1. Tulum Temple 1 (the Castillo) photographed from the deck of the *Esperanza*.

[117] The "Castillo," Tulum Structure 1, well-visible from sea.

We climbed the cliff directly, and the two boys put back off to the *Esperanza* to commence bringing our luggage ashore. Climbing the cliff, Rick found a pair of spectacles of mine which I had lost four years ago when Gann, John Held, and I were here.[118] They were pretty-well rusted and smeared with brine or worse, but I will probably use them yet.

We pushed through the palmetto bush to the inner enclosure where a most pleasant surprise awaited us. It had been largely and recently cleared and the Castillo stood up wonderfully clear. Climbing thereunto first, another surprise awaited us. It had been nicely swept and in the inner chamber on the bench at the back stood a small wooden cross, perhaps 16 or 18 inches [40.6 – 20.3 cm] high, painted blue with some figures on it. This was decked out in a piece of cotton embroidered in the typical Maya cross stitch, and in front on a stone were the drippings of many candles, white, yellow, and pink. A stalk or two in front completed the picture. It seemed to be an Indian shrine and we were at pains not to touch it.

We had recently completed this brief reconnaissance when we saw the dory putting off again, and presently Alfred, Juan, and David began carrying things up the cliff, a laborious job. We had arrived so early, however, that there was plenty of time to get practically everything off we wanted, and during the course of the afternoon we began to make ourselves fairly comfortable.

The tarpaulin was put up between some trees just south of the Dance Platform No. 8 in front of the Castillo, and our personal kyacks were eventually carried up to the Castillo, where Sam, Rick, Miguel, and myself had decided to sleep. While these preparations were going forward, Miguel went off to the *chiclería* and Sam and Rick on a reconnoitering trip south of the wall. The first came back before dinner saying the *encargo* of the *chiclería* was a friend of mine and wanted me to come down tomorrow and have a *copita* with him. Sam and Rick came in also shortly before dinner, reporting a walled area south of the main walled city and adjoining it. The enclosing wall was neither so high nor so well made, but quite as clear withal.

Just before supper six of us—Sam, Rick, Miguel, Alfred, and Juan—all went in bathing and the water was delightful. I found myself quite weak and faint as a result of my virtual starvation for the past three days and if I attempted much my head would swim. The sea-bath, however, proved a great stimulus and by the time we were dressed Muddy had a delicious dinner waiting for us. After dinner we brought out the graphophone[119] on the terrace in front of the Castillo and had everything from Liszt to jazz. The moon was just full, or nearly so, and when the sun set, the forest over the top of

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[118] See Chapter 1 for information relating to Morley's earlier visits to Tulum.

[119] A graphophone differs from a gramophone in that the former played music from cylinders whereas the latter employed discs, or records.

which we were looking was soon silvered with the rising moon. The horizon landward was no more level than that seaward, and in the light of the moon, save for the radiance of the latter, we might have been at sea. It was a lovely clear night. Sam took one side of the terrace outside, and I the other. Rick swung his hammock in the outer chamber, and Miguel spread his blanket on the floor of the outer chamber. Muddy, Alfred, and Juan slept below under the tarpaulin, and the *marineros* returned to the ship, which they took back down toward the *chiclería* as better protected by the reef and also because the anchorage was better.

February 13, Monday

We were up at six, and about eight the *marineros* came ashore. The plans for the day contemplated a division of our party. Rick and Alfred started clearing the N. wall, and the rest of us, including Muddy, went to the famous cave of Tancar [Tankah], where the 18′ long inscription was supposed to exist. A sad disappointment, it turned out to be, as I will record presently. David and Joseph remained behind, but the rest of us went, including the four *marineros.* We set out through the bush and, after crossing the north wall, came out on to a path which ran east and west at that point. To the west it skirted back around the walled city and thence on to the *chiclería* to the south. To the east it approached the sea, and after some hard going over rocky ground, came out at the end of forty minutes on the beach pebbles 2¾ miles [4.43 km] north of the Castillo. Muddy preferred the beach. Going on the stone, he said, hurt his feet, but even that was preferable, I thought, to walking through heavy sand.

About three-fourths of a mile after coming out on the beach we passed a house belonging to an Indian, José, who was not at home. A short distance farther we came to the abandoned rancho of Tancar. Here we left the coast and turned inland, soon passing some water, a shallow pool, where there are said to be some carvings on the rocks which border it. A coarse grass was growing all around it, and we could find no carvings, so pushed on at once to this cave, which we had been so anxious to see for so many months.[120] We descended a hill, the bottom of which seemed to me as though it must be below sea-level, and came upon an overhanging ledge of rock, underneath which was a pool of clear cool water, but no carvings. Muddy said this was a continuation of the ledge under which was the inscription, and we climbed back out and continued.

The next outcropping of the ledge, however, was the place, and we scrambled down under it. A cross section shows more than a world of description here: a great ledge overhangs a pool of clear, cold (brackish) water B [Appendix Figure 2]. The solid rock (limestone) at C has been cut into steps descending into the water, and farther along was Muddy's famous 18′ inscription. Alas, it contained no glyphs at all but was only late

[120] There are numerous cenotes in this general area, including Yaxmuul, Yax Kin, Yaxmulito, and Nohoch Na Chich.

carving. There seemed to be a grotesque figure and this element recurred frequently. This was a bitter, though not unexpected, disappointment. I had felt all along that a text of several hundred glyphs was too good to be true, especially from Yucatán, and I had already discounted for a disappointment. But I had counted on Muddy's recognizing a glyph when he saw it. But he didn't, or rather hadn't.

Aside, however, from this disappointment, the cave had several interesting features. Against the back end there was standing free of the side wall a tall, thick, irregularly shaped shaft of stone perhaps six feet high. This had carved upon it very roughly the crude resemblance of a man. It had stood in the cave just where it now reclines against the wall, as traces of its foundations on the floor still show clearly. This Juan photographed by flash, which kicked up a terrible smoke [Figure 5.2]. Two small Maya boys, brothers and orphans, poor little chaps, I induced to stand by it and were taken at the sides of it. Consideration? 25 cents, Mexican, apiece. One was 12, the other 14. I induced them to remove their very dirty and modern shirts, and the effect was quite satisfactory, save for the aftermath of the smoke.

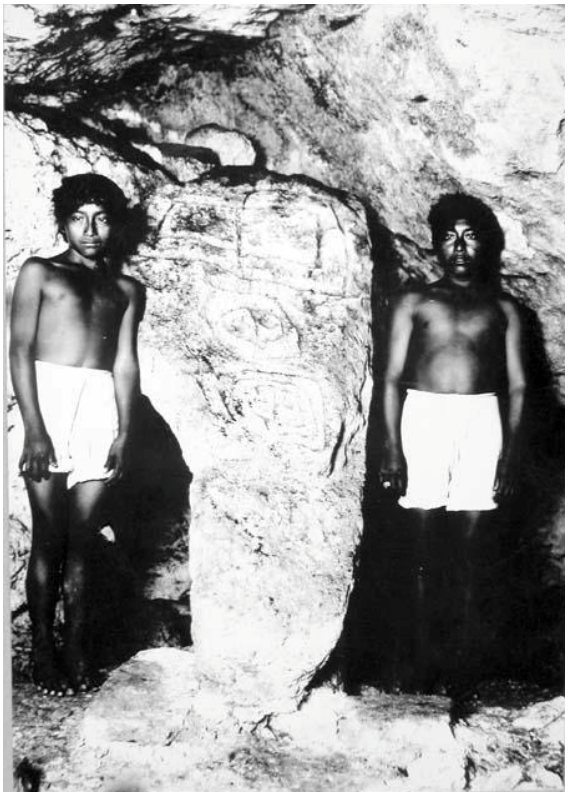

Figure 5.2. The photo taken of the stone shaft in the cave at Tankah.

Another interesting feature of the cave was a small pedestal, about 1½ feet [45 cm] square, and as high. Formerly Celso told me there stood a figure on this [Appendix Figure 3]. He had not seen it himself, but an Indian had told him that some Mexican troops had

carried it off to Mexico City or Merida about 15 years ago. It was described as a *figura*. It would have been nice to have seen this shrine in good condition, but such is always the archaeologist's luck.

Sam and I took off our shoes and went in wading. Sam was looking for potsherds in the bottom of the water but found none. He returned to Tulum about half an hour before I finished at the cave. Juan exposed three flash-lights, and these so filled the cave with smoke that he could take no more, and so far as further photography was concerned, we had to call it a day.

On our way back we stopped at the Indian, José's, house. His wife, a comely Maya of 27 or 28, is ill and wants treatment. She passes black-headed worms and has not menstruated for three years, a difficult distemper, one likely to intrigue the expedition's medico to his uttermost. This José knows of a run some two miles from his rancho, which he says is quite large. He is bringing his wife over tonight for treatment.

The walk back to Tulum seemed more than three miles, though I calculated the total distance to the caves could not have been but a scant four. When I arrived, I found we had quite a visiting delegation of Mayas. No less than the Tulum sub-chief, Pablino Camal, his chief priest (who was introduced as the cura), the *sargente*, his son, another, and two little boys—the *sargente's* sons. I produced some cognac, and healths were drunk all around. The sub chief had a red band about his hat, and a large gold earring of this shape [Appendix Figure 4] in his left ear. I noticed the same on his son.

Muddy was the official interpreter, and the chief was told the objects of our visit. He replied he was glad to have us come so long as we were *Ingleses*, which for the moment we were. He explained at some length and in Maya—they spoke no Spanish—that they have wanted for some time to be under the protection of Great Britain and that long ago Queen Victoria had promised to receive them as such! Further, that they were somewhat disgusted that so many years had passed since this promise was given without its having been put into effect.

Muddy was quite equal to this emergency. He told them that Queen Victoria had died leaving as her successor a very young boy as king and that during his youth little could be done in the matter, but now that he had grown up something might be expected. Shade of the Seventh Edward, where art thou? We lunched after this, and Muddy saw food was given to Camal and his *gente*.

In the morning I had put a half a dozen Indians who were lying around to work at 75 cents a day and meals to clearing the bush on the north wall where Rick and Alfred are going to start their survey. This work had gone forward fairly rapidly, and at noon Rick reported them as not far from the northwest guard tower. After lunch I divided the gang—Rick taking part of them and Alfred and I the others. We repaired to the northwest tower and proceeded to clear around that for photographing. This was quite an undertaking, and we only finished it about four, when Rick's gang joined ours and we called it a day.

Before going out to work in the afternoon, I had bid goodbye to Camal and his *gente*. They understand they are going to return Wednesday to receive some gifts we have for them—cloth, tobacco, etc., etc. After the hot, perspiring work on this wall, a bath in the sea was more than welcome, and all six of us went in again. Juan has fixed up the temple where Stephens found the sculptured stela, as his dark room, and developed tonight. His results were eminently satisfactory and if he keeps up as good as he has started, he will be as good as was Rutherford.[121] He developed Rick's, Sam's, his own, and Miguel's films, and all came out well but the last, which were absolutely blank. I think they had never been exposed.

February 14, Tuesday

Sam started the day with an interesting discovery. He turned the small stela in front of Temple 16[122] and found it was carved [Figure 5.3]. The stone is small, not more than five feet long and not more than 2 ½ feet [76 cm] wide. The carving had always been very low, and this had weathered greatly. The stela, moreover, had been built into a square altar of masonry in front of Temple 16, and traces of the mortar used in this work still adhere to its edges. The design is that of a figure with a line of glyphs down each side and a line across the top. We dubbed it at once Stela 2.[123]

Sam started tracing the wall paintings under the stairway leading to the Castillo, while Miguel moved around generally [Figure 5.4]. I think he is going to be all right. Rick and Alfred took all the Indians out to the west wall where they continued there clearing up the bush so as to facilitate their survey when they get around to it. Two men, David and Herberto, I put working on the base of the stairway leading to the Castillo, digging across it, so as to define the bottom step. When completed this will make the photographs of this structure appear much better.

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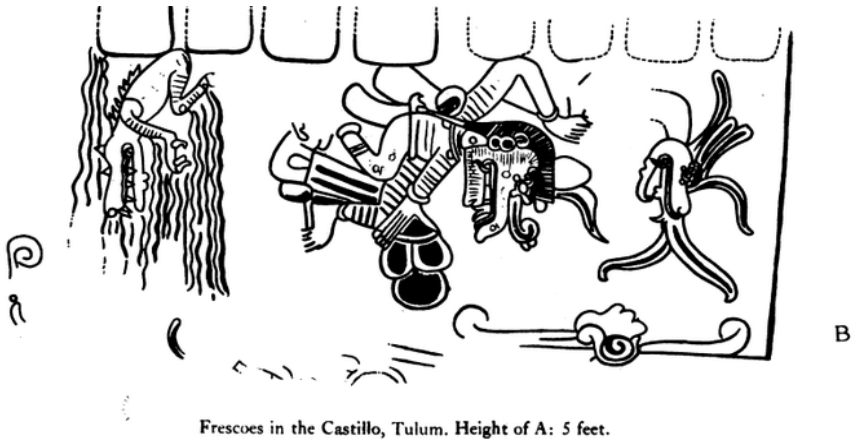
[121] Arthur K. Rutherford was the CIW expedition photographer for the 1921 season.

[122] As noted in Chapter 1, the numbering of structures and monuments at Tulum was somewhat haphazard before the 1922 expedition. In his diary, Morley used the seemingly random numbers assigned over time to the various structures at Tulum. In his 1924 volume on the expedition, Lothrop renumbered all the structures in a more logical fashion, designations which remain in use today. In the diary text presented here, we have converted all of Morley's old structure numbers into the Lothrop numeration [See Table 1.1 in Chapter 1].

[123] There has been considerable debate regarding the dating of this monument, which has only a *k'atun* ending date of 2 Ajaw. Morley thought this dated Stela 2 to AD 1517, a date Lothrop thought impossible if only because Stela 2 had been reused as building material in Structure 16, which would have been improbable at such a late date. He, instead, opted for a date of AD 1261 (Lothrop 1924: 43–44). Utilizing the GMT correlation, a date of AD 1224 is possible.



Figure 5.3. Tulum Stela 2, discovered in front of the doorway of the Temple of the Frescoes (Structure 16).



Frescoes in the Castillo, Tulum. Height of A: 5 feet.

Figure 5.4. Mural from Structure 1 (the Castillo) as published in Lothrop 1924 (Plate 4). For a discussion of this mural see Miller 1982: 58–59.

The decks were now cleared for Muddy and I to go down to the *chiclería*. Old Celso, one of our best *marineros,* knows where there is a small temple near the *chiclería,* and I took him along to show it to me. On the way down we met Baltazar patching up the *Esperanza's* dory. This had broken away from its moorings yesterday and drifted ashore, getting well pounded in the surf. It had sprung a bad leak and Baltazar was caulking it.

The *encargo* at the *chiclería* was indeed an old friend, a Spaniard, Don Rosendo Vila, who had been in charge of the camp at La Central four years ago when Gann, John Held, and I went from Vigia Chico to Santa Cruz de Bravo in this very month. He was very glad to see me, so he said. We gave each other a double *abrazo.* He insisted at once upon my staying to lunch (*almuerzo*) and tho' I wanted to get back to my job, it could not be avoided. He produced some very good sherry, and with Muddy we all pledged to each other's health in a generous half tumbler full. While breakfast, or better lunch, was preparing, Muddy, Celso, and I walked on down the coast a good half mile over some bare rock to this small temple, which was of the unit room type with a sanctuary within. Unfortunately, I had no measure with me, but I paced its length [Appendix Figure 5] north and south as 18' [5.5 m] and its width, or better depth, as 12' [3.6 m]. Its elevation was quite simple. It was half hidden by the trees in front [Appendix Figure 5, bottom] and I doubt whether it could even be picked up with a glass from the sea.

We returned to the *chiclería*, and I wrote a note to Sam telling him that I would not be back for lunch but would try to get back as soon thereafter as possible. I sent Celso back with this together with two packages of cigarettes, which Sam wanted.

Breakfast, or lunch as we would say, was a long time in preparing. Indeed, it was after one when the three of us sat down to it, and we had given it a foundation of at least two more tumblers full of Don Rosendo's sherry. The lunch, however, was well worth waiting for. It began with a delicious soup, followed by nice well-cooked and rather dry rice (I dislike my rice soggy and pasty the way it is so often prepared at home), black beans, delicious hot tortillas, eggs, a fine *ensalada* of sweet small tomatoes, onions, and potatoes, sliced bologna sausage, cheese, meat stew, and coffee. It was a small banquet and we ate to repletion.

As soon as I decently could after it was over, I took leave of Don Rosendo, asking him to visit us as soon as he could, and we left. The sun was very hot going back on top of all that sherry and an over-full stomach, but we made the grade with fair speed. Baltasar was still at work on the dory when we passed, and old Celso was helping him. Sam was working on the wall paintings when I got back. He has made a splendid start, but it goes awfully slowly. I did not stay long in camp but hurried out to the west wall where Rick and Alfred had most of the men at work. Rick reported the bush was very thick and progress, in consequence, had necessarily been slow, but when I got there, he was nearing the south-west corner and thought he could reach there before the close of the afternoon, which he did.

Here I ran into a most painful shrub or bush while cutting with a machete. This is called *malamuger* in Spanish and *lal* in Mayan.[124] It has a fine hair on the leaves which poisons one painfully on touching it. I was cutting through some thick bush on the summit of the wall when suddenly both my hands seemed to burst into flame. I thought it was ants at first, but the pain was so sharp and sudden, and I saw no ants, that I knew it must be something else. Alfred told me what it was and that the pain would leave in five or ten minutes, which it did, though it left behind it a whitish welt which stayed for a long time. This encounter with "a bad woman" discouraged me with doing any more active machete work on the wall, and I pushed on to the southwest guard tower, which was distant.

I noticed here an important feature in the construction of the wall. It seems to have been built, I should judge, at two different periods. First, a rather wide lower wall was built, perhaps fifteen feet wide at the base with a batten on both sides, and usually not more than 10 or 14 feet [3 m--4.3 m] high [Figure 5.5]. Later (I assume) an outer higher and thinner wall was built against this [Appendix Figure 6]. The latter being perhaps 18 feet [2.5 m] high and 3 [.9 m] or 5 feet [1.5 m] wide at the top, with a batten on the outside only. Another feature that came out clearly was that whereas both the north and south walls have two doorways each, the west wall, about twice as long as either end, had only one, and that near the middle.

Stephens shows two but there is only one. I am calling the lower, inner, and probably older wall, the esplanade wall, and the outer, higher, and probably later wall, the parapet wall.

I left Ricketson to finish around the southwest guard tower, while I returned to the Castillo. Miguel had found what will undoubtedly be an important discovery, namely a tomb, in a platform mound, and Sam himself had found another. I was too tired out to visit either, and it was growing late besides.

After work we all went in bathing again. I must say the sea-bath did my poisoned wrists and hands good. It relieved finally a burning sensation which had lingered on. These sea-baths are one of the nicest features of our life here, and we all look forward to them eagerly at the end of the day's work. We go to bed very early, before eight, and by nine are sound asleep, even the wakeful ones.

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[124] *Cnidoscolus souzae* is a thorny plant which has long, needle-like stinging spikes along its branches and leaves. It is closely related to chaya (*Cnidoscolus aconitifolius),* which is a mainstay of Yucatecan cuisine. Other *Cnidoscolus* include the stinging nettles found in Florida and the Southeastern United States.



Figure 5.5. The northeast gate of the wall at Tulum. This photograph (taken years after Morley's 1922 visit) shows the two levels of the wall described by Morley as the esplanade wall (the lower one shown here constructed with larger stones) and the parapet wall built of smaller stones and raised higher.

February 15, Wednesday

During the night the weather had changed, and a norther was beginning to blow up. We were all glad we were ashore and at work instead of having to beat around in the *Esperanza.* Work today was divided as follows: Sam continued on his tracings in the passageway under the stair leading to the Castillo. Ricketson and Alfred began their survey at the northeast corner of the wall, and Miguel and I took the men down to the southwest corner where we had to do a lot more clearing to effectually expose the

southwest guard tower for photographing. This work went very slowly. After I had gotten the boys started at it, Miguel stood by while I returned to the Castillo.

Sam took me to see the two tombs. That of Miguel was in the center of a platform mound [Structure 19; Figure 5.6] and was, interestingly enough, cruciform in shape with two short and two long arms [Appendix Figure 7]. Though I did not measure it, I judge it is about 12 feet [3.6m] long and 5 or 6 feet [1.5–1.8 m] wide. The other is also in a platform mound at the southwest corner of the terrace in front of Temple [22].[125] It is about 4 feet [1.3 m] wide and perhaps 6 feet [1.8 m] deep. The cruciform vault has lost its roof entirely, so that its outline may be traced on the surface of the ground, the other, however, has only one end exposed through which we will have to dig it out. I think there can be but little doubt that both are burial vaults.



Figure 5.6. The cruciform tomb under Structure 19.

After helping Sam with his paintings for a little while and seeing that David and Heriberto were continuing their digging across the front of the Castillo stairway was all right, I returned to the wall, where the boys had made good progress. Here I managed to run into some more *malamuger* and here also a small tree in falling gave me a sharp blow

[125] Although no mention is made in Lothrop's volume (or in Morley's diaries) about any burial remains in this tomb, the tomb photograph held by the Peabody Museum is restricted because it shows, according to the catalog entry, a "sacrificial" victim (Peabody Museum Online catalog # 58-34-20/60671). The Peabody entry misrecords the structure number as 20 rather than 22.

on the head. Fortunately, my helmet staved most of it off. The west gate in the south wall is in much better condition than the east gate [Figure 5.7]. In fact, the former has its roof intact, and the latter has completely fallen in. By working the boys up to 12:35 we finished the clearing along the outside of the south wall.



Figure 5.7. The intact west gate of the south wall.

Returning to camp, I found Pablino Camal and his people were visiting us again. They were the Greeks bearing gifts: oranges, limes, camotes, fowls, and sour oranges, the latter are good in tea.

I was too busy to be very *simpático*. After lunch I started the boys at work clearing off the logs from the plaza in front of the Castillo and felling a few last disturbing trees. After they were well underway, I returned to the tent and saw to a distribution of gifts among the Tulum Indians. Muddy had each gift (some cotton cloth and tobacco) carefully wrapped and gave it to each of the group—the chief (Palbino Camal), the cura, the *sargente*, the son of Pablino, a nondescript, and one other. The last worthy had sold us four bush fowls at 50 cents gold apiece, and then one proved too high [decayed] for our consumption. I paid for them before Muddy discovered this, and it was only with obvious reluctance that he surrendered the fifty cents therefore.

After these gifts were distributed, the Indians left. The cura knows of a cave about eight leagues inland where there are some stone and clay figures. I told Muddy to tell him that if they would bring some of them out, we would buy them. Also, after the big Chunpop delegation leaves, which is expected tomorrow or the next day, they will return and probably put on a rain ceremony, that Chac affair that Gann recorded near Corozal several years ago.[126] It would be interesting to get a version from these Tulum Indians if it were possible.

Muddy said the cura had no objection to "putting it on" (to speak somewhat vulgarly). His observation was that "these Indians would do anything for money." They are returning Tuesday or Wednesday next week, and we will see what they will do then. They finally got off, to everybody's relief.

The work in the plaza went forward slowly. The tree trunks are cut into sections about 7 or 8 feet long [2.1 m--2.4 m], and then rolled off to one side. Sam continued his work on the wall paintings in the passageway under the stairway of the Castillo, which he finished during the afternoon. Rick and Alfred were at work on their survey of the wall which they carried as far as the northwest guard tower. We had had a spirited discussion last night on triangulation, and he took the angles made by lines drawn to the two ends of the north wall, and measured his base line on the north wall which he finds is 529 feet long, [161 m] which is more than 200 feet shorter than Stephens makes it.

Miguel fell down on any active work. He said he had to make "a *croquis*" [sketch] of the Castillo group for his *jefe*. I furnished him with a ruler and triangle and Sam gave him some tracing paper.

Although it was growing colder, the norther beginning to come down strong, we went in bathing, at least some of us: Sam, Alfred, Rick, and I. After dinner the sky to the north looked so full of rain that Sam and I moved our cots into the sanctuary. Miguel gloomily thought this might collapse tonight after having stood these last four centuries. He slept under Rick's hammock in the outer corridor. Quite a draft blows in the sanctuary, through the four windows. We took good care not to disturb the little cross and the stone with candle drippings before it.

[126] Gann (1917) witnessed the rain ceremony in 1915 and published details.

CHAPTER 6

EXCAVATIONS CONTINUE

February 16, Thursday
A good day. The boys had not completed clearing up the Castillo Plaza, so I put the big gang to work there. Poor Casimir, who had been laid off with chills and fever yesterday, returned to work this morning, but only for a short while. About ten, a hard chill seized him, and I gave him ten grains of quinine.[127] Somewhat later, at lunch, I gave him ten grains more. His own people had practiced on him quite a heroic treatment, I thought. They had cut his veins above the eyes on the forehead so that by bleeding the pain in his head might be alleviated.

José (from Tancah) came back with his expectorating señora. Rick rather doubted whether his treatment (soda mints and a purge) would have helped her, but she reported that she was feeling much better.[128] Of such stuff the fame of St. Anne de Beaupré[129] and Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe is made. Also Mrs. Eddy's followers.[130] This José and the two orphan boys we had photographed in the cave on Monday were glad enough to work, and I was glad enough to have them.

David and Heriberto had, in the meantime, finished clearing the base of the Castillo and I put them to digging through the archway in the south side of the inner enclosure. This took them the rest of the morning, but they made a good job of it and by noon had it cleared to the ground court level. At ten the main gang had finished cleaning out the logs from the Castillo Plaza and I removed them to the thoroughfare running north and south in front of Temple 16. This seems to have been quite an important part of the city. It is flanked by a number of important structures, including Temples 16 and 20. It was Sam's idea to develop this thoroughfare throughout its entire length, and so at ten I transferred the main gang to this part of the city and started them in the southeast corner

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[127] Quinine, made from the bark of the tropical cinchona tree, is a standard preventative and treatment for malaria used since 1631, according to legend. Historically, quinine was prescribed in grains: a grain is an old unit of weight equal to 0.0648 grams.
[128] Ricketson attended Harvard Medical School before becoming an anthropologist.
[129] A large basilica in Quebec, dedicated to St. Anne (the mother of the Virgin Mary and Jesus's grandmother), where healing miracles are said to occur frequently.
[130] Morley here takes a dig at Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of the Christian Science movement.

of the platform mound no. 17.[131] I had them clear out every tree as they worked their way north. This took time and we had only gotten well beyond Temples 16 and 20 before work finished for the day, perhaps 100 to 125 feet [30 m–38 m]. They are an industrious group, these Maya, and though they work slowly, they keep everlastingly at it.

This thoroughfare, which we have named Fifth Avenue, was the chief center of activity today. At noon, David and Heriberto had finished cleaning the archway in the south wall of the inner enclosure, and I brought them over to the tomb Miguel had discovered. The digging here is complicated by a huge tree which has grown right in the arch [Appendix Figure 8]. I am afraid it will be found to have seriously interfered with any burial there. Before knocking off, they had gotten down to a cement floor in the arm of the cross marked A, at a depth of about three feet below the surface. Nothing of importance was found in this arm of the vault save a few potsherds. Muddy, whom I had in charge of the work, says that the two short arms, Section BC in my drawing, are deeper than the two long arms.

Sam was also over in this part of the city, having started to copy the frescoes in Temple 16 [Figures 6.1 and 6.2]. These are in very good condition, and he has the ambitious plan of making a complete restoration of the façade of this inner part of Temple 16. He made good headway with his copying before we knocked off work at 4:30.



Figure 6.1. West façade of Structure 16, the Temple of the Frescos.

[131] Morley's text suggests that he meant to identify Structure 15 rather than Structure 17 in this passage. Structure 15 is a small platform located on "Fifth Avenue" directly between Structures 16 and 20. Structure (Mound) 17 lies east of Structure 16.



Figure 6.2. Part of the fresco in the north back wall of Structure 16.

Ricketson and Alfred completed their preliminary survey of the wall today. They find the three walls to be:

North Wall 529 feet [161 m]
West Wall 1266 feet [386 m]
South Wall 557 feet [170 m]

The norther has brought on such cold weather that no one felt like bathing tonight, or rather no one but Sam, who is always ready to go no matter how cold the weather is.

After supper we had a table put into the sanctuary and a gasoline lamp set on it, and we all went to work. I wrote in this diary until ten o'clock; Miguel composed an essay entitled "El Ocaso de los Dioses," a fanciful thing describing Cortéz's visit to Cozumel.[132]

Rick and Alfred perspired over their notes on the wall. At first Rick had the Castillo located almost against the south wall, instead of near the center. Long after Sam and Alfred had gone to bed, however, he discovered his error. He had added in some intermediate distances (some 300 feet [91.5 m] of them) which accounted for his error. When he had plotted this out, he found that he had made this error, and it brings his calculations out correctly.

The wall (and consequently the enclosure) seems to be somewhat smaller than Stephens' figures would indicate. Stephens (1868, II: 396) makes the north and south walls 750 feet [229 m] each, against Rick's 529 [161 m] and 557 [170 m], and Stephens allows 1300 feet [396 m] to the north wall, which is 34 feet [10.3 m] longer than Rick made it. I think Rick's figures are much more likely to be correct.

The norther was blowing so coldly that I decided to sleep inside again. Sam, however, wanted to try it outside again, and although he nearly blew away, he pronounced himself as more comfortable out there than in the sanctuary. Rick and I were the last in bed, about 10:30. Miguel read me, before going to sleep, the first page of his "El Ocaso de los Dioses." It is what I would expect a Latin to write of his ancient Maya, including rape, idolatry, and a perfervid vocabulary.

February 17, Friday

Started the main gang on Fifth Avenue, along which they had made considerable progress yesterday. After they were well started, and Muddy at work supervising the excavations of the cruciform tomb just south of Temple 20 (I think Sam calls it Platform no. 17[133] where I had David and Heriberto at work), I tried my hand at copying a fresco, the one on the south wall of the north corridor of the lower story of Temple 16, just adjoining the wall Sam was doing. Sam is painting his, while I tried pencil. The pencil I used was a soft black smudgy carpenter's pencil, but did very well. I worked at this until the light ceased to come directly against it, but through the side, which killed its tracing possibilities, so I desisted and turned my attention to the stela Sam discovered, which will bear the number 2.

A close scrutiny of this monument brought out four remarkable facts as follows:

1. Around the edge of the single sculptured face there is a series of squares with round depressions in them, thus [Appendix Figure 9]. The only other stela I know

[132] Cortés visited Cozumel in February 1519 when sailing from Cuba to Veracruz for the conquest of Mexico.

[133] Morley is in error here: Lothrop redesignated this platform as Structure 19.

of which has this characteristic is one at Mayapán (Stela 9) and possibly another at the same site. In other words, stylistically this monument is very late.

2. The main figure is sitting or is kneeling upon a throne. The left hand hangs by the side; the right holds in front of the body (which is in profile and faces to the left) some object. Again, the closest parallel to this is the Mayapán stela or some k'atun pages from the Codex Peresianus [Paris Codex].
3. Just above this object is a day sign, and though this is somewhat effaced, the two dots of the Ajaw appear somewhat clearly. Above to the right, one numerical dot appears very clear [Appendix Figure 9]. There is no room for a bar, and hardly for two dots to the left; four dots above being an impossibility. The best reading is K'atun 2 Ajaw, though K'atun 3 Ajaw is a remote possibility. Bearing in mind that this stela is probably late because its closest analogue, Stela 9 at Mayapán, is late (K'atun 10 Ajaw, or 1438 AD [1441[134]), I reached two readings: regarding it as 2 Ajaw: 1517 [1520] and 1260 [1263]; regarding it as 3 Ajaw (a very unlikely contingency, as I have explained) one gets two other readings, 1635 [1638] and 1380 [1382], of which the first may be regarded as a great improbability. Returning to the other two readings, historically I would prefer the later reading, 1517 [1520], which curiously enough coincides with the date of the first Spanish voyage down this coast, i.e., that of Juan de Grijalva in 1517, but against this must be offset the fourth important fact regarding this monument.
4. The lower part is missing, but the upper fragment, perhaps four feet [1.22 m] long, seems to have been built into a square altar of masonry just in front of the center of Temple 16. This is indicated by three facts: first, because this fragment of Stela 2 has some plaster still adhering to one side of it; second, because it was found by Sam lying face down just beside this altar; and third, because the whole back side of this masonry altar is missing, and there are no stones to fill it in, except for this big piece. In short it has every appearance of having been re-used in the east side of this masonry altar, and if this is so, it seems hard to believe that a stela erected only in 1517 [1520] could have been re-used so soon after its erection, for we feel that Tulum must have been abandoned by 1600. On the other hand, historically and chronologically considered, 1517 [1520] is a better reading than 1260 [1263], and personally I lean toward it.[135]

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[134] Morley (and Spinden) employed a Maya-to-Gregorian conversion that is slightly different from that used today. We have included in brackets the currently accepted Gregorian dates, all taken from Table A.1 in Sharer and Traxler 2006: 780–784.

[135] There has been surprisingly little discussion about the relatively well-preserved Tulum Stela 2. Indeed, Arthur Miller does not even mention Stela 2 in his study of Tancah and Tulum (1982), and the monument is ignored in Shaw and Mathews' *Quintana Roo Archaeology* (2005). Lothrop devoted several paragraphs to it (1924: 43–44), in which he

The relief is badly damaged and in its original condition was but very low. I helped this out considerably by blacking in the shadows with a black crayon I had but later discarded this for a brush and watercolor; by blackening in the lowest, or rather deepest, part of the relief the figure is thrown out very clearly. In my enthusiasm I may have overpainted somewhat, but even at that I could develop more of the design than could be seen without thus retouching it, and we took photographs anyhow, before I began my ministrations. This may be considered by some as archaeological faking, but the end certainly justified the means in this case.

The tomb turned out poorly. A tree, as I have already said, had grown in one of the long arms of the cross, that to the east, and this made the digging very difficult. It was a tomb all right because we found some human teeth and part of a vertebra; also, a lovely fragment of a human head in clay and a number of potsherds, one of rather a nice red incised piece. I did not keep David and Heriberto working on it steadily, as I had both at different times working on the front of Temple 20, which we are preparing for photographing. The long arms [of the tomb] seem to have had cement floors at a higher level than the cross arms [Appendix Figure 10]. I will have the work continued tomorrow.

Rick and Alfred continued their work on the wall in the morning, making 10 cross sections: 3 in the north wall, 6 in the west wall, and one in the south wall. In the morning Sam continued his work on the frescos in Temple 16, which are coming out wonderfully. He has a lovely lady grinding tortillas on a metate with a serpent's head as the back support. In the afternoon he knocked off his frescoes, which is an arduous task not to be done for too long a stretch, and made a circuit of the great wall with Rick and Alfred to locate the stairways ascending to its summit at various points inside. They found one at the guard tower in the northwest corner, and three on the west wall and seven on the south wall. After Sam returned to his frescoes, Rick and Alfred opened up a line of sight through from the southwest corner of Temple 20 to the single gateway in the west wall, so that now it is possible to see the Castillo from this gateway. A line passing from the center of the stairway leading to the Castillo to this gateway will about cut the southeast corner of Temple 20. It was surprising how really close the back wall of Temple 20 is to the west wall, surely under 200 feet [61 m] and possibly under 175 feet [53 m]. Before the close of the day, my main gang had gotten pretty well down to Temple 25, even with rolling the logs out of the way, and it really looks splendid.

When the bathing hour rolled around, Sam and I were the only ones who answered the call. I wouldn't have gone in myself if Sam had not egged me on. The water was

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explicitly distances himself from Morley's 1520 date for the monument, arguing instead that the 1263 date is most likely. Proskouriakoff (1950: 157) offers minimal comment but notes that stylistically Stela 2 is of a late period: "The bold crudity of the technique and the disregard of realistic effect seem to indicate a style in the last stages of dissolution."

delightfully warm, but the air was cold. At dinner it blew a small gale which filled everything from soup to tea with dust. We visualized vividly all the spitting that had been done about the ground in the past three days. We figure the least we can get is tuberculosis.

Don Rosendo Vila and his *gente* to the number of four or five visited us this morning. They walked around, speculated as usual, and stayed for about an hour. Don Rosendo asked me to come down to see him Sunday, but doubt whether I will make the grade. There is too much sherry at the other end.

It was blowing so hard when we came up to the Castillo after supper, we had to plug up the four holes in the sanctuary with clothing: my BVDs and shirt went into the north hole and my trousers into one of the eastern ones. Sam donated a raincoat for the other eastern one, and we drew on Rick's wardrobe for the south hole.

February 18, Saturday

Spent the greater part of the day in photography. In the morning under the eastern light, Temple 20 [Figure 6.3] was photographed, and in the afternoon under the western sun Temple 16, just across.



Figure 6.3. Morley's photograph of Tulum Structure 20, east façade.

The main gang got over as far as Temple 25 toward the north, and at the close of the day I brought them back to Temple 16 and 20 and opened up a wide swath through the bush clear from the inner enclosure down by Temples 16 and 20, passing south of these and thence on to the only gateway in the western wall. The view from the terrace in front of the Castillo along this tree-lined avenue is splendid, the southern ends of Temples 16 and 20 show it up and the gateway through the western wall. It has given us rather a surprise to find how really close the western wall is behind Temple 20. In the photographs taken today, I had sometimes one, sometimes two, and sometimes three Maya boys: little Apolonio Chi, his older brother José Chi, and another boy of about 18, José Canul. These are all good Maya types and in the different pictures taken I had them stand either in the doorways or by the walls [Figure 6.4]. It gave an idea of comparative heights also. All told, Juan took 30 pictures for me yesterday.

Rick and Sam and Alfred spent the morning in taking careful measurements on the Castillo. In the afternoon Rick plotted up his notes and Sam returned to the frescoes in Temple 16. These are really coming on splendidly. He is securing data for the complete restoration of a Maya façade as it originally appeared with its paintings. This work of his will be one of the most spectacular contributions of the field season.

Miguel found another tomb just north of the one in the SW corner of the terrace of Temple 21, which Sam found several days ago. This was one of the same type. With Celso's aid and Miguel's active assistance, we soon had a couple of capstones off and I stuck my head into the opening. It was quite dark inside, but by the light of a burning palm leaf I could see the far end about seven feet off. It was partially filled with dirt, which had worked in, and should make easy digging. It is one of the things we will do next week. I will put Muddy in charge of it again.

The two most important discoveries of the day were: one, the finding of a painted stela on the platform just behind (i.e., east) of Temple 16 by myself, and two, the probable discovery that the avenue we are calling Fifth Avenue possibly runs clear through the city from the western gateway in the north wall to the western gateway in the south wall, most of the important buildings outside of the inner enclosure facing upon it. Beginning at the north on the East side: Temple 34, Platform 33, Temple 25, Terrace 22, Temple 21, Temple 16, and a new platform toward the southern wall newly discovered this year. On the west side, working south: Platform 32, and the structure on it (opposite Temple 34), Platform 29 (opposite Temple 25), Structures 28, 27, and a new terrace (opposite Temple 21 and Terrace 22), Temple 20 (opposite Temple 16), Platform 19 (which has the cruciform vault in it), and a new platform in the south, opposite the other [Structure 49]. This latter has three small constructions on it.

Here then was an obvious attempt at orientation, a central street running north and south through the city along which the principal structures are lined, save only those in

the inner enclosure.[136] Temple 16 with its remarkable façade is one of the finest constructions in the city. Concerning the stela which has been given the number 3 [Figure 6.4], it is the first stela I know which has a thick layer of plaster still adhering to its face. In some places this is two inches in thickness.[137] There is already a band of blue running down the left half, the right half being plain. That it is a stela seems probable from the fact that the top is rounded [Appendix Figure 11].



Figure 6.4. Tulum Stela 3 (the carved stone, bottom left) can be seen here reused as part of Structure 40.

Only four went in bathing—Sam, Rick, Juan, and myself. The water was too cold to be pleasant and I stayed in only ten or fifteen minutes.

Poor Alfred Harvey is down with a sharp attack of malaria—chills followed by fever. We gave him 20 grains of quinine and packed him off to bed without any dinner. This is the second case, and I am taking ten grains of quinine tonight in consequence. I will keep this up for several days.

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[136] When Morley writes of the "inner enclosure" he is referring to the enclosed area surrounding the Castillo.

[137] Ivan Šprajc (2020: 234–237) discovered a unique stela at Chactún (Stela 14), which has inscriptions carved in deep stucco.

It blew hard again at dinner tonight, though the norther seems to have swung around pretty well to the northeast. The *Maxime* is back from Cozumel, and I am going down to the *chiclería* tomorrow to see if it brought us any packing for our engine.

I paid off our gang tonight, or rather this afternoon. Most of them are going over to Tulum [village, a short distance from the ruins] to meet the crowd coming out from Chunpom.[138] It is reported that the Chunpom *jefe*, one Balam, will visit us on his way to the *chiclería* where Padilla Camara is to pay him the thousand dollars which to be his, or rather his peoples', for permitting the *chicleros* to bleed in his territory. All my gang left, save little Pol Chi. They are going over to the village to meet their countrymen tomorrow morning. Ignacio Puc said that if they could, they would return to work Monday or Tuesday.

In the evening, I wrote up my diary, while Sam plotted up the notes he took on the Castillo; he is developing some errors in the work we did here six years ago this coming month.

[138] Now known as Chumpón, a town some 51 km southwest of Tulum.

CHAPTER 7

A GRAND VISIT AND FINAL EXCAVATIONS AT TULUM

February 19, Sunday

Camp was almost deserted this morning with our main gang gone. Work was necessarily curtailed thereby, and being Sunday I decided to work the *marineros* only a half day. I put David and Heriberto developing one of the stairways on the inside of the North Wall, while Juan with little Pol Chi and I took a number of photographs around the west gateway of the north wall [Figure 5.5, above].

Ricketson joined us presently and we went over to the southwest corner where Juan took several pictures of the tower there. Baltasar had, in the meantime, joined us and we put the ladder up on top of the tower in the hope that from its summit we might possibly see the Castillo.

It was a ticklish spot, and on the insecure footing afforded by the broken roof, the ladder, at best none too steady, was none the firmer in the breeze. Rick, Baltasar, and I all climbed up finally to the top of the ladder, but it could not be seen. The red flag in the high tree nearby which could be seen from the Castillo was clear enough. We had Heriberto and David fell the tree which held the red flag, and then Baltasar climbed the ladder again. This time he thought he could see the roof of the Castillo but dimly through another high tree. Heriberto felled this, and then the whole Castillo came into view. One more tree, however, still interfered and Rick descended to help Heriberto cut it down. I had in the meantime sent David off to the *chiclería* with a note for Don Rosendo saying that I would be down for breakfast at one o'clock.

This opening up a line of sight through to the Castillo was the last thing I did before leaving for the *chiclería*.[139] It was Sunday and I decided to give the rest of the day to the boys. When I left for the *chiclería* the others were eating breakfast. It took me about forty minutes, and I calculated that I was walking at the rate of three miles an hour. On the way down I met the son of Pablino Camal, the Tulum chief, with another Indian, a bleary-eyed individual, on their way down to our camp at the ruins.

At the *chiclería*, Don Rosendo and his partner, Mr. Richard Woods of Belize, met me.

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[139] The harvesting (or "bleeding") of chicle sap for chewing gum has a long history in Yucatán and along the Quintana Roo coast. Indeed, during the Caste War chicle provided one of the only sources of income for the *Cruzob* armies fighting against the Mexican state (Forero and Redclift 2006: 67–68).

The latter is a son of Stanley Woods, who has published the Belize *Clarion* for years.[140] The third partner, Carlos Padilla Camara, I also met.[141] He has come from Merida to pay off his *chicleros* for the *temporada* (the season just past) and then returns to Merida to meet Bromberg coming back from Mexico City. I gave him my best wishes to convey to the latter. He has gone around the Pacific side since we left, and with Padilla Camara going back to Progreso again, the three of us will have completely surrounded the Maya area.

After breakfast I took David back down the coast to the little temple Celso took us to see last week when we were down here. I judge it to be about a scant half mile below the *chiclería* on the coast.[142] On the way down I got off the rocks behind them and stumbled on to a little pedestal just like the one in the Tancah cave [Appendix Figure 12]: There it was hidden behind this rock, perhaps unseen of man since it was abandoned. But poetic as it is, I fear it is only poetry, since the figure on the summit had been removed.

We reached the temple, which proved of unusual interest. It was 19 feet [5.7 m] wide and 12 feet [3.6 m] deep and composed of one room with a small sanctuary against the back wall [Appendix Figure 12]. The interesting point was that across the roof on top there were six or seven small figures, probably of mammals. I brought the one on the southeast corner back to our camp with me [Appendix Figure 12]. It took me about an hour to do it, and we did not get back to the *chiclería* until after four.

Dick Woods had kindly talked to some of his men, and he promises us one or two in the morning and day after tomorrow some more axes, which we really need badly. I also asked him to bring me back from Cozumel some cement, packing for the engine. He reports there is none. David, however, says he can use cardboard painted with graffiti! Talk about houses built of cards.

On my return, Muddy reported that a representative of the Chunpom Indians had arrived in my absence.[143] He was the bleary-eyed individual I had passed on the beach, to notify me that the Chunpom chief with a delegation of forty would call tomorrow. It will make quite a party. Juan developed [film] tonight and I wrote in this book.

February 20, Monday

A big day. We are visited by a delegation of at least fifty Chunpom Indians on their way

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[140] The Belize *Clarion* was one of the town's main newspapers, published weekly until it became a daily in 1935. It remained in publication until the paper's offices and printing presses were destroyed by Hurricane Hattie in 1961. The Woods family was heavily involved in the mahogany trade as well as chicle extraction.

[141] Carlos Padilla Camara also represented the Mexican government in the administration of chicle concessions in Quintana Roo.

[142] This small temple is part of the coastal site of Tixbactun (Muller 1959: 68).

[143] During the Caste War, Chunpom was one of the four regional capitals of the Maya free state, and home to Florentino Cituk, the noted Talking Cross prophet (Sullivan 1989: 13).

to the *chiclería* [Figure 7.1]. The morning started off as usual. Sam went off to the coast to map the two small temples about a quarter of a mile north of the north wall. Rick with Alfred, Heriberto, and a new boy, Philiberto, went down to the southeast corner to tie in and map the group of platforms and the small temple there, while I put David and another new boy, a Belize negro named Alonso Grey, who knew Merwin and Hays, to excavating through the archway in the west side of the inner enclosure. This I at first thought must have steps like the stairway some 30 feet [9.1 m] south of it in the same wall, but it did not so turn out. As far as I can now make out, ascent from the lower level to the inner enclosure through this gateway was by an inclined plane.



Figure 7.1. Visit of the Chunpom Indians.

I started taking notes with little Pol Chi as my assistant. Described and measured Stelae 2 and 3 and mapped and tied in Platform 17 and the cruciform tomb in it to Temple 20 [Appendix Figure 13]. The photos Juan took of Pol Chi in different positions at the west gateway of the south wall turned out poorly because the films were old. So, I took them both back this morning and we repeated the pictures that we had previously taken. I was at this work when I heard a distant hallooing in the bush and presently made out the voice of David Lowill bawling something out at me. He came up and said that the Chunpom Indians were in camp and could I come at once as they had not much time. We only paused to photograph Pol on the double stairway between the passages in the south wall, and then I returned to camp.

A strange enough sight it was too: some fifty-odd Indians seated around on their haunches on the ground, each and every one with a gun in his hand. It looked like a young garrison. I made my way through these seated Indians to the two chiefs: Don Cristino Ceh, the Chunpom *jefe*, and Don Pablino Camal, the Tulum chief, the latter an old friend. To the left of these was a third man, Don Juan Vega, their official interpreter. His history, which I later learned, was interesting enough in all conscience. He was born in Corozal, and when very young—seven or eight years old—came up this coast with his uncle on a trading trip. The uncle was killed and Don Juan taken captive by the Indians, and later married one of the Chunpom women. He became official interpreter to the Chunpom Indians and clerk, and, as I later could see, friendly adviser and moderator.[144]

Muddy was seated at the right of the generals and on a bed nearby was a third important individual. I learned later there was a fourth and much more bellicose individual who showed his displeasure by not sitting at the conference, but stayed in the background dour and disapproving, and even refused a *copita* of cognac which I presently passed around to everybody.

The conference began by the interpreter telling me that the Chunpom people suspected us of felling the bush to build a pueblo there for the Mexicans! That this would displease them, and they wanted to know what our intentions were and why we had come.[145]

I had Muddy explain to them we came solely to study and photograph and measure the ruins. That I had been doing this for many years and in many countries—Guatemala, Costa Rica, Salvador, Nicaragua, and other parts of Mexico. As proof, I had Juan bring out our volume of films already taken and I showed him the view of the ruins. Gann's book[146] helped and I also had the Tulum map. They wanted to know why we were cutting so much bush and I told them the better to take pictures of the buildings. They wanted to know if we had the permission of the governor of British Honduras. I was very careful to explain that we had his explicit permission to do this work and we now sought theirs: that is, we would go away if our activities were not to the liking of the Indians.

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[144] A familiar story! In 1511 Franciscan friar Jerónimo de Aguilar was shipwrecked on the coast of Quintana Roo. Aguilar was captured by the Maya Indians, and although his fellow shipmates were sacrificed, he and one other managed to escape, only to be recaptured and made slaves. Aguilar was rescued by Hernán Cortés, for whom he served as a translator.

[145] During the early twentieth century, the walls around Tulum created an ideal location for a garrison of Mexican federal troops, who occupied the site after 1901 as part of the government's effort to bring Quintana Roo fully under Mexican control (Miller 1960: 82–83). Miller also notes that damage to some of the Tulum sculptures and evidence of graffiti are surviving evidence of the federal troop occupation of the site (ibid.: 83).

[146] Thomas Gann (1918).

The situation for a little while was pretty tense. I could see that by Muddy's uneasiness, an excellent barometer. What with the one chief hanging back on the outskirts refusing either the friendly cup or the friendly confab, and their insistence on knowing whether we had anything to do with the Mexicans, the situation was somewhat strained. Our friend Pablino Camal, of Tulum, I could see was putting in a good word for us, and the Corazaleño interpreter was advising friendly relations.

It was about this point that the cognac and cigarettes were passed around, and Alfred brought the phonograph down and set it going. These three factors turned the tide with the friendly counsels of Don Pablino and Don Juan, and the crisis was over. Don Cristino deigned to smile, which he had not done before, and one felt the tension lessen. I then asked the general if he would care to have his picture taken with his people, and after some pow-wowing it was decided that it should be done. And here, even the recalcitrant chieftain unbent. I had them all take positions on the stairway leading to the Castillo, and the three leaders, Ceh, Camal, and the third chief, he who sat on the bed during the conference, sat on three chairs. The recalcitrant chieftain now rapped out some sharp commands and thirty old Chunpom braves took their positions on the stairway. I stood just behind the three seated chiefs, Sam and Rick stood behind me, and at their sides and on the two steps above them were arranged the rest of the crowd. There are some 45 of us in the picture (which I am happy to say came out all right) [Figure 7.2]. As a matter of fact, Juan took two exposures to guard against possible loss or failure.

After the photographs more cigarettes were distributed and the generals bid us goodbye. The interpreter said they were "*muy contento*" and "*muy conforme*," and in short that everything was all right. They were glad to have us working here and they understood what we were doing and hoped we would come again.

To bind everything, the general from Chunpom asked us for some quinine for his sick wife, and we gave him two dozen [pills] with the direction that when the *calentura* [fever] was *fuerte,* the lady was to take four pills a day, and when it was *bajo* only two pills a day. With these parting medical instructions, renewed protestations of mutual good will and many hand-shakings all around, they finally took their leave. None too soon either, for we were nearly famished. Before they left, indeed while the conference was still in progress, we bought five dollars' worth of *totoposte*, i.e., toasted thin tortillas, baked practically to a crisp. There seemed to be four varieties among the great quantities which we purchased: 1) the plain white; 2) the white flavored with pumpkin seed – the best of the lot, by the way; 3) the yellow; and 4) the pink. I also bought a tiger skin for five dollars, and some *posole*, ground, browned, or crisped corn. They did not get off, all of them, until after one, and as I have written, we were well-nigh famished.

After lunch we did not get to work until nearly three. I put the whole gang clearing on the southern prolongation of Fifth Avenue, part starting at the western gate in the north wall and working southward and part starting at the western end of Temple 25 and working northward. When closing time came, they had made quite a good start.



Figure 7.2. The Maya of Chunpom on the steps of the Castillo. The three chiefs are seated in the foreground. Morley is centered behind them (with his pith helmet). Behind Morley are Lothrop and Ricketson. Muddy stands on the extreme left side of the photo.

David and Adolphus Gray nearly finished developing the archway in the west wall of the temple enclosure. Juan Camal returned from the *chiclería* of Tulum at sundown and reported the Chunpom Indians as "*muy contento*" with everything.

I went to bed about eight-thirty, pretty-well tired out with the strain of the day. Miguel, as usual, read until late.

February 21, Tuesday

A good day's work we put in today. I carried out Fifth Avenue today to the north wall, and largely cleared the space in front of Temple 34. I also had two men clearing out the interior and was supervising this work somewhat closely with Sam, when we were both stung by some fierce black ants, large and very poisonous. The one which bit me actually did so through my khaki trousers, and it ached and pained into the night. Sam reported similar conditions. Many such bites would make one ill and indeed the boys say they give fever.[147]

[147] Morley probably encountered the large, black bullet ant (*Paraponera clavata*) which is common in the Tulum area. The bites of the bullet ant are extremely painful and can induce nausea, fevers, and tremors. Entomologist Justin Schmidt ranks the bite of the bullet ant as the most painful in the insect kingdom (Schmidt et al. 1983).

I did not quite finish down there but will by tomorrow morning. I had a good gang at work today, and had bush being felled in three places—at the northern extension of Fifth Avenue as already noted, around the cenote, and in the inner enclosure. We are felling all trees in the inner enclosure save only one tall, graceful one which surmounts Platform No. 8, just in front of the Castillo.

Sam spent the day on the frescoes in Temple 16 and says he will have them finished in another day. Rick and Alfred started the survey along Fifth Avenue and found the southeast corner of the substructure of Temple 20 is 682 feet [208 m] south of the north wall. I also had several men commencing to fell the remaining trees in the inner enclosure.

About noon, about 20 of the Chunpom Indians stopped off to see us, especially to hear the graphophone again, and also see the doctor! This is what they told us, but the real reason was another. Soon after they got in, they climbed to the top of the Castillo and went inside. I followed them upstairs and found them all on their knees in the sanctuary praying to the little cross we had found there the first day. Happily, in spite of all our baggage strewn about, we had been careful not to move this, and I was glad enough that we had taken this precaution because they were very much in earnest. They were praying at a great rate, every mother's son of them on their knees. Muddy, who always thinks of the right thing to do, sent up three candles and they lighted these, and were at their orisons.[148] After they had gone, I noticed a new floral offering—two palm leaves tied together with a *bejuca*.

After this devotion, they all had ailments to attend to. One had white spots coming out on his legs, a disease popularly called "*pinto*," and I believe incurable. It is due to some trouble with the pigment cells.[149] Another had some evil-looking sores on his face which Rick washed with a disinfectant and put on iodine. Others wanted quinine and other just pills in general. We could not wait any longer and sat down to lunch, and soon after they went away.

The photograph of the group which Juan developed last night [Figure 7.2] turned out beautifully, and according to my promise of yesterday I sent one of the films down to the *chiclería* for the Indians to see. Celso, one of our *marineros*, took it down for me and on his return, he reported that "*todos estan muy contentos*" [everyone was very happy].

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[148] Orison, an archaic word for prayer.

[149] Vitiligo, an autoimmune disease of the skin, is a condition common to individuals of African heritage throughout Central America today, but especially along the Atlantic coasts of Belize and Honduras. Morley frequently mentions this condition in his 1917 diary which took him on a reconnaissance mission along the north coast of Honduras (Ward and Rice 2021). In this case, however, "pinto" probably refers to "pinta," a disease caused by the bacterium *Treponema carateum*, a chronic non-venereal skin affliction of Mexico and Central America related to syphilis.

Our old men are gradually drifting back, and we are getting some new ones. I hope that by Friday I can let most of them go and spend Saturday and Sunday on the photographic work.

The bathing today was characterized by very heavy breakers and fairly cold water. This feature compensates for every other discomfort here.

February 22

[One or more pages are missing from the diary here]

…written on a stake 1100 [feet; 335 m] instead of 1200 [feet; 366 m], and he had some time in locating this error. The total outside length of the west wall, including its several bulges is 1338 feet long [406 m], that is only 38 feet [11.5 m] longer than Stephens made it. Miguel had a gang of four working north of the Castillo, cutting all bush from the north side of the inner enclosure, north to the edge of the cliff.

After lunch Sam and I went on a tour of inspection, first over to Temple 45. We climbed up on its roof with some difficulty and were rewarded by a magnificent view [Figure 7.3]. This will make a splendid point of view for an extensive panorama. From here you can see the Castillo group, Temples 16 and 20, 21, and 25, just a glimpse of 34 and the Cenote Temple [Structure 35] and the sea end of the north wall, and finally the northwest guard house.



Figure 7.3. View of the Castillo and central group at Tulum as seen from the roof of Temple 45.

From here we went to the cenote and decided where the views should be taken. There is considerable clearing to be done here yet. From here we returned to boss the main gang, which after dinner I had put to cleaning the front of Temple 25. I took José Canul with me and returned to Temple 34 where I finished the map and made an elevation. By the time I had finished here it was nearly five, and I returned to the Castillo. Sam had already knocked them off. They had made a particularly good job of clearing the front of Temple 25, which is now ready for photographing [Figure 7.4].



Figure 7.4. Freshly cleared Temple 25, view from the northeast.

It has been a very hot day and the bathing was delightful. Sam stays in longer than anyone else. Mrs. José Balam, who has been stopping with us for the past few days, has returned with her husband to Tancah. Thank God we've got no women in camp now, particularly such an expectorator as she is. It is a disgusting habit, and when the wind blows as it has here of late, decidedly unsanitary.

Muddy, who is all choked up with a nasal catarrh [stuffy nose], blames this spot vigorously. Truth is the felling of so much bush around camp has made sort of a hollow in the bush, in which the wind blows from every direction, filling tea and all edibles with dust.

As I am writing these words, Miguel is elaborately painting his wrist with iodine. He fell again today against a rock and sprained his wrist. He and Alfred explored a cave north of the Castillo, and they say it goes in much farther than they ventured, and they went as far as where they figured Temple 5 should be.[150] Miguel suspects it of being connected with the cenote up by the north wall, because it also has water in it.

February 23, Thursday

I started the main gang this morning on Temple 21, clearing the debris from in front. Miguel took five men and went over to Temple 45 where he cleared off the remaining high trees and exposed the front (north) façade for photographing. Sam finished most of his wall paintings in Temple 16. Rick and Alfred ran a line through from their central station down to the south wall, which developed the satisfactory fact that the western doorway in the south wall is opposite the southern end of Fifth Avenue. This gives a reason for the two west entrances in the north and south walls. They were the gateways at each end of the main thoroughfare of the city. The total length of the line from the north to the south wall at these two gateways is 1228 feet [374 m].

In the afternoon I reconstructed six columns in the façade of Temple 21, two in the wing at the western end and four across the front [Figure 7.5]. The drums of most of these had fallen in windrows and could readily be restored to their original positions. I had five men at this work and they did it well. The drums went up fairly early, but the square capitals were heavier and, having to be lifted higher, made this the most difficult part of these reconstructions. It was well worth the while, however, as the effect from across on the mound behind Temple 16 was striking. We are gradually getting ready for some splendid pictures for Sopeña.

In the afternoon Miguel took his gang down to the cenote, but when I went down to see what had been done there seemed a great deal left to be done. Miguel was over on the platform of Temple 45 reading! He told me he was directing the work by "*gritos*" [shouts] but by the looks of the work his "*gritos"* had not carried. I put his two best men—Vicente Polanco and José Balam—to work felling the big tree down in the gully in front of the cenote, and they worked for about half an hour more.

Early this morning I commenced drawing the diving figure over the doorway leading into the sanctuary of Temple 25. This is the best preserved in the city and is very lovely—

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[150]This apparently long cave is not the one discovered in 2023, which lies between Temples 21 and 25. The Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology has a photo from the 1922 expedition entitled "Cave looking toward sea," the perspective of which indicates the cave entrance may have been on the beach near the waterline (image number 58-34-20/51225). A second photo, described as "Castillo, Temple 5 looking south from north side of cave" (image number 58-34-20/51194), clearly places the entrance to this cave on the beach near to the north wall.

much of the original coloring is still preserved [Figure 7.6]. After I make this drawing Sam is going to color it, from the original. As far as I can make out, three colors were used—red, black, and their lovely blue.



Figure 7.5. Temple 21 showing the two columns Morley reconstructed.

I perspired more today than any previous day. It seemed warmer, and tonight we were able to burn off much of the bush [Figure 7.7].[151] Word came today that the Tulum Indians had quarreled over the division of the funds Don Carlos Padilla Camara had given them as their share of the price he pays for bleeding chicle in their territory and had beaten each other up. Don Juan Vega, the Chunpom interpreter, had to run off into the bush to escape a flogging. I lost three *chicleros* today—they had too much *goma* [hangover]—and what with the drinking, gambling, and quarreling that is going on down at the *chiclería* it must be a little hell. Don Rosendo is waiting anxiously for the return of the *Maxime* to ship them all back to Cozumel before one kills another, which Nico Torres (one of the three *chicleros* who could not work because of the *goma*) says may happen any time.

Muddy told me at dinner that our Acumal Indians were going to leave us tomorrow morning, so I sent him down to their camp after dinner to bring them up. I finally

[151] An INAH article notes that a 1938 Mexican expedition to Tulum (headed by INAH archaeologist Miguel Ángel Fernández) found extensive damage owing to the 1922 CIW clearing techniques. Structural stabilization became the crux of the 1938 work, especially focusing on the Castillo and Temple 5. Restoration and stabilization of the frescos in Temple 16 was also undertaken (Veláquez Morlet n.d.; Fernandez 1945: 109–116).

persuaded old Don Severino Puc, their *jefe*, to stay over one more day, which they finally all agreed to do.

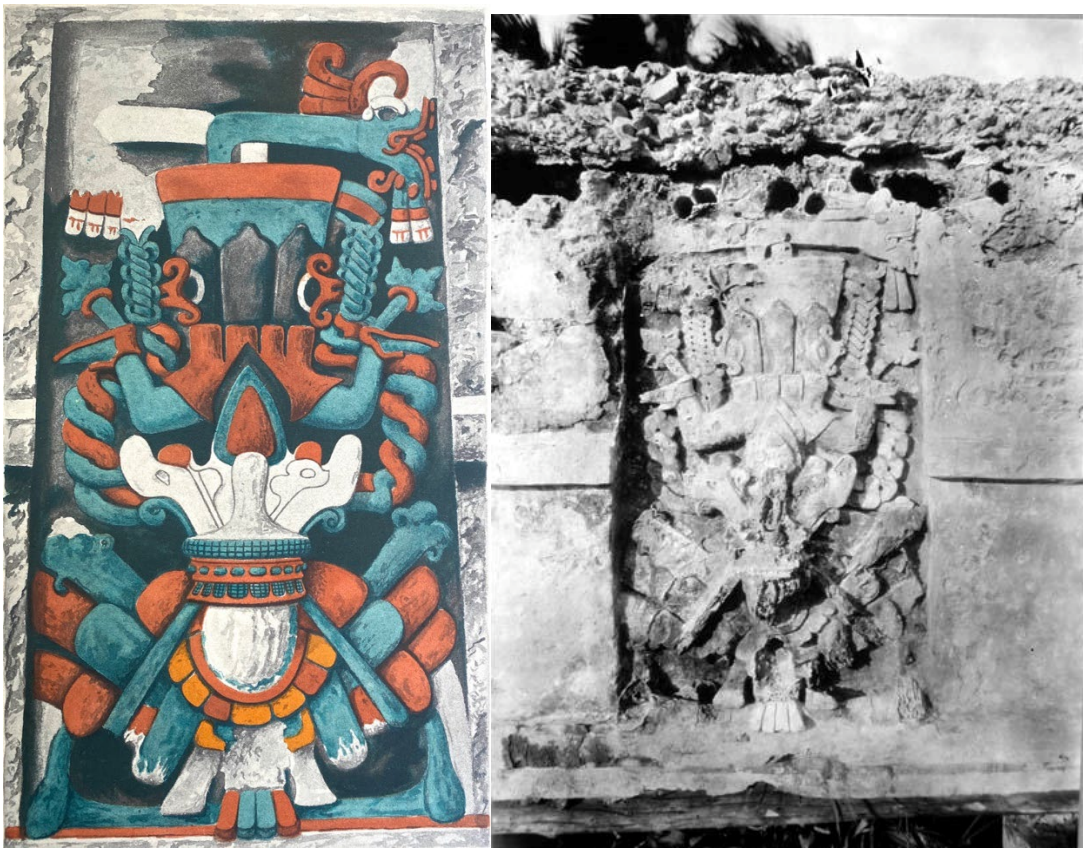

Figure 7.6. Left: The diving god of Structure 25, drawn by Morley and colored by Ricketson; right: 1922 photo of same sculpture.



Figure 7.7. Burning the cleared brush at Tulum, view from the roof of the Castillo.

February 24, Friday

This was the last day with our Acumal Indians. Sam took his turn at bossing them, and the entire day so far as they were concerned was given over to work on the Castillo—cleaning stairways, developing terraces, and reconstructing fallen bits here and there. While excavating in front of Temple 3, Sam found an idol [Figure 7.8].

This was about 2½ feet [76 cm] high, of crude anthropomorphic shape, recalling the figures on the columns at the Isla de Mujeres temple figured by Holmes. I had Juan photograph it in two positions right after lunch.



Figure 7.8. The small "idol" found in front of Temple 3.

I began the day by drawing the figure above the doorway in Temple 25 and brought it to within an hour of completion [Figure 7.6, above]. I had started a gang on work at the cenote, felling the remaining trees which interrupt the view. This will make some of the most striking pictures in the city. After finishing my work on the drawing, not the drawing itself, as I have said, I went down to Temple 16 and finished my work on the south wall of the north corridor. This carried me to an hour past noon. Rick had in the meantime finished his work on the survey of Fifth Avenue, and I went with him to see one of the new mounds on the west side, discovered by Sam [Structures 31 and 32].

This seems to have two platforms on it symmetrically placed in reference to one of those small *adoratorios* which has but one door [Appendix Figure 14]. This has fallen in, but a little clearing soon developed the single doorway on its east side. Fairly early in the morning Pablino Camal and his son came over from Tulum to pay us a farewell visit. They both climbed the Castillo and offered a prayer to the Santa Cruz. I followed them up for safety sake: old Pablino is no angel and I sought to remove him from temptation's way by being about. I usually turn these watching jobs over to Muddy, who is so generally sympathetic that they do not detect the process, but I had sent him off to the *chiclería* to change more money for me and he was not at hand. At noon as he returned, I went back to the cenote where I found all the clearing done and withdrew this gang, which was under Miguel's supervision, to clear the back of Temple 25. Here they worked for the rest of the day and succeeded in developing a fine stairway on the back of the north façade.

In the afternoon I gave myself over entirely to Juan to direct the taking of pictures We took Heriberto with us to cut bush and José Canul to appear in the pictures to give an idea of relative height.

We went first to the cenote where we secured a wonderful view of the cenote and house above at the same time [Figure 7.9].

After several views here we went over to Temple 45 and during the course of some half a dozen odd views here I made an important discovery. In the small *adoratorio* No. 40, just northwest of Temple 45, I found built into the front on the left side of the door, the top of a stela [Stela 3]. This had been carved on its front and was only slightly rounded; from what was left I could make nothing of the design and had Sopeña photograph it carefully [Figure 6.5 above; Appendix Figure 15].

In my revised stela nomenclature, I am going to give this the number 3.

No. 1: I.S. stela found by Stephens in Temple 9.
No. 2: Found by Samuel K. Lothrop in foundation of altar in front of Temple 16.
No. 3: The fragment in the south face of Adoratorio No. 40.
No. 4: The plaster-covered and painted stela behind Temple 16.
No. 5: The plain stela in front of the Castillo.
No. 6: The plain stela in front of the Castillo.

Unfortunately, this upper part had no glyphs on it, but the style was rather crude. Also found another one of those large stucco pineapples in front of a new *adoratorio* Sam found some days ago. This afternoon I found a one-doored *adoratorio* [Structure 41] which Sam had found and lost, so thick had been the bush here. I also found two objects which could only have been human phalli.[152] They were pretty-well executed and about 2½ feet

[152] Images of phalli, both in free-standing form and on male depictions, were common throughout the northern lowlands—found in as many as 60 sites – in the Late and Post-classic periods (Arden and Hixon 2006: 16).

[76 cm] high. One stood in front of Sam's new *adoratorio* and one in front of No. 40. The latter was *in situ,* as I found the square in the plaster flooring in front of this *adoratorio* [Figure 7.10].



Figure 7.9. Structure 35, the "Cenote House." José Canul stands in the entrance to the cenote.



Figure 7.10. Structures 39, 40, 41—Morley's *adoratorios*—with the two pedestal-like phalli visible between the structures.

After work today I paid off the *Acumaleños*. They leave tomorrow morning for Acumal, and we will meet them again on Tuesday or Wednesday of next week. I asked old Don Severino, the Acumal *jefe*, to allow José Canul to stay on for three days more and to come on up with us in our boat, to which he assented. The poor old man had fever this afternoon; Rick gave him some aspirin and will give him some quinine in the morning. After work they all came up to the Castillo where I paid them off.

We saw the *chiclería* boat pass outside the reef about 3:00 o'clock. I will send David down to the *chiclería* tomorrow morning to see if she brought us any packing or cement.[153] Juan developed tonight and I went down to see some of his rolls. The first two which he had finished when I got there had turned out beautifully clear. They were not light struck as we had feared because of the crankiness of the shutter, but were clear and sharp throughout.

In the evening, we went over again the work remaining to be done, and afterward I wrote up my diary while Rick plotted up a number of his maps, Miguel read his History of Mexico, and Sam, as per usual, went to bed and to sleep.

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[153] When Morley mentions "packing or cement" he is referring to material to put into the "stuffing box," which is the place where the drive shaft of the propeller penetrates the hull from the engine. This "packing" stops water from entering the vessel at this point.

February 25, Saturday

Early this morning, before I put the men to work, I went over to Temple 25 and finished the drawing of the Diving God over the doorway leading to the sanctuary. Sam will take my drawing tomorrow and color in the proper colors [Figure 7.6 above].

I had very few Indians working today, and poor old Don Severino, the Acumal *jefe,* is down with malaria. Rick gave him some quinine and this morning repeated the dose. I put the main gang to work on clearing the southeastern extension of Fifth Avenue. I took Heriberto and José Canul and devoted the morning to photography with Juan. We went first to Temple 45, where Juan exposed a number of negatives, including some from the summit of the ladder mounted on top of the roof. Heriberto was anchored to one side and I was anchored to the other, and Juan mounted to the top in a young gale. These views should be beautiful, as the sun bathed the Castillo group in a loving soft light.

From here we moved down to the a*doratorios,* where I made a number of notes and Juan took another picture of the re-used stela (No. 3). From here we moved over to the Cenote House, where we took some more pictures of the cenote and the structure above in the morning light [Figure 7.9, above]. I also made some careful measurements on the little platform mound in front of Temple 35 (the cenote temple) and we then moved out to the end of the north wall.

Sam wanted a picture taken from north of the wall, and so, late as it was (nearly noon by this time), we dragged the ladder off the rocks to a point some 150 yards [137 m] north of the wall and photographed the shore to the south. When I got back to camp, I went down to Fifth Avenue to see how the road through was coming along. They had cut out all the smaller bush, leaving the larger trees. By dodging one of two of these, one could see straight through from the west gateway in the north wall to the west gateway in the south wall. Rick says the distance between the two is 1225 feet [374 m]. The north wall is 24 feet [7.3 m] thick at this point, and the south wall 27½ feet [8.3 m] thick, making a total length of the city at this point (the line along Fifth Avenue) 1276½ feet [389 m], compared with 1338 [408 m] along the outside of the west wall.

Miguel had sent a letter earlier in the morning to Don Rosendo asking him to send back some details as to the amount of *chicle* exported this *temporada*, etc., and Don Rosendo sent back word by David, who had carried the letter, that he could not understand it. In the face of this reply, Miguel decided to go down himself, so he set off even before lunch.

David brought back the unwelcome intelligence that there was no packing in Cozumel and the only man who had cement was away, and his agent could not sell it without authority! So, we are going to have to limp along in the *Esperanza* under sail only. Lord, how I hate that boat! After lunch we began by photographing the Castillo group from the top of Temple 9, then moved to the Temple of the Diving God [Temple 5], and then to the platform in front of the Castillo. From here we went down to Temple 20 and got a splendid view of Temples 16, 21, and 25 from its roof. We moved next over to the

roof of the second story of Temple 16, from which lofty point, heightened for the purpose by our shaky old stepladder, we got some splendid views of the Castillo complex.

By closing time, they had Fifth Avenue well cleared and as that was the day's job, I knocked them off when they had finished it, a little before five. It connects the two gateways and was doubtless the main thoroughfare of the city [Figure 7.11].



Figure 7.11. "Fifth Avenue," the main thoroughfare of Tulum. Left, looking north; right, looking south.

Joseph (the cook, who has not figured much in these pages) told me that Don Severino had gone to Tancah to spend the night, Ignacio, his son, having carried him thither.

At noon poor little Pol Chi came down with a sharp fever. I have given him 10 grains of quinine to start with, followed it up with another 5 at five o'clock, and about seven, after he had gone to bed, gave him another. His fever is somewhat lower, but still hot enough. I put my sweater around him, poor little codger. His blanket was of the thinnest and very small.

Miguel reported when he came back that everything was smooth and OK at the *chiclería* and that he and I are asked down there to breakfast tomorrow morning, with Don Rosendo and Dick Woods. All this hectic activity of ours today in the photographing line resulted in the exposure of 42 pictures. In the evening I catalogued negatives, wrote in this book, and chatted. I went to bed at half past nine, expecting a full day's work tomorrow.

CHAPTER 8

EXPLORATIONS AT TANCAH AND FINAL DAYS AT TULUM

February 26, Sunday

Camp was pretty well deserted this morning. Alfred and Rick went up to the new group of ruins at Tancah. Muddy and David carried them up in the motorboat. They took most of the men.

I kept here for the photographic work with Juan, Heriberto (to carry the ladder), José Canul to be photographed, and myself. Joseph guarded the camp. I photographed with Juan up until ten. Then I left with Miguel for the *chiclería,* whither we had been invited for breakfast by Don Rosendo. Under me Juan took 24 pictures, all his plate-holders would contain. He then returned to his chamber (Temple 9) and with Heriberto's aid, reloaded his plate holders. Most of the work he did with Sam were details for architectural descriptions.

Miguel and I walked briskly and reached the *chiclería* in about forty minutes. Miguel, to my surprise, did not breakfast with Don Rosendo, but with a *compadre* named Eugenio, a Yucateco.

There were five of us at table. Dick Woods, Don Rosendo, myself, a *capitaz*, and other man. It was the customary breakfast: frijoles negros, tortillas, chicken cooked with saffron (a brilliant yellow), potatoes, salad, rice, eggs, and cheese. As aperitifs: tequila, Italian vermouth, and rain water. After breakfast I had an opportunity to buy two more tiger skins (really jaguar skins). These were semi-cured and in good condition, save only for the claws, which had been cut off. I paid five dollars gold apiece. Before leaving, I also bought some cigarettes and Dick Woods presented me with fresh pineapple, which he had brought with him from Cozumel.

Miguel, before leaving, made a most extraordinary purchase for which he paid seventeen *pesos plata*: a small male peccary. Five months old.

After bidding goodbye to our friends who are going to pay us a farewell visit on Tuesday, we set out along the beach for the ruins: Miguel, myself, and the little wild pig. At first Miguel carried his purchase, which squealed continuously, but as soon as we got a little way out of the *chiclería* he set it down and it trotted along after him quite contentedly.

I had supposed that when I got back Juan would have had his plate holders reloaded a second time and that he would be ready for a final round with me. But nothing of the sort. He hadn't even started when I returned. It took him just one mortal hour at the best

time of day to reload. It was most provoking. Indeed, it was nearly four before we got started again.

The men from Tancah began to arrive about five, but it was a good hour later before the boat crowd came in, very much disgusted. The engine had stopped on the way back and they had had to row the greater part of the way. Their quest, however, archaeologically speaking, had been most successful. They had found a group of six or seven buildings, one with two interior corridors and the other with what Rick described as a double stairway leading up to it. They found one figure of a diving god. They brought back a fairly accurate sketch map, and it is planned that we will all go up tomorrow. The group is described as very nice, but the buildings are exceedingly small. It is a very short distance back from the shore, not more than a quarter of a mile at the outside, and not more than a half mile beyond the house of José Balam.

February 27, Monday

Camp was astir this morning with the extraordinary preparations for spending the day at Tancah. Everybody who went walked, though Muddy and David came up in the motorboat bringing the ladder. Celso was my own guide, and not an overly good one, since he lost his way almost as soon as we got outside of the wall in the attempt to strike a short cut to the beach. After plunging around for some time in a terrific thicket of scrub palm, very thorny bush, and stony underfoot, we emerged on a rocky point above the two temples Sam visited the other day. After a little hard going, we came down to the sandy shore and after this the walking was easier.

I decided to stop off first at the cave and finish the pictures we had left undone just a fortnight ago this morning. We went into José Balam's house and as I approached, I heard a low monotonous singing in three different keys. When I got into the house, I saw Ignacio Puc praying on his knees before a table made of sticks tied together, or intoning perhaps would be a better description of what he was doing. There was a small crude cross on the table, something like the one here in the Castillo, only much less well made. There were *jicaras* [gourds] of corn, sugar, etc., and four lighted candles made of some darkish black bush wax. The others were standing idly by and poor old Don Severino, for whom all this praying was being done, lay ill in his hammock under a *pabellon*. I got under it and found the old man in a pretty bad state–a high fever and much fallen away.

I told Heriberto to tell José Balam that if when I return to Tulum they would send someone back with me, I would give him some quinine to take to old Don Severino, who stands in great need of it, I fear.

We tried to persuade little Pol Chi, who was standing by, to show us a short cut through the bush to the cave, but the little ingrate would not do so. Heriberto thought he could find the way, so we set off by a path some distance behind the playa. In a surprisingly short time, I thought, we reached the cave, which had not changed a particle so far as I could see since I first saw it a fortnight ago, about this very time. We did not

waste any time in getting down to business. Juan took off his shoes, pants, and stockings and waded into the water. We took four pictures: one of the carving on the ledge leading down to the water [Figure 8.1], one looking out the cave to the outside, one down the long axis of the cave, and one, which Sam calls a National Geographic Society picture, showing Jose on his knees before the little altar kindling a fire with a fire stick and drill [Figure 8.2]. If it comes off half as well as I staged it, it will be a sensational photograph. By the time we had taken 3 photographs, the cave was so filled with smoke that we could take no more, and besides, we had used all of the flashlight powder in the bottle Juan had brought with him.

Coming out from the cave we passed the same cenote which we passed a fortnight ago going in. It was along here when I first began to notice that José was not himself, acting dopey.



Figure 8.1. The carved stone on a ledge in the cave at Tancah.

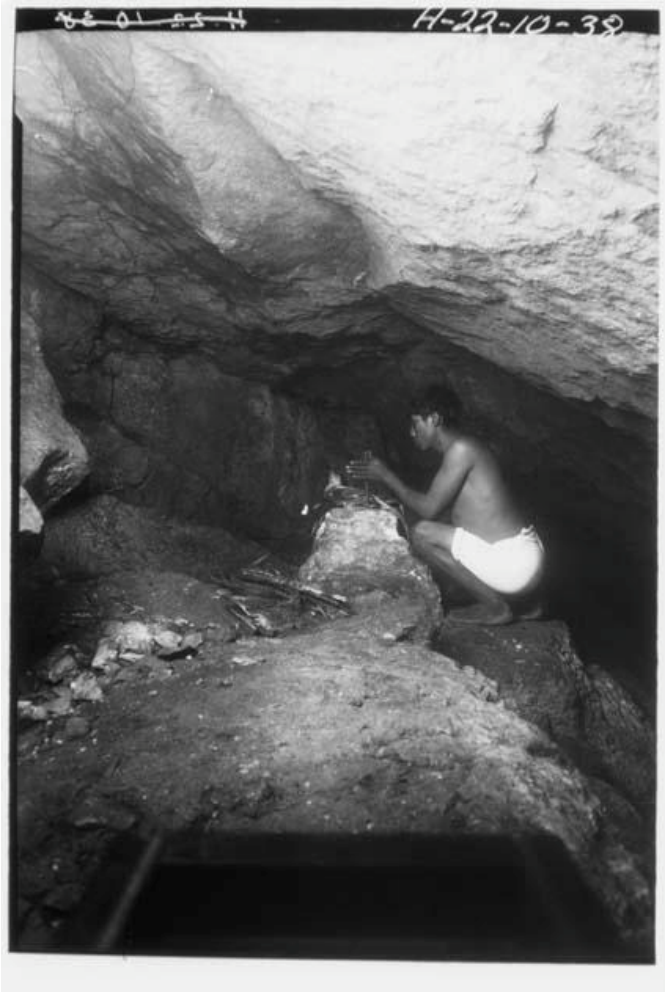

Figure 8.2. José Canul lighting a fire in the Tancah cave.

It was only a short walk beyond the second house on the playa to the entrance to the ruins, and not more than a quarter of a mile into them from the playa. After a brief walk, first through low palm and then through thicker bush, we came to a mound and heard the chopping of axes on ahead of it. Climbing over this I saw the first building, one of the three storeys with a very nice stairway [Structure 1, Figure 8.3].

It was approached from the west by a single stairway [Appendix Figure 16] up the first terrace, at either side of which was a single room [Figure 8.5]. Between these rises a broad stairway interrupted in the center at the top by a single projecting straight-faced pier. On the summit of what is virtually a second terrace rises a small single chamber. This has a diving god figure over the single doorway[154], and from the roof there is a fine view of the sea, which is less than a quarter mile off here, the ridge of rock which is along

[154] Lothrop notes that this figure was badly deteriorated and, oddly, covered with multiple layers of plaster, so much so that detail was obscured. In the door frame, 15 layers of plaster were observed (Lothrop 1924: 123).

the sea at Tulum having retreated some 400 yards [366m] back, the intervening space being filled with low palm bush. From the roof of this temple, one could see the old Tancah thatched hut, behind which a few hundred feet lies the sweet water pool or cenote, and the cave cannot be far distant.



Figure 8.3. Structure 1 at Tancah immediately after the clearing of brush.

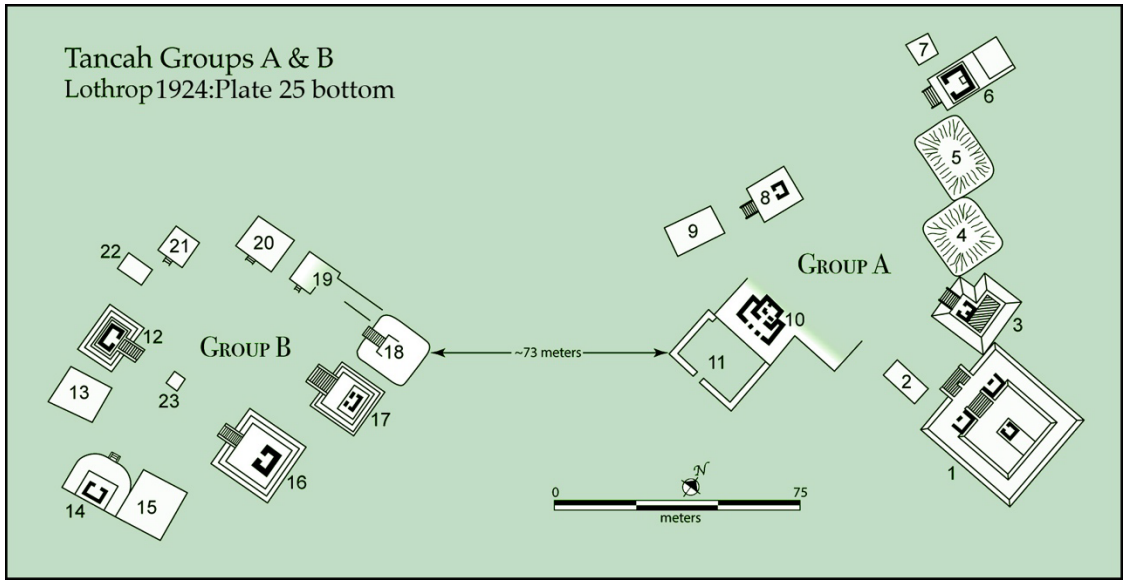

Figure 8.4. Site plan of Tancah.

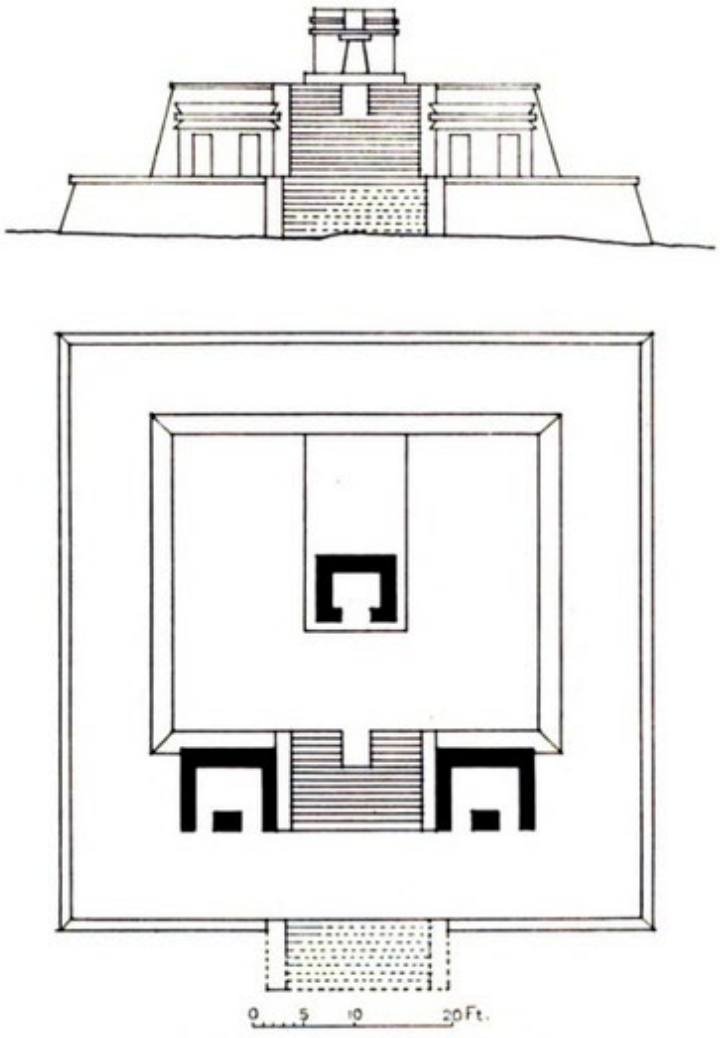

Figure 8.5. Diagram of Structure 1 at Tancah, per Lothrop.

In this first group [now designated Group A], there were six or seven structures, all of which Rick and Alfred had surveyed yesterday. In the morning before I got there from the cave, Alfred had set out to cut a short path through to the cenote and had found a large new plaza with important buildings upon it [Group B]. I did not go over to this until just before leaving for home, but Sam said it would mean another day, and as soon as I saw them, I agreed.

The principal temple [Structure 12] surmounts three terraces, is composed of but a single chamber, but has a high roof comb [Figure 8.6]. As it stood there in the bush with large trees growing all over it, it quite recalled a Tikal temple, in miniature, however, since the highest of the Tikal temples is 175 feet as compared with 27 or 28 feet for this temple.

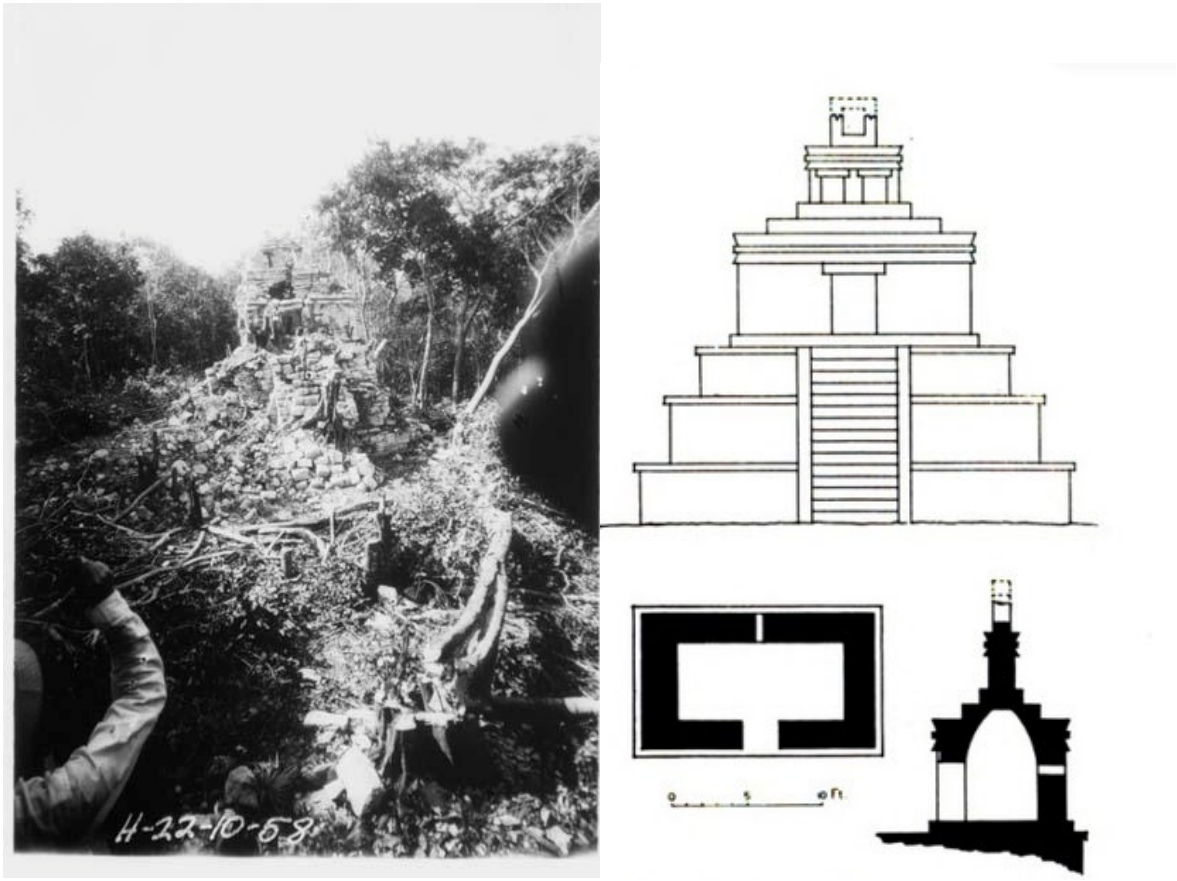

Figure 8.6. Tancah Structure 12 with plans published by Lothhrop (1924).

Poor José Canul had become quite ill during the course of the day—no fever but a splitting headache. He cried, poor chap, from pain. His eyes watered, he was continuously blowing his nose, and complained of great pain above his temples. In fact, toward the close of the afternoon he was really too ill to work at all, and I only used him in one or two more pictures. When we stopped for the afternoon, he was shivering and I gave him my coat for the return trip.

Rick, Sam, and some of the others went back in the motorboat. I walked, as did Alfred. It was very trying, and my feet ached as almost never before in my life. I followed Isidro Alpucho, who chose the playa route, which we followed to the northernmost of the two temples without the wall. This is a small unit-room structure, with a roof comb composed of lattice work in an excellent state of preservation [Structure 6]. By the time we got back to the ruins I was about done up, but not so much so that I could not go down the cliff and take a bath, which rested me somewhat. I put José to bed with 10 grains of aspirin and 15 grains of quinine. He is sleeping in the little sanctuary just in front of the Castillo stairs. Juan did not develop [film] tonight.

February 28, Tuesday

Today was our last full day at the ruins and was largely spent, so far as I was concerned, in waiting for Juan, who made a colossal and extremely costly blunder in his work. We started off all right. José Canul, however, was still too ill to be photographed, so I chose another boy, Isidro Alpucho, who seems to have been born behind Orange Walk in the colony—I suspect somewhere near Caxewinik, of a Maya mother and a Negro father, but was raised in Merida. He is a pretty good type, though dark of skin for a Maya.

We got on well for a while with our photography, though presently the arrival of visitors set us back somewhat; first old Pablino Camal with a load of sour oranges and a bushel of requests from pills to a machete. Scarcely had he been greeted when the delegation from the *chiclería* showed up: Dick Woods, Don Rosendo, Don Eugenio, and several others. I was still up on the roof of the Castillo when they came [Figure 8.7].

The view from here now that we have so much of the forest down, is really spectacular. The east end of the north wall, the cenote building, the northwest guard tower Temple 45, Temples 34, 25, 21, 16, 20, and the whole interior enclosure and Temple 54. Only the ends of the south wall remained invisible.



Figure 8.7. View to the west from the roof of the Castillo. The line of stone in the distance is the perimeter wall.

When I came down, I greeted the delegation from the *chiclería* and told them to make themselves at home, but to please excuse me as the good morning light was going fast and we had to get it while it lasted. In this manner we finished a number of views, including one of old Pablino Camal in front of the south gate in the inner enclosure. Also, a group of *chiclería* people in the same place, including Muddy and I [Figure 8.8]. Shortly after this these kindly folk left and we went back at the photography.



Figure 8.8. The group photo taken at the end of the stay at Tulum. Morley is in the center with pith helmet and tie.

We had finally worked around to the interior of the Castillo [Figure 8.9], and Juan took one view here which finished his plate holders and he had to lay off another hour to load them all again, at which he is desperately slow.

When he came back an hour later after lunch, the first thing he did was to mix ten filled plate holders with two exposed ones, and he couldn't tell one from the other. I was furious. After the moment I held the loss of material as slight, but time was slipping by and the precious afternoon minutes, and if I let him go ahead and expose these 24 plates double exposure would certainly result. It was a case of reload them all again to save the four we already had and to prevent from losing another four we would expose on them. Juan did not like the idea of having to reload again, but since it was necessary because of his own stupid blunder, he could say little.

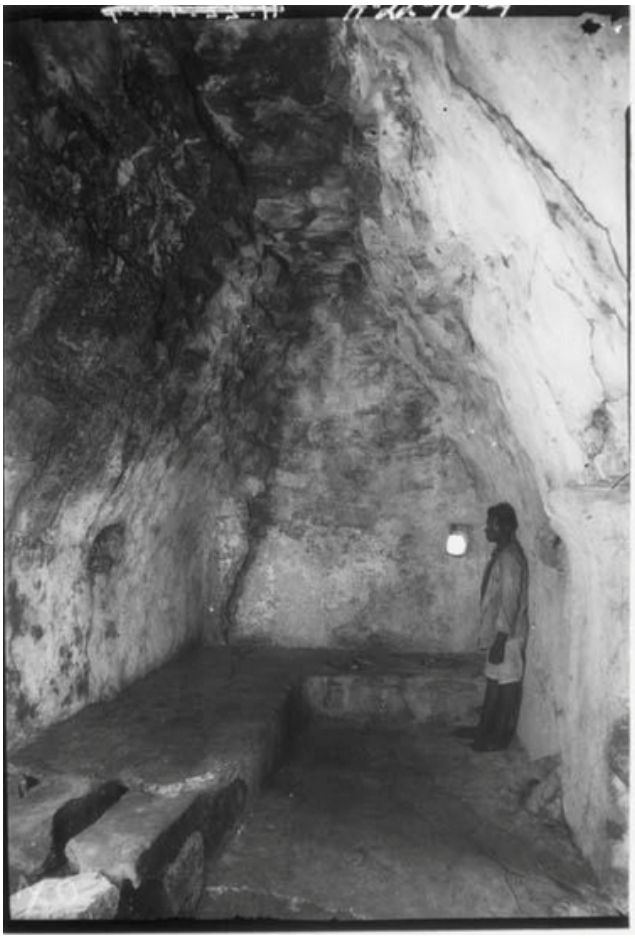

Figure 8.9. Interior of the Castillo.

A second time he went into his dark room and loaded from four to five, another precious hour. When he came out, we put him to work on three exceedingly difficult pictures—exterior view of the north wall of Temple 5 showing the frescoes. Sam had gone over these with black and they showed very clearly. Juan, in order to take them, had to balance himself on top of a step ladder, and hang on to the top step [Appendix Figure 17] with his eyebrows whilst he focused the camera, two legs of which were thrust against the temple and the third balanced lightly on the top of the step ladder. Finally, the ladder itself was but very delicately balanced on two piles of rocks [Figures 8.10 and 8.11].

In such places as these Juan really shines, and he took three hard pictures in this risky position. There were but few more we could take now because the light was failing. One good one, however, was the west façade of Temple 20 (its back from the clearing) between it and the wall which I had made today.[155]

[155] We are unable to find this photo in the CIW archives at the Peabody Museum. One over-exposed photo does exist, but it shows no detail (Peabody image number 58-34-20/51257).



Figure 8.10. fresco in Temple 5.



Figure 8.11. Fresco in Temple 5.

After this we knocked off for today, and I went down the cliff for my last bath, at least on this trip. The water was again delightful and I enjoyed it to the full, knowing it was my last time. In the evening Juan developed, and with only mediocre results from yesterday's trip, though today he lost nothing. At the cave he lost three out of the four he

took there, the only good one being José lighting the fire on that little altar with a fire stick [Figure 8.2, above]. At Tancah yesterday, he lost all interiors or all views taken in the shade. He seems to have a tendency to underexpose in such cases. Much more serious still is the fact that we only have about three dozen exposures left. He sent this word up to me about nine o'clock and I went down to his dark room to verify the tally. He developed three films which were not exposed, and when he finally got all the plate holders loaded, we found we had five filled (ten exposures) and two rolls of six exposures each, or 34 altogether. These I will have to spread out over Tancah, Xelha (where they say there is more than at Tancah), and at Chac Mool on the way back. I will allow two more for the last views here in the morning. This whole business has been mismanaged and were not poor Juan very contrite I would rag him cheerfully, but he assured me earnestly the error would not occur again.

Rick and Sam had in the meantime been calculating that the sanctuary of the Castillo has no supporting wall under it, and that it should have fallen long ago. Sam says it is only being kept up by capillary attraction! They got poor Miguel so worked up that he was ready to sleep outside. As my cot is in the worst position, I thought I had the best grounds for apprehension, but I felt it would last through another night and so turned in and fell asleep while they were still discussing when and how it would fall.[156]

[156] No mention of this lack of support is made in Lothrop's detailed description of the architecture of the Castillo (Lothrop 1924: 74-81). The upper rooms of the Castillo remain standing in good shape today.

CHAPTER 9

EXPLORATIONS AT XELHA

March 1, Wednesday

We got up at five o'clock and finished packing. I had done much of mine yesterday afternoon while Juan was reloading his plate holders and had finished it before I came down to breakfast. After breakfast we took two more pictures—one of the cruciform tomb and one of the west wall from the roof of Temple 20—and then were ready to leave.

The plan of departure was as follows: The gang of men were to walk up to Tancah and wait for us at the entrance to the ruins on the playa. Juan also wanted to walk instead of ride [in the boat]. Muddy took Alfred, Rick, myself, and Miguel up in the launch with the step ladder, a clumsy, awkward business, and then will return to Tulum to see about the *Esperanza* getting off. Sam was to stay at Tulum until about noon and then come up with the *Esperanza,* and we were to try to make Xelha by nightfall. These plans carried out pretty well. The surf was, indeed always is, so high at Tulum that we waded out stark naked holding our clothes high above our heads. Rick took a touching picture of me on the playa undressing with Miguel's peccary and the rooster forming an intimate background [Figure 9.1].



Figure 9.1. Morley undressing alongside Ricketson's pet peccary in preparation for leaving Tulum. We do not see any rooster.

I was glad that the sea was no rougher, because when we came to that point near Tancah, such a heavy surf was pounding in that I wondered we made it. We saw our men strung along the shore and when we waded to the playa they had already come up. The step ladder of old Don Juan Carrilo, for which I am paying $4.00 a month, was unceremoniously pitched into the sea and floated ashore!

We reached the ruins [of Tancah] about 9:30 and I put Miguel in charge of the tree-cutting at the second group, while I returned to the first group and took very full notes on the structure with three corridors [Group A Structure 1].

When I had finished this I returned to the second group, but the cutting had not gone far enough to permit our taking pictures yet. I came back to the first group and was taking notes on the temple with the high roof comb, Structure 12, when Juan brought me word that one of the men had been hurt—Isidro Alpucho. I went back and found the poor chap prostrate on the ground, groaning. He had run to escape a falling tree and had fallen on his side, hurting it against a rock. This in itself would hardly have been enough to have hurt him, but some five months ago he told me he had fallen out of a chicle tree some 30 feet high and hurt his side. This I judged he had hurt again. The pain seemed centered over the spleen, and he groaned terribly at every movement of the left side of his body. There was nothing I could do then, so I told him to lie on the ground and rest. I fixed a stone behind him and made him as comfortable as was possible, but I could see he was suffering.

We returned to the work, but everybody was feeling miserable. I do not know what it could be. No pep, no desire to move, no punch, and feet weighing tons; in spite of this we drove ourselves. The clearing was most of it finished before I permitted the boys or myself to breakfast, though Alfred, Rick, and Sam (who had come up in the launch with Muddy, the *Esperanza* having come on ahead) ate first.

Sam brought the startling news that poor José Canul was dying. I could not see how this could be, but he said a woman at the *champa* (thatch-roofed structure] where José Balam lives had told him. It was very distressing—he was a good boy, nice disposition, and always a willing worker. These poor people simply have no resistance, as Gann says in his book.[157] They make up their minds they are going to die, and lie down and do so.

We hurried through the last photographs and then started out to the playa about two, poor Isidro groaning piteously at every step. The motorboat was waiting for us when we got out, and the *Esperanza* was anchored just above. I thought we were not going to get Isidro on board at all. In the first place he cannot swim, but fortunately the motorboat was not far out and he could wade to it. The real difficulty came in getting him on board the motorboat once he had waded out to her. He could not pull himself aboard and groaned every time he tried to. Finally, Sam gave him a lift up with his foot and he rolled into the boat on his belly and lay there groaning for some moments more.

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[157] Gann 1918: 36.

But there was no time to help him now. We all clambered aboard, the anchor was hauled in, and we were soon climbing aboard the *Esperanza,* where Isidro made the grade somewhat more easily. The *Esperanza* was ready, the anchor was soon hauled up, and with three cylinders hitting we pulled out through the reef in good shape. I thought I would be seasick but fell asleep and was awakened only two hours later when we were off Xelha.

The entrance is very narrow, only about 150 feet [46m] wide [Figure 9.2], and quite impassible in any kind of rough weather, however slight.



Figure 9.2. The reef and entrance to Xelha.

Fortunately, it was quite calm and with our three cylinders hitting and a foresail and jib we slipped in easily and comfortably. Within it was truly delightful. We found ourselves in a rock-lined lagoon, the shores not more than 3 feet [91cm] high, dotted here and there with little rocky islands [Figures 9.3 and 9.5]. Sam was the first who conceived the happy idea of sleeping on one of these. We had David row us over to one before dinner, and I cleared a space on the rock for my cot, while Sam, to be exclusive, leaped on to another one, and chose a place for his cot. By the time we got back, dinner was ready.



Figure 9.3. Xelha lagoon in Morley's time.

I forgot to add that when I came on board the *Esperanza* at Tancah, Muddy told me one of the women at José Balam's house told him poor José Canul had died. Baltasar and Celso think Muddy misunderstood the woman, but all agree he is very critically ill. Poor boy, an orphan he is, who has been adopted by old Don Severino Puc at Acumal. We brought old Don Severino up with us from Tancah with his son Ignacio. I went down to see him just after supper and he had no fever, in fact was perspiring and seemed better all around. Will send him up tomorrow by the launch.

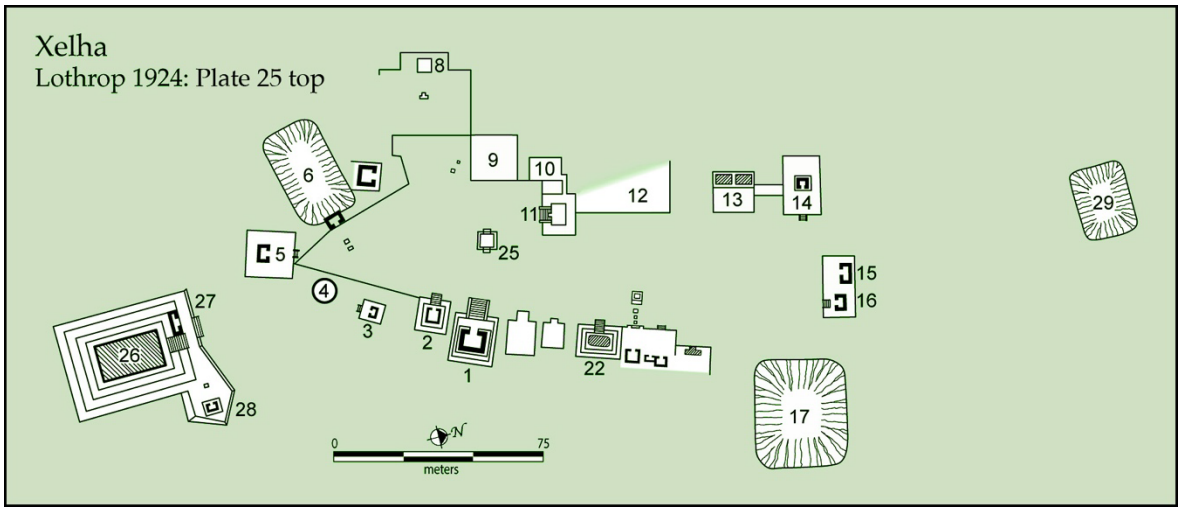

Figure 9.4. Site plan of Xelha.



Figure 9.5. Xelha lagoon today, a popular tourist resort.

Sam and I repaired to our respective islands about eight. The first thing Sam discovered was that he had set his cot above an ant hill. He changed it, but his island lost much caste thereby with him and he is not satisfied. My own seemed fairly comfortable. The sky was brilliant with stars, and the great dipper swung slowly around the north star. I woke several times from the cold—it isn't really so cold, but the breeze makes it so—and watched it rise above the Pole Star, swing over, and the last time when I saw it, near daylight, it was getting ready to drop out of sight, a humiliation the rising sun saved it.

March 2, Thursday

About six David came over for us and we rowed back to the *Esperanza*, where Muddy soon had breakfast ready. It had been arranged that Ignacio Puc was to take us into the ruins and then Muddy and David would take him and his father up to Acumal. David, Muddy, Rick, Alfred, Sam, Juan, Miguel and I rode in the motorboat while behind us was towed another boat with Celso, Heriberto, Pablo, the other Pablo, Antimon, Vicente, and Mancivo. Poor Isidro was too laid up to go.

The motorboat ride took less than ten minutes. We turned up the right (north) arm of the lagoon, and after scraping bottom on a rock we came to its end. Ignacio said that

this was the *entrada*. We all got out and leaving the *impedimenta* at the landing started inland in a generally westerly direction along a green path. This led to a *chiclería*, or rather some abandoned *champas*, and beyond we had to cut a trail. Ignacio only hesitated once: he left us at the base of a good-sized pyramid and said he would have to *montear* a bit for the main ruins. Alfred went with him. They had been gone only a short time when Alfred hallooed back that they had found the ruins, and we made our way thither.

The group is exceedingly nice, though not so large, or at least so well-preserved, as Tancah. The principal temple [Structure 1] [Appendix Figure 18] has an interesting roof comb tapering toward the top with ten windows, arranged one in the top tier, two in the second, three in the third, and four in the fourth [Figure 9.6]. It very much recalls the Temple of the Pigeons at Uxmal, though it has but one of those triangular dovecotes in place of the 9 the Uxmal structure has. To the top of this roof comb was 32 feet [9.75 m] and the temple itself was in an excellent state of preservation, the best I believe of any we have seen yet.



Figure 9.6. Xelha Temple 1.

Within the single chamber was a well-preserved altar of unusual type with two stepped walls [Figure 9.7; Appendix Figure 19].

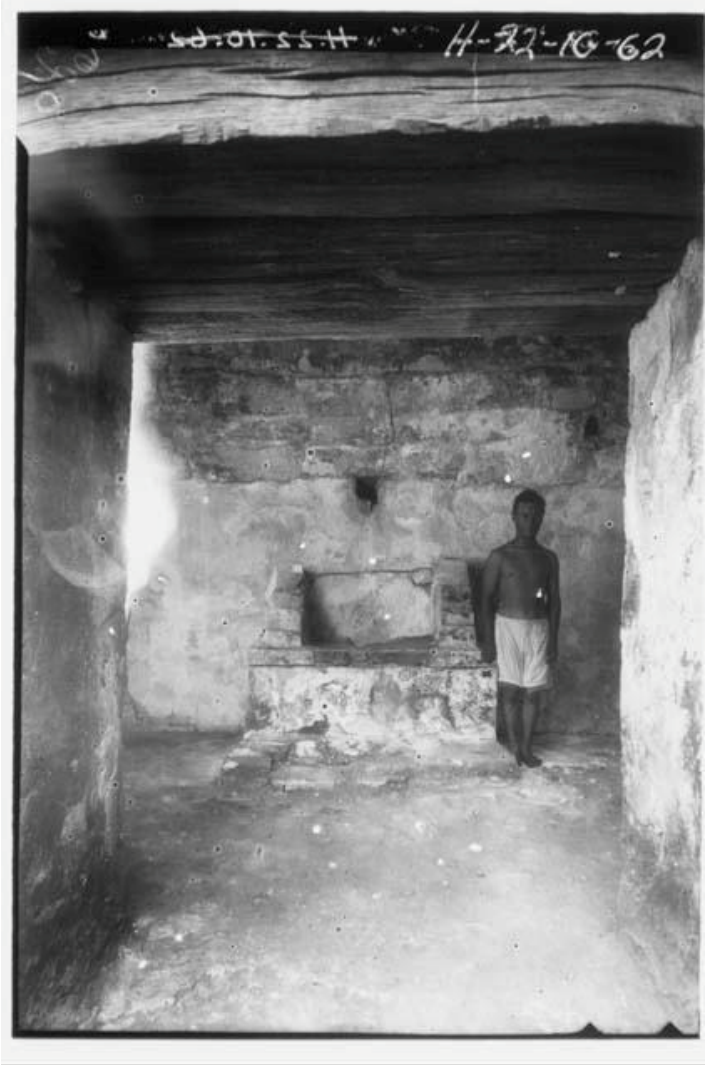

Figure 9.7. Interior of Xelha Temple 1. Note the well-preserved wooden beams of the ceiling.

In the center a hole had been dug out, I thought for the insertion of an idol. Sam, digging in this, found some corn cobs at a depth of more than two feet down this hole. This was the only real interesting structure, though there were several others of the *adoratorio* type. One of them was not more than three feet square and one had to stoop to get into the doorway.

At first there were so many small and confused piles of stone that to map them all, it looked like a two-day job, but as the day wore on, we began to feel that it might be finished by tomorrow noon so that we could get off from the lagoon by two or three.

No photographs were taken at all the first day here. The gang felled trees and cleared the bush from the principal temple. I tried to climb up to the top of the roof to study the roof comb, but after shinnying up a *bejuco* until my head was on a level with the roof, I saw no handhold above and having no mind to teeter on the edge reaching for one, I came back down. Heriberto, however, made it, and I threw my tape up to him and he called down the various measurements that I wanted.

Again, today everybody was feeling very low. We speculated as to what could be the matter with us. Malaria, flu, exhaustion, insufficient food—all came in for critical discussion. The third seemed to be the most likely. We worked at top notch speed at Tulum, even higher at Tancah counting the walk, and here we find ourselves in a decided slump. Everyone felt lazy, no desire to work, and Sam actually miserable. He thought he had a touch of fever, possibly. With so much illness around at Tulum we had four cases of *calentura* all told—Don Severino, Pol, José, and Casimiro. I took ten grains of quinine last night, and the others had taken similar precautions.

I had told Muddy to be at the head of the lagoon at 4 sharp, but we were there before he was, even though he was on time to the minute. He had had a successful trip to Acumal whither he had taken old Don Severino. Muddy thought the latter much improved, said he ate a great deal, and talked happily and cheerfully with his family. He had laid in a couple of fresh fowl, some plantains, 60 eggs, and some other produce. We had a tremendous supper, the *piece de resistance* of which was a kambul[158] Juan had killed on the way into the ruins.

It was a lovely night, balmy and clear, and we sat talking and smoking on the deck of the *Esperanza* until after eight o'clock, an unusually late hour. Sam had had so much misery out of the ants and other insects he said that he would not go back to his island. Indeed, he had sent Celso over to it before supper to fetch back his kyacks and cot. However, I decided to sleep on mine again as last night, and shortly after eight wakened David up and he rowed me ashore. The new crescent moon shone so brightly that I need no lantern to light me to bed, and as Sam had loaned me his canvas, I felt I would we warm enough as I was.

March 3, Friday

We got off to the ruins by eight, though a depleted *cuadrilla*, as two of the *marineros* stayed on the *Esperanza* to fill her [water] tanks and make bread against the return home. Yesterday when we walked out from the ruins to the head of the lagoon it had taken us just seventeen minutes. Sam had counted this distance as 1350 paces [4050 feet; 1234 m].[159]

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[158] A large aggressive bird also known as the great curassow (*Crax rubra*). The female resembles a pheasant in its plumage.

[159] A pace is generally measured as between 2.5 and 5 feet, but 3 feet is the standard. We have used 3 feet for this conversion.

After some discussion we agreed that it was over a half mile and under a mile, and probably not more than three-fourths of a mile.

Going in this morning I received two jolts which took all the energy out of me for the first part of the day. The visor of my helmet hit a tree which was growing horizontally across the trail, and I jammed into it until I felt my toenails scratch my top knot. I thought my head would never come back up. Not long after this I was walking behind Heriberto who was carrying the ladder, and the forward end of this became entangled in a *bejuco,* stopping him short. I ran into him head on and the foot of the ladder smashed on my nose, happily, for if it had hit my glasses, it would surely have smashed them and possibly put out the eye as well. This rather put a cramp in my energy for a while, though I managed to keep the men busy.

With the step ladder for one thing, I found it possible to climb the roof of the principal temple and examine the roof comb. I was rather glad I had done so because there were several important features of it, which could not be seen from below and which would otherwise have been missed. Sam joined me before I came down, and helped me in the measurement of the roof comb. The place was full of ants and a ticklish place to work. The worst of all was going down, and I was glad enough when I set my feet on the platform in front of the temple again [Figure 9.8].

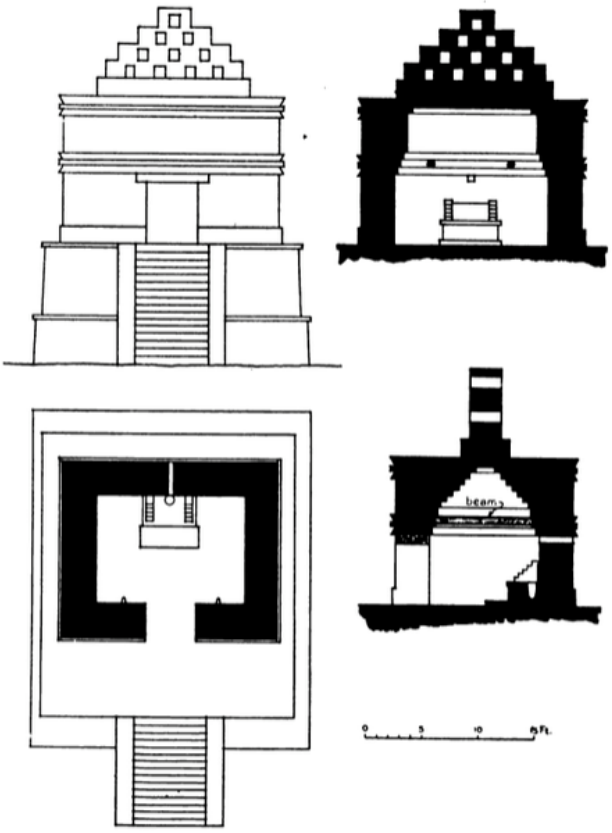

Figure 9.8. Diagram of Xelha Structure 1.

We made several flashlights [photographs with flash] of the interior, including one showing the interesting, stepped vault of the ceiling. Meanwhile Rick and Alfred had finished their survey and Sam his note-taking, so Rick and Sam returned to the lagoon to meet David, who was to be at the head of the lagoon at noon.

I still had some more clearing to do for the photographs, but this was done by noon. We had to wait, however, until one o'clock before the sun had swung sufficiently westward to fall upon the front of the principal temple. It took us about another hour to finish the photographing. At one time I sat very gently on a masonry pier on a stairway which collapsed at once, crashed to the bottom and very narrowly missed taking me with it, as well as the camera which was poised nearby. A third grievance against the day.

We finished the last photograph at two and returned at once to the head of the lagoon, where David was waiting for us. Once back on the boat, Sam and Rick told me of another ruin at the other head of the lagoon, part of which we had noticed this morning from the sea. It was a defensive wall some 150 [46 m] or 200 feet [61 m] long, 25 feet [7.6 m] thick and perhaps 10 [3 m] or 12 feet [3.7 m] high, which had been thrown across the narrow neck of a rocky peninsula. It had in it a narrow offset passage and the wall a sanctuary. It was too important to be left behind without surveying and description, and even though its investigation should cost another day, we decided to undertake it immediately after lunch.

Celso and Pablo went on ahead to fell the bush along the wall, and as soon as we finished breakfast, Alfred, Rick, myself, Sam, Juan, and Heriberto followed. The wall was a nice construction across the narrow neck of a promontory and on measurement proved to be 150 feet [46 m] long, exactly. Celso and Pablo had nearly finished cutting a line through the bush along the wall by the time we got there, and under the division of labor which followed, we finished the job within an hour. Sam, Rick, and Alfred surveyed the wall, while Juan and I measured the passage. By the time these two tasks were finished enough bush had been felled to photograph the southern end of the wall, of which Juan took two views from a rock in the lagoon [Figure 9.9 and 9.10].

We were back on the *Esperanza* by 3:15 and in another fifteen minutes the anchor was hauled up, the engine started, and we nosed out toward the narrow gateway of stone which guards the little lagoon.

But suddenly Baltasar yelled, "*Pero la maquina no puede salir contra mar tan fuerte*" [but the engine can't go out against such a strong sea]. It was the truth. A good stiff breeze from the southeast had beaten up quite a little sea, and our 3 cylinders and a slipping clutch which had developed were insufficient to make headway against the waves beating in through the gateway. Against that breeze we could not get out of the lagoon and we drifted back in and dropped anchor again to await a more favorable occasion.

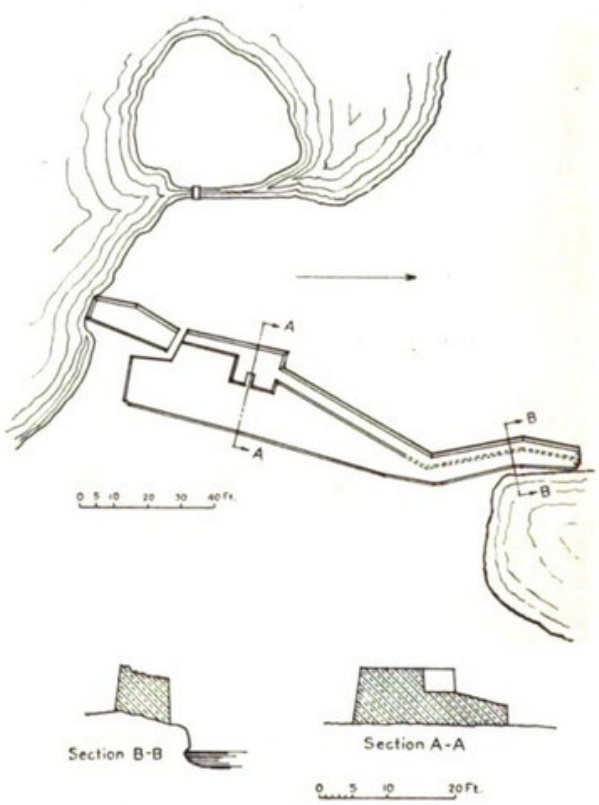

Figure 9.9. Diagram of defensive wall across the peninsula.



Figure 9.10. Photo of the south end of the defensive wall (corresponding to the area marked "B" on Figure 9.9).

We had scarcely got back into the lagoon when two Indians from Acumal appeared on the north shore, at the beginning of the road to the cenote. These had come for a gun Muddy had sold them. They brought the depressing news of Don Severino's death at 7:00 this morning. The women of his family ascribe it to the bad air at the ruins, but we think it must have been pneumonia, or flu, or possibly tuberculosis. The old man wheezed heavily when he worked, we had noticed, and his death must have been due to some lung affliction. These two Indians wanted to go down with us to Tancah and they stayed on board all night.

The evening was very different from last. The southeast breeze continued to blow stiffly. It was cold, and threatening clouds began to pile up overhead. In fact, about two a smart shower fell and wet those of us who were on deck. Rick went below, but Sam and I stuck it out.

March 4, Saturday

The southeastern [wind] died down in the night and was replaced by a gentle breeze in the directly opposite direction. About five o'clock Baltasar had the *marineros* turning the boat, and after some acrimonious discussion between Muddy and David, the engine was got under way. The waves had all but subsided at the rocky narrow entrance, and with our three cylinders firing merrily we easily won through to the open sea. It was calm outside, very calm in fact, and though the engine later gave out as usual, we made from Xelha to Tancah in two hours (5:30 to 7:30).

Muddy went ashore and was gone about an hour. On his return he reported that young José Canul died day before yesterday at four and was buried at eight yesterday morning. This has depressed me even more than the death of old Don Severino. The latter had his life largely behind him, while José was at the beginning of his, almost, for he was not more than 17 or 18 at the outside. I have his pictures many times at Tulum [e.g., Figure 7.9] and Tancah, and some of them will undoubtedly be published. Little good it will do him now. It is over for José. His life was always hard, and he left nothing behind, poor boy. He literally owned only the shirt and pantaloons he wore, and the straw hat. He was an orphan and so is not mourned by close relatives. And so, all that remains of the boy are the photographs we have taken of him during the past fortnight and the few times his name appears here. The Tancah people, José Balam and his people, say he died of the same complaint as old Don Severino. What it is we are still at a loss to make out. They speak of "*aire*," or rather I fancy the lack of it. Some affliction of the respiratory system, coupled with a weak resistance—their resistance is terribly low—and they slip away of slight illnesses.

Muddy had returned to the boat for an axe he had promised old Pablino Camal, who was down at the playa, he said, and he found it and then went back, carrying also the wages of José who some friend collected, which struck me as the crowning point of the tragedy: that he should have worked for the enjoyment of another.

Presently we saw them put off from shore and they were soon on board. We are carrying six passengers: José Balam and his wife and a child, and another man, Carnito Mo, and his wife and a child. The first boat out had brought their baggage, a heavy load of corn, trunks, baskets, and whatnot. When they were aboard, we got underway at once with a slightly favoring breeze and it was just 10:00 when we pulled out through the reef and headed south.

There was very little breeze and what little there was died out altogether by noon. At that time, we were only off the *chiclería* and our sails flapped useless in an almost dead calm. When we passed the ruins an hour earlier, Tulum, the Castillo and all the complex around it showed up very clearly from the sea. I wished strongly that we had had a telephoto lens. There seems to have been provided, or possibly it arose by chance, some sort of symmetry from the sea side: the Castillo group is clearly the center, or very close to it, of the distance between the two walls. Temple 54 is just about as far north of the south wall as Temple 45 is south of the north wall, thus balancing the distances on both sides of the Castillo. It was with lively regret that we all saw the Castillo slip away into the distance and finally fade out of sight altogether. The engine only worked intermittently, and with the dead calm or nearly so, we made little distance.

Toward the close of the afternoon a fairly good breeze sprung up from the north, which was fair for us, and we began to glide along possibly as high as seven miles an hour. This gave promise of holding out all night, and under the conditions, i.e., with an engine that could not be depended upon and the prevailing wind of the seas on being from the southeast, I decided to continue straight on by Chac Mool for San Pedro, especially since I have good photographs from the 1918 visit there.[160] We were due to arrive there, or off there, about midnight. At that time, a heavy rain squall came on and drove Sam and Rick below. I had slept below for the first time as the weather had looked heavy.

There was considerable confusion in the middle hold with Sam, Rick, Muddy, Miguel, Juan, and I all sleeping there, but after the interjection of the wet two among us, and room being made to accommodate them, we all fell off asleep again, and so continued more or less fitfully until morning.

March 5, Sunday

Last night's squall effectually killed off our northerly breeze, and when I woke this morning, we lay becalmed not five miles south of where we had first picked up the Punta Herrero light about midnight. The sea literally was almost like glass, though that in no

[160] Chac Mool is a Late Postclassic coastal site situated south of Tulum on the remote Punta Allen Peninsula. Morley named the site after finding a large reclining chac mool sculpture in one of the structures. For details on Morley's visit to Chac Mool in 1918 see Ward and Rice 2021: Chapter 26.

way prevented a heavy swell from rolling in, which until twelve had a tendency to upset me. Muddy and David finally tinkered the engine into running fairly well on three cylinders, and with that we made along at about six miles an hour. It continued calm until noon, and then a slight sea breeze sprang up which gave us perhaps another knot an hour. The fishing was fine. They had two lines out behind, and brought in seven fish—perhaps 150 lbs. all told. Barracuda, kingfish, and several others—one fine looking one with a brilliant black band next to an equally brilliant yellow one.

As the afternoon wore, on it became apparent that we could not make San Pedro in time to go ashore tonight. As our only business here was to pick up some shell pieces we had bought, which could be sent for us as well from Belize, we decided to continue right on through to our journey's end, none of us being at all sorry at the thought of bidding goodbye to the *Esperanza* for good.

About seven we raised Xcalac light, from which it is thirty miles to San Pedro and then 36 to Belize. Toward ten we must have passed out of Mexican waters at Bacalar Chico and at 11:30 and again at 12:00 were opposite the two breaks in the reef near San Pedro. A strong easterly breeze had sprung up during the night and Baltasar told me that even if we had wanted to, we would have found difficulty in getting in. All things considered it seems we have done the best thing in coming right on through.

CHAPTER 10

EDITORS' INSERT: A LACUNA IN THE DIARY, AND AN EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL PETÉN

After Morley returned to Belize following the month-long expedition along the Quintana Roo coast, his diary goes silent, a lacuna of some 39 days between his entries of March 5 and April 13. There is scant evidence that Morley made any entries during this period: original entries do not exist at the Peabody Museum, and the American Philosophical Society's typed version of the 1922 diary contains only his daily inputs during the two expeditions we cover in this volume. Other rare examples of short breaks in his daily entries normally came about because he was not engaged in active work, but invariably when he returned to the field, he resumed writing. An example of this exists in the present volume: between January 29 and February 12, no entries cover his preparations for the Quintana Roo expedition; the diary picks up only upon his arrival at Tulum.

Morley himself notes in his diary that he sometimes updated his entries in bulk, covering as much as a week at a time. Sometimes he wrote several thousand words covering multiple days in one sitting: see, for example, his entry for January 17 in this volume, where he writes, "…I came upstairs into the social hall and preempting a desk wrote for three hours in my diary. I am ashamed to say that owing to letter-pressure at first, and sea sickness on the way across the Gulf, I had not started it. But after I finally sat down, I almost caught up in one writing." Examples of diary breaks from other years almost always included a few pages outlining dates and the routes he was taking, but not full entries. In this regard the 1922 gap is an anomaly: during the period in question, Morley was not only actively "on expedition," but was making significant discoveries, including one of the most important of his career.

There is one key bit of circumstantial evidence indicating that Morley may have kept a diary, now lost, during this period. In his *The Inscriptions of the Peten*, published some fifteen years after the 1922 trip, he gives very specific dates and information about the sites he visited on this expedition. It is implausible that he recounted exact dates of these visits from memory alone: this information must have been written down somewhere. His field notes are detailed about his 1922 exploration of sites, but no dates are listed. We know that Morley relied very heavily on his diary and his field notes when writing his magnum opus—indeed entire published paragraphs are lifted directly from his journals, as were his in situ drawings of stelae. Another, more speculative, indicator that there may be a missing section of the diary is that the two parts we have are contained neatly in two individual volumes, both in hand-written form and in the typed version at the APS.

It is not at all inconceivable that the middle part of the 1922 expedition was self-contained in a separate volume, now misplaced. It is worth noting that if this volume was indeed lost, it went missing probably before 1940, as the typed version of his entire career-spanning diary, which does not include this material, was produced over several years during the early 1940s. Whether missing or never created in the first place, we fortunately have his annual report for the CIW *Yearbook* (Morley 1922b), his descriptions in *The Inscriptions of the Peten*, and his detailed field notes, all of which offer insight into what can only be called a whirlwind journey through central Petén.

After a few days' rest in Belize following the Quintana Roo expedition's return to Belize, Morley set off from El Cayo on March 18 with a pack train of 42 mules. In addition to Morley, important personnel consisted of several figures from the Quintana Roo trip: Samuel Lothrop, Oliver Ricketson, Juan Sopeña, and Alfred Harvey. The CIW team was joined by Orator F. Cook,[161] Harold Loomis,[162] and Robert Martin[163] from the Bureau of Plant Industry of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, who accompanied the CIW expedition in an independent effort to study ancient Maya agricultural systems to identify wild food cultivation techniques that might be applied to modern food production (Cook and Martin 1922; Cook 1923). Arthur M. Adams[164] rounded out the top participants as the "transport manager," loaned to the expedition by the Chicle Development Company. Additionally, an untold number of supporting workers probably brought the total staff to more than twenty individuals. By the standards of previous CIW expeditions, this was a very large undertaking.

Although we have no diary and Morley did not include any dates for his site visits in his field diaries, as mentioned above he does offer, in *The Inscriptions of the Petén*, a detailed itinerary of his March travels and the stelae he worked on:

March 19–20	Naranjo Stelae 6, 26, 28, 35, 36
March 22–23	Nakum Altar at Stela D, Structure R
March 23	El Encanto Stela 1
March 24–31	Uaxactun; see detailed text below

[161] Orator F. Cook (1867–1949) was a botanist and entomologist. He was a long-standing collaborator with Harold Loomis in studies of millipedes. In 1928, they reported a millipede, *Illacme plenipes*, which had up to 750 legs.

[162] Harold Loomis (1896–1976) was botanist who specialized in the study of the diseases of crop plants and millipedes. In his later years, he was associated with the then-named Florida State Museum collection of arthropods at the University of Florida at Gainesville.

[163] Robert Martin was active at the Department of Agriculture between 1922 and 1938. His later career focused on cotton farming.

[164] Adams served as field manager of the Chicle Development Company during the 1920s. His network of chicle tappers frequented the back trails of Petén and were, for Morley, an ongoing source of information about undocumented ruins.

March 31–April 1	Tikal Stelae 10, 14; map of main plaza
April 2	Uolantun Stela 1
1 day early April	Ixlu, general visit to site
2 days early April	Tayasal/Flores Stelae 1, 2
April 11	San Clemente Stelae 1, 2

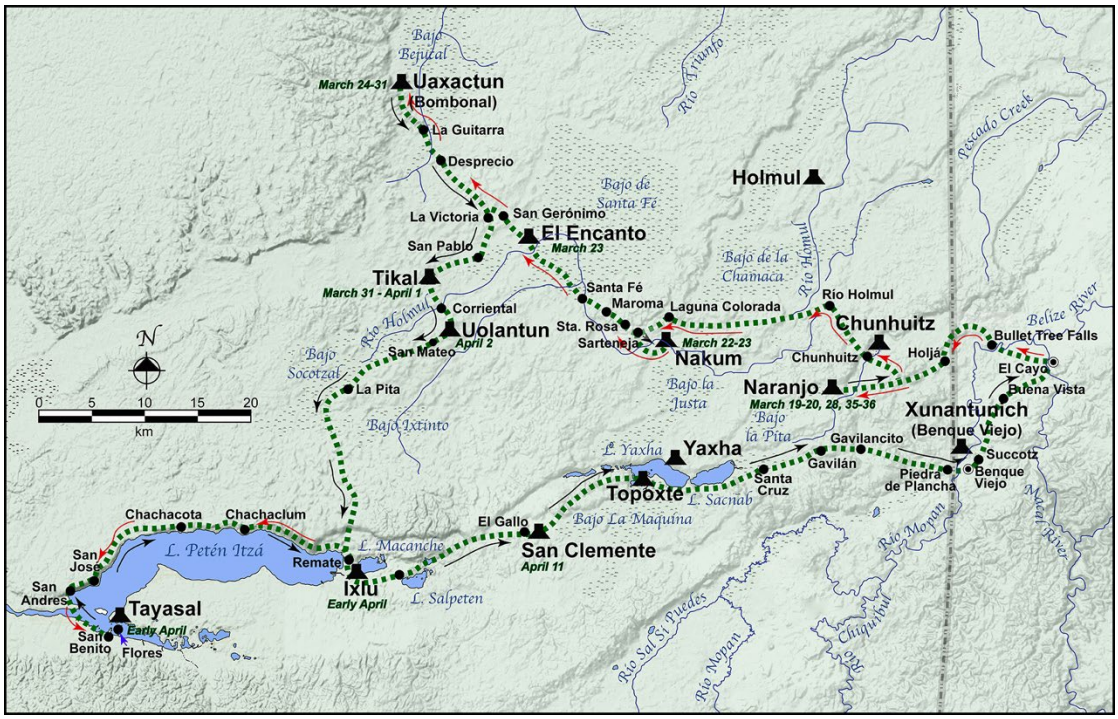

Figure 10.1. The route of the central Petén expedition of 1922.

Except for the week-long stay at Uaxactun and an extensive check-in on Carl Guthe's ongoing CIW-sponsored excavations at Tayasal, all the stops were very brief drop-ins to sketch stelae inscriptions. Without a diary, we have no specific information on any of these visits other than the drawings contained in his field notes. No discoveries of publishable significance were made at these sites on this trip; the same cannot be said about his important stay at Uaxactun during the last week of March.

Morley's association with Uaxactun began when he discovered the site in 1916, a tragic expedition that led to the death of two expedition members (Rice and Ward 2021). Morley visited the site four times: in 1916, 1921 (Ward and Rice 2024), 1922, and 1928. Indeed, with the exceptions of Chichen Itza, and perhaps Quirigua and Copan, Morley was more associated with Uaxactun than with any other site. Because of the early dates recorded on the Uaxactun stelae, Morley considered his exploration of the site one of his most significant achievements. Certainly, insofar as the CIW's work in the Maya area is concerned, the multi-year excavations at Uaxactun were second in scope only to the work

at Chichen Itza. Morley assigned extraordinary importance to Uaxactun, not only because it was dear to his heart, but because for most of his career he thought the city was the birthplace of Maya civilization (Morley 1936–37: 134). He had no concept of the Preclassic.

During Morley's week at Uaxactun, four new B'ak'tun 8 Initial Series dates were transcribed, several of which were found at the newly discovered Group E. Indeed, locating and surveying Group E was the most significant result of the 1922 visit. Morley (1938 [i]: 144) himself noted that Group E "…may well be considered the most important at Uaxactun for two reasons: first because it is pretty surely the oldest part of the site and second because of its possible astronomical significance."[165] More than the lofty temples of Tikal or the stunning sculptures of Copan or Quirigua, the very old dated inscriptions at Uaxactun captured Morley's imagination and the importance he attributed to the site was only reinforced by the discovery of Group E. This led directly to the CIW undertaking large-scale excavations under the supervision of Oliver Ricketson in the following decades. This work, undertaken between 1924 and 1937, was a watershed in the history of modern Maya archaeology. Not only was it found that the positions of Maya structures sometimes reflected astronomical considerations, but the Uaxactun project also revealed that the Maya almost always superimposed new structures atop older ones.[166]

Finally, Robert E. Smith,[167] through the excavations at Group E and building on the preliminary work of Edith Ricketson (Ricketson and Ricketson 1937), was able to put together a chronological ceramic sequence for the site, which identified six phases ranging from the Middle Preclassic to the Late Classic periods. Smith's basic sequence endures as the foundation for ceramic dating in central Petén. He was creative in choosing names for each complex:

1) Mamon (Middle Preclassic), from the Yucateco word *mam*, or ancestor, this being the oldest assemblage he described;

2) Chicanel (Late Preclassic), named after the word for hidden or concealed—a reference to the fact that pottery from this sequence was associated with structures that were buried beneath new constructions (Structure E-VII-sub, for example);

3) Tzakol (Early Classic), the Mayan word for builder, a term Smith applied because this sequence corresponded to the period of major growth and construction at Uaxactun;

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[165] The astronomical significance of the arrangement of the structures of Group E was not realized until 1924, when Franz Blom's formal site survey began the multi-year CIW research project at the site.

[166] The first excavated example of this was Uaxactun Structure E-VII, undertaken by CIW staff archaeologist Monroe Amsden (1897–1948) in 1928 (Morley 1937–38 [1]: 144–145).

[167] Robert Eliot Smith (1899–1983), brother of archaeologist A. Ledyard Smith, specialized in Mesoamerican ceramics, publishing work on Uaxactun (1955), Mayapán (1971), and Teotihuacan (1987, posthumously).

4) Tepeu (Late and Terminal Classic), the term for ruler or lord, reflecting that ceramics from this era were created during the apogee of Uaxactun's political power.

Uaxactun's E Group

Morley identified the architectural groups at Uaxactun alphabetically, and perhaps the most enduring and significant of these labels was that of Group E (Figure 10.2). Uaxactun's Group E consists of two structures: a western pyramid (Structure E-VII) centered on an elongated north–south platform to the east surmounted by a linear arrangement of three temples, Structures E-I, E-II, and E-III. This eastern platform was fronted by three stelae, two of which—Stela 18 and Stela 19—date to 8.16.0.0.0, 357 CE (originally thought to date to AD 98), and are accompanied by altars; these are the earliest known stelae dedicated to k'atun endings. Similar structural configurations have since been noted at many Maya sites and are called E Groups.

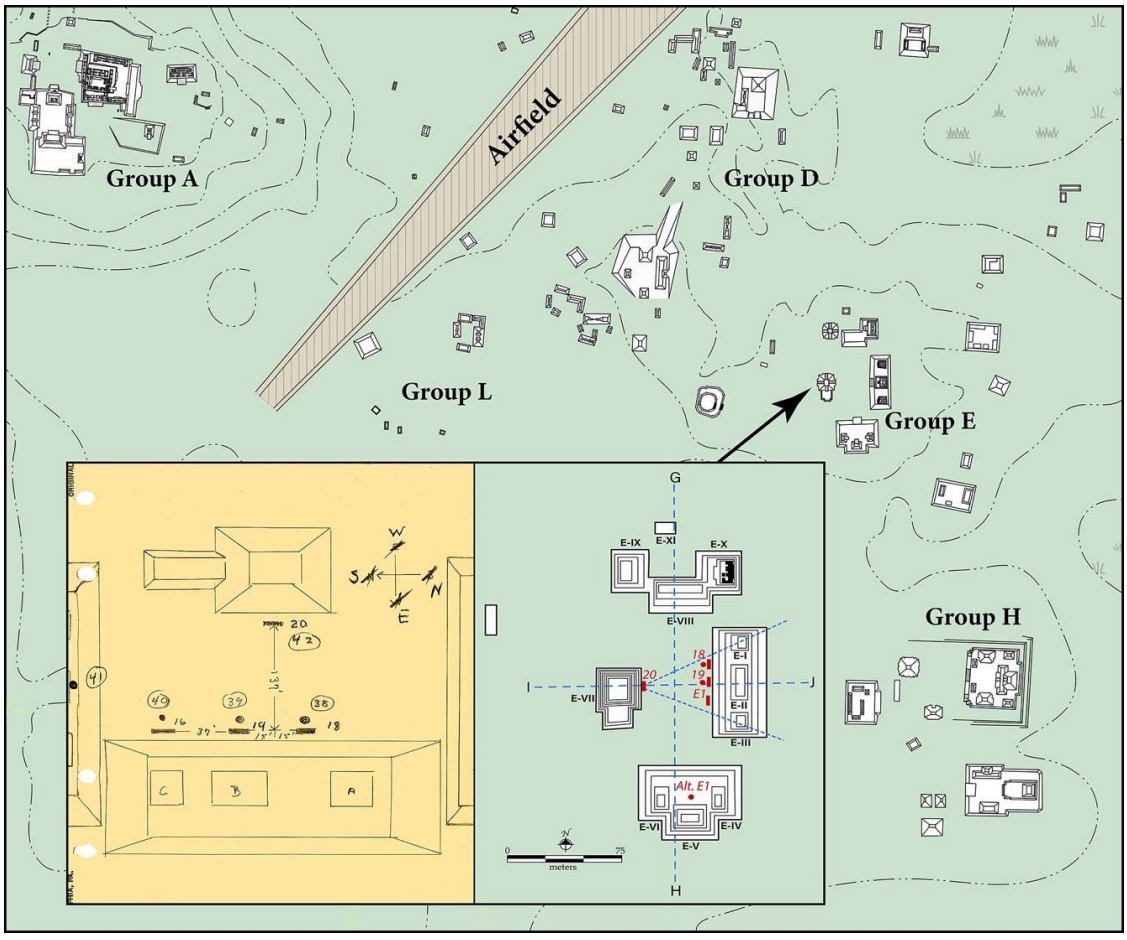

Figure 10.2. Uaxactun, showing location and detail of Group E; Morley's original drawing from his field diary inset.

The lowland Maya may have borrowed this structural complex from similar configurations found in Formative/Preclassic Mesoamerica, in the Chiapas/Usumacinta area and the Gulf and Pacific coasts after about 1400 BCE (Inomata et al. 2021). Maya E Group arrangements exhibit variations, which has led to identification of a variant, the Cenote style (Chase 1983) in addition to the Uaxactun style. In the Cenote style, the three eastern temples are not aligned on a single platform. Instead, the central temple sits slightly back (east) of the axis and the northern and southern temples are at the ends of two wings, with stairways to the rear (east).

The CIW's 1927 excavations of Uaxactun's Group E included the three eastern temples, which yielded two types of floor caches (Ricketson 1933). One type consisted of redware dishes placed lip to lip and protecting a human skull; the other type was a lidded cylindrical jar with a greenstone figurine. Excavations into the western structure revealed a buried radial pyramid, E-VII-sub, with 18 masks flanking its stairways (Figure 10.3), and numerous ceramics. This buried construction dates to the Late Preclassic period, and at the time of excavation it was the earliest known structure in the Maya lowlands.

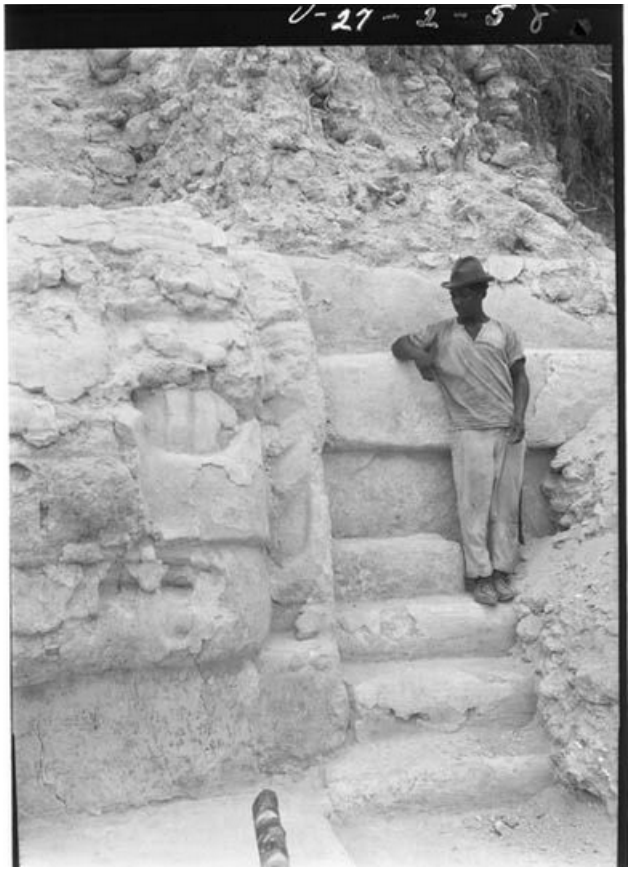

Figure 10.3. Uaxactun Structure E-VII sub, showing one of the several stucco masks uncovered when the more recent construction was removed.

E Groups have been interpreted as functioning in observational astronomy and calendrics because a sight line from a point on the western pyramid to the three eastern temples aligns with sunrise on solstices and equinoxes. Indeed, the E Group at Uaxactun was dubbed the "Group of the Solar Observatory" (Ricketson 1933). Other interpretations suggest that the alignments register "sunrises and sunsets on agriculturally significant dates" (Šprajc 2021) and that the eastern tripart structure was modeled on the Milky Way (Rice 2024). E Groups, the earliest standardized architecture in the Maya lowlands, were often constructed on low bedrock rises which would have facilitated observation of the skies. The earliest of such complexes is the E Group at Ceibal, radiocarbon dated to approximately 950 BCE (Inomata et al. 2013).

CHAPTER 11

EDITORS' INSERT: NAACHTUN, EL PETÉN, GUATEMALA

Naachtun lies in the Mirador basin of the central karstic uplands of the Yucatán Peninsula, an area that traverses north central Petén (Guatemala) and southern Campeche (Mexico). The site extends about 1,200 m^2 E–W and 500 m^2 N–S (Arredondo 2010a: 103) or 50 hectares (Nondédéo et al. 2016). One of numerous centers in this area—including El Mirador to the west-southwest, Nakbé to the southwest, Calakmul 30 km to the north-northwest, and Yaxnocah south of Calakmul—the region was heavily occupied from the Late Preclassic through the Terminal Classic, when Naachtun was abandoned around 950–1000 CE. There is evidence of sparse reoccupation of the site in the twelfth century. Researchers have made much of the fact that Naachtun lies between the two great Classic Maya superpowers, Tikal and Calakmul.

Sylvanus Morley awarded the site its present name (see diary entry on May 7), one of many to which he gave the ending *-tun* ('stone"), apropos because of his field emphasis on carved stones. The name means "distant stone … because the monuments are so remote, any way you can come at them—either from the Mexican, Guatemalan, or colonial [British Honduras] side …." He also writes repeatedly of the poor quality of the limestone at the site. In ancient times Naachtun may have been known as Maasal or Masul, a name found in multiple sites' inscriptions (Martin and Grube 2000: 30, 46). Its bat head emblem glyph, read K'uhul Suutz' Ajaw, indicates that Early Classic Masul/Naachtun was a center of some political importance, a regional capital of the Kaan dynasty in the fourth and fifth centuries.

A preliminary chronology based on ceramic types and forms suggests seven phases of occupation and construction at Naachtun beginning in the Late Preclassic (Reese-Taylor et al. 2004: 92–93), and subsequently revised (Arredondo 2010a):

1 (48 BC – 41 CE) identified by sherds in deep levels of the reservoir; no structures;

2 (41 – 159 CE) presence of Late Preclassic pottery; establishment of Group C;

3 (159 – 292 CE) Protoclassic or Early Classic; construction in Group C and North Plaza of Group A (center of civic activity). This period postdates the fall of El Mirador, which begins Naachtun's florescence.

4 (292 — 564 CE; rev. –554) has early and late facets; Stela 23 erected in Group C; green obsidian in the West Plaza (especially the walled compound and reservoir; see Nondédéo et al. 2015: 117). Nachtun possibly came under Tikal control: Tikal Stela 10 mentions an attack on Masul in 486.

5 (564 – 652; rev. 554–652) the *lajuntun* 9.6.10.0.0 was celebrated on Stela 5 and the Walled Compound was constructed.

6 (652 – 889; rev. 652–791) has two facets, Late Classic and Terminal Classic. It begins with the capture of an ajaw of Ox Te Tun (Calakmul) as stated on Stela 18, which shows a queen of Naachtun standing on the captive (Mathews et al. 2005: 671). Group B became the civic and ritual center of the site. Stelae were erected in Group A, their continuous erection suggests that Naachtun did not experience the Terminal Classic instability known at other sites after 9.18.0.0.0 (AD 790). This period saw increasing importation of polychrome pottery.

7 (790 – 889) new ceramic types include northern types such as slate ware. No stelae (but possibly Stela 24?); no structures built.[168]

Naachtun has three major architectural groupings, A, B, and C, roughly in an east–west line. Small Group C, the earliest of the three major components of the site, houses a Triadic Group (Structure I). It lies on a plateau at the west, joined by a causeway to more densely constructed Group A in the center and Group B in the southeast. Group A, primarily Early Classic in date, includes a ballcourt, a walled palace compound (Complejo Amurallado) subsuming 11 structures (Arredondo 2010a, 2010b), and a large E Group. Group B, dating to the Late and Terminal Classic, has a radial structure (Structure 38) with Stelae 18 and 19 flanking its west stairway, both showing the trampling of a captive (Mathews et al. 2005). Group B has three architectural complexes boasting numerous patios, which probably housed elite residences.

The architectural complexes known as E Groups are common in this upland region, particularly those of the "Cenote style" (n = 19; Reese-Taylor 2017: 486). That is, most of these groups, which date largely to the Late Preclassic period, feature a large central structure on the east side with "wing-like platforms to low end structures" north and south (Chase 1983: 1245). Naachtun's E Group (Structures XX and XXIII), however, is of the Uaxactun style, with three aligned structures on a large platform. It was constructed during the Early Classic, with its beginnings around 150–300 CE (Reese-Taylor 2017: 490).

More detailed study of the ceramics has revealed shifting allegiances to Calakmul versus Tikal (Patiño-Contreras 2013). Specifically, during the Late Preclassic and the early Early Classic, Naachtun had "clear and uniform cultural, economic, and arguably political affiliations with El Mirador to the east and northern Belize," whereas during the second part of the Early Classic its ties were with Tikal and central Petén. In particular, "Naachtun was connected to a network of political institutions encompassing several centers of Central Petén under the direct or indirect aegis of a dynasty established in Tikal by the second half of the 4th century (Martin and Grube 2008: 29–36)" (Patiño-Contreras 2013: 209).

Explorations at Naachtun have identified 25 sculptured stelae (Table 11.1), 21 plain monuments, and 9 plain altars (Mathews et al. 2005), dating between 361 (Stela 23) and 761 CE. Stela 23 (Plaza C) displays the Naachtun emblem glyph, which also appears at

[168] Sherds found at the top of Structure 20 are Postclassic.

neighboring sites. Stela 24 (Plaza C) mentions Siyaj K'ahk', an emissary of Teotihuacan ruler Búho-Lanzadardos or Spearthrower-Owl (Zalaquett n.d.). Naachtun was allied with Tikal dynasty. A Late Classic Tikal Dancer Plate was found in Burial 45 in Str. 5N6-Sub in Group A.

Table 11.1. Carved Monuments at Naachtun

Stela	Location[a]	Date	Year	Glyphs	Comment
1	B; S of Str XXV	9.9.10.0.0	623	52	No altar
2	B; S of Str XXV	9.10.10.0.0	642	113 or 117	No altar
3	B; E of Str XXX	9.5.0.0.0 ?	534	13	No altar
4	B; N of Str XXX			29 or 31	No altar
5	A; N of Str XXVII	9.6.10.0.0 ?	564	10	No altar
6	A; S of Str XIX			36	No altar
7	A; S of Str XIX				No altar
8	A; S of Str XIX	9.16.0.0.0	751	53	No altar
9	A; S of Str XIX	9.15.0.0.0 ?	731	42	No altar
10	A; S of Str XIX	9.16.10.0.0 ?	761	27	No altar? Or A6
11	A; S of Str XVII				No altar
12	A; Atop Str XX				No altar
13	B; Plaza S of Str XXV			2+	Altar 2
14	B; Plaza S of Str XXV				Altar 2
15	B; NW of Str XXXIX	9.14.?.13.?		25	No altar (SGM)
16	B; S of Str XXXVI				Altar 4
17	B; N of Str XXXIX			12	No altar
18	B; W of Str XXXVIII			13	No altar
19	B; W of Str XXXVIII				No altar
20	C; W of Str V	9.?.?.?.12		41	No altar
21	C; NW corner, Str III				No altar
22	C; N of Str III	8.16.?.?.?			Altar 8
23	C; S of Str III	9.3.10.0.0	504	22	No altar
24	C; N of Str I	Term. Cl.			Altar 9
26	C??	Term. Cl.			

Source: after Reese-Taylor et al. 2005: Fig. 6.

a, Group; Position vis-a-vis structure number

Altar 8, associated with Stelae 22 and 23 at Structure III in Plaza C, was studied photogrammetrically (Nondédéo et al. 2023). Originally thought to be plain, it has a

common scene of two individuals flanking a column of glyphs, all in a quatrefoil design that indicates an event occurring in the underworld. A possible *kaloomte'* title appears with the left individual, possibly the dynastic founder. The date is the late eighth b'ak'tun (8.16.?.?.?).

Xmakabatun

The little-known site of Xmakabatun (Chapter 13) has been defined as one of ten "territories" in the Three Rivers Adaptive Region of northwestern Belize and adjacent Guatemala (Garrison 2007: 296–297). It lies in the southern uplands and covers ~212 km^2; it does not have a modern map. With four courtyards, according to Morley, Xmakabatun lies in the west-central part of the territory and was its "capital." Xmakabatun was briefly explored by Ian Graham in the 1970s. No other sites are known in the region.

Holmul, El Petén, Guatemala

Holmul [Figure 11.1] is located in northeast Petén on a small branch of the Río Holmul, about 25 km north of Naranjo and 45 km east of Tikal. Holmul's first non-Maya visitor might have been the Americanist Conde Maurice de Périgny in 1905, who also visited Tikal and other Maya sites (Taladoire 1995).

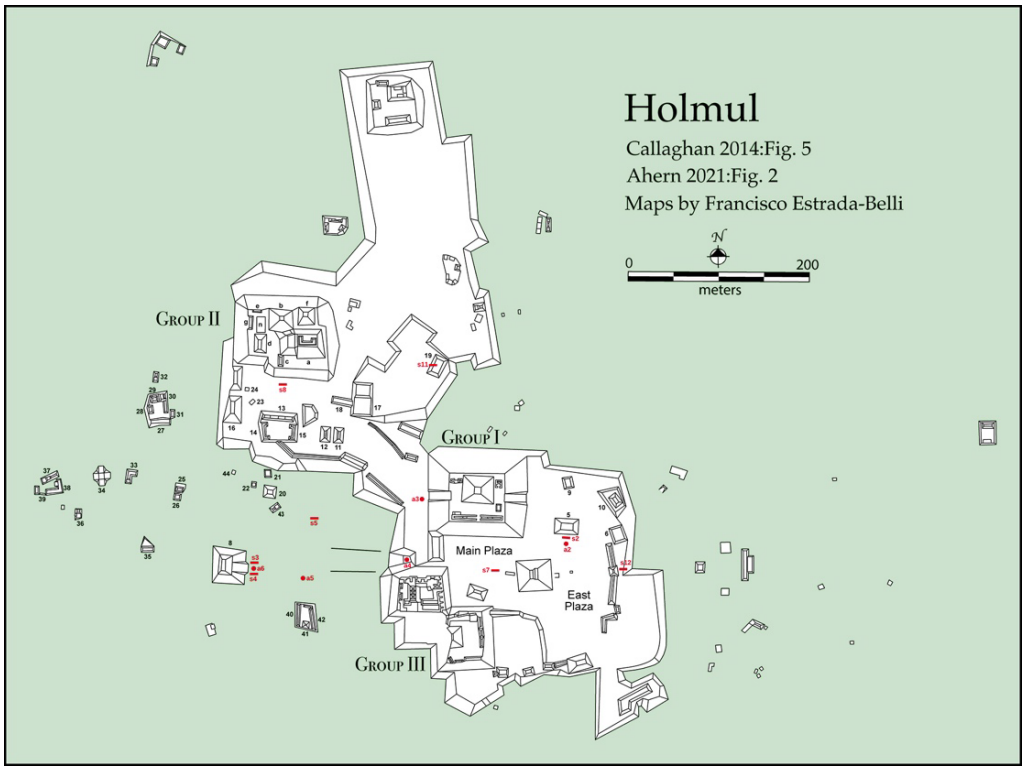

Figure 11.1. Site plan of Holmul, Guatemala.

Holmul's historical importance stems from the early twentieth-century work of Raymond E. Merwin, who, between 1909 and 1911, mapped it and carried out the first stratigraphic excavations of a Maya site. This work identified a ceramic chronology of Holmul I–V phases, bringing to light elaborate elite tombs and polychrome pottery (Merwin and Vaillant 1932). Later work under Francisco Estrada-Belli's Holmul Archaeological Project (2000–2015) remapped the site core—consisting of three main structural groups—and revealed well-preserved but badly looted architecture. Three named minor centers lie within a 4–5 km radius of Holmul and, although the center did not have an emblem glyph, it had eight stelae and five altars (see https://www.bu.edu/holmul/reports/HOLMUL_00_report.pdf). Described as the "most important secondary center of Cival," Holmul was occupied from the Preclassic through the Classic period until around AD 1040 (Estrada-Belli and Tokovinine 2016: 151).

A Late Classic frieze on Building A in the southeast corner of Group II tells the history of Holmul, the transformation of ancestors into solar entities, and names many rulers (Estrada-Belli and Tokovinine 2016). Decorating the roof of a shrine dedicated around 593 to ancestor veneration, the frieze mentions connections between the site's rulers and the Naranjo dynasty during the reign of "Aj Wosal" (AD 546–615) but also suggest connections to Tikal through the use of Tikal-specific titles. A plate excavated in a burial in Holmul Building F in Group I mentions Naranjo ruler Bat K'awiil, possibly a son of ruler K'ahk' Ukalaw (Martin Grube 2008: 81). Nonetheless, the inscription "indicates that Holmul was under the sway of the Kaanul dynasty at least by A.D. 593, that is, well after the defeat of Tikal in A.D. 562" (Estrada-Belli and Tokovinine 2016: 162).

The early excavations at Holmul were largely responsible for the term "Protoclassic" in the Maya lexicon, a term that has had definitional issues and a checkered history (Brady et al. 1998; Pring 1977). Referring to a time period, cultural content (especially ceramics), and a cultural stage (Willey 1977: 391), Protoclassic described the ceramics of the Holmul I phase, its early polychrome vessels and the beginning of the Classic period.

The "Holmul style" of Late Classic pottery with three distinct geochemical signatures was produced at three sites: Holmul, Naranjo, and Buenavista del Cayo, Belize (Reents-Budet 1994: 179–186). This pottery is characterized by red and orange painting, sometimes accented with black, on a cream background, and is found on vase and plate forms. Motifs include a dancer figure, as well as birds (cormorants) and versions of the Primary Standard Sequence glyphic text.

Investigations at Naachtun

The first reports of Naachtun came to Morley as early as 1916, when Alfonso Ovando, a chiclero, reported the existence of a distant large ruin. From the first years of his

exploration of Petén, Morley relied on chiclero reports to guide him to undiscovered ruins, going so far as to print an advertisement offering financial rewards for information leading to new finds. It was not until 1922 that Morley was able to mount an expedition to locate and record inscriptions at this site.

The journey, the last of three legs of the 1922 CIW venture, is documented in this volume (Chapters 12–15). Unlike the earlier, expensive, large-staffed expeditions to Tulum and the central Petén of this same year, the trek to Naachtun was modest. Morley had only one professional assistant, his trusted Filipino photographer Juan Sopeña, in addition to five or six hired hands. Morley and Sopeña left El Cayo and, after a mule-back journey of some 161 kilometers, arrived at the site on May 3. They stayed for seven days, during which time 12 sculptured monuments were documented, all in Group A, the only area of the site studied on this trip (Morley 1937–38, iii: 314). While surveying the monuments of Group A, Morley offered his workers a monetary reward for the discovery of additional carved stelae in other areas of the site, but much to his dismay, numerous monuments went undiscovered in 1922, only to be found later by the CIW expedition of 1933.[169]

In 1931–32, 24-year-old Texan Cyrus Lundell, a botanist by training, led an expedition across the base of the Yucatán Peninsula. Although one of the secondary aims of the project was the discovery of unrecorded Maya ruins, the principal focus was botanical, the expedition being funded jointly by the Mexican Exploitation Chicle Company and the Tropical Plant Research Foundation (Lundell 1933a: 148).[170] Lundell left Campeche, sailing south to Champoton, before turning inland to the southeast. The most important result of his expedition was the discovery and naming of Calakmul on December 29, 1931 [Figure 11.2].[171]

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[169] Morley writes in his *Inscriptions of the Peten*, "The writer cannot explain how, in spite of his offer of a liberal reward for the discovery of new monuments, his men failed to discover this group of six stelae and two altars [in Group B] in 1922, especially in view of the fact that the most distant of them, Stela 18, is only 170 m east by southeast of Stela 3, which was discovered on the third day of his seven-day visit to Naachtun in 1922," (Morley 1937–38 (iii): 324).

[170] Lundell's primary publication reporting the botanical results of his expedition can be found in his *The Agriculture of the Maya* (Lundell 1933b).

[171] Lundell chose the name Calakmul because of the presence of two large pyramids directly adjacent—a combination of the Maya words *ca* (two), *lak* (adjacent), and *mul* (man-made mound) (Lundell 1933a: 153).

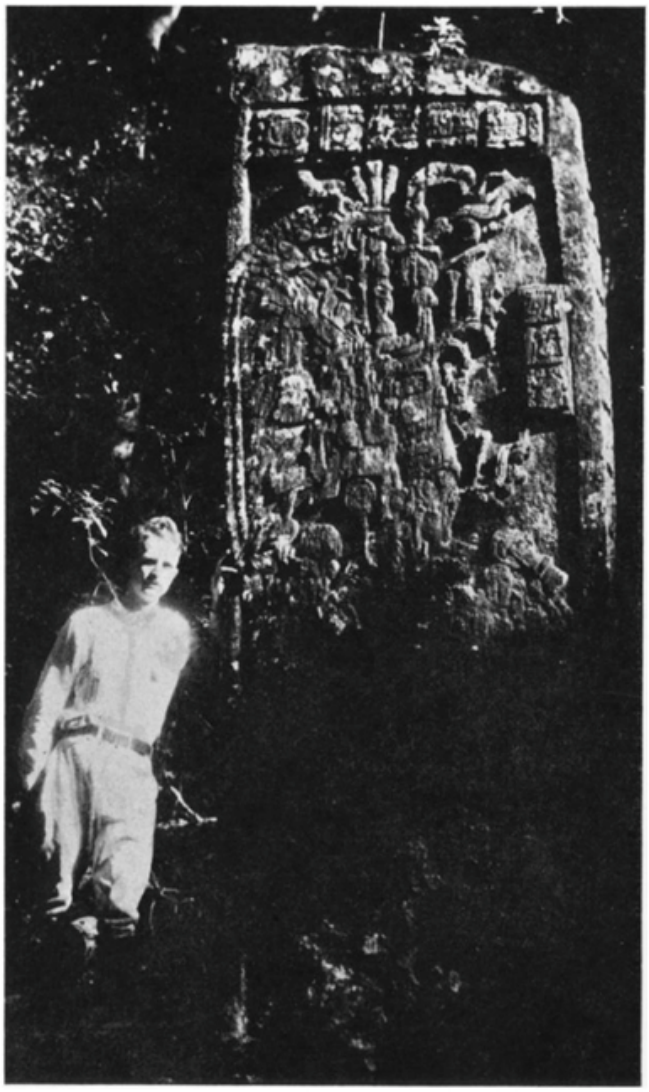

Figure 11.2. Cyrus Lundell standing next to Stela 52 at Calakmul, December 1931.

A week later, Lundell was at Naachtun, which he assumed was a new, undiscovered site. He named it Nohoxna, a named derived from the Maya term for "great house," a commentary on the large size of the main structures in Group A. Lundell's mistake in not realizing his Nohoxna was in fact Morley's Naachtun was not surprising—the only place Naachtun had been published before 1931 was a brief mention in the CIW annual yearbook report (Morley 1922b), and given that Lundell was not an archaeologist, he would have had no reason to be familiar with this study. Lundell would have had no access to any of Morley's photographs of the site.

Lundell's two-day stay at Naachtun resulted in the discovery of six additional sculptured stelae in Group B (Figure 11.3), a new zone of structures centered some 400 or so meters to the northeast of Morley's Group A.

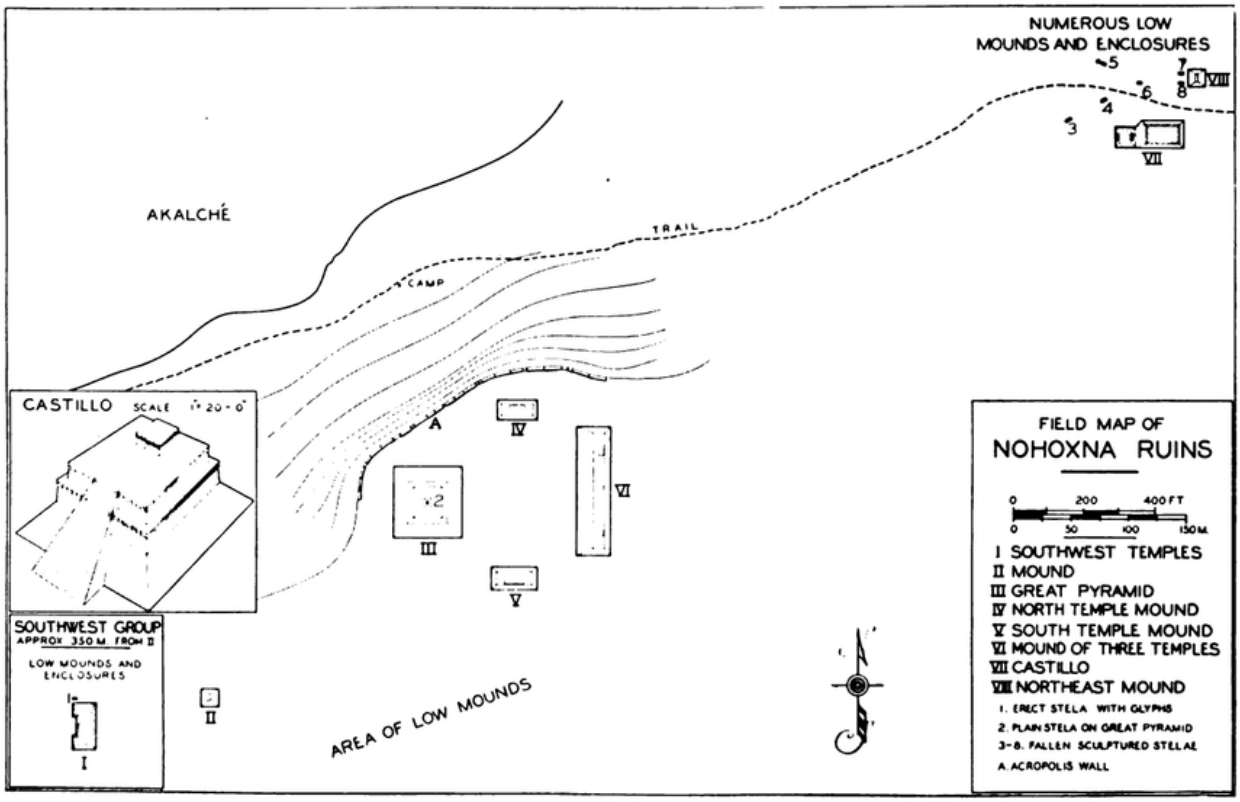

Figure 11.3. Lundell's sketch map of the central group (Group A) at his Nohoxna.

Lundell, however, failed to find the many stelae of Group A that were found on the 1922 CIW expedition (Morley 1937–38, ii: 314). One insightful observation by Lundell was the identification of what would become recognized as an E-Group observatory at the heart of Group A:

> Nohoxna appears to have been a great observatory where the Maya astronomers made their observations. The monument on top of the Great Pyramid forms a line to the east-northeast with the monuments north of the Castillo, and to the west-southwest with the standing monument on the northwest corner of the mound on which the Southwest Temples stand. The monuments at each end of this line apparently mark the summer and winter solstices,[172] (Lundell 1933: 163; also see Reese-Taylor 2017: 486–492).

[172] In their brief history of the study of E Groups, Chase, Dowd, and Friedel list some 25 E Groups that were discovered between 1924 and 1955: the E Group at Naachtun is not included on their list (Chase et al., 2017: 7-8). Two E Groups excavated by J. Eric S. Thompson in 1928–29 in Belize were not recognized as astronomical complexes until 1943, when Karl Ruppert studied the layouts of multiple lowland sites (Ruppert 1940;

To give credit where credit is due, Lundell probably made this keen observation without any background knowledge of Blom's work at Uaxactun, where the first E Group complex was identified.

A new sketch map of the site showing Group B (Figure 11.3, upper right corner) and its associated stelae and the lack of identified stelae at Group A contributed to confusion about the true nature of the site. At the end of his expedition, Lundell went to Chichen Itza to confer with Morley and the CIW team then working there. Morley was very much impressed with the news of the discovery of such a large site as Calakmul and, because he had difficulty reconciling Lundell's map and first-hand descriptions of Nohoxna with any site with which he was familiar, he too assumed this was another new lost city (Lundell 1933: 172). Further, Lundell had located his Nohoxna some 19 kilometers north of the Guatemala/Mexico border (Morley 1937–38, iii: 314), whereas Naachtun is just south of the national dividing line.

Quickly realizing the importance of Lundell's discoveries,[173] Morley immediately began planning a CIW expedition to the area: Morley himself led a 1932 expedition to Calakmul, and in 1933 he sent Karl Ruppert (Figure 11.4) on a three-month trip to further explore ruins across the base of the Yucatán Peninsula, including Rio Bec, Calakmul, and, specifically, Nohoxna. Some nine sites were ultimately visited. Ruppert was accompanied by epigrapher John Denison, Jr. and surveyor J. P. O'Neill (Figure 11.5). Morley, tied up with work at Chichen Itza, did not make this trip himself, sending Denison to work the inscribed monuments in his stead.[174]

Chase et al. 2017: 8). Ruppert also verified Naachtun's Group A as an E Group (Ruppert and Denison 1943: 47).

[173] Morley was so impressed with Lundell that he hired him to head one of the several CIW expeditions scheduled for 1933, which resulted in the discovery of Polol (Morley 1937–38, i: 92). Lundell's short time in archaeology—he discovered over a dozen cites in all—ended after heading several small CIW explorations between 1933 and 1938 (Brunhouse 1971: 248–249). He returned full-time to botany, founding the Southern Methodist University Herbarium in the 1940s.

[174] The main source of information on the 1933 Kidder expedition is *Archaeological Reconnaissance in Campeche, Quintana Roo, and Peten* (Kidder and Denison 1933). Naachtun is covered on pages 45–49 and 137–142. Sadly, the CIW annual yearbook reports covering the Historical Division changed in format after Alfred Kidder took over authorship from Morley in 1930. Whereas these reports previously had been a significant source of information on what work the CIW actually undertook each year, Kidder's bloviations are theoretical about the nature of the universe and offer historians little to no insight into activities in the field. The 1933 entry fails even to mention Ruppert's expedition (Kidder 1933: 108–110).



Figure 11.4. Karl Ruppert circa 1926.



Figure 11.5. Staff of the Ruppert expedition at Naachtun, 1933.

Almost immediately upon arrival at Nohoxna, Ruppert strongly suspected that the site was actually Naachtun, a suspicion confirmed when the team returned to Chichen Itza and Lundell's photographs were more closely compared to those taken by Morley in

1922. The expedition spent 12 days at Naachtun (May 1–12), during which time O'Neill prepared a detailed map of the site that remained in use until the archaeological projects of the early 2000s (Morley 1937–38 (vol. 5, pt. 2): plate 206; Reese-Taylor et al. 2005; Walker and Reese-Taylor 2012: 6). A third cluster of structures—Group C—was identified and surveyed, and another six sculptured stelae were added to the growing list of inscribed monuments present at the site. Numerous plain stelae were also discovered (Morley 1938, iii: 315).

After the departure of the 1933 CIW expedition, a gap of 40-plus years occurred in the study of the site. Not until the 1970s when Eric von Euw made a brief stop as part of the Corpus of Maya Hieroglyphic Inscriptions project[175] was Naachtun again the focus of any study, even if very brief. In the 1990s Nikolai Grube visited Naachtun and was the first to identify its emblem glyph and to offer a phonetic reading of *Masul* or *Maasal*, Naachtun's original Maya name (Martin and Grube 2000: 30; Mathews et al. 2005). Work in the general region of the Mirador basin was extensive during this period, even if not at Naachtun itself: William Folan led a program at Calakmul, as did Ramón Carrasco of INAH; Richard Adams worked Rio Azul and Richard Hansen worked El Mirador (Arredondo Leiva 2010: 1).

Although scholars were not visiting Naachtun, sadly others were. In the 1940s chicleros became more active in the remote region, and a village at Dos Lagunas grew in size to support the expanding chewing gum industry (Arrendondo Leiva 2010a: 98). By the time this village was abandoned in the 1980s, chicleros had become very familiar with the ruins at Naachtun and several decades of systematic looting began, exacerbated by the lack of government protection because of both the remoteness of the site and its being so close to the Guatemala/Mexico border as to create jurisdictional confusion (Figure 11.6) (Walker and Reese-Taylor 2012: 12).

In 2001, Kathryn Reese-Taylor at the University of Calgary and Peter Mathews of La Trobe University designed a project for the systematic excavation of Naachtun, The Naachtun Archaeological Project. The focus of the endeavor was both dirt archaeology and epigraphy. In 2002 a reconnaissance of the site was made and two years of field work—2004 and 2005—ensued. This was followed by post-excavation analysis until the project was finalized in 2009. The project goals were to: establish a chronology for the site based on ceramic analysis, examine the walled complex discovered during the 2002 reconnaissance trip, study Groups A and B, make a new map of the entire site (the first update since Ruppert and Denison in the 1930s), examine the images and texts on the sculpted monuments—an effort headed up by Mathews (Mathews et al. 2004), and assess the damage from years of looting (Reese-Taylor et al. 2005: 1; Walker and Reese-Taylor

[175] This massive project was headed by Peabody Museum assistant curator Ian Graham. The visit by Von Euw, a research fellow, was short and his drawings of several of the monuments at Naachtun remain unpublished.

2012). The results of the Naachtun Archaeological Project are summarized above in the first pages of this chapter.



Figure 11.6. A looter's trench as found by Ian Graham.

In 2008 Ivan Šprajc discovered a new group which he named Naachtun Noroeste, a peripheral site just across the Mexican border (Šprajc 2008). This was an indication, later confirmed by LiDAR in 2017, that Naachtun was a site that extended well beyond the core groups.

Contrary to its twentieth-century period of relative neglect, Naachtun is currently the site of a 16-year (2010–2026) international effort headed by French archaeologist Philippe Nondédéo. The Proyecto Arqueológico Naachtun is jointly sponsored by the Archéologie des Amériques division of the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique, the Panthéon-Sorbonne University, and Guatemala's IDAEH. The project as originally conceived and executed focused on traditional archaeology, but over the course of more than 15 seasons Nondédéo came to oversee a multidisciplinary research effort that remains today as a prime example of modern archaeological work.

A chronological breakdown of the project highlights reveals the many aspects of this ongoing study:

2010–11 Initial mapping of the site core, especially the structures of Group A.

2012 Excavations of residential areas.[176]

2013 Shift to include a broader range of researchers: hydrologists, botanists, geographers; first soil core samples from wetlands.

2014 Further exploration of wetlands and the study of water use techniques (dams, canals, reservoirs).[177]

2015 Epigraphic studies tie Naachtun to the AD 378 Teotihuacan intrusion (see Nondédéo et al. 2015).

2016 Study of wood exploitation via the study of charcoal.

2017–18 LiDAR and the discovery of the full size of Naachtun and its settlement patterns; physical exploration of LiDAR discoveries (see Nondédéo et al. 2019).

2019 Study of local quarries and investigation of human labor in the construction of buildings.

2020 No site work because of the pandemic.

2021 Return to the field; study of peripheral agricultural areas and stabilizing structures in the core groups.

2022 Excavations of altars and monuments, foundation deposits.

2023 Excavations of elite residential groups; discovery of a perfectly preserved patolli game board (see Hiquet and Méreuze 2025).

2024 Examination of the post-collapse period showing that a small population continued to perform fire rituals in abandoned palaces.[178]

2025–26 Closing down major excavations and backfilling unstable structures; data synthesis. End of field work at the site.

In 2024, French television, in association with the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique, released a 90-minute documentary summarizing the many seasons of Nondédéo's work at the site (Erreca 2024). As of this writing (2026), Nondédéo and researchers involved on the French/Guatemala project are continuing the lengthy process of data analysis.

[176] See Michelet et al. 2013 for information on the first years of the project.

[177] See Nondédéo et al. 2015 for information on these 2013–2014 studies.

[178] See Nondédéo et al. 2023 for information covering these later years of the project.

CHAPTER 12

INTO THE FOREST

April 18, Tuesday

No more than the usual amount of humbug for the first day out. The *mulada* is all here, but two of our laborers are wanting, Trumback and Marcos Baldizon, and much more serious, three of our guides to the ruins; in fact, with me I have only two guides—faithful old Candelario Pulido and Julian Polanco. But I am ahead of my story.

We were all up before six and had breakfast before seven. There were a number of last purchases to be made, as well as a few odd bills to be paid. It shows how one doesn't dare to keep oneself away from the center of one's business for a moment or something will pop.

While I was out on these really necessary errands, Candelario de la Fuentes came up to the room and recognized in my precious Florentine Itzá, whose real name I find is Manuel Cocom, a boy he has already advanced 6.00 to cut milpa for him! This unfortunate rencontre occurred, as I say, while I was away. Florentine (Manuel) handled it in a masterly way. He said to Candelario, "*pues me voy a su milpa*" [well, I am going to your corn field] and vanished out the door, and for that matter "ain't been seen since."

I fixed the thing up with Candelario so that he would not jail him, but tho' I sent old Candelario Pulido out to look for him we could not find the boy, and the general opinion was that he'd gone on ahead.

At the last moment neither Sam Thompson nor Julian Santos could be found, and it was judged that they, too, had gone on ahead to meet us at Branch Mouth.

By this time, it was nearly ten. Manuel had all but the last mule loaded and was about ready to start. Marcos Baldizon, the big Negro—our only Ethiopian too—had held down to a single pint of rum on the road. We were ready to leave. In fact, by the time I had bought him an allowance of tobacco—I bought it myself to be sure that he did not put over an extra rating of rum on me—Secundino had gone on with the pack animals already. It was now 10:10 and we got off six strong: Manuel Cruz, Muddy, Juan, and I riding, and Trumback and Marcos walking. The latter pair fell farther and farther behind, and I haven't seen Trumback since. Manuel Cruz, who had to return for his precious dog, said he had turned back, and that is probably the last of him. He has been a liability right straight through and simply is not up to my work either physically or mentally.

When we got to Branch Mouth [Figure 12.1], I was delighted to find Julian Polanco, and greatly disappointed not to find either Julian Santos or Sam Thompson, and most of all, Florentine Itzá (for I shall continue to call him by my name).

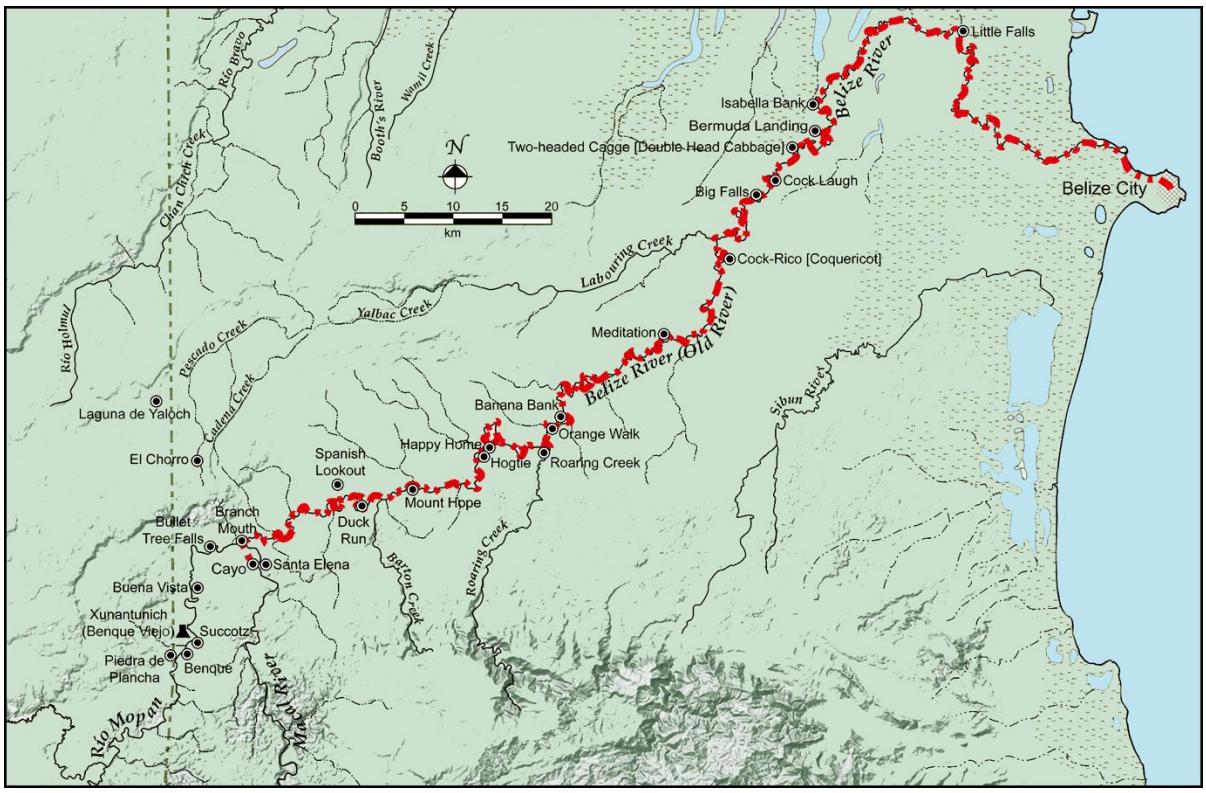

Figure 12.1. The route from Belize City to El Cayo—a journey made many times by expeditions setting off to explore Petén.

I rode over the Mopan some few hundred yards above the mouth—it isn't high at all now, very low in fact—and made for Antonio Zúniga's house. He was not in, nor Blanquito—out at their milpas, their women told me. This probably beats me out of another site, as I was to have arranged with the two boys to have located a site they know near El Susto. They told me what at the time seemed heartening news that Austin Waight with three companions had gone through, and I felt sure these must be Julian Santos, Sam, and Florentine.

We did not tarry at Branch Mouth, and we were underway again at 11:00. How different from last year was this. We were delayed by the *arrieros* here until after 3, tho' I made 'em go till after dark to Ojo de Agua to make up for it. Candelario, Julian, Polanco, Muddy, Juan, and I pushed on ahead here, tho' presently Julian turned back to look for his precious dog. I felt a sinking in my heart—there goes another *práctico*. Sometime after climbing the Tom Indian Hill and passing Ojo de Agua (the scene of last year's discomfiture), now a dried-up hole, we stopped at an *horqueta* [fork] in the trail to permit the *mulada* to catch up, but instead we were caught up by Austin Waight and three other chicleros—not my missing *prácticos*. This was a sore blow indeed and leaves me uncertain as to the best course to follow. We waited here for 20 minutes to see if the *mulada* would

catch up, and as it did not, we pushed on to El Chorro. Sometime before we got in, Julian Polanco passed us, having decided not to take his dog.

We reached El Chorro at 2:55, or about 4½ hours from Cayo, counting the time out for stopping at Antonio Zúniga's and on the road waiting for the *mulada.* Manuel Cruz came in just a half hour later, and as old Candelario said he could lead them to a *ramón* tree nearby, we decided to stop here for the night.

El Chorro is a pleasant *paraje*. Formerly when Gann was District Commissioner at Benque more than twenty years ago, it was a thriving Indian village. Now it is entirely depopulated.[175] The bush hereabouts is low, and it is obvious that formerly the forest had all been felled.

Sometime after the *mulada* got in, old Marcos made the grade. We are now nine strong:

S.G.M.
Muddy
Juan
Manuel
Secundino
Epifanio
Candelario
Julian
Marcos

We still lack:

Julian Santos
Samuel
Florentino
Trumback

The last, I think, has gone for good; the first three I am strongly hoping will show up tomorrow with Adelpho[176] and Margarito, who are coming on from Bullet Tree Falls to overtake us in the morning.

We had dinner about four and I am writing this in the late afternoon. How time changes one. If this had happened to me five years ago, I would have been fretting and

[175] This entire region was hard hit by the influenza epidemic of 1918, leading to many villages being entirely depopulated. We discuss the impacts of influenza and other diseases in the region during this period in volume 3 of the Morley Diary Project (Ward and Rice 2022: 145–153).

[176] Morley spells this man's name both as Adelpho and Adolpho. As Adelpho is the more frequent spelling, we use this form. On April 29, however, Morley discovered his name is actually Alfonso, and on May 1 he give Obando as his surname. After these dates, we use his correct name.

stewing around, but now I accept it as all in the day's work, with but this single reservation: if those boys do not show up, I will surely have them jailed as soon as I return to El Cayo. With this cheering reflection (for if they do not overtake us in the morning, I will lose that site they know of) I will close the day's record.

April 19, Wednesday

A full day of disappointments and rejoicings, the former because old Candelario's stela at Holmul proved to be plain, and rejoicings because four of our five missing boys turned up at sunset—Sam Thompson, Julian Santos, Margarito Orduñes, and Adelpho Orando. But again, I am putting the cart a long way ahead of the horse.

We made a very early start. It seemed to me that Manuel Cruz must have gotten up at 3:00. I myself got up before sunrise and I was the last one up. Austin Waight and his *cuadrilla* got off before we did. He told me he was going to Chun Limon, which is in the Colony, for some chicle. But what he is really going to do is to get out contraband from *territorio Guatemalteco.* We got almost the earliest start I have ever had in these countries, 6:30. Three hours and five minutes later we were in Laguna de Yaloch [Figure 12.2].

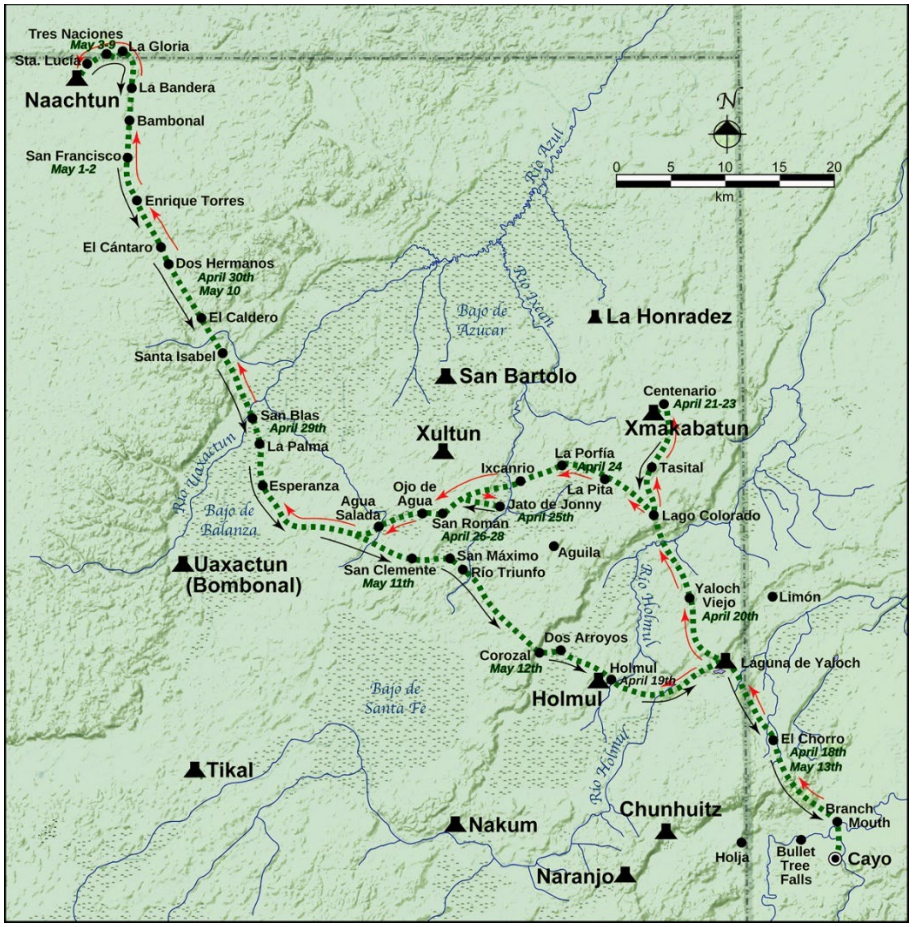

Figure 12.2. The route of the April/May Petén expedition.

A native of Cayo was building a bush house as we rode into the clearing, but there was no *resguardo* or *soldados* in sight. The *jefe de los vigilantes* was out fishing on the lake, and the Collector of Customs had gone hunting. Presently the wife of the house-building man and a little girl, both Negroes, came up from the lake and joined in the principal *galerón* [covered structure]. There was a Fairbanks scale here and I weighed myself, 128 lbs. with heavy boots, a very heavy spur, a book, etc. I knew this was low, but fear this would be the equivalent of less than 120 in ordinary clothes. While we were weighing, the *mulada* came in and two animals were unloaded to get our food for Julian Polanco, who was to leave us about a half league beyond the lake.

Meanwhile, the *jefe de los vigilantes* came back from fishing, and I made known to him who I was. I also wrote a note to Alonzo Lewis, enclosing a telegram from Muddy to his wife stopping all further pay. By the time these few details were arranged, the mules had been reloaded and we were ready to go on. We left Laguna at 10:30 and, rounding the northern end of the lake, struck off west and a little north. At 11:15 we were at the *horqueta* where Julian Polanco was to leave us. Here I wrote a note to Julian Santos and Sam Thompson in case they should come along, indicating by an arrow that we had taken the left-hand fork.

I told Julian Polanco to await us at Centenario either Saturday or Sunday, probably the former, and bid him goodbye. We had scarcely left him when we heard a shot and knew he'd have game for dinner. He was going to sleep at Yaloch Viejo tonight, some 2 ½ to 3 leagues from the *horqueta*.

The rest of our trip was uneventful; after leaving the *horqueta*, we crossed some low bottomlands, tangled with a thick undergrowth but not real logwood swamp. After this we climbed a low series of hills, defining no new drainage I should say, and after passing over this we descended to the Holmul River, following along its southern and eastern bank upstream for about two miles until we came to the crossing. Our *paraje* was on the other side. Unless I am mistaken, it was at this *paraje* we stopped the night before Lafleur was killed, six years ago next week.[177]

We got in at 2:30 and within an hour were sitting down to one of Muddy's satisfactory dinners. After we had eaten and rested, Candelario and Soapy and I set off for the ruins of Holmul, where Merwin got the wonderful pottery eleven years ago, I think it was.[178] We followed along a mile or a mile and a quarter west from the *champas*, climbing a low ridge of hills, along which the city was built. We were soon passing over large flat areas which had formerly been plazas between mounds. Extensive *ramoneos* [ramon tree

[177] Moise Lafleur was murdered on the trail shortly after Morley's discovery of Uaxactun in 1916. See Rice and Ward 2021: Chapters 18 and 23.

[178] Raymond Merwin visited Holmul over the course of two Peabody Museum-sponsored expeditions between 1909 and 1911, bringing back to the Museum multiple examples of decorated pottery.

groves] had been made here eight years ago, and the whole place was thickly grown over. It was with difficulty we could see anything. It was obvious, however, from the extremely level conditions underfoot that we were passing through plaza after plaza. Presently, when I thought we were lost, Candelario said, "*Alla esta la piedra*" [There is the stone]. Sure enough, there was a large standing stela with a round altar in front of it. Unhappily, it was plain on all sides, as was also the altar associated with it. In fact someone, Candelario said the Conde de Perigny, had dug under it for treasure!

This was a bitter disappointment, as I had counted on getting something here. *Pero no hay* [but nothing]. Well, it is all in a day's work, and I hope for better luck at the next site. We saw two other plain stelae here with round altars, and in another court a huge plain round altar that must have been at least 8 feet in diameter.

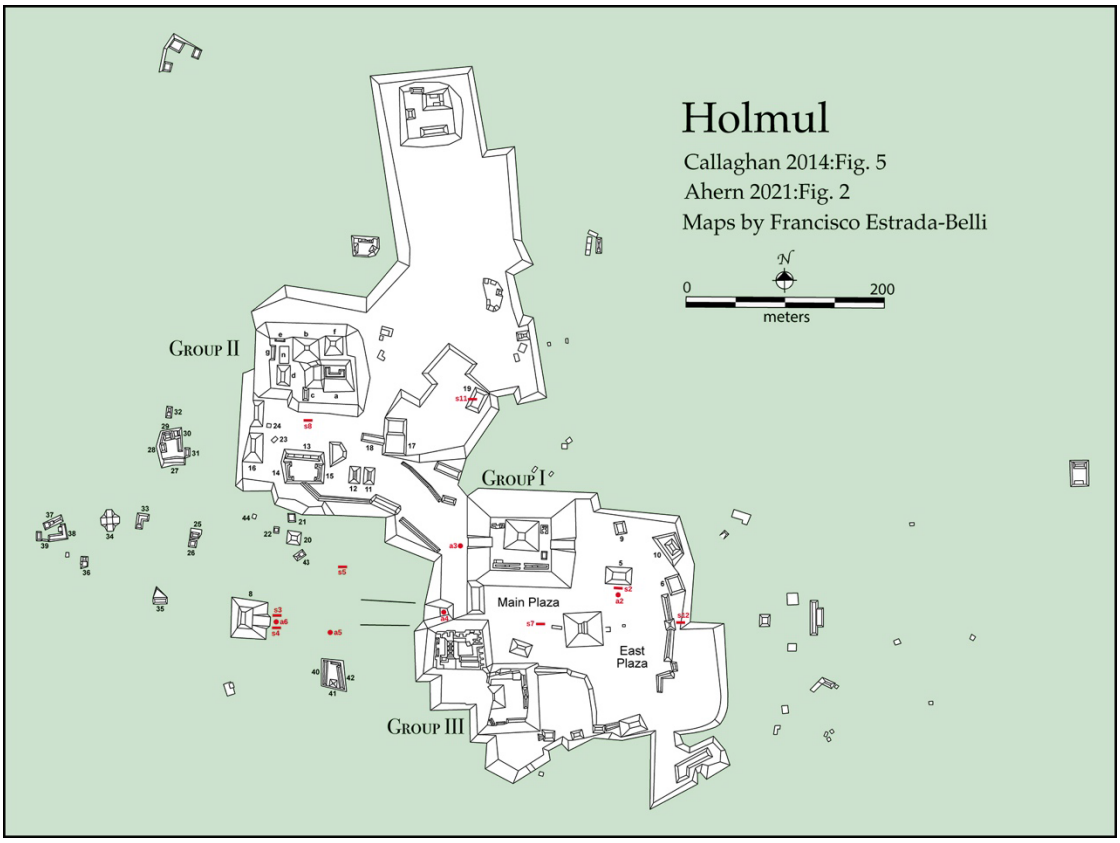

Figure 12.3. The site core of Holmul.

We climbed a steep pyramid which was really an acropolis and saw a number of excavated rooms. I could not tell whether they were Merwin's work or the Conde's. Candelario said that Merwin worked in another plaza some distance farther on. The masonry in the rooms I saw was of a splendid kind. One little and very unpromising mound had yielded a nice little temple of this ground plan [Appendix Figure 20; Figure

12.4].[179] Holmul must have been a place of considerable importance, and I wished strongly that we might have had one date here.[180]



Figure 12.4. Building B in Group II at Holmul as photographed by Keith Merwin in 2012. With only minor reconstructions this structure today appears almost exactly as it did during Morley's 1922 visit. Note his diary drawing [Appendix Figure 20].

We got back to the camp at 5:20 and found old Marcos had gotten in. He had stopped to get some honey out of a tree. No one else had got in. I was busy making plans for Muddy and Candelario to go back tomorrow when four figures came up the trail from the crossing. There were Julian Santos and Sam Thompson, who had left El Cayo about seven o'clock, and Margarito Ordoñez and Adelpho Orando, who had left Bullet Tree Falls at about the same time. They had met at El Chorro and come on together. Heaven knows, I was glad enough to see them, but disappointed not to see Manuel Cocom; however, I am going to send Muddy and Candelario back for him tomorrow. They will

[179] Building B at Holmul's Group II was the principal site of Merwin's early excavations. In addition to the highly decorated pottery recovered from this structure, 23 complete skeletal remains were found (Merwin and Vaillant 1932: 29–40).

[180] An important dated monument (Stela 6) was later found at the nearby site of La Sufricaya, a suburb of Holmul, which was contemporaneous with the Teotihuacan incursion of AD 378 (Grube 2003).

catch up with us at La Porfia, and in the meantime we will have visited Julian Polanco's ruin at Centenario.

Considering how I had almost no guides this morning, I am turning in well pleased tonight. It has been very difficult to write this as there are a million insects here.

April 20, Thursday

Camp was astir at 4:00 and Muddy and Candelario got off for Cayo at 7. They are to bring Manuel Cocom back with them or have him jailed for three months, the modest sentence passed in these countries against the offender who accepts advances from two different employers. They are to execute a number of minor commissions—stop the allowance of Trumback's wife, bring out the mail, eggs, etc.—and meet us again at La Porfia, Monday night if possible, and surely not later than Tuesday. With this understanding they got off, as I say, at 7:00.

We left at 7:30. Julian, Santos, Sam Armstrong, Margarito Ordóñez, and Adelpho Orando going on ahead with Juan and me. We reached the *horqueta* in 2 hours and 35 minutes, and took the left-hand fork (going out), the right-hand leading back to Laguna de Yaloch. One and three-quarter hours later we were at Yaloch Viejo, formerly a thriving Indian village. There were many sour orange trees, but we found only two of the fruit.

From here the road forks, the left-hand going to La Cubeta and La Aguila, the right we took. Descending from what must have been the plaza of Yaloch Viejo, because it was paved in places with flags, we crossed a creek with water in it, a tributary, I judge, of the Holmul. We got here at twelve sharp and after a little rest of 15 minutes I decided to push on. After leaving Yaloch Viejo, we passed a number of small ruins, and saw one building, or rather a mound which had been a building, that must have been 75 feet long on the right side of the trail [Figure 12.5]. About half an hour before reaching the river we passed an abandoned *jato* [encampment] and after this the road entered a *bajo*, the hard, dried mud of which cut into lumps and holes by the mules' hooves was terrible on the mules. After stumbling and pitching forward through this for half an hour we reached the Rio Holmul at 2:15, which at this point was Prohibition dry. It was hard to believe looking at this dry, dusty, stony bed that two months hence it will be flooding all the *bajo,* which we crossed so laboriously, and holding *muladas* up 15 to 20 days because of the torrents pouring down it.

I lay down on two logs which formed part of a futile bridge to cross this and fell asleep for half an hour. When I woke, Manuel Cruz had not yet come in with the *mulada*. We waited until 3:15, which made an hour, and then till 3:30, and then till 3:45. By this time he had had 1 ½ hours and all were agreed that he would have been in before this if he were coming in at all.

Two alternatives presented themselves in the dilemma: either to make a foodless and bedless camp there by the Holmul waiting for the *mulada* to overtake us in the morning, which didn't appeal to me at all, or to return the five or six miles to Yaloch Viejo where

we all felt sure Manuel had stopped. We decided to follow the latter course, and at 3:45 we started back over that wretched *bajo*. It had taken us two hours to come the five or six miles this morning but going back we did it in one and one-half hours. Manuel was not in when we got back, but Epifanio and Marcos were. I gave them hell for good measure, though the fault was, of course, Manuel's not theirs. Epifanio said a mule had strayed and they had reached Yaloch Viejo very late, pointing to about where the sun would be at 4:30 or 5:00. I knew this was a lie, but I couldn't prove it.

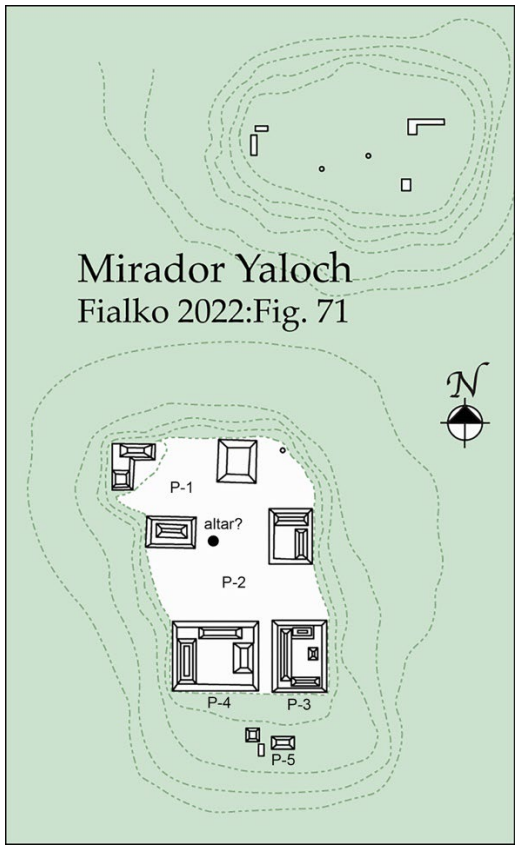

Figure 12.5. The small ruins at Yaloch.

Juan flew to and soon had Marcos getting dinner ready. Fortunately, the old Negro had had brains enough to have water boiling, and it wasn't too long before we were sitting down to a fairly respectable supper, composed of a partridge (Sam Thompson had killed in the morning), rice, beans, tea, and cherries.

I gave Manuel hell when he came in, but he said if he'd gone on the mules would have gone humbug. I cannot prove what time they reached Yaloch; he insisted it was late, pointing to a four o'clock position of the sun, and I had to let it go at that.

I had been in the saddle from 7:30 to 5:15 (8¾ hours) with the stops included, and I certainly was tired out. In fact, so exhausted that after dinner I day on my cot so all in that I did not undress for a while to get a bit of rest up for that business. The boys had

fixed my cot in a good place, and it wasn't long before I pulled down the *pabellon* [mosquito net], crawled inside, and fell asleep. I did not look at my watch, but I am sure this must have been before eight.

April 21, Friday

Considerably more successful than yesterday, since we reached our journey's end without having to turn back. Manuel was up long before daylight, and in consequence we made the earliest start we have yet achieved, i.e., 7:10. At that we were somewhat delayed looking for a lost mule which did not come in from the *ramonal* with the others. This animal was the unbroken one which Manuel had added to the *mulada* at Ixpop and which has given nothing but trouble ever since. On the way out from Flores, it raced up and down the length of the *mulada* causing endless confusion. Secundino looked for it for some time and then came in reporting that it must have taken the road to Laguna de Yaloch. Manuel gave it up as a bad job, and putting a pack saddle on his own animal, walked himself.

The boys started on ahead, and at some distance out killed a young antelope [deer], which was loaded onto the mule carrying the jack, shovel, axes, pick, and gasoline. Again, we had the unpleasant *bajo* of the Holmul to cross, but at the river itself there was no futile wait as yesterday. About half an hour beyond, up out of the *bajo* and in high bush, the trail forks, the left-hand going to La Porfia where they are going to look for the stelae which they know east of there. I also left a note for Muddy at this fork, telling him we had gone on to Centenario.

Five minutes after leaving this fork we came to the champas of Laguna Colorado and continuing on, presently found ourselves moving north and east along the north bank of the Holmul River. Not long after this we left the river and started up the steep high hill on the north side of the Holmul Valley. From the *horqueta* to La Porfiria to the crest of this range was just an hour. Coming down somewhat on the far side, the trail kept a pretty consistent north bearing. Now and then we were heartened by cuts on the trees, which Julian Polanco had made yesterday. We passed through a number of *bajos*, and in the midst of one, about two leagues from Laguna Colorado, we passed the Jato of Tasital, but there was no water there. These *bajos* continued here and there clear through to Centenario, which we reached at 1:50, 6 hours and 40 minutes after leaving.

We found Julian's hammock and grub, so figured he must be out *monteando* [hunting] for his ruins. This is a rather pleasant *paraje*. Emilo Urrita had it for a chicle camp last year, and the *champas* were still in good condition. Unfortunately, the *aguada* [water hole] was very low, but Julian had dug a hole in it which was filled with water when we got in. He himself got in about three, and reported that he had found two new stelae, though not the two he had seen first. He says the ruin is of a very great size, and he feels sure he will find them tomorrow.

The Jato of La Cal lies a league and a half further north. We follow this for a league

then turn off to the left (west) and go half a league to reach the ruins. Juan, Margarito, Adelpho, Julian, and I will go out tomorrow.

I have decided to live here at Centenario in place of going on to La Cal, since it is comfortable here for one thing, and for another we have to go back to Laguna Colorado to go to La Porfia, and I want to make it in one *jornada* when we do leave.

While Julian was out looking for the ruins, he saw a herd of about twenty peccary and killed one, a somewhat nervy thing to do as the herd is popularly supposed to turn on the animal or man who kills one of their number.

CHAPTER 13.

XMAKABATUN

April 22, Saturday

On the whole rather a disappointing day. They boys were up at daybreak and Marcos had breakfast ready early, but for some reason I was tired and lay abed until 5:50. By seven o'clock three mules had been brought in from the *ramonal*, one for me, another for Juan, and a third to carry the pick, shovel, and axe, the photographic outfit, and several bags of water. I only took three boys, Julian, Adelpho, and Margarito. We started at 7:35 going north and some little east, crossing one or two of those stony bottomed *bajos* with low bush and some logwood, though not a true logwood swamp. We passed several of these with intervening patches of high bush. About a mile out, we crossed a small watercourse running in a general westerly direction, one of the eastern branches of the Ixcan, without any doubt. Shortly after passing this dry creek, we saw an *aguada* on our left. This was practically dry and covered with water-lettuce[181] such as one sees on many of these *aguadas*.

About another mile beyond we crossed another dry creek which, when full, would flow in the same direction as the first. Shortly after this our trail crossed another one running at right angles to it, or rather our trail ran into this at right angles. The right trail led back to Centenario by a long route, but the left-hand one we took. This led on for some distance and then began to descend a sharp little hill. About halfway down we came to Julian's *picado* [small trail] which led into the ruins. From Centenario to this *picado* was an hour and five minutes. I would call it a strong three miles, as Julian, who led, hit a good pace all the way.

From here on, he and Margarito went ahead breaking trail. I followed next, then Juan, and last of all Adelpho leading the pack animal. This *picado* generally bore west. We seemed to be skirting a hill, and finally, after 45 minutes of slow going, during which I estimated we only covered 1 ½ miles, the road led across a low palm *bajo*, beyond which the land rose sharply—a rocky ledge—and on top of this were the ruins we had come to see.[182] We entered the plaza at its NE corner and came to the first of the three sculptured stelae we found here, though tomorrow I will turn some of the other [stones] and this number may be increased [Appendix Figure 21].

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[181] *Pistia stratiotes*, a floating plant with thick leaves that form a rosette resembling loose leaf lettuce. The plant supports thriving populations of mosquito larvae.

[182] This section of the diary records the discovery of Xmakabatun.

The sculptured stelae here were a great disappointment; not one had a date I could decipher. Indeed, I could only find glyphs on the first, Stela 1. This had canted back somewhat so it had caught the worst of the rains and was all but gone. The outline of a figure with feet 180 degrees apart[183] could still be distinguished, but that was about all. Stela 2, which stood just south of it, had broken off in small pieces down to the masked panel on which the figure was standing, but this was very well preserved indeed, and Juan photographed it [Figure 13.1]. The work is crude and provincial and in some ways it reminds me of La Honradez, from which it cannot be very distant either. I could not tell whether the sides had had glyphs or not. [Morley notes in pencil in the margin, "they have."]



Figure 13.1. Xmakabatun Stela 2. Note the poor quality of the stone.

The next stone we turned, Stela A3 [Appendix Figure 21], but it was plain. We turned several others, but they were plain. In fact, the only other carved one we found today was the southernmost on this eastern side of the plaza, Stela 3. This had a figure with feet 180 degrees apart standing on top of a large masked panel. This stone had been terribly shattered and we got it out very much in pieces; the top part I could not find, or if I had it, it was too far gone to recognize as such.

[183] This position of the feet indicates the figure is shown facing forward, a Late Classic positioning that replaced the Early Classic representation of figures in full profile (Proskouriakoff 1950: 18-28).

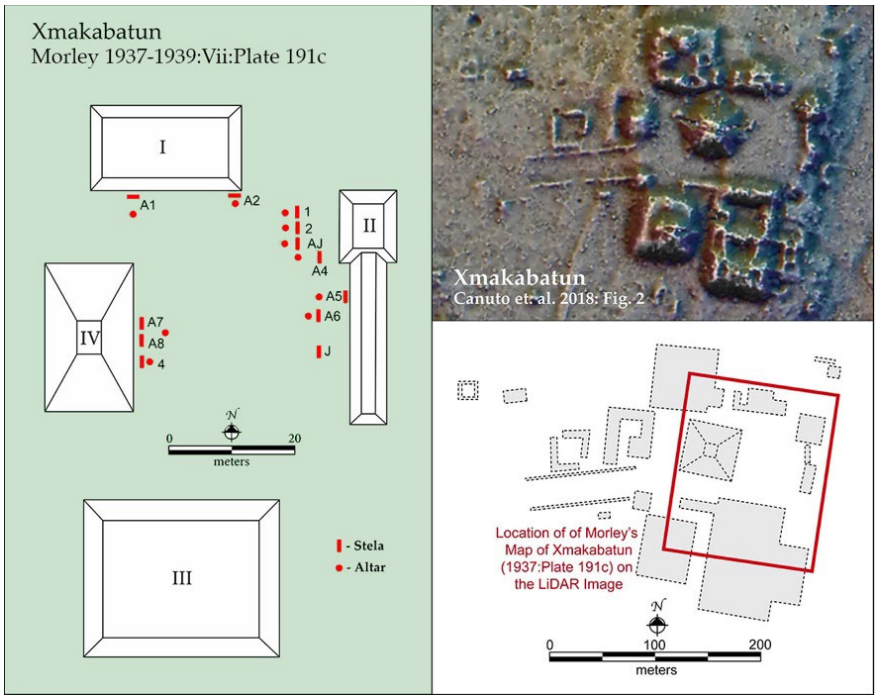

Figure 13.2. Site plan and LiDAR image of Xbakabatun.

I found three stelae on the west side (A7, A8, and Stela 4) and one (A1), and probably a second (A2), on the north side.[184] The altar for this latter was perfectly clear, but the stela itself (A2) had decomposed into a pile of broken limestone fragments.

Adelpho and I climbed the high pyramid on the west side, and also the mound on the south side, behind the latter (i.e., south of it). There were other plazas and the remains of vaulted chambers. One could see that this had been no small site,[185] but here again, as at La Honradez and somewhat less so at Xultun, the building material was a very poor grade of limestone, which has so rotted away—actually decomposed—that it is difficult to make anything out of their stelae. When they do fall face forward, instead of being well preserved, they rot away. They stand a better chance being exposed to the elements. I noticed the large limestone blocks in situ in the foundation terraces of the temple on the west side of this court. They were all eaten away. No wonder the stelae haven't survived, or indeed that they sculptured so few of them.

Julian came in at noon with the disheartening news that he hadn't found his stelae, though he'd searched long and hard for them. On this bad news we ate lunch. He and

[184] Morley's numbering of these stelae (Xmakabatun) breaks from that he used at most other sites. Sculpted stelae are labeled with numbers, i.e., Stela 1, while plain stelae are labeled with the letter "A" followed by a number (Morley 1937–38 I: 425). Most of the stelae at Xmakabatun are closely associated with altars.

[185] In Morley's classification system, Xmakabatun was rated a Class III site.

Margarito are going to *montear* again tomorrow in a last attempt to find them. Now that these found today have yielded no dates, I am particularly anxious that we find his other two.

We left the ruins at 2:35 and reached Centenario at 4:20, 1 ¾ hours on the way. Julian and Margarito went through the bush, but the rest of us had to follow the trail out this morning. It took us just one-half hour to the main trail, but 1 ¼ hours back to Centenario. Adelpho, who led the pack animal, walked very slowly. On the way back we raised a partridge and got four eggs for breakfast.

I was hungry enough to eat whatever Marcos had ready, but after soup I got a good mouthful of spoiled antelope, which quite took the edge of my appetite. In fact, I took castor oil after dinner to offset, if possible, any ill effects it might have.

This has been a great disappointment to me, and I trust the two boys will find the stelae in the morning. As I write these closing words of today's entry, Manuel and Secundino are driving the mules out to the *ramonal* for the night; one has improved the occasion to hide out in the bush, and Secundino had to search for him. A flood of good *arriero* [mule-team driver] profanity a moment since advises that he has found him.

What a country to work in. No stelae, spoiled meat, lost mules, and a million *garrapatas*. Juan is having a session with them now on his cot.

The cicadas are chippering all around, the bell of the bell-mare tinkles very faintly in the distance, the boys are swinging idly in their hammocks looking happy and contented, swapping their interminable yarns. Now if I had only found a date, I would have been happy too, but what does it matter in the end? The work in sight down here is perfectly appalling. I wonder where all the young men are coming from who will do it. They will be harder to find than the thousands to finance them. It is discouraging: as hard as I have worked, the little all told that I have accomplished. Perhaps it is for another generation, but anyhow if I can tie up these dates, give perhaps a synopsis of the chronology of the principal cities, which will endure, then I will have done my bit, made my contribution to the whole field.[186]

April 23, Sunday

I can hardly call the day unsuccessful, even though Julian did not find his two stelae, for in turning one of the fallen ones it proved to be carved.

Camp was astir early, and we got off for the ruins at 6:50. In addition to Julian, Adelpho, and Margarito (who also sent yesterday) I took the two cooks, Epifanio and

[186] This is a rare expression of discouragement on Morley's part, as he assesses future views of his work on the stelae. He is more often philosophical, as when he notes (April 26, below) that ruins can be found through persistence, and even wryly humorous, as when (April 24, below) he describes the Maya as "unsportsmanlike" in erecting plain stelae.

Marcos, leaving Manuel and Secundino in camp. Julian and Margarito went straight through the bush *monteando* for the two stelae, while the rest of us continued on to the ruins by the trail.

After having gone over this trail four times, I calculated that the entrance to Julian's *picado* (which I had marked by a cross cut on a tree on the left side of the main trail) lies north and a little east of here—three miles by the trail; and the ruins from the entrance of this *picado* lie west and a little south, 1½ miles. Just before reaching the ruins the trail crosses a palmy *bajo*; beyond, the land rises sharply ten or fifteen feet over a rocky ledge, and the ruins run along the edge of this.

The light was good when we reached the ruins and Juan spent the first hour photographing Stelae 1 and 2.

As soon as I could safely leave him, I took my four men over to the large fallen stela north of Stela 3, A6, and for the next two hours we worried with this. Slowly, however, with our little 10-ton jack, we got her up on one side only, to find that the front was plain. Julian and Margarito in at the death, so to speak. Both had nothing to report "*ruinas como un barbaridad*" [ruins everywhere] but no stelae. Candelario used the word "*ruineria*" to describe Holmul the other day, and Julian used the same word today. The site must have been fairly large, though I hardly can assign it to Class II.

After this unsuccessful issue, I set the boys assembling the fragments of Stela 3. These were too large as well as too small and oddly broken to assemble as one unit, but I had Juan photograph four different sections of it, in the same light, and at the same distance. Twelve o'clock and one, too, overtook us at the job, waiting for favorable light.

After lunch we tackled the huge middle stela on the east side of this plaza, A4; fortunately, in spite of its size, it was an easy one to raise. The stone held firm and we were able to use the lower lip of the jack on it, and we soon had it high enough for me to see that we had drawn another blank. The next stela to the south on this side (A5) was the only one that I did not turn. Holes dug under the upper end which projected a little above ground showed nothing on the underside and I gave it no further attention.

For our last job here, I had the boys turn the three stelae on the west side (A7, A8, and 4). The two toward the north were badly shattered, and the boys turned one with their hands. The other went up easily with the jack. The southern one of these three proved to be carved and I gave it the number 4 [Figure 13.3]. We turned the bottom fragment first, and it proved to have a mask panel on which stood a human figure facing to the left, its feet at an angle of 180 degrees.

The head and chest were on the upper fragment, and when I saw what I had on the lower piece I was more than confident that I had a period ending on the front, especially since the sides appeared to be plain. I should note that this stela had been quite thick—1'8" [0.51 m] and the whole back had scaled off as one slab. This left the front half quite thin, not more than 8" or 10" [20–25 cm]. We saw the top down in the ground. The boys dug around it carefully with their machetes and we pried it out from under a root which

had grown over it. It was the head and shoulders of the figure all right, and in very good condition too, but not one sign of a glyph. To be sure, the very top was missing, but even this would seem to have been too small to have carried a date. This was another disappointment, for it was my last chance of getting a date here, but I could not be too disappointed as the stela itself is an excellent example of very late Old Empire art at what must have been a provincial city of some importance.



Figure 13.3. Xmakabatun Stela 4 as drawn by Morley.

This finished our work at Julian's site, which I haven't named yet.[187] I will give it some Maya name, as the names of the two nearest *jatos*—La Cal and Centenario—have

[187] Morley eventually named the site Xmakabatun: "The original name of the site is lost; the name given to it by the Sixth Expedition, Xmakabatun, means in Maya 'stone without a name:' *xma* 'without,' *kaba*, 'name,' and *tun*, 'stone.' This designation was chosen because two of the four sculptured stelae found at this site had no glyphs on them, and the remaining two yielded no dates" (Morley 1937–38, i: 422).

no special significance; and more important still, the next *chicleros* to use them will give them different names. I want to give all Carnegie sites names ending with *-tun*, but I will have to consult some linguist first.

It was now three o'clock and I told the boys to pack the mule: jack, shovel, axe, pick, camera, and lunch things. I had to measure Stelae 3 and 4 and they were still loading the mule when I finished. Julian, Juan, and I went on ahead, leaving the ruins at 3:15 and reaching Centenario at 4:45, an hour and a half flat, and very good time too.

I was so tired when I got in that I lay down and went to sleep for an hour. When I woke up Juan was watching the beans cook! It would have taken another two hours to have cooked them through, so I told Juan to cut them out of the menu and get something on, rice, that would make supper more immediate. We had dinner about seven and afterwards I played the phonograph for an hour and turned in about nine.

In closing today's entry, I want to record how handicapped the Maya of the lower Ixcanrio Valley were. Their building stone was of a very poor quality, a soft limestone, and it weathers to a rotten, soft, almost cheese-like condition. I was particularly impressed with the way the stones in the terraces of the pyramid on the west side of the plaza had been worn, one might almost say honeycombed. And these were exposed to the elements. The rains and lichens had dissolved some strata more than others. After all, the monuments which fell face forward seemed to have fared the best.[188]

I should like to have given this city a more thorough exploration.[189] I cannot help but feel that there is another monument plaza in which are Julian's two stelae, just as there are two at Xultun, but my time is limited and I must get on with my trip for every reason—time, funds, and food. Also, I am getting tired out and after the next three weeks will be ready to close the field season. I am hoping better things from Adolpho's site but somehow have little faith in the stelae of Julian Santos.

April 24, Monday

Another disappointment, but no surprise. Sam and Julian Santos reported, when I reached La Porfia today, that in three days they had been unable to find their stelae, which I am convinced never existed. I now know what they wanted was a trip (all expenses paid plus a salary) to this part of the bush so that they might investigate its chicle possibilities with a view to putting a camp in here in the coming *temporada*—but to go back.

We got off without incident or undue delay from Centenario at 7:30, but the *mulada* moved very slowly, the mules keep on eating the sapotes which were strewn along the trail. One white one in particular would hold up six or more behind it, secure in the

[188] A statement in contradiction to what Morley wrote a few paragraphs earlier.

[189] One year after its discovery, Xmakabatun was briefly visited by a CIW team under Oliver Ricketson.

knowledge that the man behind could not reach over the backs of the intervening mules to inflict chastisement.

I got tired of this finally and made it my business to follow immediately behind this *sapoteadora*, and every time it paused to pick up a sapote, it got a blow from a stick. It was amusing to see the devices it tried to get ahead or behind me. It would dodge into a *derecho* or dart behind another mule, but I camped on its trail literally, and we moved somewhat faster after that. In spite of all my efforts at *arriería*, however, the *mulada* moved forward very slowly and we didn't reach Laguna Colorado until 11:50, 4-1/3 hours after leaving.

Manuel and Secundino fixed the cargo here, and we came back to the main road from Laguna de Yaloch toward the interior at 12:00 exactly, 4½ hours after leaving Centenario.

It was heart-breaking, after having just descended the high range on the north side of the Holmul River, to have to turn right around and climb it again, but this is precisely what we had to do. We turned into the main trail at twelve noon, and fifteen minutes later were climbing the divide. Shortly after reaching the summit, we passed the *paraje* of La Pita but continued on "*sin novedad*" [with nothing new]. We reached La Porfia at 2:00 and found Muddy back with Candelario Pulido and the missing Manuel Cocom and a new boy, Gregorio Pulido, Candelario's son. The latter had gotten into some trouble with a girl in Cayo involving a delicate question and a close interpretation of the age of consent, and the girl's parents had put the matter in the hands of the police. Candelario thought his son would be better out of Cayo for a month and had asked Muddy if he might bring him to work for his grub. Muddy said this would be all right, so he came.

Rick's party finished at Naranjo las Friday, the 21st, and were to be back in Cayo yesterday.[190] I suppose they will go right on down the river as soon as a boat comes in.

Trumback had left for Belize the day after we left Cayo, and with Muddy's hat! There was no mail, and Brooks told Muddy that Prisciliano had sent in word from Holja that his (Brooks') horse was dead. This means that I owe Brooks 18.25 more, but do not owe Prisciliano one cent of the $33.00 he is claiming for his horse of last year. And that, I believe, finished the Cayo news.

Muddy said he had had little difficulty in persuading Manuel Cocom to return with him. A drunken corporal of the police had accompanied him to Succotz, and when it was nosed about that the police were looking for him, his father came up and Muddy explained that if his son did not accompany him (Muddy) back to the bush to fulfill his agreement with me it was jail for him for three months. The father quickly produced the youth, who he explained was engaged to be married next month, and the whole affair had somewhat turned on his head. Muddy brought him back to Cayo with him, and later on to Porfia, all of which was very satisfactory.

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[190] Ricketson led a separate team to update Maler's nascent 1904 map of Naranjo. The team found the site to be much larger than earlier described.

I found out, as I have already written, that Sam Thompson and Julian Santos had not found their stelae. I was disappointed but not surprised. The whole business had only been a sly expedient to get a free trip to this piece of bush to investigate its chicle possibilities. I told them after supper that I would not need their services further and allowed them pay for three days going out. I also got rid of old Marcos Baldwin, who has proved pretty useless. As a cook he was poisonous. He let the antelope spoil and upset me with that, and his tea was like sheep-dip. Then, too, he was always talking loudly and bragging after the customary Jamaica-Belize Negro fashion, and the other boys did not like him. I told all three that food was running low, which was at least comparatively true, that is it was running lower, thus saving their faces, and that we could fix up their accounts in the morning. How different from these worthless fellows is Candelario, for example. He and Muddy with the two boys had arrived yesterday noon—incidentally they were glad enough to see us as their food was running low—and he had gone out looking for ruins and within 250 yards [229 m] of camp had found several stelae. These had all fallen, but there was a chance that they might be sculptured.

After tea, which we had as soon as we got in, I had the boys carry the jack up to these stones and we turned the biggest one first. This was rounded at the top and had a round altar in front of it and seemed quite promising. But on turning it up, it was rough and uneven. We turned three others with the same result and then went back to camp. Why the "*antiguos*" did this unsportsmanlike thing of erecting plain stelae is beyond me, but they did, as I have learned to my disappointment more than once, so today I check it up to profit and loss. And sometimes these turned monuments yield a rich profit.

In the evening, I had a long map session with old Candelario with the occasional assistance of Adelpho. It seems reasonably clear that the Rio Holmul drains the Bajo of Santa Fe. The water through this flows first west and then south and finally swings around to the east, west of Nakum, and by the time it flows by Nakum it is flowing east and beginning to work a little north. It seems equally clear that the Ixcan, which has two branches—the Rio Triunfo and the Rio Santa Maria, is Blue Creek. I take it that the Rio Santa Maria drains the *bajo* of Bejucal, or Balanza as it is also called. I believe the range I saw from Temple IV at Tikal extending in a SW and NE direction some eight miles, is the divide between the Holmul and the Ixcanrio, but which arm I am not sure yet, probably the Santa Maria branch, I should say. The topography of this bush-enshrouded region, where the drainage areas are so loosely defined, is exceedingly difficult for an amateur topographer, but with old Candelario's assistance I am going to work it out yet.

CHAPTER 14.

IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING INTERESTING

April 25, Tuesday

A week ago today we left Cayo; of the eight sites then in sight:

1. Julian Polanco's near Centenario
2. Julian Santos' near La Porfia
3. Antonio Zúniga's near El Susto
4. Candelario Pulidos' at Holmul
5. Candelario Pulidos' at Laguacate
6. Candelario Pulidos' at Dos Aguadas
7. Manuel Cocom's at Naranjo
8. Adelpho Orando's at Santa Lucia

Already No. 2 has proven to have been a lie. No. 1 was a site all right enough [Xmakabatun], but no dates. A "dud." No. 3 a complete frost, the man wouldn't even come. No. 4 was an honest "dud"—old Candelario showed me a plain stela, which he thought had figures, but hadn't. He meant well, the old fellow, but so far as a carved stela was concerned, let alone a date, No. 4 was also a prime "dud."

The old man's Nos. 5 and 6 yet remain to be investigated. Of Nos. 7 and 8, however, I entertain the highest hopes. These both should yield dates. If I can salvage these two out of the eight, I shall feel more than repaid for the time, money, and toil invested in the trip.

After breakfast I paid Sam, Julian, and Marcos off. The first two had drawn up to within 50 cents of what they had earned, allowing them the three days for the return to El Cayo. Worthless fellows these. I had succeeded in holding old Marcos a little more, though he had only $1.35 coming to him. I made it an even two dollars for the kindness he had shown me two years ago and let him go. A Latin-Negro mixture is the worst possible, and though he does not show his Latin blood—his mother came from Chachacluum, he is black as the Ace of Spades, but it is there and he is *no bueno*, like the rest of that breed.[191] He has just done two months in the Cayo jail for getting out

[191] Morley's racism reflected common American attitudes of the first decades of the twentieth century, although his views were slightly more benign. He felt very close to and was empathetic to members of other races (especially his beloved Maya), but he had no doubts about the superiority of the white race and North American/European civilization. For a discussion of his views on race, see Ward and Rice 2021: 10–13.

contraband chicle, though he swears it was not contraband. However, I'd back old Wyatt's decisions against all Marcos' contradictions and protests of innocence, and the fact that Wyatt gave him two months is proof enough to me of this cupidity.[192]

The three of the set got off about seven and we were under way a half an hour later. This now reduces us to twelve: myself, old Candelario, Juan, Gregorio (Juan's son), Muddy, Manuel Cocom, Manuel Cruz, Julian Polanco, Secundino, Margarito Ordóñez, Epifanio, Adelpho Orando.

The road went west and a little south. We crossed several *bajos* with intervening patches of high bush. At 11:00 (3½ hours after leaving La Porfia) we reached Ixcanrio, which was an old *paraje* to me: I stopped here in 1920 on our way into Xultun and again last year (1921) on our way thither. This time we rode on through. I was not sorry either. It hasn't improved during the two years—nothing has been done to the *champas* and they appear to me to have gone almost as far as they can without collapsing altogether.

The remaining two leagues was along the high ground just above the flood plain of the Ixcan on the western side. We travelled generally southwest, i.e., toward its head, just on the edge of the high bush bordering the *bajo*.

Old Candelario's dog killed a tepiscuintle[193] and we had fresh meat from it tonight. I have said over and over again in these pages, but it will bear repeating here, that this is the most delicious of *all* the bush meats. It is an agouti and called a gibnut by the Belize people. The name tepiscuintle is Aztec [Nahuatl].

At just 1 o'clock we came to an *horqueta* at the very edge of the *bajo*. The right fork turned and went back with the high bush; this leads to Naranjo, two leagues off, and is the trail we will take tomorrow. The left turned down into the *bajo*, and this we followed for a mile before it finally emerged at the "Jato de Johnny" on the west bank of the Ixcan. Here we are comfortably camped in some old champas, under one of which I took a much needed bath as soon as I got in.

Tomorrow Adolpho Orando and Julian Polanco go on ahead to find the former's ruins at Santa Lucia, near the Mexican line (1 ½ miles off only) while the rest of us go first to Manuel Cocom's ruin before following after. Muddy and I both think these latter ruins are the only ones Charley Phillips heard about and tried to take us to last year. The *jato* we named for Rutherford,[194] "Jato Arturo," because we reached there on his birthday, must be somewhere near them.

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[192] Wyatt was the chief of police in Belize City.

[193] The tepiscuintle or tepezcuintle (*Cuniculus paca*) is a large rodent found in Central and South American forests. Weighing from 5 to 12 kg., the meat is delicious—a white meat with little taint of gaminess.

[194] Arthur Rutherford—the photographer on Morley's 1921 expedition.

April 26, Wednesday

At the last minute I changed my plans slightly this morning. Julian Polanco I have more or less distrusted all along. To be sure we found his site, but his stelae he did not find, and in Cayo he was so sure. It seemed, too, that last night Adolfo/Adelpho asked Muddy to ask me if Margarito might go along with him instead of Julian, saying Julian would not walk after mid-day. At any rate, I decided this morning to let Margarito go on with Adolfo/Adelpho in place of Julian. The former is the best man I have next to old Candelario, and moreover is Adolfo's compadre, both being people of Amado Angel at Bullet Tree Falls.

Muddy got out rations for them for a week, I gave them each a packet of 20 cigarettes, and about a dozen shot. They got off at 6:30. They carry a copy of our proposed itinerary—we hope to be at Jato de San Francisco next Monday night, May 1st, but in this country if a man proposes, God very much disposes, and *pues, quién sabe*? [well, who knows?].

We plan to leave here on Saturday, April 27, sleeping that night at San Blas. The next night, Sunday, April 30, we will be at El Cántaro and the third night, May 1st, Monday, at San Francisco.

San Román	2
San Clemente	4
La Palma	½
San Blas *6 ½ leagues	3
Santa Isabel	1
Caribal	1
Dos Hermanos	½
El Cántaro **5½ leagues	6
San Francisco ***6 Leagues	

I have told Adolfo/Adelpho that we may be a day ahead of this schedule, or a day behind it, depending on how much work we find to do at Manuel Cocom's ruins, but that he need hardly look for me until Monday (May 1st) and not later than Tuesday (May 2nd). They got off at 6:30, carrying with them seven days' rations, which should be more than enough, and we were scarcely later.

This morning, with Manuel Cocom in the lead, I started off in advance of the *mulada* with Julian Polanco, Gregorio, and old Candelario and Juan. This left Muddy, Epifanio, Manuel, and Secundino to follow with the *mulada*. In fifteen minutes, we had gotten back across the bajo and took what was now our left-hand fork, which bore generally southwest. A short distance along this and a road came in from the southeast from the Jato de Naranjo. Later—I forgot to take the time—a trail went off to the right bearing more westerly than ours, which Adolfo/Adelpho and Margarito were to take. This comes out a little this side (east) of La Palma. We reached San Roman at 8:40, but as we came a little fast, it is a good two leagues from where we slept last night.

We passed on the road several mounds, a long one on the right and a pyramid on the left, also two plain stelae on the left. This *jato* is in fairly good state, only having been abandoned in January. The *aguada* has lovely clear water, the best I have seen yet, and there is plenty of it. After the boys had quenched their thirst, four of them started out to locate Manuel Cocom's ruins, which he says are about a media league north of here. I suppose them to be not more than a mile in an airline. Manuel led—Julian, Candelario, and Juan going along to assist in the search. I strongly suspect that these ruins are those which Charley Phillips tried to show me last year as my very crude sketch map shows [Appendix Figure 22].

From Jato Arturo, which is only about two leagues from here—probably 2½ Manuel says to the northwest—we had to go southeast for a league before we began to look for the ruins, which we never found. This year Manuel says the ruin he knows lies NW of here, and that this *jato* itself lies SW from the place we slept last night, which in turn lies SW of the *paraje* of Ixcanrio. It almost seems as though they must be the same group. Even these Petén ruins are found if you come down often enough and keep at it long enough.

The *mulada* got in a little after ten, and Muddy at once proceeded to make camp comfortable, as he always does. I had lunch gotten ready early against the expected early return of the boys with news of the ruins, but eleven came, and twelve, and one, and two. Finally, Juan and Candelario came in with no news of the stelae. Ruins they had seen, but no stelae. Julian came in later with the same disheartening intelligence, and last of all, about three, Manuel himself came in with the same discouraging news. Ten years ago, even five, I would have been raging and to no purpose. The only thing I could do was to pep the boys up to a more thorough search and an early start tomorrow. That is what I promised myself and them.

Juan came in pretty tired and thirsty, and I secretly suspect well fed up with ruin hunting. Muddy, with customary cheerfulness, announced that if greater economy was not practiced with the flour, it would not last out the trip, which will last, I suspect, about another sixteen days.

In the evening Juan developed the pictures he took at Centenario. They turned out very well. What a pity it is I could get no date there. This is a very comfortable *paraje* and if I could only find ruins here, I would be perfectly satisfied with the wait, but if I don't…

April 27, Thursday

Another day of wretched luck. The boys got off early at 6:50 and I felt sure that they would be back within a couple of hours with the stelae in their vest pockets, so to speak. I started an article called "The Intellectual Heart of Ancient America" for *L'Illustration* of Paris, and thus the morning passed.[195]

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[195] A scan through the digitized volumes of *L'Illustration* available online at the Hathitrust archive has failed to reveal this article. It is not known if it was ever published. The

We had lunch and still no sign of the boys. The longer they stayed out, of course, the more discouraging it was, because it meant they had found nothing. One came and went, and two, and then old Candelario and Manuel straggled in with no success to report. Julian had left them early in the morning—they had heard him shoot once—but that had been several hours before. I had faint hopes that he might have been more successful than the other two, but when he came in about half an hour later, he had nothing to report. He brought on his back a fat peccary, however.

He thinks he has seen the same stelae which are the ones we tried to find last year from Jato Arturo. He describes them as four, one standing and three fallen. This tallies fairly well with Manuel's story of two—one standing and one fallen. I have hashed the whole business over with each of them singly and then together, and then finally with Candelario thrown in for good measure. The consensus of opinion seems to be that they have not gone far enough. Candelario says that when they turned back today they had in front of them still larger groups of ruins than any they had seen and that these were bearing off in a northwesterly direction. Manuel describes his stelae as in a high *ramonal* and this sort of bush lay ahead of them when they turned back, according to Candelario. At all events, having lost this one day, and after having told Margarito and Adolfo that we would say here two days, it seems worth risking one more day on and I will wait, therefore, tomorrow, sending the boys out to *montear* early.

In the evening, Muddy, Juan, and I played the only three-handed game of cards that we all knew—a very old standby, Casino. It is amusing to watch Juan play cards; then his oriental phlegm leaves him and he is alternately cast down and lifted up. If someone gets a big Casino from under his nose, his face falls, but if he gets it, his eyes dance and he is wreathed in smiles. Muddy loves to tease him at the game.

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previous year Morley wrote a similar article for *The National Geographic Magazine* entitled "The Foremost Intellectual Achievement of Ancient America," (Morley 1922: 109–130).

April 28, Friday
Another dreadfully disappointing day. No stelae were found, and I fear I have been sold again. The three that went out to search got off early enough, before seven, but were gone until after four.

After breakfast Muddy and Juan rode back along the road that we came by, day before yesterday, to examine a stone standing to the left of the road, which Muddy saw when we came in. They were gone half the morning and when they came back, they reported having seen both Julian and Candelario. The latter looked "fresh," Muddy said, as though he had been resting in the bush and only emerged when he heard the noise of horses' hooves along the trail. The old man, they said, looked tired as though he had put in a good hard day of *monteando*. Up to that time neither had seen anything resembling a stela.

As the day wore on and no one came in, my hopes of success grew less and less. It was a foregone conclusion, of course, that they would stay out all day, because they knew I would leave tomorrow anyhow, and they felt they had to put up a good show of a hard search. Old Candelario came in first. He said he had gone all through the group of ruins lying north of the *paraje*, walls he had seen in plenty, and a few high pyramids, but no sign of stelae. These ruins, he said, continued in a northerly direction, and since Xultun had a long southerly extension, which the road from La Machina to Petipet cuts across, in all probability this is part of the same group. If Manuel Cocom was not lying outright, as seems not improbable, he may have seen some of the Xultun stelae that I have already examined.

Julian and Manuel came in together. I feel sure that they were waiting just outside camp until the old man came in, to come in themselves. They, of course, reported failure. Though I did not tell either of them at the time, I determined to let them both go in the morning back to El Cayo. So far as money is concerned, Manuel will go empty handed, as he has used up in advance all the wages coming to him, and his failure to find the stelae means "*no premio*" [no bonus].

I had been feeling seedy all day—think I caught a cold at Casino last night—so took 10 [grains] of quinine and turned in early against the early rising of the morrow. We have a long *jornada* ahead of us and we want to get a very early start on it. When I turned in, Muddy and Juan were playing poker for matches as chips. Later, I understand Juan initiated Muddy into the iniquities of "stud poker," which Muddy didn't like—said you could lose too "strongly" at it.

April 29, Saturday
A very long, hard day, 10½ hours in the saddle—one of the longest *jornadas* I have ever made in the Peten, and quite the longest of our present field season.

Camp was astir long before daylight. After breakfast I told Julian and Manuel that they were to return from here. I paid off the former by check; the latter had nothing

coming to him. Muddy gave them rations for two days, and I allowed them three days to get out "on time." They got off at 6:30 and we were not much behind. At 6:50 we bid goodbye to Jato San Roman, which would better be called Jato Fregado so far as I am concerned, and took an *atravesia* [crossing trail] which led across to the west-running road that Margarito and Adolfo took three yesterdays ago.

In a half hour's time, this came out all right, and we turned west. One might well say that from this point on, until one o'clock, six hours, we were lost. We were looking for another Jato de Johnny but did not find it; from here we were to go to Santa Maria, where both Candelario and Epifanio knew the road on to La Palma and San Blas. But we went on and on and on and came to no *jato* anybody recognized. We did pass several *jatos*, one of which was called Ojo de Agua, and had been worked the last *temporada* [season] by Rosario Cabrera, as a board written on with pencil advised. This was on a distinct *arroyo*, and I thought at the time it might well be the Arroyo de Santa Maria, which flows into the Ixcan, but neither Candelario nor Epifanio recognized the *jato*, so we pushed on. Our direction was generally west, though we made some southerly.

Later, we made another *jato*, but again neither of our *prácticos* [guides] recognized it, and we rushed on. Later, very much later in the day, they decided this last *jato* must have been "Agua Salada," and both failed to recognize it as such. We were frankly lost. Not badly so, because we knew we must come out either on the Triunfo–San Clemente road or the Ixcanrio–Petipet road, but for all practical purposes of reaching our stopping place for the night, we were lost.

Finally, at about 12:45 we came out on a well-travelled road. We turned to the left along this and about 1:00 came to an *horqueta*, the right-hand fork of which was marked with the initials R.C. and was the less travelled of the two. Then the old man found himself. The left-hand fork was the *camino real* [royal or main road] back to San Clemente, and for the last eighteen minutes we had been going away from La Palma and San Blas. We should have turned to the right instead of the left fifteen minutes back.

We continued along the San Clemente trail, only long enough to be sure that it was the San Clemente trail and then turned back toward La Palma. The (now) left-hand fork marked R.C. was the short cut we had taken to Bambonal [Uaxactun] last year when we lost ourselves for three days! And finally came back out at this very point and continued on to La Palma, the next day going on to Bambonal, a heart-breaking *vuelta* [lap]. We passed the *horqueta* (now) on the right, from which we had emerged at 12:45 at just 1:25, and we reached San Blas at just 5:25, four hours later.

I thought we would make it in three hours, but it was not to be. The mules were tired, and went very, very slowly. We passed La Esperanza, a dry *aguada* now in the *verano* [summer; dry season] and pushed on. Candelario felt quite sure that La Palma would also be dry, and that we would have to push on to San Blas. We reached the former at 4:45 and the *aguada* was bone dry. To my surprise, Manuel wanted to stop here without water, but I persuaded him to go on the remaining two miles to San Blas.

In this stretch of the road, whilst Candelario was opening a trail, a big pit viper literally sprang at him, and he jumped back. When he killed this ugly looking snake it was over four feet long. It had a black tail and a flattened head. He called it "*cola de hueso*" [bone tail, perhaps a rattlesnake?].

We reached our journey's end at 5:25, 10 hours and 35 minutes after starting. The *paraje* is a pleasant one, somewhat overgrown as all the *parajes* are this year, as there was practically no work in the bush the season just past. Here I found a brief note from Alfonso Orando (I find the name is really Alfonso, and not Adelfo or Adolfo as I first thought). This stated briefly that they had slept here their first night out, i.e., last Wednesday:

"*Hoy 26, dormimos aqui en San Blas, habiendo llegado ya muy tarde."* A. Orando. [Today, the 26th we slept here in San Blas, having arrived very late].

I wish I could reproduce his wonderful rubic [Appendix Figure 23].

It looked like rain so Muddy put up the tarp. Supper was good: soup, ham, tea, beans, crackers, cheese, olives, pickled onions, jam, and for dessert, pears. "*Sabroso*" [tasty]. What with the long day, and the nervous strain of being lost all morning, I was very tired and lay down on my cot immediately after dinner, though did not go to bed at once. Muddy and Juan found sufficient energy to play poker again!

One of the things which delayed us so much today was the necessity of opening a trail all along the way. In the *atravesia* [crossing] this was worst of all, but even in the main road to the interior—the Triunfo–San Clemente road—we found this closed by falling trees occasionally. We passed ruins all along, and one can feel sure that this whole upper end of the Ixcan Valley was intensively occupied in Old Empire times. Right here at San Blas there were some mounds on top of the hill, just before reaching the *paraje*, and old Candelario says that this whole hill north of the *paraje* is "*una ruineria.*"

The boys were well tired out and did not even cut *ramon* for the mules, trusting they would find enough grass here in the clearing to do them for tonight. We were all in bed by 8:30, and speaking for one, asleep.

April 30, Sunday

Because the mules were not given *ramon* last night, they strayed back along the road to La Palma, so that when the boys got up the only animal in the clearing was Secundino's big white horse. This meant a late start, and in fact we did not get off until 8:15. I cannot complain at that though; Manuel is the first *capitaz* [head muleteer] I have ever had who was willing to go out to the ramonal for his mules. And though for him 8:15 was a late start, with other men I would have considered it very early.

About half a league beyond San Blas, we entered a *bajo*. This is the same *bajo* as that of Bejucal and Balanza. Where we crossed it, it bore the name Bajo de Balanza, named in each case after the harvest *paraje*. At this point the big *bajo* was not bad, and in three-quarters of an hour we got through it and beyond into high bush.

Three hours and five minutes after leaving San Blas we came to Santa Isabel. Just before reaching the *paraje*, a much-overgrown road came in from the right (northeast) which Candelario said came from La Balanza. Before reaching Santa Isabel, in fact before crossing the *bajo*, we crossed a small *arroyo*, which Candelario says flows north. This must be one of the several streams which, flowing together, form the Ixcanrio.

Santa Isabel was much overgrown. There were some orange trees here, though we only got four oranges from them. The *aguada* was dry, and we did not tarry long. Fifteen minutes after leaving Santa Isabel, the land began to ascend sharply, and the boys said we were climbing La Sierra. The range which we now had reached not only bounds the Ixcan Valley on the northwest side but is also the watershed between the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. Across this divide (i.e., on the northwestern side) the streams heading in there find their way either into the San Pedro Mártir or the San Pedro Candelaria, the principal river lying just west of northwest of us being the Paixban, which probably flows into the San Pedro Candelaria. This range was obviously a big one. We went up and up; sometimes we lost a little, having to drop back over foothills, but we continued to mount.

It must have taken us nearly an hour to get to the summit, which I take to be just before reaching the old *paraje* of El Caldero. Here we found a veritable *naranjal* [orange grove], with many of the trees bearing fruit. These were not the coarse, thick-skinned *aigre naranja*, but an orange that while not exactly sweet, was far from sour. We loaded up pockets and saddle bags with these for tea, and I hope the green ones we picked will last till we get back out here again a week or ten days hence.

After leaving El Caldero, the land begins to drop, though very slowly by small, sharp falls, succeeded in each case by long flat benches. It almost seems as though the land on this side must have been artificially levelled off. The terrace continued this way as far as our *paraje* today, Dos Hermanos, which we reached at 1:20, five hours and five minutes on the way, but which is probably close to the 6 leagues the boys called it. Here we were obviously over the crest of the divide, as we were now beginning to circle around spurs which had their slopes falling away to the northwest. We were now, I took it, over the divide, and in the drainage of streams which eventually find their way into the Gulf of Mexico. It was in this knot of mountains at the very head of the Ixcan Valley that the Maya built their first settlement in this region (Uaxactun).[196]

I may be somewhat off on details, but the geography of this region generally is I believe as I have shown it on the next page [Appendix Figure 24].

Uaxactun is up at the very head of the Ixcan Valley, and Tikal over the divide in the headwaters of the Rio Holmul, just northwest of the Bajo de Santa Fe, where the Holmul rises.

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[196] Morley based this claim on the early date found on Uaxactun, Stela 9. At the time he was completely unaware of the long and widespread Preclassic settlement of the area.

This sierra runs into the main sierra west of Bambonal, at almost the Jato de la Sierra, and then continues west. It is the chain I saw from Tikal stretching north and west of me. The divide between the Holmul and the Triunfo, the eastern branch of the Ixcan, runs into the same divide near Desprecio. Bambonal, or Uaxactun as I prefer to call it, stands thus at the very head of the Ixcan Valley, and in the occupation of the general region the Maya would seem to have next overflowed into the head of the Holmul valley and occupied that area. It makes it of very great importance, therefore, to know where to put at least one site on the west side of the main divide, and I am hoping that Alfonso will not fall down on his city like the others did.

The head of the Ixcan valley must have been the seat of intensive occupation very early. You have, first of all, Uaxactun itself at the southwest corner; northeast of it and also south of the river you have Xultun, itself a fairly early site; and farther down on the same side the new site near Centenario, and farther still, La Honradez, the last two being also east of the Triunfo. Unfortunately, I haven't a single date from the north side of the river. I hardly know what to predict for Alfonso's site, assuming he really has dated stelae. Is it earlier than Uaxactun, representing an earlier station in a general migration from the west, the direction from which I believed the Maya reached Petén, or is it late, representing a late extension toward Yucatán, as at Xultun and Uaxactun both, or is it just Great Period Old Empire? Or, most heart-breaking of all, is it only just a "dud?"

In the clearing at this *paraje* we found a green leaf rolled up and stuck in a tree, which we took to be a sign that Margarito and Alfonso had passed here as they should have. There were several orange trees here at Dos Hermanos. I have already spoken of them at Santa Isabel and El Cántaro, and there was quite a little grove at Tikal. This, of course, means settlements at these points after European contact.

Old Candelario says that when Santa Cruz de Bravo was still a large flourishing center, some thirty or fifty years ago, that there were settlements of Indians from Yucatán at Dos Hermanos, El Cántaro, and Santa Isabel (all these are modern names, of course) and that the orange trees date from their occupation. This seems fairly reasonable, and accounts for the European fruit trees satisfactorily enough from the historic and archaeological points of view: very recent modern settlements probably since 1850 and abandoned at least thirty years ago.

I had a session with old Candelario on the map after dinner. It seems fairly certain that, coming from the west, the main watershed divides northwest of Tikal, somewhere near the Jato of La Sierra, i.e., probably southwest thereof. From this point the two arms, the northern one swinging somewhat northeast, open out to define the north side of the Ixcan valley. The southern arm runs more nearly due east, though it also has a northerly tendency, and this defines the southern side of the Ixcan valley. So far as I can make out, the Ixcan River is composed of two principal affluents, the Río Santa Marta, which rises in the *bajo* of Bejucal, and running along its eastern side (we crossed it after leaving San

Blas today) it joins with the other arm, the Río Triunfo about half a league north of the Jato of La Milpa, which I take it is somewhere west and north of Petipet.

The Triunfo rises in a small *bajo* south of San Clemente. Between this *bajo* and that of Bejucal to the northwest there is a small spur of the southern arm of the main range which joins this southern arm at Desprecio. The Triunfo thus swings east, northeast, north, and finally beyond the *cruzando* [crossing] at Ixcanrio actually makes a tremendous bend to the west and joins the Santa Maria, as already noted above La Milpa. This seems strange to me, but old Candelario insists that it is so.

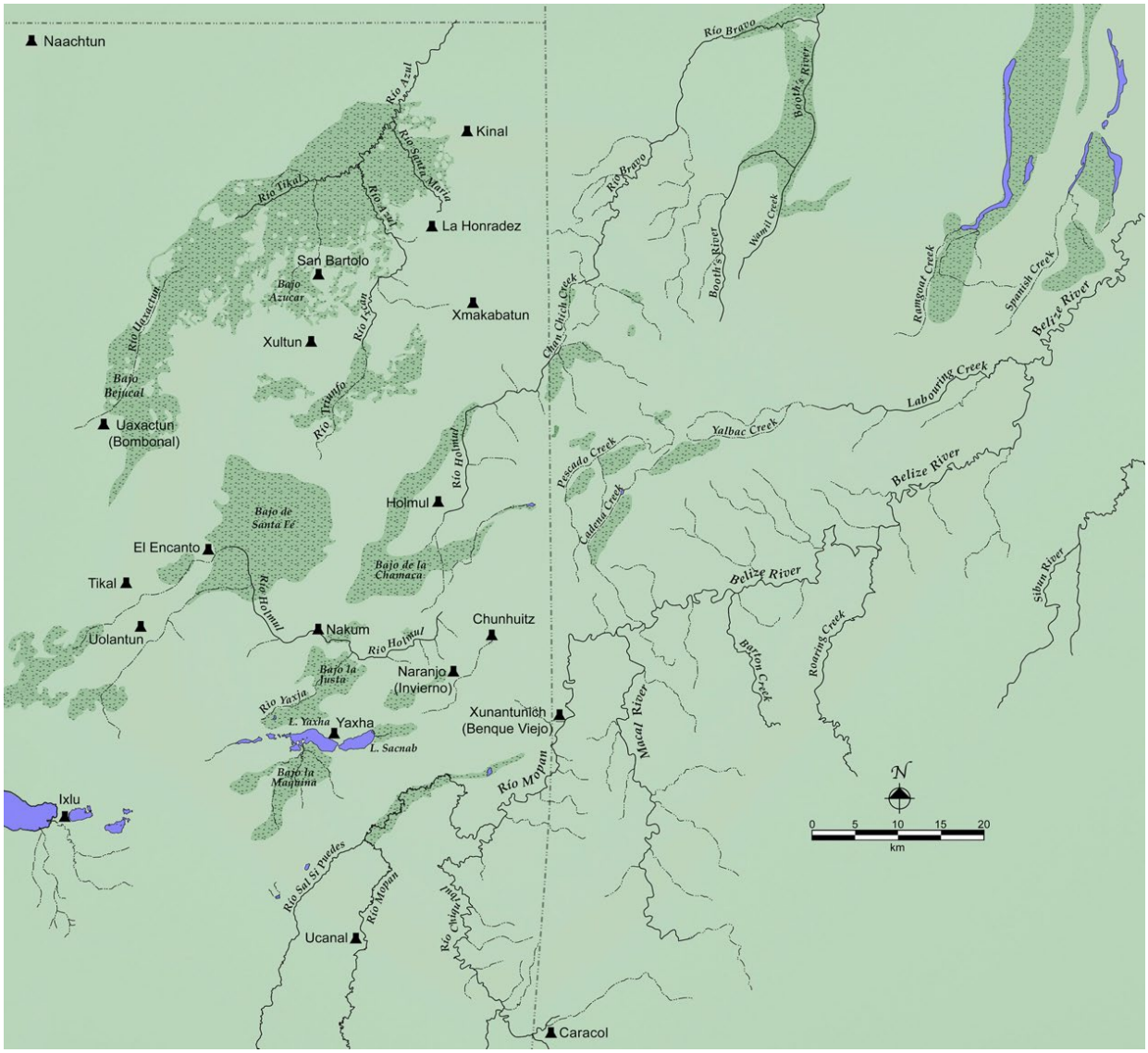

Figure 14.1. The watersheds of Northeast Petén.

The Holmul River rises in the Bajo of Santa Fe without much doubt, from here it flows out of the southern end. This accounts for the fact that when crossing this *bajo* from Santa

Fe to Encanto the stream one passes in the middle of the *bajo* flows from the right to the left, i.e., from east to west. After leaving the *bajo* it passes east, flowing by the ruins of Nakum, which were built upon its northern bank, and on to the *cruzando* at Paso de Naranjo, which I call the Chunvis crossing. Here the river makes a right angle turn to the north, and between this elbow and the old Holmul *cruzando* where the ruins are, that is, where we slept the night of April 19, there are two other old crossings, that of Tuliche and that of Chemax. At Holmul it again swings to the northeast and continues in this direction across the line of the colony by Laguna Colorado and on out.

As I make it now, this is the general drainage system of the northwestern corner of the department. The divide south of the Holmul, between it and the Mopan, is clearly seen from Cayo and is called there Tom Indian Hill; later on, it becomes the Sierra de Chunvis. This range must be also that of the Gavilan Hill, west of Plancha, thus defining the north side of the Mopan River, which is the true continuation of the Belize River, and not the East Branch, on which El Cayo is located. At all events, we crossed the divide between the East and West sides of the [Yucatán] Peninsula yesterday and are now on the west side.

May 1, Monday

We got off at 7:30 and continued on over the different little hills that go to make up the backbone of the Yucatán Peninsula. At 8:00 we reached the Jato of Caribal, which is a poor *paraje*, as the ramon is distant and the *aguada* was all but dry. We continued on over hill after hill, but always making lower and lower each time, and at 10:15 reached the Jato of La Creciente. Here, though, there was water. The boys who tasted it said it stank and, furthermore, the ramon is distant here again.

The land continued to fall off and presently, about eleven, we came out on a level *planada* [plain]. Candelario pointed off to the northeast and indicated that the sierra continued off to the northeast, and further that this *planada* continued on beyond the Jato de San Miguel and on to the Río Paixban. Candelario says north of the Paixban on into Mexico there is a range of hills. This must define the north side of the Paixban valley and head into the main cordillera running northeast.

After leaving the foot of the sierra, we crossed two *bajos*, small ones to be sure, and reached San Francisco at 11:55, four hours and 25 minutes after leaving. At the *salida* [exit] from the clearing there was a fresh cut, and under the principal *champa* Epifanio found the following letter from Alfonso Obando:

April 28, 1922 San Francisco
Señor Morley
Hoy pasamos aqui como a las 11 a.m. habiendo salido de Caribal o'sea el Cántaro
denominación dada por el Sr. C. Pulido.
Atto. S.S
A. Obando

That means they slept at Carizal beyond here three leagues Friday night, the last we slept at San Roman, and all day Saturday, the 29th, and all day Sunday, the 30th they were looking for the ruins. I am making this entry at noon, just after we have arrived, but I expect them back here before nightfall, when I will add some more, I hope, good news.

A disappointment that Adolfo and Margarito did not come in. The only reason I can give to account for this—they knew I would probably reach here today—is that by *monteanado* from Caribal he failed to locate the ruin as he hoped to do, which would necessitate a long detour back through Tubux and to La Bandera and then went again to Tres Naciones. From Tres Naciones he had originally gone to Santa Lucia, where the ruins are, and from this side he felt he could find Santa Lucia. He preferred, however, to try to reach it by *monteando* from Caribal, since he thought it only a league from there. Since he did not return last night, I figure he slept Friday night at Caribal and Saturday failed to locate Santa Lucia *monteando* from there [Appendix Figure 25].

Sunday, he returned through Tubux, back to the *horqueta* leading to La Bandera and thence north to the *horqueta* beyond La Bandera. From here he says it isn't far to Tres Naciones. The right fork goes to La Gloria. I figure that he slept at Tres Naciones Sunday night and yesterday tried to locate Santa Lucia from there. If he did so he should be back here tomorrow.

Unusually enough, it was the *jato* he thought that would be hard to find, since when he had located that, the ruins were right there. He had not been there for six seasons and feared new roads and *picados* made by c*hicleros* coming in from the Mexican side would confuse him, but the Jato of Santa Lucia is located on the side of a large ravine with running water in it, he says, and with a day or two to *montear* he feels sure it must be found. At any rate, tomorrow morning I am going to send Muddy and Candelario on to Carizal to see if they find any signs of him.

In the evening we played Casino. I felt cold and bilious and miserable. I loaded up on quinine, 15 grains, for fear the malaria might seize the occasion as an opportune one to come out, but happily I have not felt feverish all day, though I am stiff, etc., as though I had caught a heavy cold somewhere. We actually played the absorbing game until 10:30!

CHAPTER 15

THE DISCOVERY OF NAACHTUN

May 2, Tuesday

I felt much better when I got up this morning, all the stiffness gone from my body and that bilious feeling gone. The 15 grains of quinine I took were working overtime, my ears were ringing like cathedral chimes.[197]

Muddy and Candelario got off a little before seven. They were to go first to Carizal and then, if they found no traces there of the two boys, were to return to the *horqueta* this side of Tubux and take the La Bandera road.

I wrote letters all morning while Juan played the phonograph. Muddy returned at 11:50 with the most wonderful news. He and Candelario had gone first to Carizal where they found a note from Alfonso written Sunday saying there was no water either at Carizal, Santa Lucia, or La Bandera, and that they were going to Tres Naciones Monday (yesterday) and would return to San Francisco Tuesday. Muddy brought back this note with him and when he got to the *horqueta* to La Bandera he met the two boys returning. He got the good news from them that the ruins had been found, together with some stelae, a number inscribed, etc., and then came on ahead to advise me.

This was the most heartening news indeed and put new life into everybody. It was soon confirmed by Alfonso and Margarito in person. They came in very hot and thirsty and happy. The former thinks he has not yet found the three stelae he saw three years ago, but he has found SEVEN others, which is a good substitute. He speaks of a very large ruin group, a *ruineria*, high houses, some rooms entire, and seven monuments, mostly fallen and broken, but all apparently sculptured. If it is half as glowing as his accounts, it is a very important site. I hardly dare speculate on the dates it may or may not have, though I have a feeling that they will be late rather than early. Certainly, some will be in the Great Period.

My plans for the morrow are as follows: Juan, myself, Candelario, Gregorio, Margarito, and Alfonso will go on ahead, opening the trail. The road to La Bandera has not been used for six years, and they say it is pretty badly closed up. Gregorio will lead a mule carrying water, lunch, and the photographic outfit; Candelario, Margarito, and Alfonso will open up the trail. We will go straight through to the ruins, which lie about one and a half leagues beyond Tres Naciones, the nearest *jato* where there is water. Muddy, with the *mulada*, will stop there. It is five leagues off. I will get an idea of the site

[197] Ringing in the ears is a side effect of quinine.

tomorrow and be able to plan out the work better for having seen it first. We will lunch at the ruins and should be back at Tres Naciones about five o'clock.

In planning our journey back to Cayo I want to make it in six *jornadas* if possible as follows:

1st day Tres Naciones to Dos Hermanos
2nd day Dos Hermanos to San Clemente
3rd day San Clemente to Dos Aguadas
4th day Day at Dos Aguadas
5th day Dos Aguadas to Rio Holmul
6th day Río Holmul to El Cayo

Of these, Candelario says the first two *jornadas* will be the hardest. Until I see the ruins, it is, of course, useless to speculate how long it will take me, but I hardly figure it as more than five days, beginning on the 4th, which would put us back in Cayo on the 15th, which is about the time I want to get there.

Alfonso speaks of big ruins north of the Santa Lucia ones, and others to the south. It seems to be the center of quite a populous region. Mayhap that I will not be able to finish it this year, but I will get done what I can. After all this excitement I lay down and slept for about an hour and then got up and took a hot bath. This made me feel much better, and I think I am about over that attack of biliousness. I hope so, for the next week holds a lot of hard work for me, of that I am sure.

May 3, Wednesday

A fine day. The ruins are found and come up to expectations. But more of that later.

We left San Francisco at 6:30 on the dot, six of us going on ahead: Juan and myself, Candelario, Gregorio, Alfonso, and Margarito. Juan and I and Gregorio rode, the last led a cargo animal with the camera, jack, pick, shovel, axe, and lunch. The road soon led into a *bajo* and then out again, soon after into high bush. Some mile or mile-and-a-quarter out, a trail led off to the left to Tubux and Carizal. We continued on the right fork, and quite a bit farther on a very much more recent trail than the one we were following crossed our trail from the left, and after a little went off to the right. It was a trail of [the] people from Benque. When I asked Candelario the name of the nearest *jato,* he said, "*no conozco, son de gente de Benque*" (I don't know, they are people from Benque).

Two hours and a half after leaving San Francisco, and just beyond another *bajo*, we came to the remains of the Jato of La Bandera, almost entirely choked up in the bush. From here on for a league the boys said the road would be bad as it had not been used for six years. It was pretty bad, though not nearly so bad as I expected. In fact, I think we made two and a half miles an hour, even allowing for the stops to cut around fallen trees. The three boys who were afoot were workmen of the first class, and we were very little delayed by the trees which had fallen across the trail.

At 10:30 we came out on the good road from La Gloria made three years ago by the Mexican *chicleros* who had actually been working well within Guatemala. They have not worked in here since 1919, but they bled it properly that *temporada*. The road from this point to Tres Naciones was in splendid condition and we made good time, reaching Tres Naciones at 11:10.

Just before reaching the *jato* on the left of the road we passed a grave with a wooden cross above it, and a fence about. Some poor Mexican, who came out from the other side full of hopes to leave them here to go to the other side,[198] where there are neither hopes nor fears, the great end which finished everything. This was the second grave today, a young girl not more than 18, Francisca Pek, [who] died at San Francisco year before last, is buried just beyond the *paraje* on the left side of the road. A crude cross and a pole fence, already falling to pieces, mark the grave.

Tres Naciones had been a large *chiclería*, but having been abandoned for three *temporadas*, the *champas* were in very bad condition. We ate lunch under one that had been a kitchen and then pushed on to Santa Lucia. Tres Naciones lies northwest of San Francisco, and Santa Lucia lies a little southwest of Tres Naciones. We had one or two small pieces of *bajo* to cross, but they were not bad though—they were true *tintales* [logwood swamps] [Figure15.1].



Figure 15.1. The logwood swamp near Naachtun.

[198] The border between Mexico and Guatemala is just over a kilometer north of Naachtun.

This bit took us just an hour. We passed several small ruins. The character of the country seems to me to be changing. The bush today looked to me more like the Yucatán bush. The trees are smaller, grow closer together, and not so high. It may be that I am looking for a change of this sort and therefore find it. But I think not. The bush really seems to me to be changing.

Santa Lucia had also been reoccupied by the Mexican quadrille in 1919 and the *champas* we found falling to pieces today date from then. We reached Santa Lucia at 12:45 but did not tarry; unfortunately, the very large a*guada* here (which is really an *arroyo*) is very dry. Otherwise, this would have been the ideal place for us to come. The ruins we have come so many weary leagues to see lie about a mile southwest of the *champas*, not more than a half a mile in an air line.

We skirted along the left bank of the arroyo, going downstream, and presently crossing a small tributary climbed up to the steep side and were at the ruins. We crossed a long range of fallen buildings and then entered a narrow court at the head of which were four stelae. [Here, Morley added in the margin in pencil the following: "B3, 5, B4, and B5, reading from west to east." However, he mixed up labels—it should be "A3, 5, A, and A5."] One standing, the other three fallen and broken. The only one of these that I could be sure had carving was the standing one, No. 5. It has a figure facing to the left on the front, and the sides have glyphs, the back being plain. There were five or six big glyph blocks on the left side facing the stela, which I think is an Initial Series, but I did not spend much time examining today. The horseflies were very bad here and punished the poor mules hotly. Of these four, I could only be sure that one was carved today but will give them closer examination tomorrow.

Next, we went to a second group of four, Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9, standing in front of a fairly well-defined building; that is, its back was standing. [Morley identifies in pencil this structure as "A-III," but this structure is now known as XIX.][199] These monuments were enormous, 12 or 15 feet [3.6 to 4.6 m] high. Only one of the four was standing, and it had carving apparently on all four sides. Of the remaining three, at least two were sculptured with glyphs.

[199] By the time his *Inscriptions of the Peten* was published (1937–38), the structure was already known as XIX, indicating that the typed transcript of his 1922 diary was produced and edited prior to the mid 1930s.

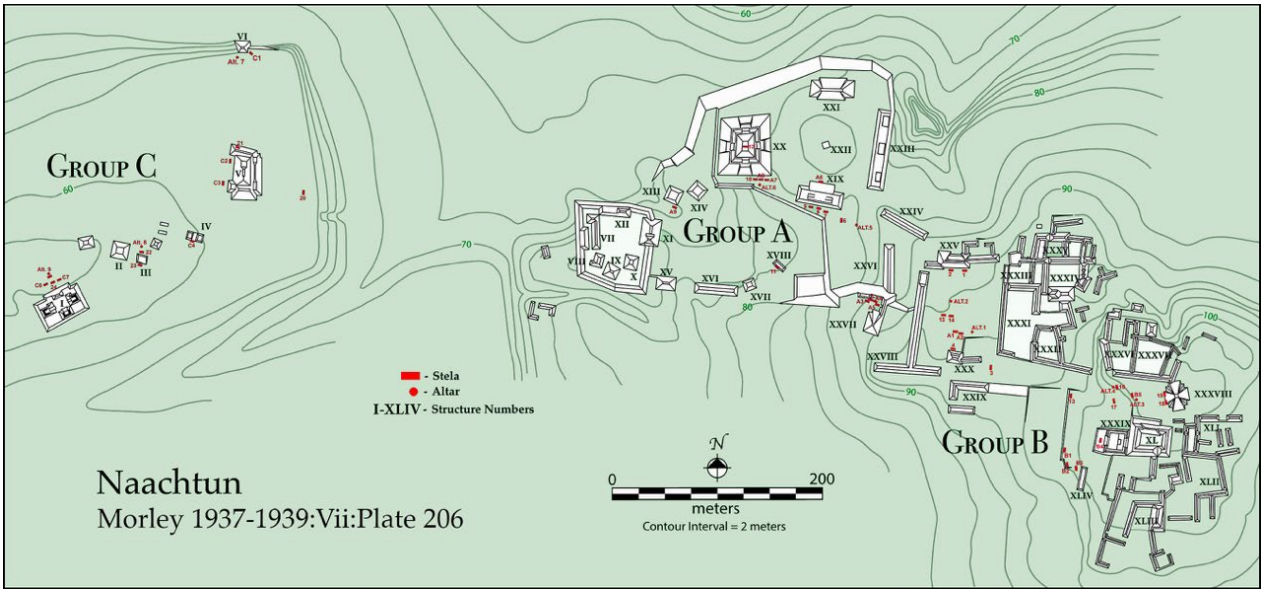

Figure 15.2. The three principal groups at Naachtun.

While we were digging around these, Margarito went off to look for the remaining two stelae they had located. They came back presently and we all went over to see them. They lay beyond the first group we had seen. There were two of them, making a total of ten stelae so far. The first one we came to (Stela 2) had fallen face up; the outline of the human figure on the front could still be clearly traced. There were double columns of glyphs on both sides, and it was huge: 12 feet 6 inches [3.8 m] long, 3 feet 10½ inches [1.5 m] wide, 2 feet 3 inches [70 cm] thick. At first, I thought that this had nothing on the back, but because the other one of these two stelae was sculptured on both the front and back, I am now inclined to think this one was also. It is in one piece [Figure 15.3] and I am wondering if our little jack will budge it. It must weigh close on to ten tons.

We left this stela, which will be given the number 2, and followed along the same mound (B-III [now XXV]) perhaps 75 feet [23 m], and came to another smaller stelae (1) [Figure 15.4] which had also fallen face up. The front had been sculptured with a figure on it but was too badly eroded even to distinguish its outlines. The sides had been inscribed with glyphs and when I turned a smaller fragment of the top, I found it had a figure on it also. The rest of our time was spent in getting this monument ready to photograph and to turn.



Figure 15.3. Naachtun Stela 2 (as photographed in 1933).



Figure 15.4. Naachtun Stela 1 (as photographed in 1933).

I deciphered the date on this monument to which I gave the name Stela 1. It is 9.9.10.0.0 2 Ajaw 13 Pop, all being perfectly clear in bar and dot numerals. I can hardly say I was surprised; the date is a little early, at the close of the Early Period, the same date as Stela P at Copan, but not earlier than I had expected. It is crudely done, even for that time, nothing to compare with Stela P at Copan. The 10 of the *tun* coefficient is very thick [Appendix Figure 26]. The date is exceedingly clear, even the 2 Ajaw and the 13 Pop. This finding of a date put considerable heart into me, and the boys too partook of my *alegría*. Juan photographed this side before we left. The boys felled some trees and we made the stone ready for turning and photographing tomorrow.

We left the ruins at four sharp, and 15 minutes later we were in Santa Lucia, and at 5:10 were at Tres Naciones. The boys, tired and hot as they were, came back fast as they could walk. The *mulada* was in and Muddy not only had the tent cover up, but supper ready. He says they made the journey with the *mulada* from San Francisco here to Tres Naciones in four hours and 30 minutes, which was better than our time by 10 minutes. I figure we can surely do from here to Dos Hermanos as our brief *jornada* going out in not more than 8½ hours, and probably in 8 hours.

Poor Margarito cut his foot badly in returning from Santa Lucia on a sharp stick, so after dinner Juan washed it in a weak solution of bichloride of mercury and then put on a borafax to hold the iodoform, which I put on next. We bandaged it up and I think it will be better in the morning. Juan pulled bits of stick and dead leaves out of it first. The stick cut right through his moccasin.

It is now 8:15 and I am closing the entry for the day to go to bed. At 3:30 this afternoon I read the first date here, and I am going to bed in another 15 minutes to dream about it and the other three, which I want to get here.

May 4, Thursday

We got away from camp at 6:30 and were at work at the ruins well before 8:00. After felling the big ramon tree which grew at the base of Stela 1, we turned that monument on its back, or at least with the sculptured side up. The figure was partially preserved—no part was actually missing—but the details were not clear. This required some lifting of heavy pieces in order to get it assembled properly for photographing, but the job was finally accomplished by the aid of my five boys (Epifanio came today).

I next put the two younger boys, Epifanio and Gregorio, cutting trees near Stela 1 to let in the light, and Candelario and Margarito to dig under the top of Stela 2—the very large monument—to see if it had any carving on the side which was down. This is a large monument and is entire, and I did not wish to risk breaking the jack on it for nothing. While this work was going forward, I took Alfonso and made a round of the other stelae. We first went to see the one we saw first yesterday, to which I gave the number 5. This monument is still standing and has a figure on the front facing to the left. The back is

plain and the sides inscribed with six large glyph blocks each. The six on the east, or west side facing the monument, which itself faces north, record the I.S. introducing glyph, and the cycles, *k'atuns, tuns,* and *winals* of an Initial Series. Unhappily, the left side of this monument has suffered much from weathering and there isn't one coefficient of the four which remains. The first glyph on the right side of the monument was the *k'ins* of this Initial Series number, and the terminal date was in the second glyph block. The day sign coefficient is either 3 or 8 with much the best reading at 3, and the month coefficient 3, 8, or 13, with the best reading at 13. I think I may yet be able to decipher this date, though I did not succeed in so doing today.

From here we went to the four tall narrow stelae—from left to right facing them, Nos. 9, 8, 7, and 6—where I had Alfonso dig along the glyph side of the second one (No. 8) from the left facing the mound (A-III [Now XIX]) in front of which they stand. I had him clear the end and there, to my surprise, was an Initial Series introducing glyph, and just below it Cycle 9. I quickly set him to digging under this and soon had the *k'atun* coefficient laid bare, which was either 16, 17, or 18 on first inspection. The *tun, winal*, and *k'in* coefficients were all 0 and I soon saw that the terminal date of this number did not follow immediately as it should (at least the day should) but stood after the Supplementary Series. The day sign cartouche showed very clearly, and the coefficient seemed to be composed of two large dots. The following glyph surely has a coefficient of 13 and the month sign a superfix like this [Appendix Figure 27].

As only three *k'atuns* were possible here by the Initial Series:

9.16.0.0.0 2 Ajaw 13 Sek

9.17.0.0.0 13 Ajaw 18 Kumk'u

9.18.0.0.0 11 Ajaw 18 Mak

The last two readings are eliminated because 1) both their month coefficients are 18, not 13; and 2) the day coefficient is 2 and not 13 or 11. And the date of Stela 5 or 6 (its final number has not been allotted yet (now 8) is surely 9.16.0.0.0 2 Ajaw 13 Sec, approximating 492 A.D. [A.D. 751 GMT].

Alfonso and I returned to Stelae 1 and 2 after this, and I examined what the boys had done in my absence. The hole under the end of Stela 2 indicated that it had not been sculptured on its underside, at which I was rather relieved. It would have been a real task to have turned it with our one jack. I left Margarito felling a big ramon and we took all the other boys over to Stela 8 and set them to work digging down along the Initial Series side and laying bare so that it could be photographed. Gregorio I put to cleaning the standing stela of this group, No. 6. It has a large figure on the front and glyphs on the two sides. The back is plain. The stone is very badly weathered and I am afraid that I can get no date from it. I can only distinguish the number 11 in the 7th position on the left side (facing the monument). Could this be 11 Ajaw, and on the basis of Stela 8 do I dare assign this to the *k'atun* ending 9.18.0.0.0 11 Ajaw 18 Mak? I feel somehow that the four stelae in front of this mound [XIX] record *k'atun* endings, and since 9.16.0.0.0 is surely one of

them (Stela 8) we are limited to 7 choices, first assuming that 9.16.0.0.0 is the earliest of the four, and second that it is the latest:

9.13.0.0.0 8 Ajaw 8 Wo'
9.14.0.0.0 6 Ajaw 13 Muwan
9.15.0.0.0 4 Ajaw 13 Yax
9.16.0.0.0 2 Ajaw 13 Sek
9.17.0.0.0 13 Ajaw 18 Kumk'u
9.18.0.0.0 11 Ajaw 18 Mak
9.19.0.0.0 9 Ajaw 18 Mol

It might well be that Stela 6 is 9.18.0.0.0, as I suggest is a possible reading here.

Just before lunch the boys finished digging out Stela 7 and before eating I had them clear out in front of Stela 9 so that Juan could photograph it before we turned it. This cleaning developed the fact that it was the left half of a stela, the right half having rotted away entirely. There was an L-shaped panel of glyphs in the upper left-hand corner, and the left half of the figure showed, including a very good head in profile [Figure 15.5].



Figure 15.5. Naachtun Stela 9.

Juan photographed this twice before turned it, or rather they turned it, for I went back to Stela 8 and commenced drawing its Initial Series, which is very crudely executed, however. While Juan, Epifanio, Margarito, and Candelario were turning this, I put

Alfonso and Gregorio to felling ramon trees in front of these stelae so that the light might come in.

Presently I heard shouting and heaving, etc., the sounds which accompany stela turning, and I judged they had got this piece (the top they turned first) of Stela 9 turned over. Juan called that it had glyphs and I went over. It was a beautifully clear Initial Series, that is clear all except the *k'atun* coefficient, which is a head variant, and not very clear at that. It read 9.?.0.0.0. The *tun*, *winal*, and *k'in* coefficients are all very clearly 0, and the cycle is 9 [Figure 15.6]. The day sign did not follow next, but like Stela 8 it followed after the Supplementary Series, and most unfortunately the two bottom pieces are badly effaced. I could not get it out this afternoon, but I have great hopes. The coefficients of the month should show it, if I can only identify it. If it is 13, I can choose between the second and third values on the page but one, and if 18 between the 5th, 6th, and 7th. I hope, too, in a good light to get something out of the *k'atun* coefficient, even if it is a partially effaced head variant.

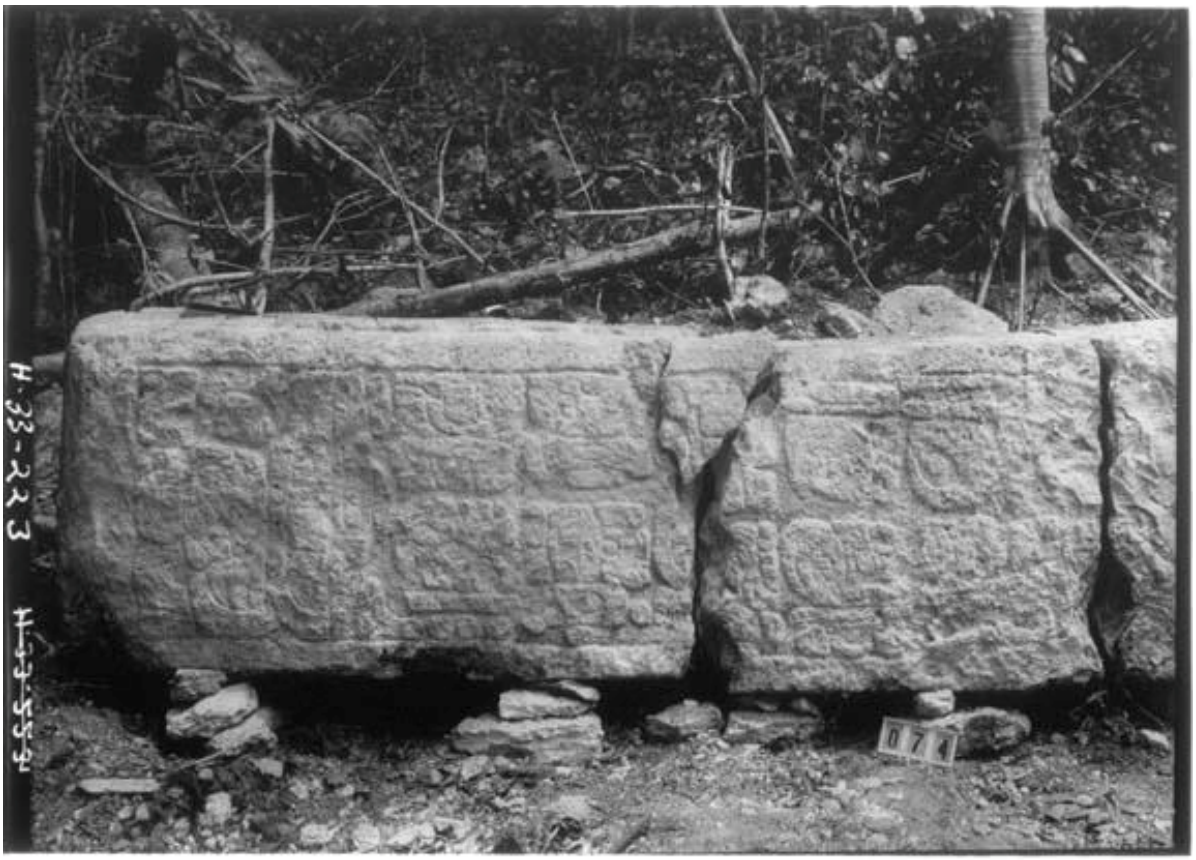

Figure 15.6. The well-preserved Initial Series of Stela 9 (photographed in 1933).

When we turned the bottom piece of this stela, the plaster of the plaza floor was well preserved under it. I swept back a section perhaps 2' square, and there it was. How many

centuries have elapsed since feet trod on that plaster which we uncovered today? More than twelve, I am confident. It was well on toward four, and the boys had put in a good eight-hour day, and so I gave the signal to call off for the day.

Returning, we made a new trail down the ravine at the edge of which the ruins stand, to the main *arroyo*. We left the ruins at 3:45 and were at Santa Lucia at 4:00 sharp. Here Juan, Margarito (who was mounted on account of his sore foot), and I rode ahead, and, *mirabile dictu*, without any urging my mule trotted practically all the way in, and we did the stretch between the two *jatos* in 45 minutes.[200]

Before dinner tonight I had a talk with Manuel in which he agreed to go out in six *jornadas* as follows:

Here to Dos Hermanos
Dos Hermanos to San Clemente
San Clemente to Dos Aguadas
A day at Dos Aguadas
Dos Aguadas to the Río Holmul
Río Holmul to El Cayo

These *jornadas* are real ones too, but by getting early starts, no later than 6, we can do it. Having agreed to these, I have decided to stay here at the ruins four days more, leaving here Tuesday, May 9th, and reaching El Cayo Sunday, May 14th. We will try to get a boat down the river Monday afternoon or evening and should be in Belize [City] not later than Wednesday morning, May 17, the sixth anniversary to the very day of poor Lafleur's death.[201]

May 5, Friday

A discouraging as well as an encouraging sort of day. The former because there is so much to be done here and so little time to do it in, and also because I just missed out on getting two more dates exactly and positively, though I probably have them correct. Encouraging because we found four more sculptured stelae, as well as established that the last one of the four I have been doing most of the work on was also sculptured.

We got off for the ruins at six. I did not take Epifanio, but only my four regular boys. Muddy also came along. The first work of the day was at the four stelae I have been working at most, which have been re-named Stelae 6, 7, 8, and 9 from east to west. The one we turned our attention to was the next west of the standing one, i.e., facing the third monument counting from the left. Stela 7 in the new numeration [Appendix Figure 28].

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[200] The expedition camp was some distance from the ruins so as to be near a reliable source of water.

[201] Morley, the cycles of time always in his mind, rarely failed to mention the anniversary of Lafleur's death in his diaries, year after year. The events of May 17, 1916, were the most tragic of Morley's career, leaving deep, sorrowful scars.

As this monument lay on the ground, I had doubts about it having any carving on it, save only that the other three here had. The stone was very rotten and when we attempted to turn over the top fragment, the whole upper part of it flaked off, leaving a slab still on the ground. This stone was little more than rotten limestone, and I had great doubts about getting anything on this bottom fragment. I was surprised, then, in getting it up to find *k'atun* 16, 17, or 18 recorded on the bottom of it in the 5th or 6th place. This had been the *k'atuns* of an I.S. The *k'atun* coefficient composed of three bars surely, and 1, 2, or 3 dots, the normal sign for the *k'atun*. But the rest of the stone was dreadfully crumbled and I could get up no piece in a whole condition. I am going to try again as up to now I have seen nothing but *k'atun* and *lahuntun* endings here, and this is one either in *k'atun* 16, 17, or 18; in fact, I think it is probably a *k'atun* ending, possibly 17. In all the Maya cities I have ever seen, the stone here is the most rotten. It flakes off and literally crumbles away.

While we were doing this. Muddy had disappeared, and several times we heard faint halloos in the bush. I had about decided he was lost when he returned and reported that he had found three new stelae. At first, I thought he had seen Stelae 1 and 2, or the standing sculptured one I saw first (No. 5), but he took us over in that direction and beyond and brought us to two small stelae (B1 and B2 [now A1 and A2], from west to east) and a large stone altar.

I sent for the pick and we started work on the two small ones, B1[A1] and B2 [A2] These were again rotten, but we finally got down to the face which had fallen forward, and in each case it had nothing on it, at least if it had, it was all gone now. The round altar seemed to be of somewhat better stone, but it was plain on top as well as on the sides. The largest of these three, however, Stela 4, had fallen on its face, and the right side had a well-preserved inscription. I thought I detected pretty surely a 5 Ajaw 8 ?. As it has fallen face forward, we may get a good figure on the front. Muddy saw one more stela here which he described as having a ramon tree growing on top of it. Continuing around to our right from this last stela, we found this monument (No. 3) which also seems to have fallen on its face, and this too had glyphs on the sides. This we will turn tomorrow or the next day. This group at the eastern end of the city I have given the numbers 1–5 [Appendix Figure 29].

The sketch map on the preceding page [Figure 1.7] is very crude, but I think it is correct as to direction. The numeration of stelae is:

Stela 1	9.9.10.0.0
Stela 2	The very, very large stela, 9.10.10.0.0 [date penciled in later]
Stela 3	Muddy's new stela, 9.5.0.0.0 [date penciled in later]
Stela 4	Muddy's new stela with ramon on it
Stela 5	The standing stela I saw first
Stela 6	The standing stela of the tall 4
Stela 7	The crumbled stela
Stela 8	9.16.0.0.0

Stela 9	Another *k'atun* ending
Stela 10	Another *lahuntun*-ending stela, probably 9.16.10.0.0
Stela 11	Muddy's new stela fallen

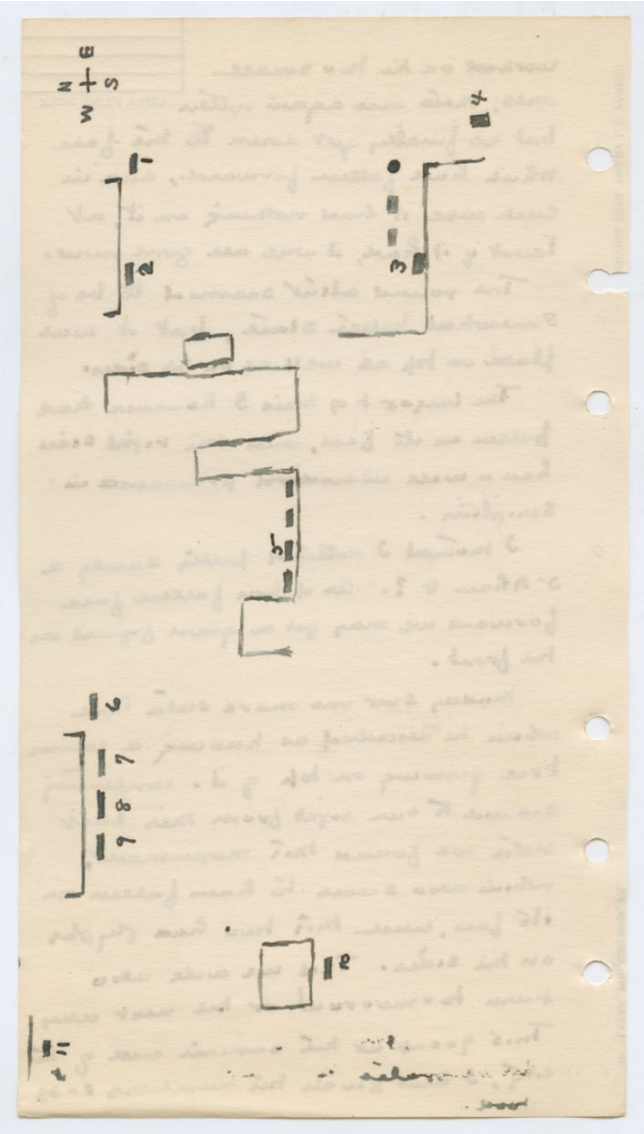

Figure 15.7. Sketch map showing the locations of the Naachtun stelae discovered by Morley in 1922.

Muddy had one more stela up his sleeve. This was only a *grito* from Stelae 6–9, and southwest. In its time it had been a fine stela (No. 11). Its face was sculptured, but I could find no traces of glyphs on its side. It was 13′ 6″ long and in falling had simply uprooted and fallen back on the mound [XVIII] into which the temple had disintegrated in front of which it stood. I am afraid I'll get no date from this [Figure 15.8].



Figure 15.8. Stela 11; also one of the few photos of Morley at Naachtun in 1922.

It was now lunch time and fearfully hot. The hole we had made in the bush to let the light in, in front of Stelae 6–9 was a veritable furnace, and we ate in the shade [Figure 15.9] behind Stela 6. After lunch I moved everybody over to Stela 11, Muddy's latest find, and had them remove a ramon tree which was locking it down to the ground. While this was going forward, I went off to the west with Alfonso, who said he had two new stelae. The first he showed me had disintegrated into little more than a mound. Later, when we cut along its sides, they appeared to be plain (A1).



Figure 15.9. Morley (left) and his team of workers lunching near Stela 6.

His other find was the top of a stela (No. 10) which had fallen face up. This had a well-preserved Initial Series on its left side, down though the kin sign. The coefficients of the five period glyphs were all very clear, except for the *k'atun*, i.e., 9.?.10.0.0. The top of the other side had its first glyph effaced and the second was very surely 1 Ajaw, the next glyph was also gone, and the next was the end of a *hotun*.

It was a peculiarity of Stelae 6 and 9 that the day of the Initial Series terminal date followed the last glyph of the Supplemental Series, instead of following the *k'ins* of the Initial Series number. Furthermore, the top of the glyph following the *k'ins* does not look like a day sign. Assuming that this 1 Ajaw is the day of the Initial Series terminal date, there are only two places in Cycle 9 where a *lahuntun* occurred ending on a day 1 Ajaw:

9.3.10.0.0 1 Ajaw 8 Mak

9.16.10.0.0 1 Ajaw 3 Sip

If this 1 Ajaw is the day of the I.S. terminal date, there is little doubt but that the missing *k'atun* coefficient was 16. This style of carving is of the Great Period, though provincial, as between 9.3.10.0.0 and 9.16.10.0.0 there is no doubt. I would put this down as a surely deciphered stela if I could only be sure that the 1 Ajaw is the day sign of the Initial Series terminal date. I believe it is, but exact proof is still wanting.

We searched everywhere for the base of this stela but could not find it. Instead, there was another large round altar nearby, and a pile of stone—possibly another stela—but it

was too wide to have been the base of this stela by nearly a foot. I have given this stela the number 10, and I feel fairly sure that its date is 9.16.10.0.0 1 Ajaw 3 Sip.

From here we went in a southwest direction to another stela Alfonso had found, though this I believe is plain. Of the eleven sculptured stela now discovered, seven have Initial Series: Stelae 1, 2, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10. Stelae 3 and 4 are still doubtful. Stela 6 probably has, but I cannot establish it now as the whole upper half of the left side is gone, and Stela 11 I could find no date on.

After Juan photographed these, I let him go home with Candelario and Gregorio. I stayed on with Margarito and Alfonso and drew the inscription on Stela 8. I finished this all but the last four glyphs at four, and then we came home, getting in at five.

Juan developed tonight. He complained a great deal of the heat, which prepared me for the worst. His films are all scratched up. I don't know what I can do about it. I have blown him up about it, but he is so damned Oriental, you never can tell what is going on in his head, but tonight passes the limit: he has scratched almost every film.[202] It was furiously hot today and I do not wonder his gelatin is soft, but he must take more time. By diligent questioning I at last dug out of him what has been causing all this scratching: he develops with these clips he has on the films, and these scratch the very devil out of them. If he must use these clips, he will have to develop these films one at a time, because over and over again he has demonstrated that when he uses them he scratches them. And now that the weather is getting so hot, and even the gelatin of the film softens, it is fatal to have more than one film in any bath at one time if you are going to use these clips.

We have a prophet in camp. Secundino predicts that someone will visit us day after tomorrow. He does not know whom, but strangers, he says. He wanted to bet Epifanio $5.00 on this, but the cook-boy wouldn't take him up. *A saber*, as they say down here, *pasado mañana*. I am turning in at 8:30, greatly tired out by the heat and work.

May 6, Saturday

Two new dates, 9.5.0.0.0 11 Ajaw 18 Sek (Stela 3) and 9.10.10.0.0 13 Ajaw 18 K'ank'in, on Stela 2. The former is the oldest date in the city so far. I didn't get off to the ruins until seven o'clock, and we all arrived scattering. I brought along Epifanio again. The first thing I had the boys do was to try and find more of the rotten fragments of Stela 7, but it was unsuccessful. I next took the whole *cuadrilla* up to Stelae 1 and 2 and told them to make an East and West line running in front of these two stelae, and project it westward until I told them to stop. I put Juan in charge of this work, and I returned to Stela 9 where I sat down to three solid hours of drawing [Figure 15.10]. During the latter part of it the sun was beating down on my back with terrific force.

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[202] The quality of the 1922 Naachtun photos is decidedly inferior. The CIW returned to the site in 1933 under Karl Ruppert, at which time new photos were taken of all the site's stelae (Morley 1937–38, iii: 314).

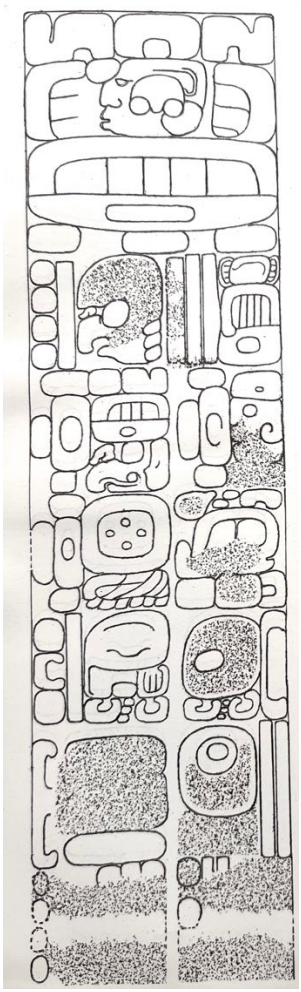

Figure 15.10. Morley's drawing of the Initial Series of Stela 9.

The period glyphs of these stelae are all clear save the *k'atun* sign, which I at first thought was a head variant, but which I now take for 15 This reading is somewhat doubtful and I can apparently get no help from the terminal date, which is in very bad condition. Of these four stelae I have the following data:

Stela 6	Day of Initial Series looks like 11 Ajaw
Stela 7	*K'atun* 16, 17, or 18
Stela 8	9.16.0.0.0
Stela 9	9.15.0.0.0 (?)

On this basis I am very strongly inclined to date these four stelae as follows:

Stela 6	9.18.0.0.0
Stela 7	9.17.0.0.0
Stela 8	9.16.0.0.0
Stela 9	9.15.0.0.0

I have not studied Stelae 6 and 7 intensively yet, and so will leave this question open, but I venture this prediction.

As I finished up the Initial Series on Stela 9, the boys opening up the line finished cutting through to Stela 9 and I was greatly surprised to find that this east and west line in front of Stelae 1 and 2 cut through to Stela 9. Later I found out why, when they got the line about a third cut through, they reached the top of a building (B XIX)[203] where I had made a p*icado*. Here they bent the line to the north so that it would reach the other four stelae (Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9) where I was working. I had them continue it on to the west, and to my surprise it came out at Stela 10.

When they had finished this, I had them first run a perpendicular from this main thoroughfare south to Stela 11 and then another south to Stela 5, the standing monument I first saw, and the three plain stelae nearby (B3, B4, and B5) [now A3, A4, and A5]. It still wanted a little to 12:00 and I had them run one more perpendicular south to Stela 4, then another east to a point north of Stela 3 and then south again to Stela 3. It was now high noon and furiously hot. We were all tired, all hot and perspiring, all thirsty and hungry. We returned by the new *camino* to Stela 6, where we had lunch.

After lunch, I moved everybody to Stela 3, where I set them to work digging it out. The Initial Series was on the left side and from this position I judged the carved front had fallen face down. In clearing the humus from the right side, the top glyph was a day sign with a coefficient of 11, 12, or 13, and the sign was Ajaw. I had previously decided from an inspection of the other side that the *k'atun* coefficient there was either 5 or 10, and as the *tuns* were clearly 0, it is almost certain that the *winals* and *k'ins* were also. Indeed, I had decided the date was either 9.5.0.0.0 11 Ajaw 18 Sek or 9.10.0.0.0 1 Ajaw 8 K'ayab, and since I had 9.9.10.0.0 in the same court, I preferred the latter, but it was not to be.

The day sign coefficient was surely 11, 12, or 13, followed by a month coefficient of 18, and the end of a *hotun* in the next glyph block. The date recorded here was obviously 9.5.0.0.0 11 Ajaw 18 Sek, which is the oldest date in the city, and an early date anyhow as Maya cities go. This stela probably only had 12 glyphs on it originally; they were quite large, about 13" square. The I.S. introducing glyph, cycle, *k'atuns, tuns, winals*, and *k'ins* were on the left side, and the day, month, and *hotun* ending sign on the right side, the last three glyphs on this side, like the last two on the left side, are gone. This stela was broken into one large fragment comprising about half of it, and into a number of smaller ones at the base.

We turned the top and were rewarded by finding a fine figure of slender proportions and simple in treatment with a very fine head. The figure faced to the right. It seemed to be officiating in front of some altar. Juan photographed it and I had them throw in back as I was drawing the inscription on the sides. The heat had in the meantime grown very

[203] This probably refers to Structure XXVI.

worse, but about one it began to cloud over and toward two it began to thunder almost continuously and looked like rain.

The boys finished turning Stela 3 at 3:00 and for the remaining half an hour of work I put them to cleaning along the sides of Stela 4 so that we can turn it first thing in the morning. All of them set out for camp at 3:30 with Juan except Margarito, who stayed on with me. We finished at 4:00. By this time, it had grown quite dark in the bush, and before we reached Santa Lucia rain began to fall. One by one we overtook our boys on the road, trudging home in the rain. They certainly have hard lives in this god-forsaken bush, and they are in it at the worst time of the year when it rains all the time.

We passed first Candelario and Gregorio, somewhat farther on Alfonso, and a little farther on Epifanio; the last had already shot a female ocellated turkey which he had sent on ahead by Juan, and just as we overtook him he had killed a male bird of the same variety, which Margarito brought in.

When we reached camp there was a *cojolito*[204] perched on a high tree nearby, and as soon as Epifanio came in with the gun I gave him a shot and he brought that down too, making three birds to his one gun on the way back through the rain.

It rained practically all the way and we got wet, though not through. I changed, however, when I got in. It rained some during the evening, but I think the showers are cleared now as I write (7:55 P.M.). The birds are being smoked as well as my riding trousers, though for different purposes, and I am going to bed.

[204] Crested guan, *Penelope purpurascens*.

May 7, Sunday

No important new discoveries, and a minor disappointment: I failed to get a date on Stela 4.

There was not much to be done at the ruins today. The first thing I did was to put the boys to work turning Stela 4. This monument had broken into three main fragments when it fell and the upper left hand corner of the top fragment had disintegrated badly [Figure 15.11]. The left side of the top had an Initial Series, but it was all gone save only the *k'ins* and the day. The latter I could distinguish fairly clearly as a day sign by its tripod support. It stood in the 8th position so that it is safe to assume that the I.S. introductory glyph occupied the space of two glyph blocks (A1-B1).

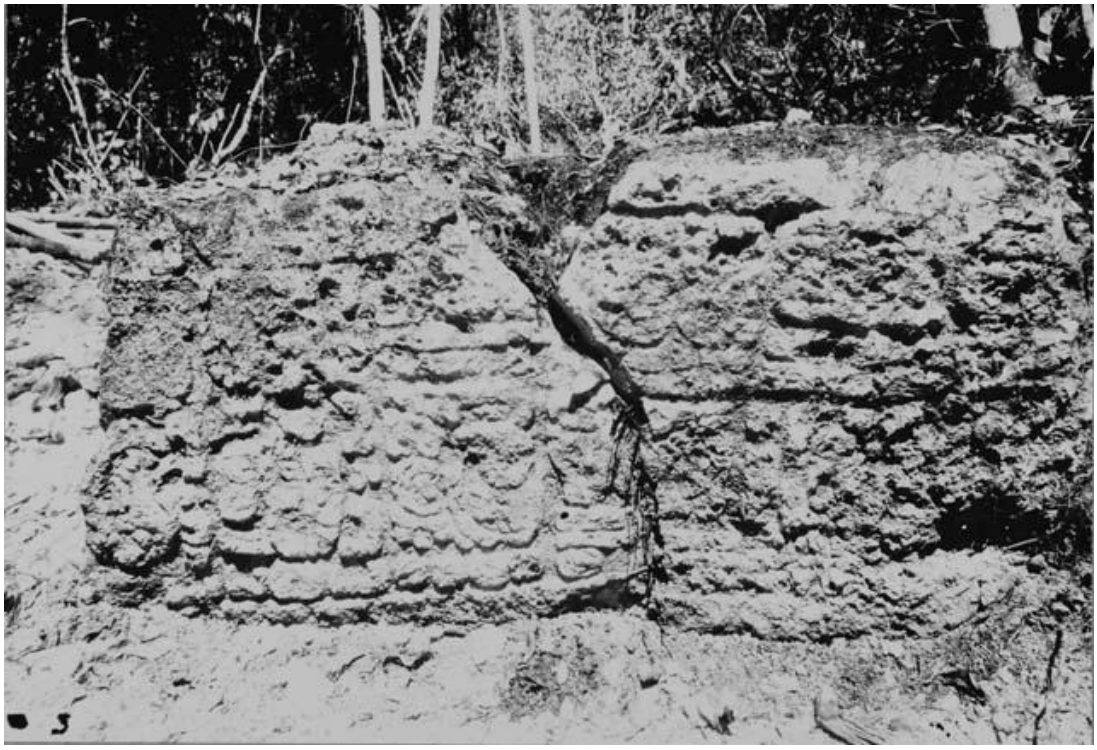

Figure 15.11. Naachtun Stela 4 showing very eroded columns of glyphs.

The details of the day sign were, of course, gone, but its coefficient is certainly 1, 2, or 3, with the best reading at 2. Next follows a glyph too far gone to even guess at, and heaven knows I draw a long string to my bow sometimes. The next, however, is beautifully clear in comparison to all the other glyphs on this left side. It is in bad condition at that, but unmistakable as Glyph C of the Supplementary Series with a coefficient of 6. The glyphs on the lower fragment are too far gone to get, so I get no month sign for my Initial Series terminal date. I assume that this stela had an Initial Series formerly on the basis of this one glyph, for I know of no Supplementary Series which did not have an accompanying I.S.

The right side has a Secondary Series, but here again all is not clear sailing. The *k'atun* coefficient is surely 1, the *tuns* best at 2, 4, or 5, and the *winal* sign has a 1 to the left and probably a 15 above. I think the former is the *k'in* coefficient for two reasons: first, because Kawak is a very unusual day, and second because [BLANK] is not. Nothing, however, comes of it.

The terminal date reached, and probably the contemporaneous date as well, is also declared to be a *tun* ending, but I cannot make it out. It seems to be 5 Ajaw 8?, but this works in nowhere. I would like to read it as 5 Ajaw 3 Ch'en and date the stela as 9.8.0.0.0, but there is a bar or some element in between the three dots and the month sign. The date 9.8.0.0.0 would fit in nicely, as I would then have 9.5.0.0.0 and 9.9.10.0.0 and 9.10.10.0.0 all in the same court. This stela has given me more trouble than any other here.

While we were turning this I started, or rather continued, my drawing of the Initial Series of Stela 1, which I started the first day, which has been up on edge for the past four days while Juan has been photographing it [Figure 15.12].

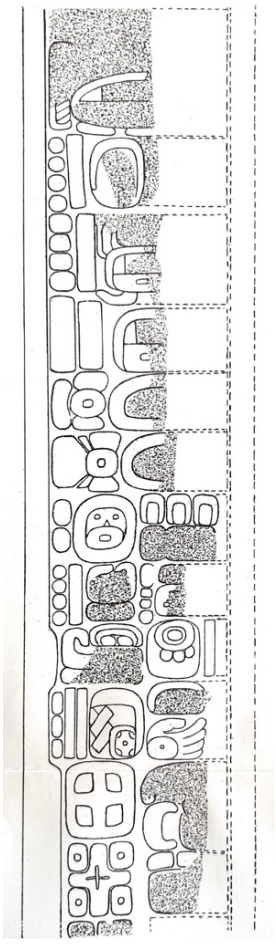

Figure 15.12. Morley's drawing of Naachtun Stela 1, right side.

When they had turned the top part of Stela 4 it showed the plumes of a fine figure. I am hoping that the head is on the middle fragment, which appears to be in better condition. We did not turn it today as I wanted to draw the sides before we did so. The stone is so rotten that I was afraid my glyphs would fall apart, so I drew them after lunch so that the turning can go forward in the morning.

I have decided, by the way, to stay two more days, devoting tomorrow to finishing my drawings and notes on the stelae, and the last day, Tuesday the 9th, to making the map. We will leave on Wednesday the 10th.

Before lunch I put Candelario and Margarito to felling some big trees near Stela 5 so that it would have plenty of light on it when Juan comes to photographing it. The only other man at the ruins was Gregorio, as I had let Alfonso off to *montear* for some ruins including stelae which lay north of here, or rather of the ruins, about a mile, his informant being one Juan Gonzales of Santa Elena, just opposite Cayo.

But there was little to do. Lunch was eaten piecemeal. Margarito, Candelario, and I ate while Juan and Gregorio were down at the west end photographing Stela 10, and while they ate, I was drawing Stela 4. After lunch I told Candelario he could go home, while I finished the afternoon off by drawing, taking Margarito with me. I drew the Initial Series of Stela 10, in fact all of the glyphs. While I was at this piece of work we heard footsteps in the bush, which Margarito thought to be those of some prowling wild animal, but it turned out to be Alfonso. He had found no new stelae, but plenty of ruins.

He sat down and rested a bit, had a drink of water, and then was off again. He climbed the high pyramid in front of which I was drawing [Structure XX] and presently shouted down from above, "*una piedra dibujada*" [a stone with drawing]. I tried to shout back questions at him, but he failed to answer anymore so I went on with my drawing. It wasn't long before he came down and reported that right on the very summit of this high pyramid there was a big monument with letters. I scarcely could believe it, and so after finishing the left side of my stela, I climbed up there.

Surely enough, he had a large stone [Stela 12], fully 6 or 7 feet [1.83–2.13 m] long and perhaps 3½ [1.07 m] wide. There may have been glyphs on the side, but if so, they were gone so far that nothing could be done with them, and, in fact, I was inclined to doubt there ever having been any. The view from the lofty summit was worth the hard scramble to get up here. This pyramid was built at the western end of the city where the land slopes away sharply to the *arroyo* we follow coming down to the ruins. To the north and west a large *bajo*, or low section, separated us from the next high land, which is not very high, but is seen as a low ridge on the northern horizon.[205]

Alfonso said he had killed an antelope [deer] this morning and left it at Santa Lucia.

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[205] Morley was unaware that just 400 meters to the west, on this ridge, was another large group of structures and stelae, Group C.

He did not wait for Margarito and me but came on in ahead of us. The sun was getting pretty low in the west when I finally finished my drawing and we returned to the main plaza and started home.

With everybody gone on ahead, the mules were anxious to make the journey in as short a time as possible, and we covered the four miles in 53 minutes. Juan developed this morning and is not getting one scratched film, the reason being he is doing one film at a time. He is not very keen on this, as it takes him now as long to do one film as it formerly did to do a half dozen, but the results certainly speak for themselves. He has never made such a scratch-less record on the entire trip, nor during the field season anywhere.

I have about decided to name this site Naachtun, "Distant Stone," because the monuments are so remote, any way you can come at them—either from the Mexican, Guatemalan, or colonial [British Honduras] side, and the name has a pleasant ring. Moreover, I plan to name all the Carnegie sites something ending in *tun*, unless indeed it is like Ixlu, which had an old Maya place name nearby.

I should like to have named that new site on the Plancha-Flores *camino real*, just south of the Paraje of El Cayo (east of San Clemente) in an old ramonal, Yanpech (there are *garrapatas* [i.e., Mayan *pech*]), but think I might be criticized adversely for perpetrating such a scientific joke. I have yet to name this group as well as that near Centenario, if I give this the name Naachtun, which as I say I am about to do. Had old Urbana Pat been along I might have even gotten names for these by this time.

Camp smells strongly tonight. Candelario cleaned the antelope too nearby. It's time we were returning, the last orange went into tea tonight and we cannot replenish our stock until we get back to Dos Hermanos, Wednesday night if all goes well.

[Note: there is a full page missing from the diary at this point.]

This end of the city is some higher than the other, and the first plaza—at least it contains the older monuments—overlooked the plaza of the Great Period.

The pyramid [Structure XXX] on whose north side stands this Stela 4 is in the center of a great plaza, Stelae 1 and 2 being on the north side, and Stela 3 being just out of it at an entrance in its southeast corner. The figure on the front of Stela 4 was in a poor condition, in fact we could only photograph the right half of it, the left half having entirely rotted away.[206]

After this, I brought the boys up to Stela 9 and put them to work turning it over so that the figure on the front could be photographed. This figure, what is left of it—the left

[206] It was Morley's bad luck that most of the Naachtun stelae he discovered in 1922 were poorly preserved. During the 1933 expedition, many additional stelae were found, many of which were in much better condition.

half—is in pretty good condition. I had a little more drawing to do on it. I think the date recorded here must be 9.15.0.0.0, though owing to the almost complete loss of the terminal date, it is impossible to verify this.

I also went on from here up to Stela 10 and drew the last two glyphs I had to draw there and then went off into the bush to trace the outlines of this really large city. From the level of the Early Period plaza [Group A], the land drops off to the level of the Great Period plaza [Group B], a large level flanked on its north side by a long terrace at the two ends of which stand high buildings [Structures XXV and probably XXXIII] at the western and the northwest corner of the plaza, the high one I climbed late yesterday afternoon (A-I).

The city stretches away to the south and west in a series of mounds and courts I did not have time to examine. Alfonso *monteared* there the other day and said there were "*bastante cerros pero no hay piedras*" [there are enough ruins, but no stelae], and I guess he had it about right.

We lunched in the bole[207] of a big tree near Stela 1 and afterward scattered to the few remaining tasks of the day. Juan had more negatives to take, and I thought that Stela 9 was not properly placed for photographing tomorrow, and so had Margarito and Candelario and Alfonso raise its three fragments till they better caught the light.

I went over to Stela 5 and drew its terminal date. This stela was the one I saw first at this site. Its figure is perhaps better preserved than any other in the city, and indeed the monument itself is standing [Figure 15.13]. There was an Initial Series on the left side, but unfortunately all the coefficients at the left edge have scaled off. There literally isn't one left. The period glyphs all show, but every coefficient is gone. I think there were only five glyphs on this side, which throws the *k'ins* of the I.S. over to the top of the other side. This glyph, B1, seems to have a coefficient of 0, but I cannot recognize it as any known form of the *k'in* sign. The next glyph looks almost certainly like 8 Ajaw, and this is followed by a coefficient of 13, the month sign being entirely effaced. Assuming that this was a *k'atun* or *lahuntun* ending, there are only two possible occurrences of these coefficients in this order in Cycle 9: 9.0.0.0.0 8 Ajaw 13 Keh or 9.6.10.0.0 8 Ajaw 13 Pax. I favor the latter as the former is too early. Indeed, the latter is earlier than I would have judged the monument by its style. I regard the reading as very doubtful.

[207]A "bole" of a tree is lower part of the main trunk, well prized for lumber.



Figure 15.13. Naachtun Stela 5, one of the few that remained standing at the time of Morley's visit.

There remained one more Initial for me to draw. This was on Stela 2. It was pretty badly gone, but the date seemed fairly certain as 9.10.10.0.0 13 Ajaw 18 K'ank'in.

Juan and the others had gone on in ahead of Margarito and me. I sent in word by Juan to Muddy to have some water heated for a bath in about two hours time, so when I reached camp about 4:30 there was a pot of boiling water and I had the luxury of a hot bath. Hereafter I am going to take nothing else in the bush; they are more restful than a cold bath, and I believe soothe the skin more.

We are getting down to the last of everything—six more tins of fruit, four more soups, two more jars of pickled onions, and one more tin of biscuits. The flour will last for four more days and there is rice for two. Our itinerary will bring us to Cayo on Sunday, if we can put it through. But some of those *jornadas*, notably the Dos Hermanos-San Clemente one, are *jornadas triples*, and not even *jornadas doubles*, but by getting 6 o'clock starts we ought to be able to make it.

As I write Gregorio is playing the phonograph, Muddy is trying Canfield[208] unsuccessfully, Juan has gone to bed, and the others are involved in their interminable discussions on all sorts of questions which fill in the time until they are sleepy enough to take to their hammocks. Their range is world-wide. Candelario just recommended as a tried and proven medical recipe "*para dar fuerza*" [to give strength] iron filings. Actually, the scrapings from a file used on an iron bar. Manuel was of the stout opinion that his "*barriga*" [stomach] would not "*aguantar*" [put up with] under such heroic treatment, nor would it I fancy, nor old Candelario's either, for that matter.

The proper punishment to mete out to an unfaithful wife or mistress was also up for discussion, with various opinions as to the proper punishment. And so it goes, mules, money, women. I am going to bed as I didn't last night until the late hour of nine.

May 9, Tuesday

The hardest day of all at the ruins, being devoted to mapping the site [Figures 15.14, 15.15, and 15.16]. A laborious undertaking.[209] Juan and I arrived first, and the boys came in piecemeal. Juan took Candelario and Gregorio with him, while I took Alfonso and Margarito. Juan had a few last photographs to take which required the felling of some trees and the washing of the stones themselves with water.[210]

I started the map at the southeast corner, which consists of a narrow arm or extension of the Early Period plaza [Group A], starting at some high ground to the southeast and running into the southeast corner of the plaza. Two unexplored courts were surrounded by mounds, ruins of former stone structures which I simply did not have time to map. This Early Period plaza had an entrance at "X" to the southeast, and another at "Y" to the south, just behind the high central pyramid "C," Structure XXX which from its height

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[208] Canfield is a form of solitaire popular in England. It was also known as Demon Patience.

[209] Laborious indeed. The map presented in Figure 15.16 is only one of six pages of Morley's mapping made on that day. Given the size of the site, the number of tape measurements, and structure drawings, to have achieved this in one day was a remarkable feat.

[210] Washing the stela served two purposes—first, removing dirt and growth, and second, revealing more detail in the poorly-preserved sculpting, which enhanced detail in photographs.

must have been one of the most important structures in the city.[211] This pyramid had a smaller building built against its eastern side, Structure XXX, and this latter in turn had a platform in front of it. The pyramid had one figured stela at the west end of the north, or front side, Stela 4. On this side also there were two plain stelae [A1 and A2] and a plain round altar [Altar 1]. There was no entrance at the southwest corner; here a continuous range of rooms ["E"] ran clear round to the northwest corner where there was an entrance ["Z"].

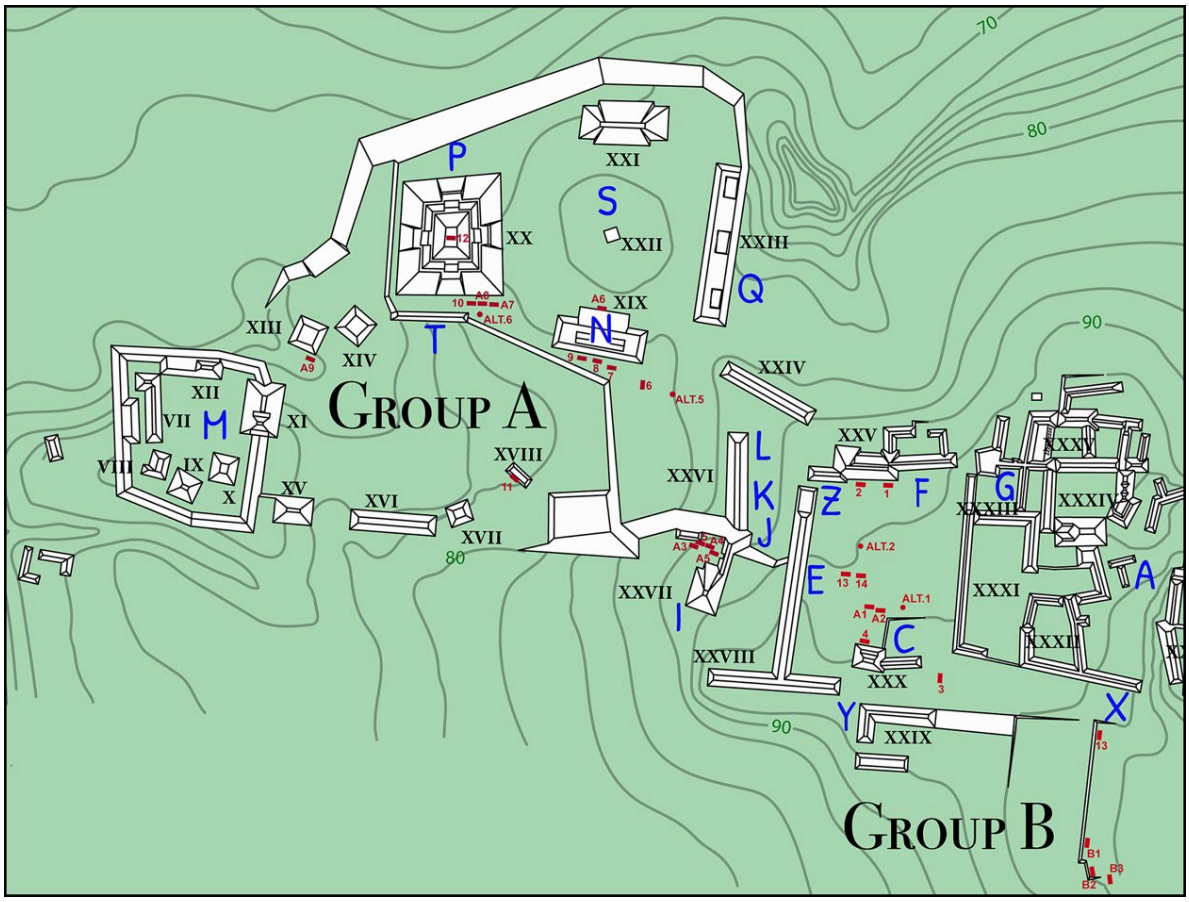

Figure 15.14. The area of Naachtun explored by Morley in 1922, together with lettering used in his diary entry. Note—this lettering is taken from his large map drawn in his Field Notebook [Figure 15.16] and differs slightly from the smaller map contained in his diary [Figure 15.15 below].

[211] On Morley's 1937–38 map this structure seems quite small.

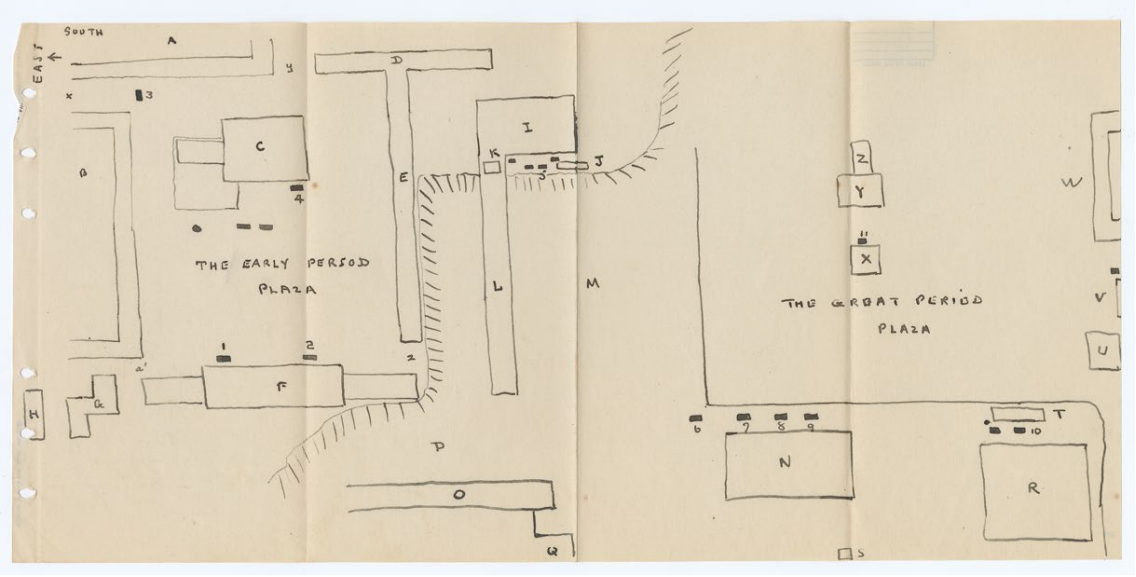

Figure 15.15. Morley's quick sketch map of the Naachtun site core.

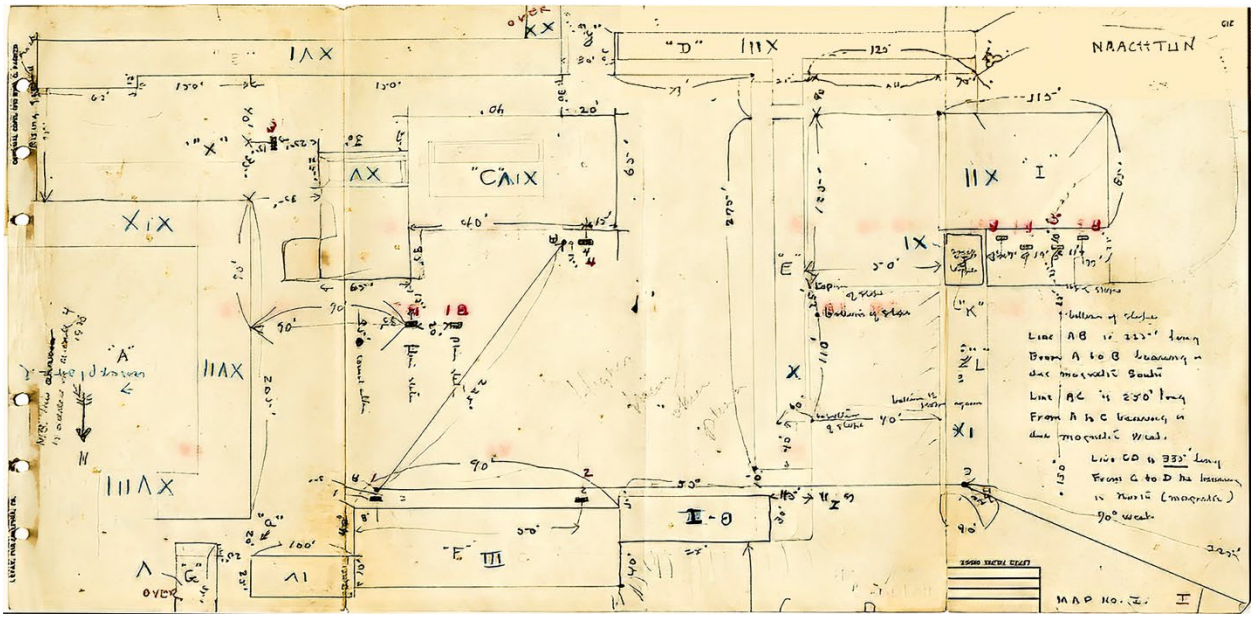

Figure 15.16. One page (of six) of Morley's map of Naachtun. The entire plan was drawn in just one day.

The whole north side of this plaza was occupied by one large high structure [XXV], with two lower flanking ranges, one running to the east and the other to the west. Temple XXV must be ranked with Temple XXX as one of the most important constructions in the city [Figure 15.17]. This temple had in front (i.e., on its south side) two sculpted stelae, Nos. 1 and 2. This plaza had more than one entrance [at "a" on sketch map] which gave

to several smaller mounds which were not carefully mapped [all part of the outlying buildings east of Structure XXXI].



Figure 15.17. Naachtun structure XXV, view from the plaza of Stelae 1 and 2. The white pith helmet may indicate Morley is in the photo.

The range of rooms [Structure XXVII] continue to the west beyond the range and forms with [Structure XXVIII] and the pyramid ["I"] another small court. West of the Early Period plaza the land drops away some ten or fifteen feet, and range "L" which extends north from a small structure, "K" at the northeast corner of pyramid [Structure XXVII] must stand on a high platform, for the ruins of it stand as high as those of the range.

There is a very narrow long court between ranges [Structures XXVI and XXIV], open at the north end, and rising by a stone at its southern end to the small court already mentioned.

Pyramid [Structure XXVII] must be classed with "G" [Structure XXXIII] and "F" [Structure XXV] as one of the most important constructions of the city. It is fairly high, about the height of [Structure XXXIII] and has four stelae in front of it, Nos. A3, A4, A5, and 5. I can only detect carving on one now (Stela 5), though formerly all may have been carved. The other three are not only fallen, but also badly broken into pieces. This corner must have been very effective formerly, with these four stelae in front of this pyramid and the temple rising above. This effect, however, must have been somewhat marred by the small structure ["J"].

[Structure XXVI] was a broad terrace which faced the Great Period plaza on its east side, where it joined on to a terrace of the same level [Structure XXIV], which defined the northern side of this plaza where was still standing a monument, Stela 6. This stood at the southeast corner of the great structure [XIX; "N"], another one of the principal edifices of the city, and at the northeast corner of the Great Period plaza.

Structure XIX was very high and long and appeared to be more like Structure XXV than like the pyramid temple types exemplified in Structures XXXIII and XXVII. Coming down from behind, there was a long range of rooms which defined, with the western flank of Structure XXIV, a small court.

Just north of the western end of this were three temples, all on a very high terrace, the long axis of which runs north and south [Structure XXIII]. The temples are facing west. On the accompanying map I have only had room enough to show the southern-most of these ["Q"]. These three temples had the big *arroyo* at their backs. Just west of the northernmost one there was another considerable pyramid [Structure XXI]; this seems to have made the north side of a plaza, of which they formed the east side, the greater structure [XIX] the south, and the immense pyramid [Structure XX] the west side.

There was another small temple in this court [Structure XXII; "S"] northwest of [Structure XIX]. These three pyramids on the east side [Structure XXIII], of which I have only shown the first ("Q on sketch map), were rather better preserved than most of the other structures here [Figure 15.18]. I noticed the same deep offset in the outside north wall of [the southernmost temple of Structure XXIII, ["Q"; Appendix Figure 30] and the remains of an exceedingly narrow front room. The masonry, ground plan, and style very strongly recalled Tikal.

The terrace on the north side of the Great Pyramid plaza extended west beyond Structure XIX, which was, as I have said, one of the most important structures in the city being next to the largest. Structure XIX had four sculptured stelae in front of it (Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9) of which three at least surely date from the Great Period. Because of this fact, and its great size, I ascribe this construction to the Great Period. The terrace was terminated at its western end by the largest, as well as the tallest, construction in the city—the Great Pyramid [Structure XX; "P"].

The effect of this was again somewhat cheapened by a small structure which stood at the edge of the terrace in front of the pyramid ["T"]. I climbed this pyramid and on its very summit found a large slab of stone perhaps 6 feet long and 2 ½ to 3 feet [76 cm to 91 cm] wide, whose character I was at a loss to explain. Was it a stela, or a lintel? And if the former, what was it doing way up high on the top of that pyramid, the loftiest place in the city? I could not make out that the sides or top had been carved, though there were some grooves on the sides that looked as though they might have been between glyphs.[212]

[212] Although Morley originally thought this monument had no inscriptions, subsequent expeditions revealed a poorly preserved Initial Series (Morley 1937–38, iii: 341).

The sides which had fallen up did not have carving and unfortunately, I did not get around to turning it [Appendix Figure 31]. I would prefer to regard it as a lintel than a stela in such a position, though the trouble with such an identification is that there appeared never to have been any stone construction on top of this pyramid. The summit was level, and around the sides I could get no indications that a stela had ever stood here. Perhaps it was, or rather is, a stela after all.



Figure 15.18. The well-preserved southern-most section of Structure XXIII (as photographed in 1933).

To the west and north the land drops away sharply to the big *arroyo* beyond this temple.

Proceeding from its southwest corner in a generally southwesterly direction, two small pyramids are passed [Structures XIV and XIII]. At the southeast corner of the latter is a plain stela [A9]. Just south of [Structure XIII] is an enormous quadrangle with three temples inside of it, along its western side, but entirely surrounded by the range of rooms around this quadrangle [Structures VII through XII inclusive]. Only the eastern ends show here ["M"]. The three pyramids are arranged like this in it, along the western side [Appendix Figure 32] This was an important group of buildings, but I only had time to measure around its outside.

Just south of the western end of Structure XIX is a small structure with Stela 11 on its south side [Structure XVIII]. Opposite it (i.e., south of it) is another somewhat larger structure [XVII], and behind this I noticed another mound [Structure XVI], which I did not measure.

This day was by all odds the hardest day I have had yet at the ruins. Fighting through the bush is hot work, and I got two very hard falls, being thrown flat, tripped up by *bejucos*. I kept at it, however, with my two assistants, Margarito and Alfonso, until we finished at 2:45 in the blazing heat of the afternoon. Everyone else had gone back to camp before us, and we now prepared to take farewell of the ruins ourselves. I left with regret that I had not more time to give to the mapping and a closer study of the buildings, but satisfied that a longer study of the inscriptions would not yield much, if any new chronological matter.[213]

The site, which I think I will name Naachtun (Distant Stone)—heaven knows they are distant enough, too—is a large Class III city, or a small Class II one. When one compares its architectural remains with those of Nakum, for example, it falls short, but then it has 11 sculptured stelae compared with Nakum's 3. All things considered, I think I am perhaps justified in assigning it to Class II, but a very large Class III would be more conservative. A half a dozen more sculptured stela would put it into Class II surely, and these may yet well be found there. [Morley writes in the margins in pencil, "How prophetic! They were and it is in Class II."].

I got back to camp before four and found everybody getting ready for the exodus tomorrow. Muddy was packed, Juan was packing, Epifanio was making tortillas for tomorrow, and Manuel and Secundino were out giving the *bestias* a good feed of ramon. We all went to bed very early against a 4 o'clock rising.

May 10, Wednesday

The boys were up long before daylight. I was awakened myself by their noise before four and rose at 4:15. We ate breakfast about 4:45 by the light of the gasoline lantern. Everything moved forward fairly swiftly; the mules came in all right, or rather were fetched by Manuel and Secundino, and loading began at 5:15. I had felt all along that a five o'clock start was a sheer impossibility, and indeed I had said that if we got off by six I would be satisfied. As a matter of fact, it was just that by Muddy's watch and mine when we got under way. Muddy and I aim to keep sun time as closely as we can guess it, and with the now lengthening days we are assuming fairly early sunrises.

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[213] Morley was very much in error on this point—subsequent investigations would reveal not only another robust group, Group C, but many more inscribed stelae. As of this writing the total number of stelae at Naachtun (including both carved and plain monuments) stands at 45.

We got off at six. Alfonso and Margarito had gone on ahead on foot, though there was an extra animal, had one of them wanted to ride. I rode right behind the bell-mare, which was led by Epifanio. Our pace was the usual one of 2½ miles an hour. After a short distance of this Muddy said it was making him sleepy, so he spurred his mount and we did not see him again until we got to our journey's end.

We were on the road today just 8¼ hours, doing in the one j*ornada* what it had taken us two to make going in. The day's itinerary ran:

Leave Tres Naciones	6:00 A.M.
Pass La Bandera	7:55 A.M.
Pass San Francisco	10:30 A.M.
Pass La Cresiente	11:50 A.M.
Pass Caribal	1:45 P.M.
Arrive Dos Hermanos	2:15 P.M.

On the whole day, we gained 45 minutes over the time it took us the same stretch coming in. The trip was almost without incident. Just before we reached San Francisco, within a stone's throw of the jato, in fact, I saw Epifanio suddenly start forward dragging the *yegua* [horse] with all his strength and at the same time he yelled for me to stop. It seems like his mule, or the *yegua*, had knocked a big snake off a fallen tree which was across the trail, and the snake started after the *yegua* with its poison fangs unsheathed and ready for business. It was his haste to drag the *yegua* out of the reach of this serpent that made him hurry on so sharply. Beyond, he tied his mount and came back with machete in hand to kill the brute, but it had disappeared.

San Francisco had not changed much; we all thought the *aguada* looked much drier. Continuing, we passed La Cresiente with its foul water and then began climbing the first hills of the divide. We passed quite a few ruins after leaving Tres Naciones, and again just before getting into San Francisco we passed through quite a good-sized group. At 2:15 we reached Dos Hermanos. I found myself very much tired out from the heavy work at Naachtun and downright sore from the hard fall I came by yesterday.

The boys put up my cot and I lay down for the rest of the afternoon. As soon as we got in, Muddy got hot tea and Juan found a whole box full of sour oranges. Tea with these was delicious and we took as many as we could stand. Afterward I lay down and took a nap while Juan bathed.

We had supper about six, but I had made such a meal of tea that I didn't have room for much. Muddy reported the fruit will last out, but the last night we will have to go without soup. Before the boys went to bed, they hung one too many hammocks from the beams of the old *champa* where they were lodged and the whole thing came down about their very ears, to the accompaniment of much shouting and laughter. For some time thereafter, with lantern in hand, they were searching through the fallen thatch retrieving various articles, tortillas even.

Gradually they all found new places to hang their hammocks and settled down for an early rest against the early rising of tomorrow. I was abed before 7:30 and asleep before 8:00.

May 11, Thursday

The boys woke up at 1:05 and got up with tremendous noise. I wanted to murder Gregorio in particular, who made the night hideous with the din of his falsetto *gritos* to the mules. I slept fitfully between 1 and 4, at which later hour the mules arrived, all but two, which hung outrageously back in the fringes of the forest where it was too dark to find them. About five, however, they drifted into camp, and at six on the dot we were off. Again, I rode behind the bell-mare. Muddy did not go ahead today, but elected to stay behind four mules, whose lives he made miserable by urging them forward. Our time today was 9½ hours as follows:

Leave Dos Hermanos	6:00 A.M.
Pass El Cantaro	7:00 A.M.
Pass Santa Isabel	7:50 A.M.
Pass San Blas	10:25 A.M.
Pass La Palma	11:05 A.M.
Pass Esperanza	12:40 P.M.
Pass Fork to Bambonal	2:10 P.M.
Arrive San Clemente	3:05 P.M.

The day passed without incident, untoward or otherwise. At El Cantaro, Muddy and Juan could only find five oranges, which must do into Cayo. This old *paraje*, I take it, is at the crest of the divide. It stands on a high ridge, the land falls off sharply on either side, and after leaving this high point, you pass no other going down the mountainside.

After leaving Santa Isabel and before reaching the *bajo*, we passed quite a ruined city, not of large size, but of considerable importance. This was the first group I had seen since leaving the other side of the divide, and it cannot be too far from Bambonal (Uaxactun).

It was a long, grueling day; we were just over nine hours on the way. San Clemente had changed none for the better since I passed this way last year, and the water was still pestilential: it is a dirty, milky, white-green in color and is hard. It is the only water, however, for a great distance on either side and we were obliged to stop here. It is doubtless fouled by all the animals and certainly by all the mules that pass hereby.

Epifanio shot 2 *cojolitos* here and Juan killed one. The one Juan killed, however, hung in a tree, and they had to fell the tree to get it. This water hole, Manuel says, has a stony bottom, has been floored in fact; perhaps these numerous a*guadas* throughout the bush represent the water supply of these cities.

Manuel and Secundino were grumbling about the length of the *jornada*. It was long—I told them it would be so before we started, and they knew it. They are just like children, and one is absolutely at the mercy of them.

Before going to bed, I asked them particularly to make an early start, as I want to get to Dos Aguadas in good time to see and turn the stones if possible, but I have my doubts. It looked like rain a little before we turned in but think it will amount to nothing. I look for no rain now until the rainy season breaks, which will hardly be for another fortnight yet. The clouds each day are piling a little higher, and it won't be long now before the deluge comes. I have been caught in it one or two seasons, and I have no desire to again.

Got to bed about 8:30.

May 12, Friday

Man arranges, proposes, but Fate, Destiny, Blind Chance, or what you will finally disposes in these countries. I started out this morning fully expecting we would be sleeping at Dos Aguadas tonight, but here we are in the Arroyo of Corozal at the very foot of the range on the north side of the Holmul valley instead.

It happened like this. To begin with, it being Friday, we were due, I suppose, for a certain amount of ill luck. Well, we got it. I woke at 3:30 and had Muddy call the men at 4:00. They took an interminable time to get off to the ramonal for the mules and did not get back therefrom until the sky was beginning to pinken, nearly five it must have been. And then one animal was missing, Secundino's own big white horse. How they ever missed it even in the dark is beyond me. It is huge and white.

Then they had breakfast and afterward Secundino took Muddy's mule and went back to the ramonal to find his animal. I may add here that he didn't show up again all day long and got in here where we are now camped about 4:00. He said he didn't find his animal until after four, but I suspect him of having laid down on Manuel, taken a day off, so to speak, leaving Manuel all the labor of bringing in the *mulada* by himself. This crippled the loading as Manuel and Secundino always put the *aparejos* [harnesses, etc.] on themselves.

Then Muddy had a quarrel with Manuel, quite a wordy one, over the latter's having sent off his (Muddy's) riding animal with Secundino. Muddy eventually got a better one, but a real quarrel was narrowly averted, and it has left bad blood between the two. With this delay we did not get away from San Clemente until seven, an hour later than our starts yesterday and the day before.

Just after leaving the *paraje*, right in the middle of the trail, we passed a large flat rounded stone perhaps 3' [7.6 cm] in diameter with a well-rounded depression in it as would be made by grinding, perhaps 14" [36 cm] in diameter. There were a few mounds in the vicinity. A half a league farther on we passed La Pita, where we had entered the road last year on the first trip coming from Jato Arturo.

Our itinerary today was as follows:

Leave San Clemente	7:00 A.M.
Pass San Maxime	8:45 A.M.
Pass Triunfo	9:45 A.M.

Pass El Guiro	11:30 A.M.
Pass Aguada Seco	12:15 P.M.
Pass Corozal	1:00 P.M.
Arrive Arroyo de Corozal	2:30 P.M.

This makes 7½ hours for today, or 24 hours and 50 minutes from Tres Naciones. We noticed everywhere that the bush seemed much drier, and even before we got to Corozal old Candelario began to have misgivings as to whether we would find water at Dos Aguadas. He finally recommended that if we found water at Corozal we should proceed on to Dos Aguadas as originally planned, but if the *aguada* at Corozal was dry we continue on the straight road out, as in the latter contingency he was sure that Dos Aguadas would be dry also. A bad sign indicating we would have to adopt the latter course was at Triunfo—the river was dry.

This bit of road from La Pita, in fact clear through to Corozal, I hadn't been over for six years these very days. It was on the way out from the discovery of Uaxactun, and the third night before poor Lafleur's death, May 14, 1916, we slept at Triunfo here. We reached there on that occasion about noon, as I remember it, and the *cuidador* of chicle, he who I bought some feathered furniture from last May in Laguna Perdida, had just that morning finished burying a poor syphilitic whom Lafleur had treated two weeks earlier on our way in. We slept that night at Triunfo, the next, May 15, at Dos Aguadas where I wanted to sleep tonight, and the next night at the Rio Holmul, the 16th. The next afternoon at 3:05 Lafleur was shot to death by a band of drunken Petenero soldiers within 200 yards of the border. When we passed through Triunfo today I noticed the cross marking the syphilitic's grave, and the whole circumstance came back to me very vividly.

Candelario called it four leagues from Triunfo to Corozal, but we did it in 3½ hours. The *aguada* here was dry as a bone; old Alfonso had waited here—Muddy suspects by prearranged design—and a swift change of plan became necessary. Candelario felt sure that if this *aguada* were dry, the two at Dos Aguadas surely would be. I consented to the change of route and we continued on the main trail, which crosses the Holmul two or three leagues beyond here at the *paraje* where we slept our second night out, April 19. We continued on and in about three hours came to some *champas* near another very dry *aguada*. "*Muy fuerte el verano*," [the summer is very strong] observed old Candelario.

A short distance beyond this we commenced the descent of the range on the north side of the Holmul valley and a mile beyond its base we came to the arroyo of Corozal, one of the tributaries of the Holmul.

It was now 2:30, we had been on the road for 7½ hours, and old Candelario swore the next water (the Rio Holmul) was three leagues farther on, so it seemed best to stop. I was glad enough to do so, particularly since Muddy had reported the water as fine: it was very clear, almost white, in fact. This was a great change from the terrible water at San Clemente, which was sickening. Our camping place is right in the bed of the arroyo in a dry spot, overhung by trees, and we made ourselves comfortable as speedily as

possible. Muddy had delicious tea going in half an hour, and this, flavored with some of the oranges Juan and Muddy had gathered yesterday at El Cántaro, certainly hit the right spot.

I worked over my notes summarizing the results of the field season as follows:

A. New Sites, 5:

1. Naachtun
2. Site southwest of El Gallo on the Plancha–Flores road
3. Site north of El Centenario [Xmakabatun]
4. Tancar
5. Xelha

B. New Monuments, 29:

1. Naranja, 1
2. Uaxactun, 6
3. Naachtun, 11
4. Tayasal, 1
5. El Centenario [Xmakabatun], 4
6. Near El Gallo, 2
7. Tulum, 2

C. New Initial Series, 12:

1. Uaxactun, 2
2. Naachtun, 9
3. El Encanto, 1
4. Newly deciphered dates, 19 (this compares favorably with last year, as the following summary will show):

	1921	1922
A	2	5
B	21	29
C	17	12
D	30	19

What I lose in dates, i.e., in C and D (Initial Series and newly deciphered dates), I more than make up in the number of new sites discovered (A), five this year as against two last year, and 29 monuments (B) this year as against 21 last year. And, of course, this does not take into consideration that one site this year, Naachtun, is of major importance, and because of its location of high strategic importance. On the whole, it has been a very successful season, and I have no reason to complain.

May 13, Saturday

This should be our last night in the bush. We are camped at El Chorro, only 4½ leagues out of El Cayo, and should be in there by ten o'clock, *pero quien sabe* [but who knows]. No one knows what may happen next down here. I wakened the boys at three and we got off at 6:15. The *media loca mula* [half-crazy mule] was missing, and after breakfast Secundino again had to go after it, and at present writing (after six o'clock) he has not come in.

Our itinerary for the day follows:

Leave Arroyo de Corozal	6:15 A.M.
Pass Río Holmul	8:40 A.M.
Pass fork to Yaloch Viejo	11:25 A.M.
Pass Laguna	12:10 P.M.
Arrive El Chorro	3:30 P.M.

Old Candelario had called the distance from our stopping place last night to the Río Holmul three leagues. It took us only two and a half hours to make it, however. When we passed through the ruins, I found the trail led right by the high, standing, plain stela I saw here when we passed through more than three weeks ago. I took the occasion to measure it this morning. It is 11 feet [3.35 m] high, 3½ feet [1.07 m] wide and 2 feet [61 cm] in thickness. In front of it there is a plain round altar 5 feet 3 inches [1.6 m] in diameter and 9 inches [23 cm] in thickness. Holmul must be considered an important Maya site, despite the fact that no sculptured stelae have been found here. It has a number of plazas and mounds. At the *paraje,* we recognized the old clothes from Donald Trumach's *maleta* [suitcase] which we discarded here. Muddy thought he recognized a pair of drawers which had been purloined from his suitcase.

Crossing the Holmul, we continued eastward over a low range of hills which closes on the west side the small valley where the Laguna de Yaloch lies. Two and three-quarter hours after leaving the river we came to the fork at the trail leading to Yaloch Viejo. When we passed by here on April 20th we took the left-hand fork leading to Yaloch Viejo. This morning we took the right-hand fork leading to Laguna.

Muddy and I rode ahead of the *mulada* and found a new set of officers at this outpost of Guatemala—they come and go with bewildering rapidity. We figure they last about three weeks. The last house-cleaning took our old friend Prisciliano Sánchez of Holja from office, and that worthy (?) now retires to private life.

We did not stay here long, only until the m*ulada* came up at 12:10, and then bidding goodbye to the young man in charge, one Ruben Berges of Flores (a nephew, by the way, of old Don Clodoveo Berges) we proceeded on the last lap of our journey, which took us 3¼ hours to do. The *mulada* is getting very tired and came slowly. Then, too, just before reaching the *paraje,* one of the black mules kicked off its cargo, my No. 1 and Juan's No. 8, and came charging down the rest of the *mulada,* lashing out wildly with its hind feet

causing indescribable confusion. We finally got him headed off and segregated, and Manuel led him back ingloriously to Nos. 1 and 8, which were waiting for him.

Muddy and Juan rode ahead the last league to gather in the crop of ripe mameys (the true zapote), and when we got in there were also three villainous looking *chicleros* from Cayo going out on "*montear*" on the English side!! This I translated easily as a little excursion to Guatemala to bring out a couple or four blocks of contraband chicle. They have four mules.

We reached here at 3:30, being 9¼ hours on the way, and had supper about an hour later. We ate our last tin of soup, our last tin of fruit, and my last bottle of pickled onions is all but gone. It is indeed high time that we are getting out of the bush.

It is now seven o'clock and Secundino has not showed up yet. He has either taken a different road into El Cayo or stopped at Laguna for the night, perhaps with the hope of overtaking us early in the morning. If so, he will have to get up early, as Manuel says he is going to get off shortly after midnight. He has our best wishes in this endeavor, and we are going to cooperate to our fullest, even to waking him up at midnight!

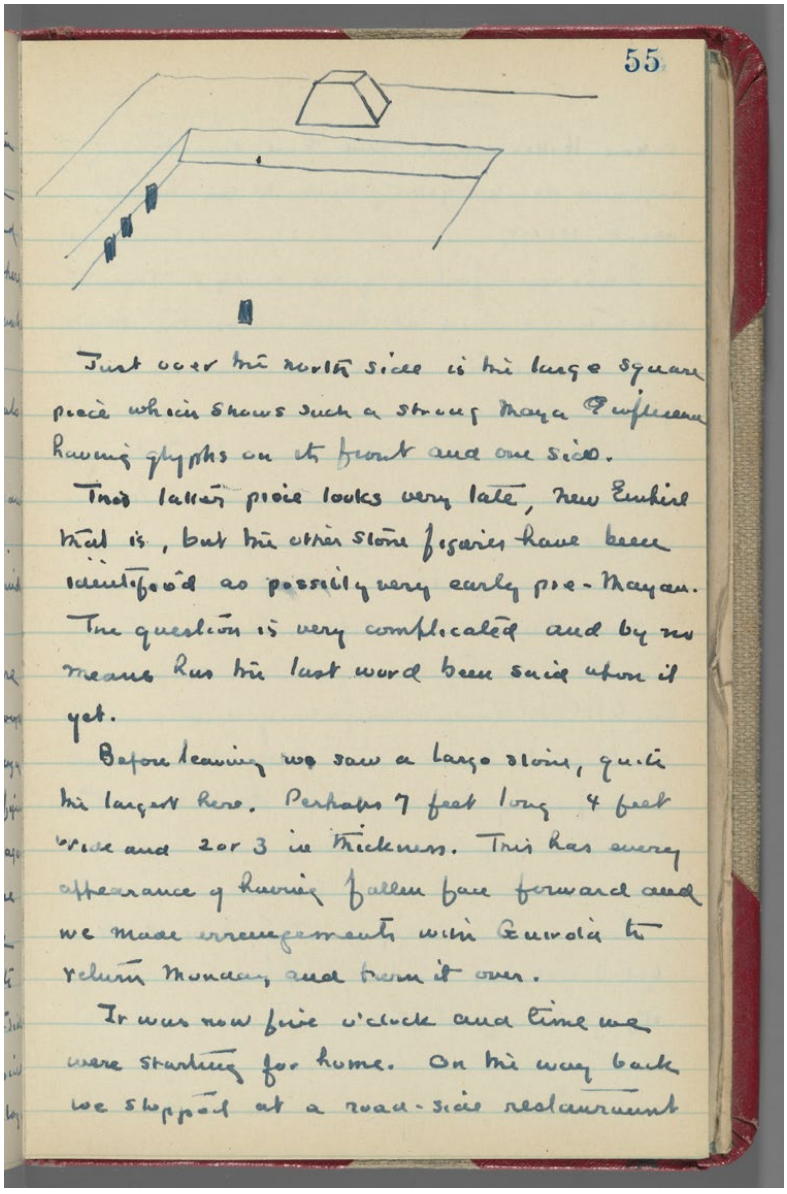
Again, I record this should be our last night in the bush, and we are correspondingly high-spirited. What a hell of a country for a people as intelligent as the Maya to have occupied and developed so intensively, unless indeed, as Cook[214] thinks, it really was a livable and lovable place in those days. ¿*Quen sabe*?

[214] Orator Cook, the botanist who participated in part of the 1922 CIW expedition. See Chapter 2, note 48, of this volume.

APPENDIX

MORLEY'S IN-LINE DRAWINGS FROM HIS 1922 DIARY

Note: These are presented here in chronological order.


55

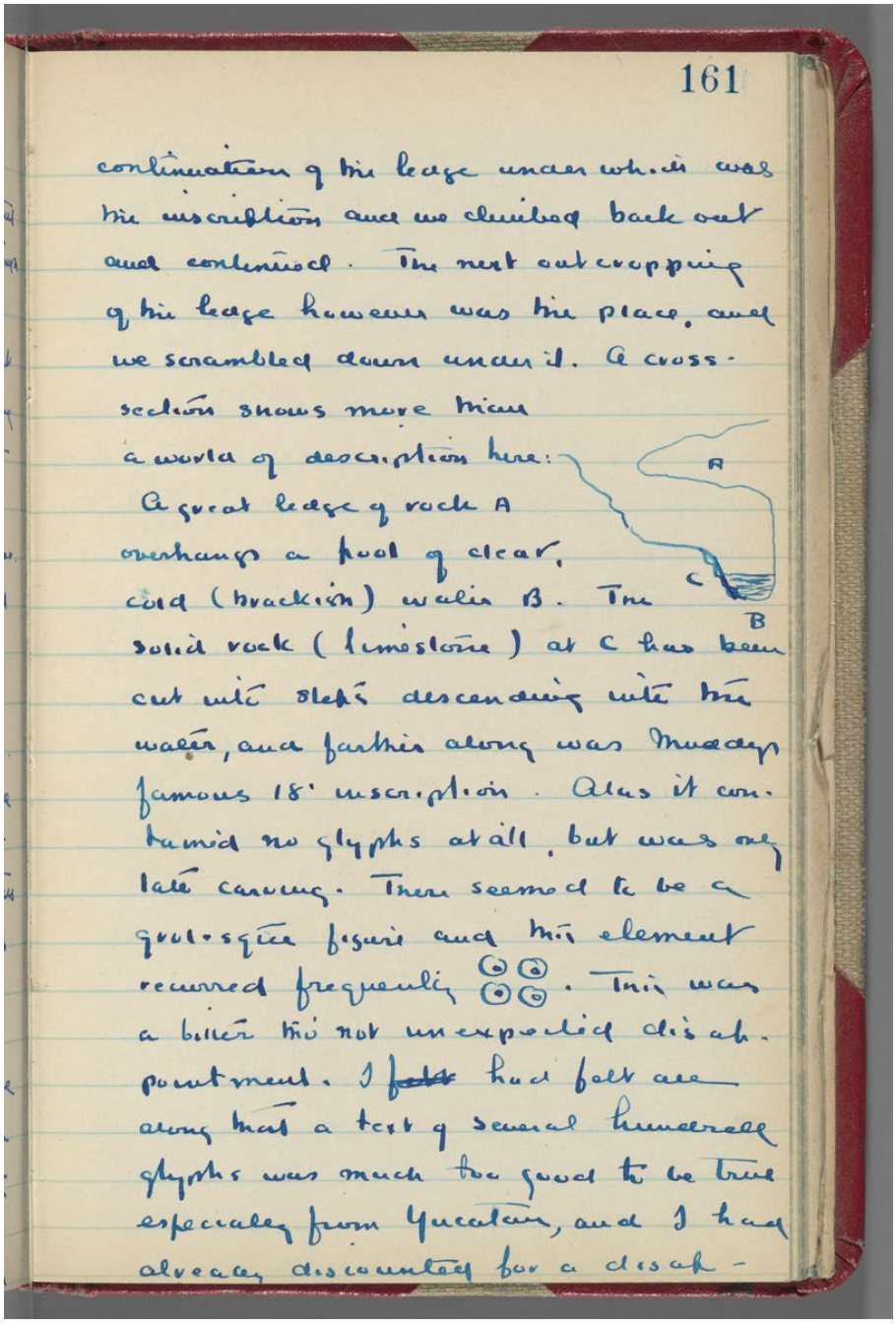
Just over the north side is the large square piece which shows such a strong Maya influence having glyphs on its front and one side.

This latter piece looks very late, new Empire that is, but the other stone figures have been identified as possibly very early pre-Mayan. The question is very complicated and by no means has the last word been said upon it yet.

Before leaving we saw a large stone, quite the largest here. Perhaps 7 feet long 4 feet wide and 2 or 3 in thickness. This has every appearance of having fallen face forward and we made arrangements with Eurolia to return Monday and turn it over.

It was now five o'clock and time we were starting for home. On the way back we stopped at a road-side restaurant

Figure 1. Entry for January 21 showing the locations of the "Squat Figures" at Finca Arevalo. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,* 58-34-20/75011.1.9.7.55.**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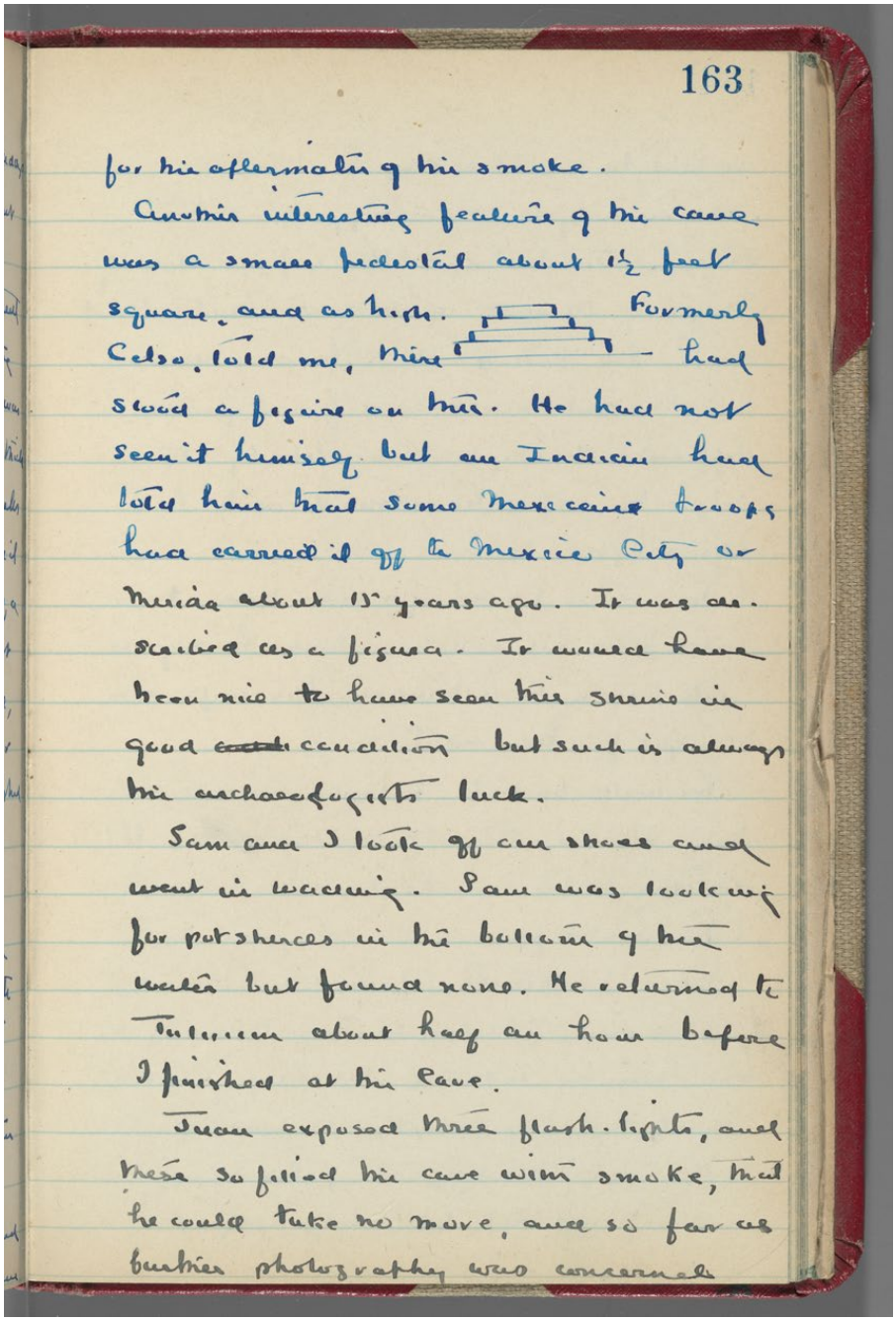
continuation of the ledge under which was the inscription and we climbed back out and continued. The next outcropping of the ledge however was the place, and we scrambled down under it. A cross-section shows more than a world of description here:

A great ledge of rock A overhangs a pool of clear, cold (brackish) water B. The solid rock (limestone) at C has been cut into steps descending into the water, and further along was Maudsley's famous 18th inscription. Alas it contained no glyphs at all, but was only late carving. There seemed to be a geological figure and this element recurred frequently ⊙⊙. This was a bitter but not unexpected disappointment. I ~~felt~~ had felt sure along that a test of several hundred glyphs was much too good to be true especially from Yucatan, and I had already discounted for a disap-



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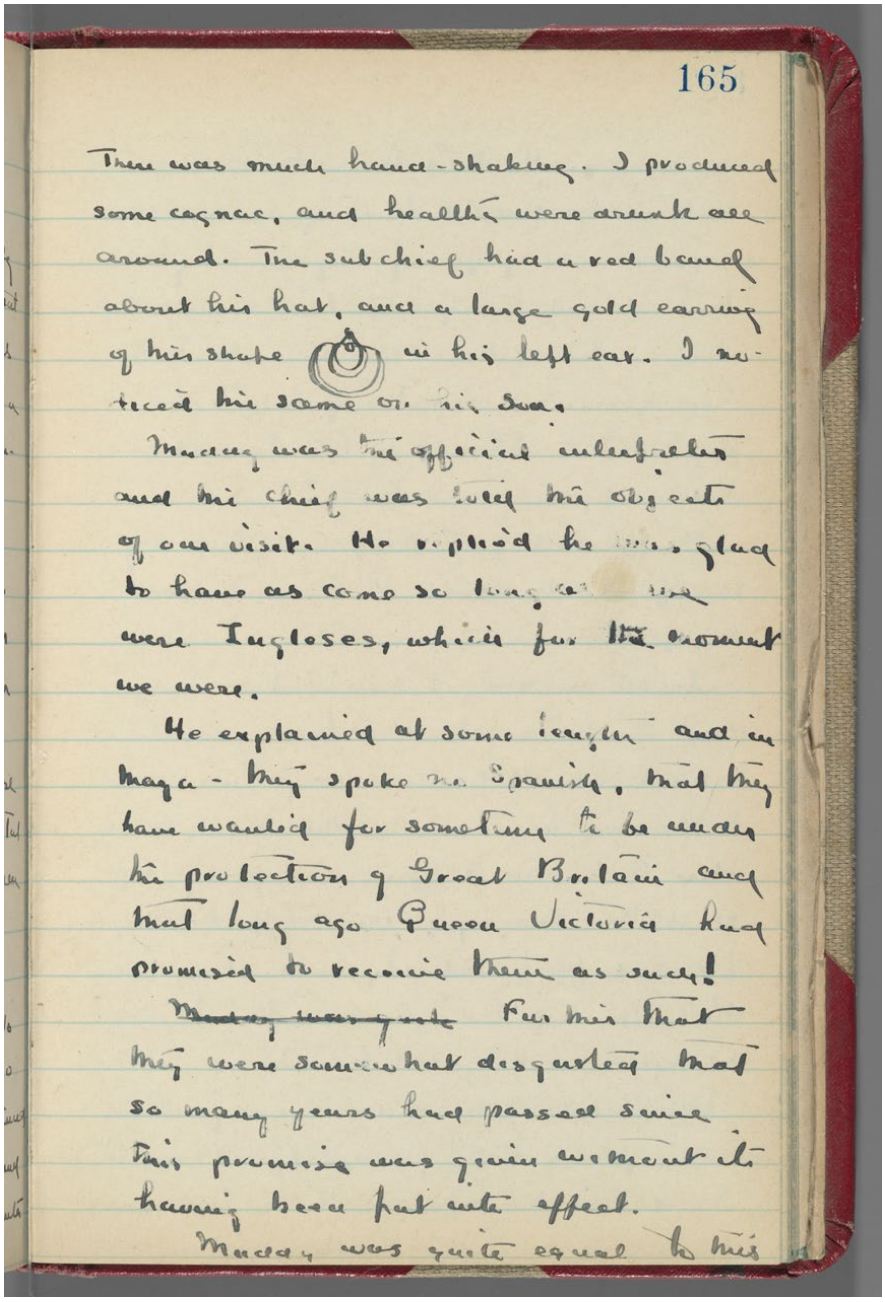
for the afternoon of the smoke.

Another interesting feature of the cave was a small pedestal about 1½ feet square, and as high. Formerly Celso, told me, there had stood a figure on this. He had not seen it himself but an Indian had told him that some Mexican troops had carried it off to Mexico City or Merida about 15 years ago. It was described as a figure. It would have been nice to have seen this shrine in good condition but such is always the archaeologists luck.

Sam and I took off our shoes and went in wading. Sam was looking for potsherds in the bottom of the water but found none. We returned to Tulum about half an hour before I finished at the cave.

Juan exposed three flash-lights, and these so filled the cave with smoke, that he could take no more, and so far as further photography was concerned

Figure 3. Entry for February 13 showing the small pedestal in the cave. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.7.163.



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There was much hand-shaking. I produced some cognac, and healths were drunk all around. The sub chief had a red band about his hat, and a large gold earring of this shape [drawing] in his left ear. I noticed his same on his own.

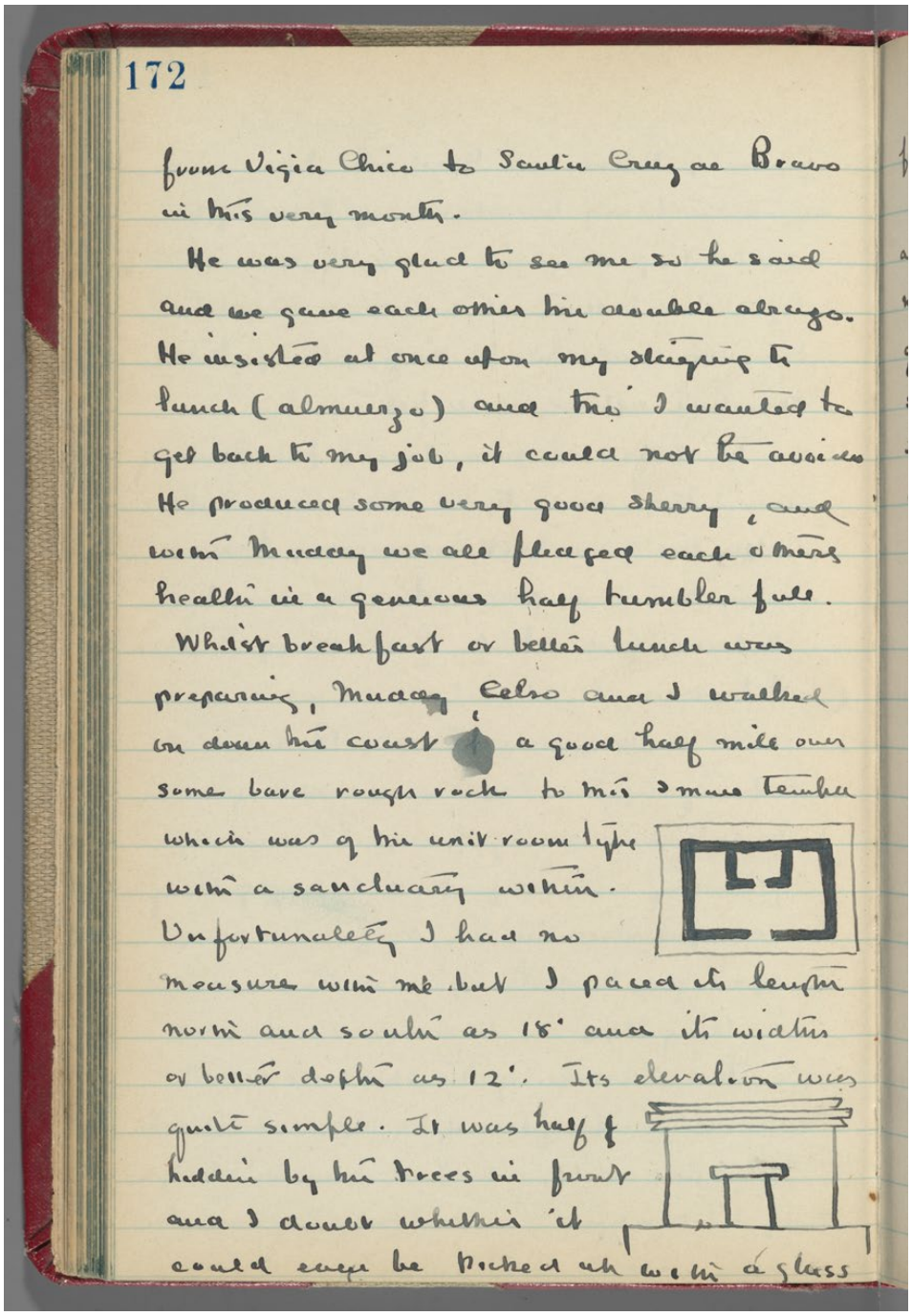
Mucuy was the official entertainer and his chief was told the objects of our visit. He replied he was glad to have us come so long as we were Ingleses, which for the moment we were.

He explained at some length and in Maya - they spoke no Spanish, that they have wanted for some time to be under the protection of Great Britain and that long ago Queen Victoria had promised to receive them as such!

~~Many many years~~ For this that they were somewhat disgusted that so many years had passed since this promise was given without it having been put into effect.

Mucuy was quite equal to this

Figure 4. Entry from February 13 showing drawing of an earring worn by a Maya sub-chief. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.7.165.



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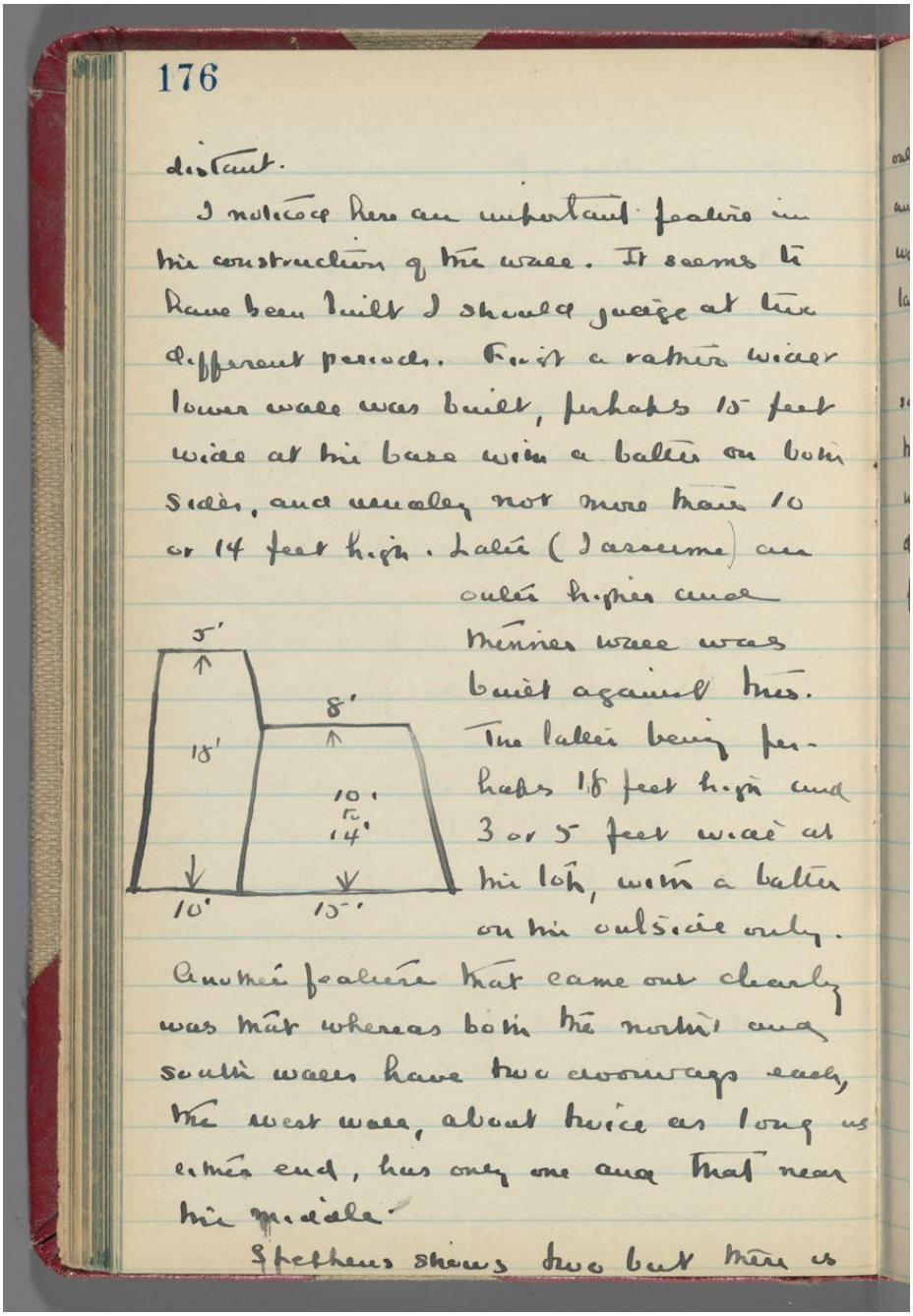
from Vigia Chico to Santa Cruz de Bravo in his very motor.

He was very glad to see me so he said and we gave each other his double abrazo. He insisted at once upon my staying to lunch (almuerzo) and tho' I wanted to get back to my job, it could not be avoided. He produced some very good sherry, and with Muday we all pledged each others health in a generous half tumbler full.

Whilst breakfast or better lunch was preparing, Muday Celso and I walked on down his coast a good half mile over some bare rough rock to his summer temple which was of his unit room type with a sanctuary within. Unfortunately I had no measure with me but I paced its length north and south as 18' and its width or better depth as 12'. Its elevation was quite simple. It was half [illegible] hidden by his trees in front and I doubt whether it could even be picked out with a glass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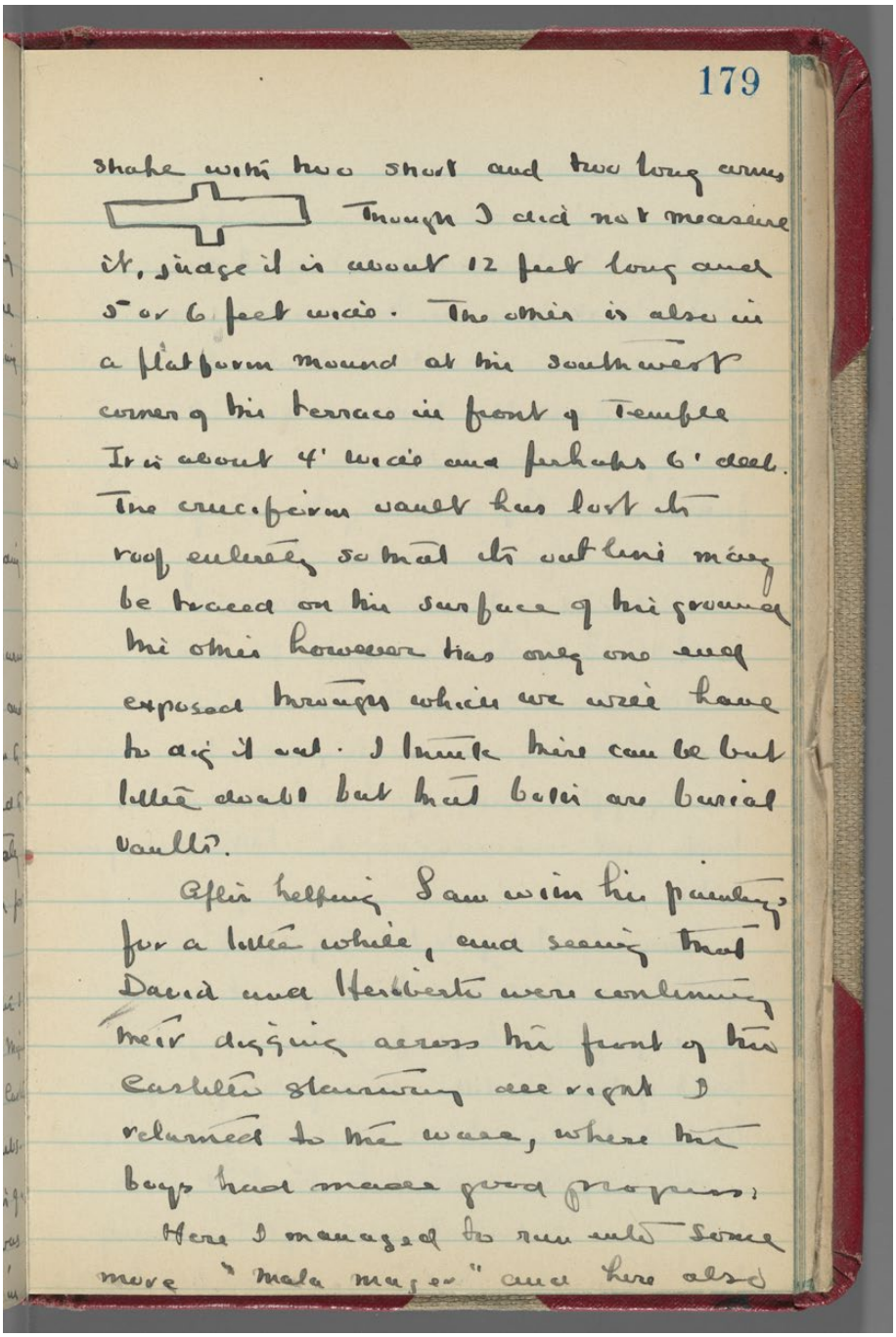
distant.

I noticed here an important feature in the construction of the wall. It seems to have been built I should judge at two different periods. First a rather wider lower wall was built, perhaps 15 feet wide at the base with a batter on both sides, and usually not more than 10 or 14 feet high. Later (I assume) an outer higher and thinner wall was built against this. The later being perhaps 15 feet high and 3 or 5 feet wide at the top, with a batter on the outside only.

Another feature that came out clearly was that whereas both the north and south walls have two doorways each, the west wall, about twice as long as either end, has only one and that near the middle.

Stephens shows two but there is

Figure 6. Entry from February 14 showing the two levels of Tulum's defensive walls. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20.75011.1.9.7.176.


179

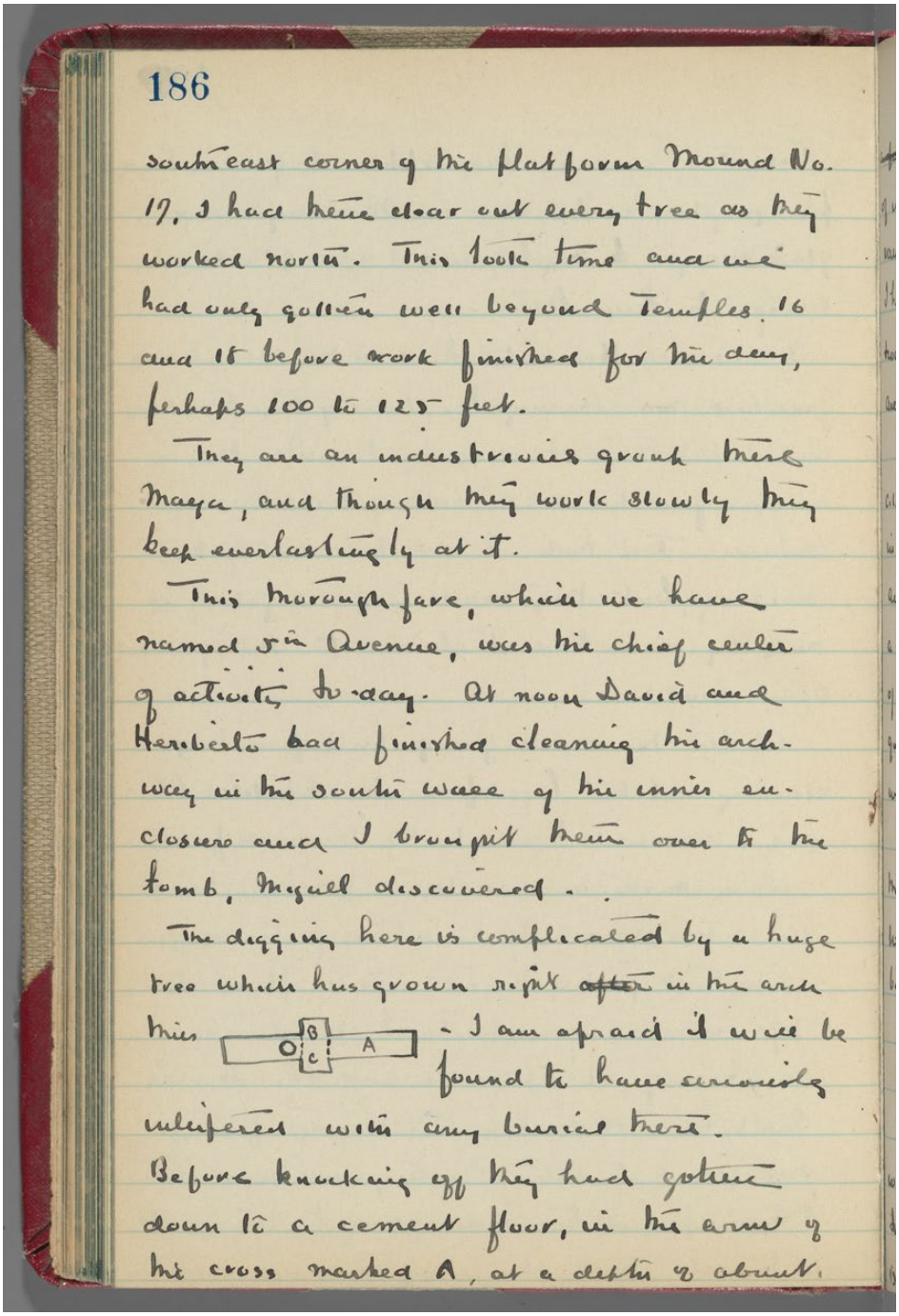
shake with two short and two long arms

Though I did not measure it, judge it is about 12 feet long and 5 or 6 feet wide. The other is also in a platform mound at the southwest corner of the terrace in front of Temple I. It is about 4' wide and perhaps 6' deep. The cruciform vault has lost the roof entirely so that the outlines may be traced on the surface of the ground. The other however has only one end exposed through which we were able to dig it out. I think there can be but little doubt but that both are burial vaults.

After helping Sam with his painting for a little while, and seeing that David and Herbert were continuing their digging across the front of the Castillo staircase I returned to the wall, where the boys had made good progress.

Here I managed to run into some more "mala magen" and here also

Figure 7. Entry from February 15 showing the cross-shaped tomb in Structure 19 at Tulum. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20.75011.1.9.7.179.



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southeast corner of the platform Mound No. 17, I had them clear out every tree as they worked north. This took time and we had only gotten well beyond Temples 16 and 18 before work finished for the day, perhaps 100 to 125 feet.

They are an industrious group these Mayas, and though they work slowly they keep everlastingly at it.

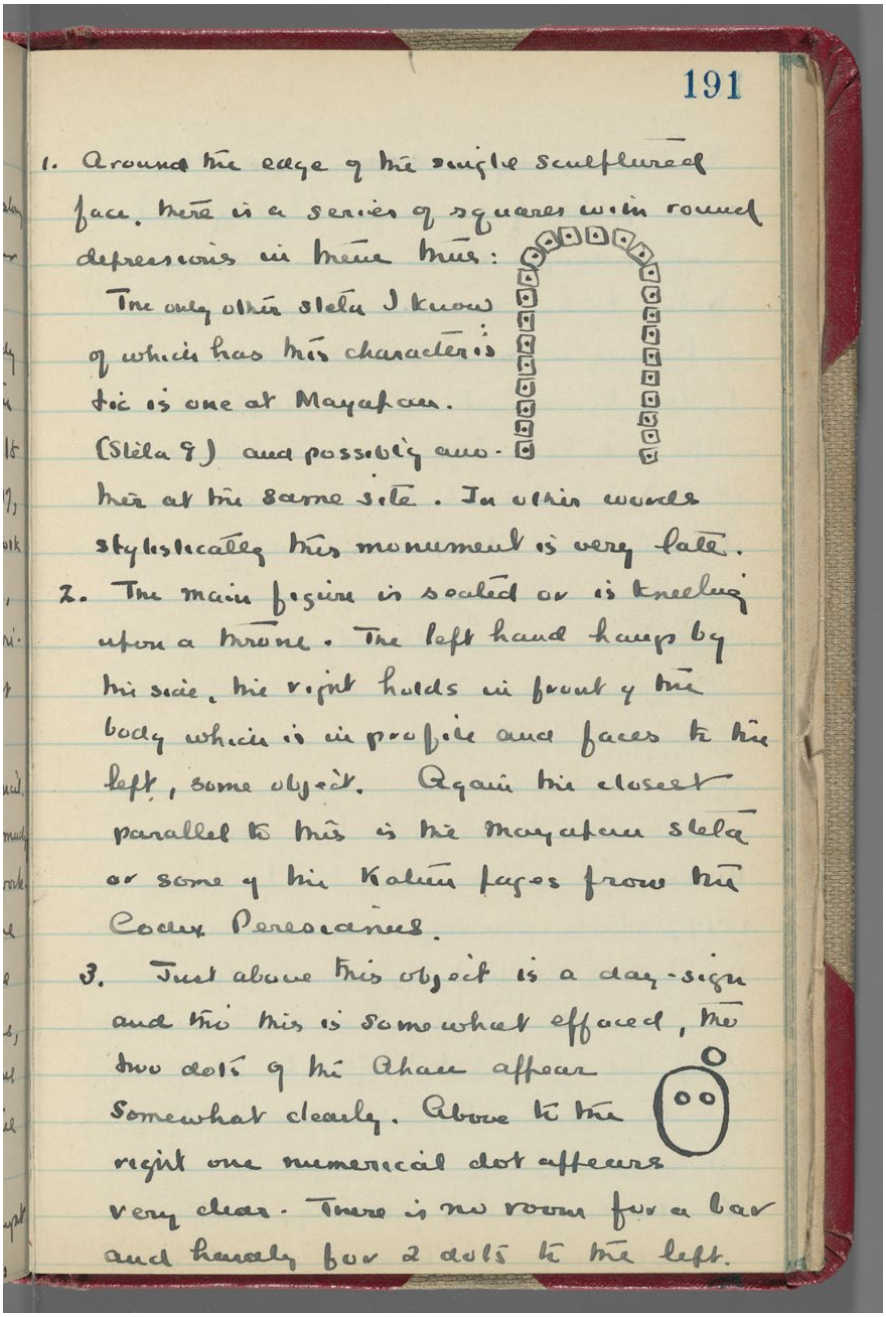
This thoroughfare, which we have named 5th Avenue, was the chief center of activity today. At noon David and Heriberto had finished cleaning the archway in the south wall of the inner enclosure and I brought them over to the tomb, Miguel discovered.

The digging here is complicated by a huge tree which has grown right ~~after~~ in the arch this

- I am afraid it will be found to have seriously interfered with any burial there.

Before knocking off they had gotten down to a cement floor, in the arm of the cross marked A, at a depth of about.

Figure 8. Entry from February 16 showing the cross-shaped tomb in Structure 19. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.7.186

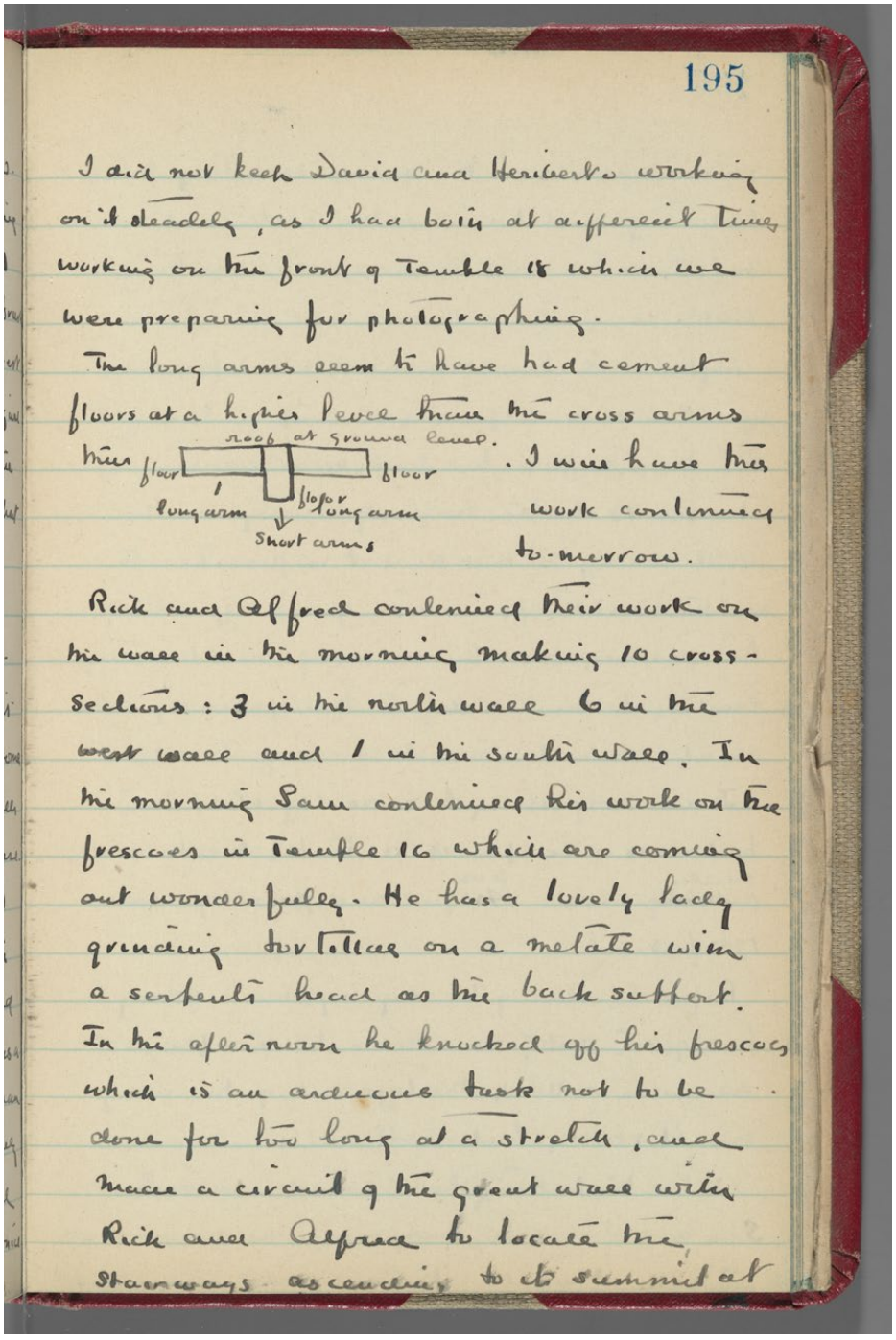

191

1. Around the edge of the single sculptured face, there is a series of squares with rounded depressions in them:
The only other stela I know of which has this character is this is one at Mayapan. (Stela 8) and possibly another at the same site. In other words stylistically this monument is very late.

2. The main figure is seated or is kneeling upon a throne. The left hand hangs by his side, the right holds in front of the body which is in profile and faces to the left, some object. Again the closest parallel to this is the Mayapan stela or some of the Kakupacan pages from the Codex Peresianus.

3. Just above this object is a day-sign and tho this is somewhat effaced, the two dots of the Ahau appear somewhat clearly. Above to the right one numerical dot appears very clear. There is no room for a bar and hardly for 2 dots to the left.

Figure 9. Entry from February 16 showing the band of dotted squares around the perimeter of Tulum Stela 2. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.7.191.



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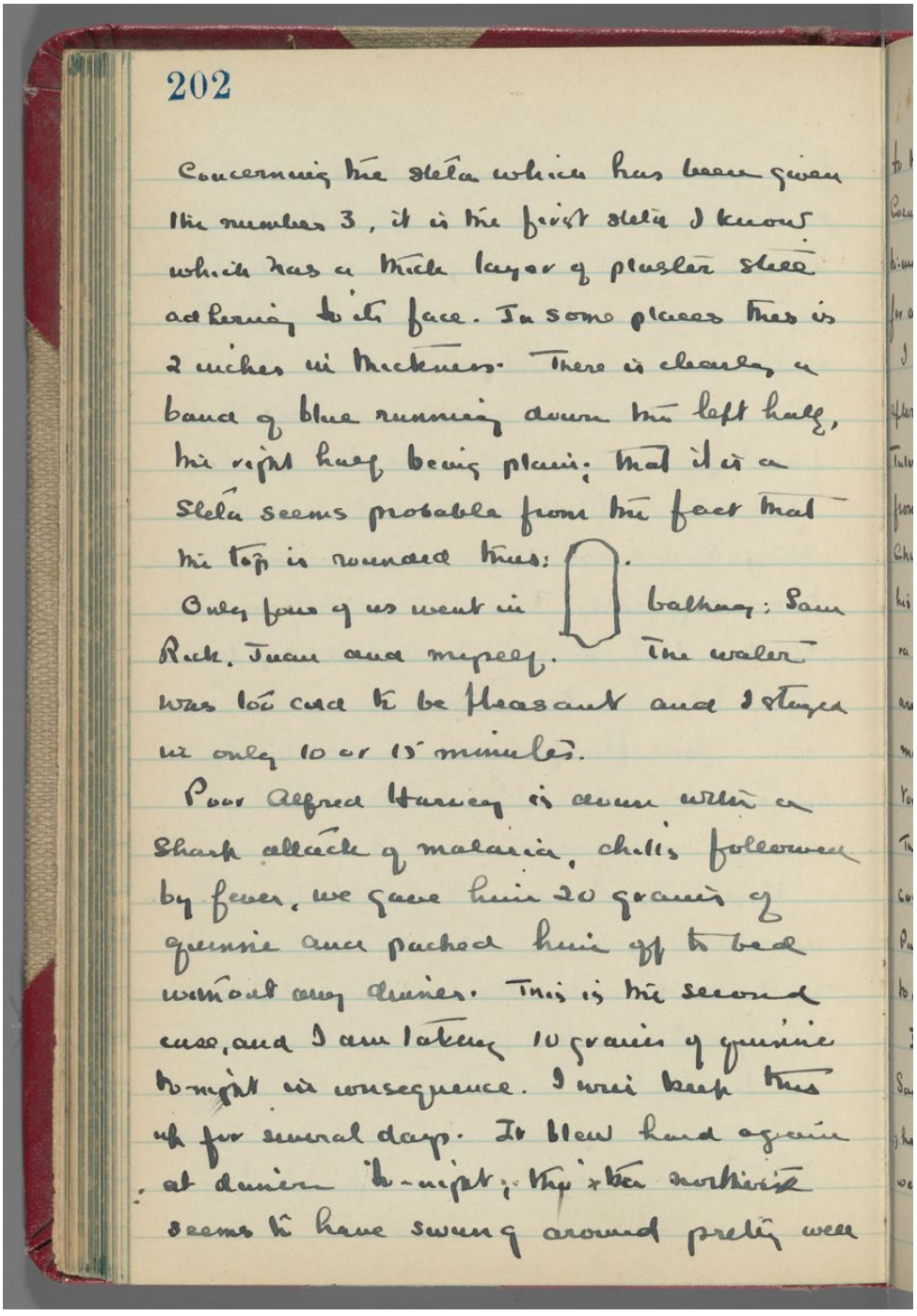
I did not keep David and Heriberto working on it steadily, as I had both at different times working on the front of Temple 18 which we were preparing for photographing.

The long arms seem to have had cement floors at a higher level than the cross arms thus: roof at ground level. floor floor floor long arm long arm Short arms. I will have this work continued to-morrow.

Rick and Alfred continued their work on the west wall in the morning making 10 cross-sections: 3 in the north wall 6 in the west wall and 1 in the south wall. In the morning Sam continued his work on the frescoes in Temple 16 which are coming out wonderfully. He has a lovely lady grinding turtles on a metate with a serpents head as the back support. In the afternoon he knocked off his frescoes which is an arduous task not to be done for too long at a stretch, and made a circuit of the great wall with Rick and Alfred to locate the stairways ascending to its summit at

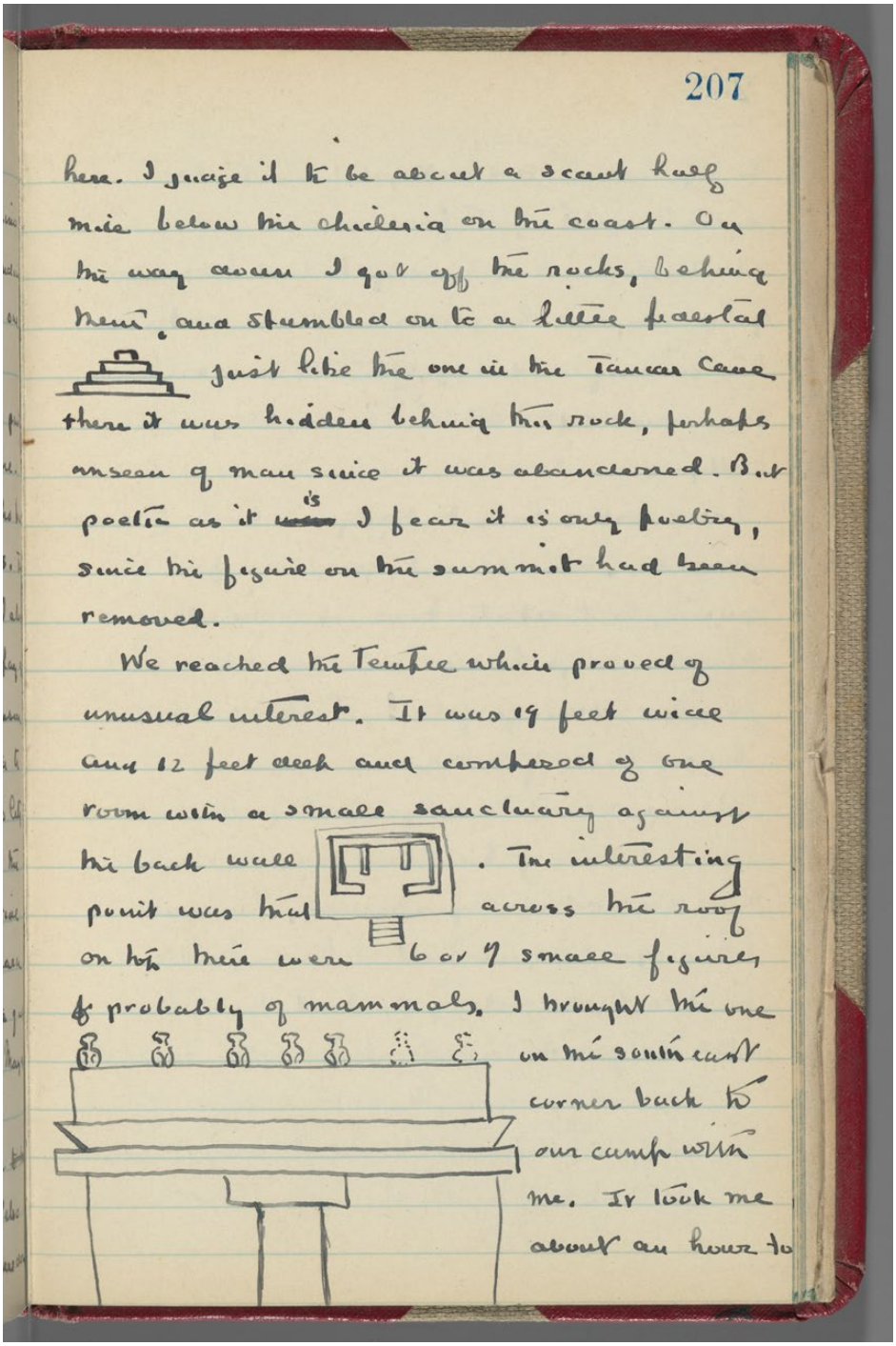
Figure 10. Entry from February 17 showing more details of cross-shaped tomb. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.7.195.


202

Concerning the stela which has been given the number 3, it is the first stela I know which has a thick layer of plaster stuck adhering to its face. In some places this is 2 inches in thickness. There is clearly a band of blue running down the left half, the right half being plain; that it is a stela seems probable from the fact that the top is rounded thus: ⌒. Only four of us went in bathing: Sam Rick, Juan and myself. The water was too cold to be pleasant and I stayed in only 10 or 15 minutes.

Poor Alfred Harvey is down with a sharp attack of malaria, chills followed by fever, we gave him 20 grains of quinine and packed him off to bed without any dinner. This is the second case, and I am taking 10 grains of quinine to-night as consequence. I will keep this up for several days. It blew hard again at dinner to-night; the wind seems to have swung around pretty well

Figure 11. Entry from February 18 showing shape of Tulum Stela 3. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.7.202.


207

here. I guage it to be about a scant half mile below the chulera on the coast. On the way down I got off the rocks, behind them, and stumbled on to a little facade just like the one in the Tancar Cave there it was hidden behind the rock, perhaps unseen of man since it was abandoned. But poetic as it is I fear it is only fancy, since the figure on the summit had been removed.

We reached the Temple which proved of unusual interest. It was 19 feet wide and 12 feet deep and composed of one room with a small sanctuary against the back wall . The interesting point was that across the roof on both there were 6 or 7 small figures of probably of mammals. I brought the one on the south east corner back to our camp with me. It took me about an hour to

Figure 12. Entry for February 19 showing three sketches details of a coastal temple. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.7.207.

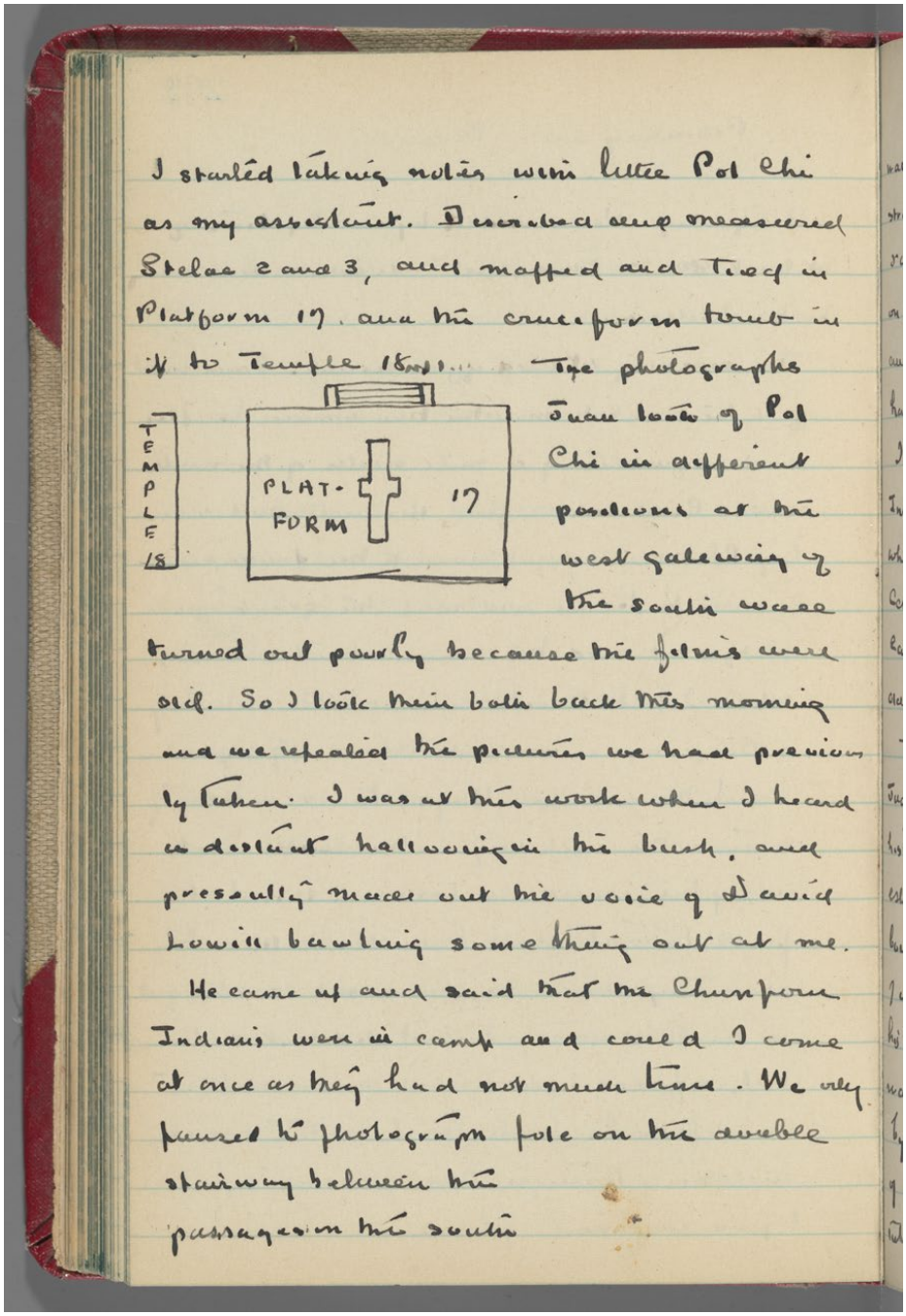
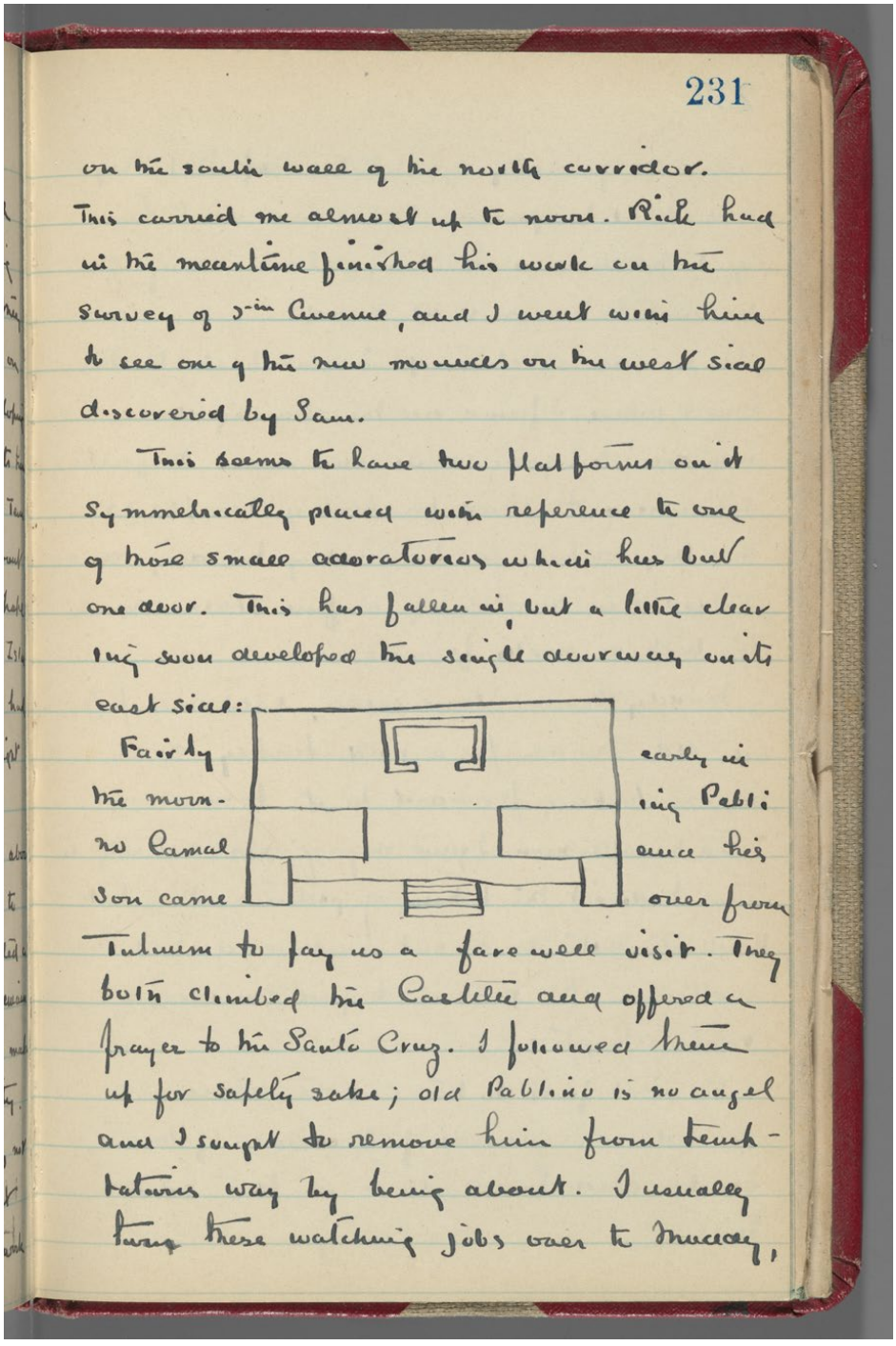


Figure 13. Entry from February showing positioning of cross-shaped tomb in Structure 19 (note this diagram shows the earlier numeration—Structure 17). ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.7.210.



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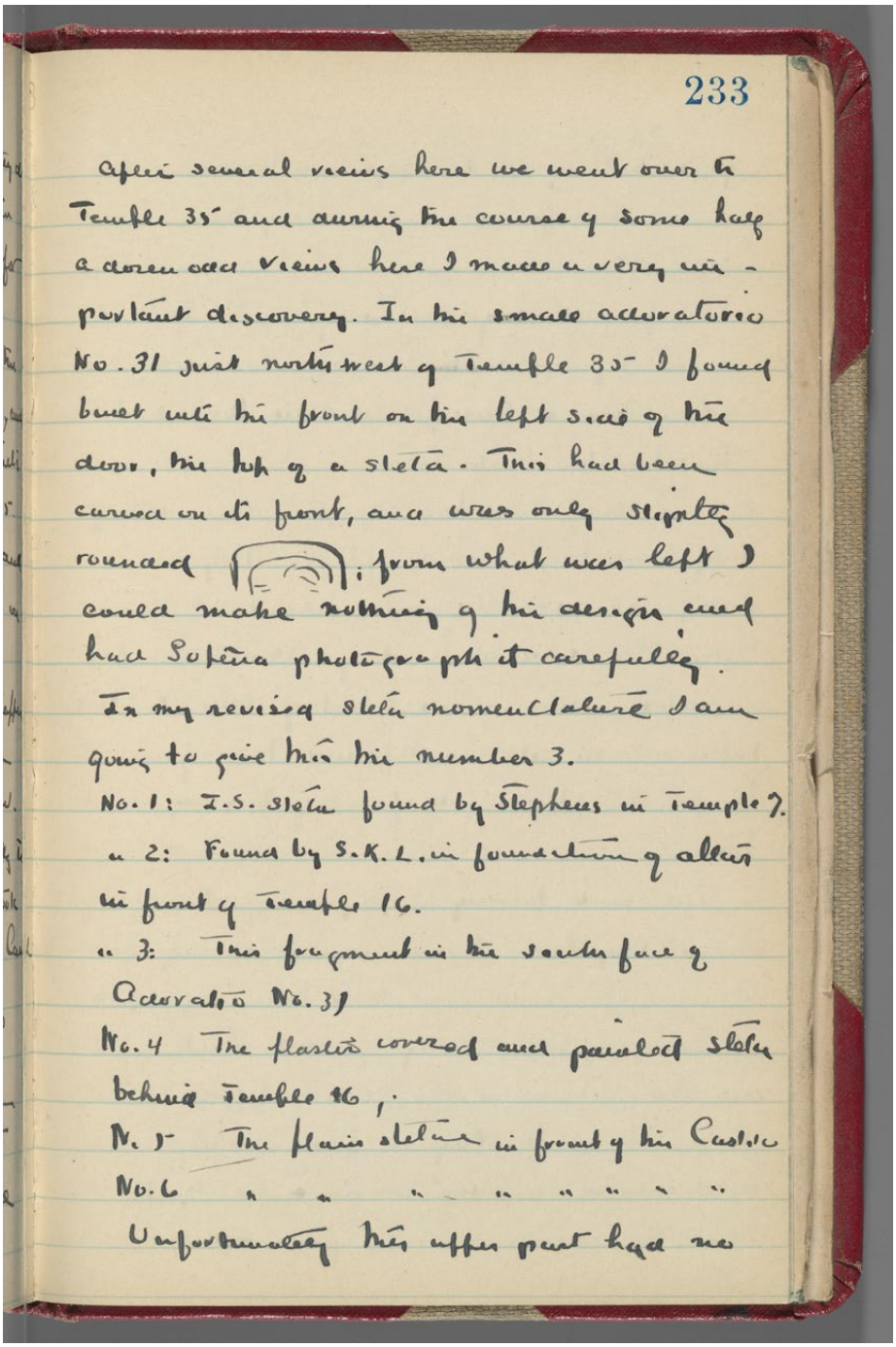
on the south wall of the north corridor. This carried me almost up to noon. Ricketson had in the meantime finished his work on the survey of 5th Avenue, and I went with him to see one of the new mounds on the west side discovered by Sam.

This seems to have two platforms on it symmetrically placed with reference to one of those small adoratorios which has but one door. This has fallen in, but a little clearing soon developed the single doorway on its east side:

Fairly early in the morning Pablino Camal and his son came over from Tulum to pay us a farewell visit. They both climbed the Castillo and offered a prayer to the Santo Cruz. I followed them up for safety sake; old Pablino is no angel and I sought to remove him from temptation's way by being about. I usually turn these watching jobs over to Macedonio,



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After several visits here we went over to Temple 35 and during the course of some half a dozen odd visits here I made a very important discovery. In the small excavation No. 31 just north west of Temple 35 I found buried with its front on the left side of the door, the top of a stela. This had been carved on its front, and was only slightly rounded [sketch]; from what was left I could make nothing of the design and had Sotera photograph it carefully.

In my revising stela nomenclature I am going to give this the number 3.

No. 1: I.S. stela found by Stephens in Temple 7.

" 2: Found by S.K.L. in foundations of altar in front of Temple 16.

" 3: This fragment in the south face of Excavation No. 31

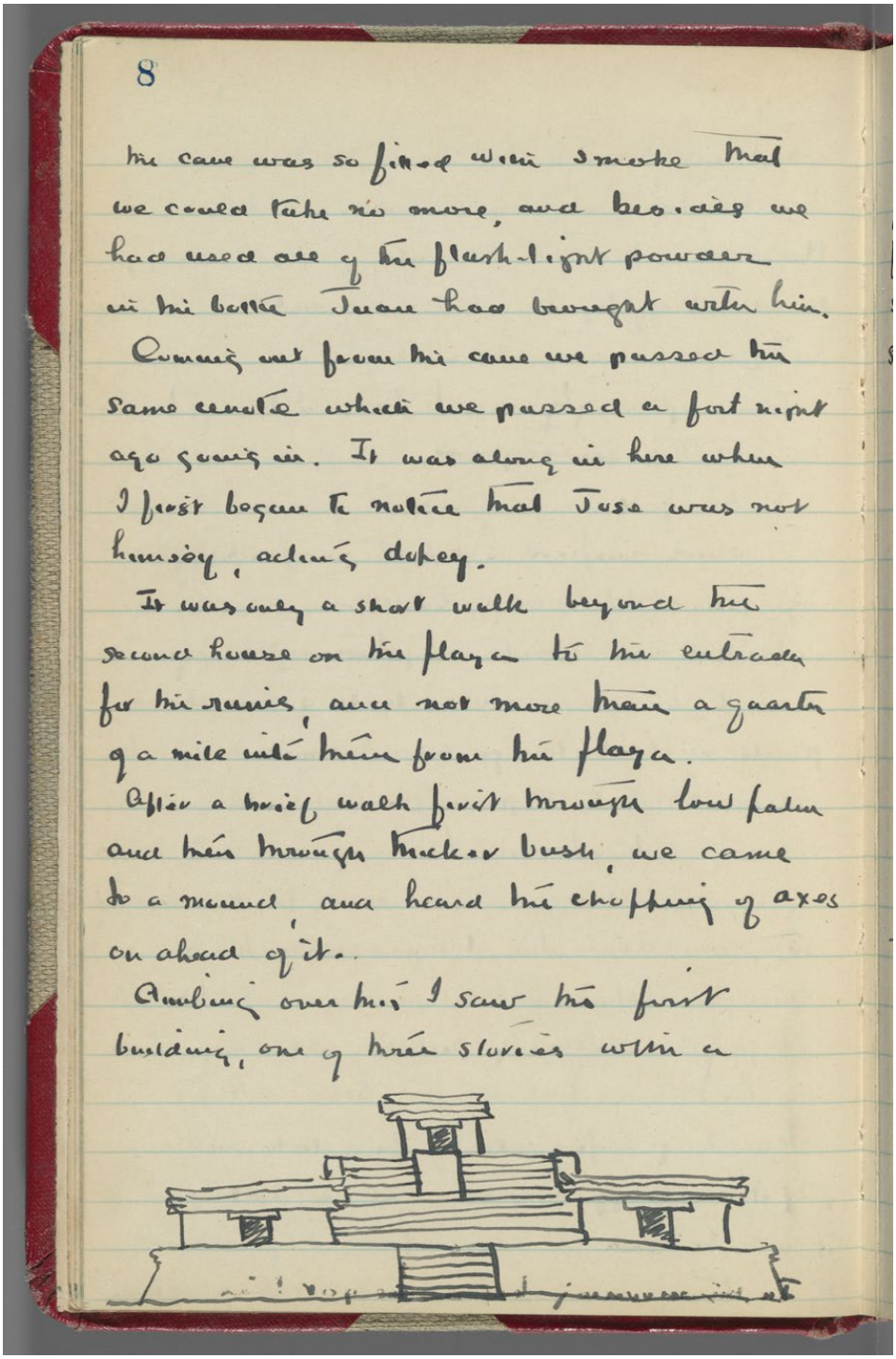
No. 4 The plastic covered and painted stela behind Temple 16.

No. 5 The plain stelae in front of this Casket

No. 6 " " " " " " " "

Unfortunately this upper part had no

Figure 15. Entry from February 24 showing border of top of stela. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.7.233.



8

his cave was so filled with smoke that we could take no more, and besides we had used all of the flash-light powder in his bottle Juan had brought with him.

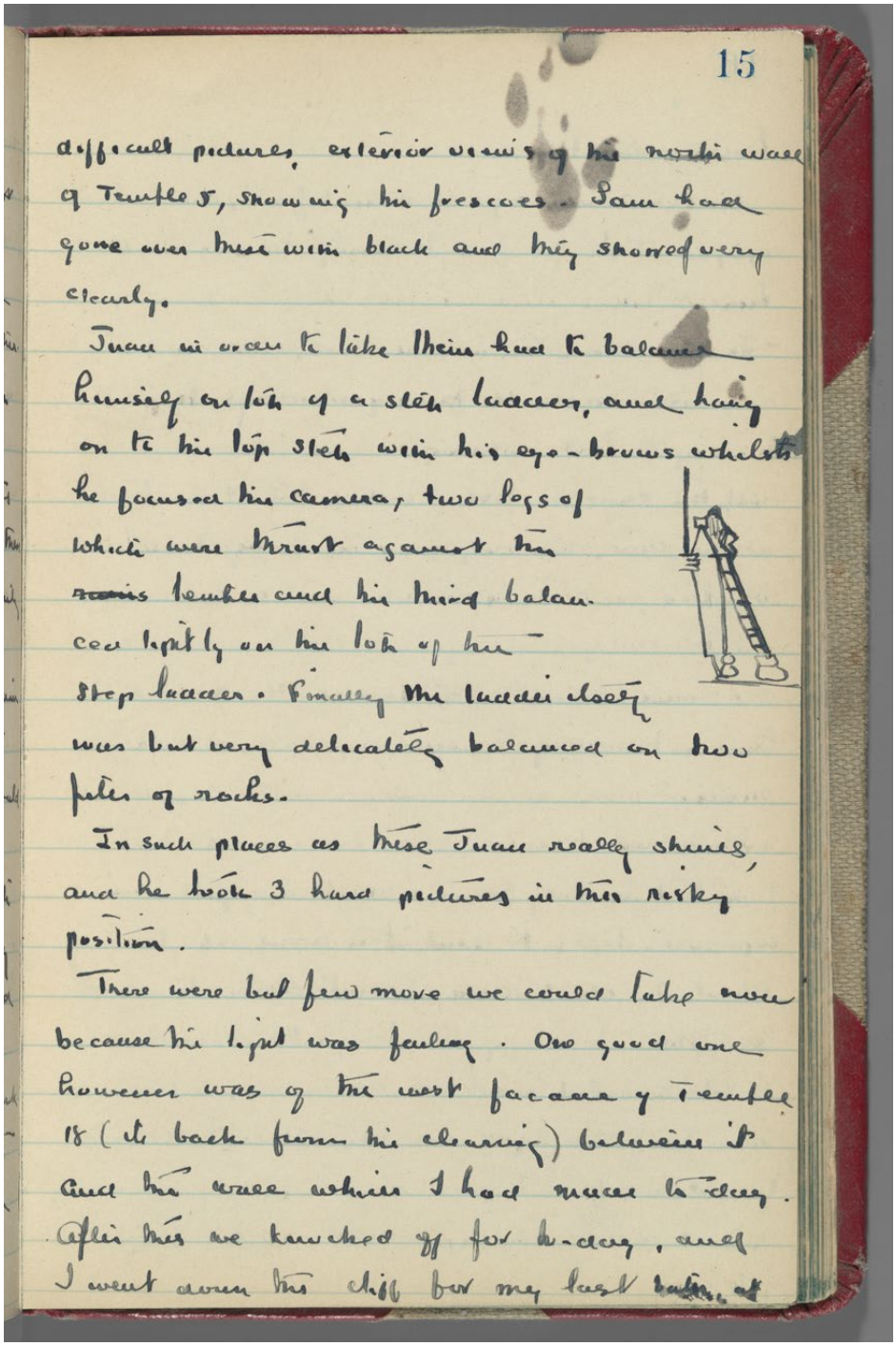
Coming out from his cave we passed his same cenote which we passed a fort night ago coming in. It was along in here when I first began to notice that Juse was not himself, acting dopey.

It was only a short walk beyond his second house on his plaza to his entrance for his ruins, and not more than a quarter of a mile into him from his plaza.

After a brief walk first through low palm and then through thicker bush, we came to a mound and heard the chopping of axes on ahead of it.

Climbing over this I saw his first building, one of three stoveies with a

Figure 16. Entry from February 27 showing Tancah Structure ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.8.8.


15

difficult pictures, exterior views of the north wall of Temple 5, showing his frescoes. Juan had gone over these with black and they showed very clearly.

Juan is over to take them but to balance himself on both of a slender ladder, and hang on to his top step with his eye-brows while he focussed his camera, two legs of which were thrust against the temples and his mind balancing lightly on the both of the step ladder. Finally the ladder itself was but very delicately balanced on two poles of rocks.

In such places as these Juan really shines, and he took 3 hard pictures in this risky position.

There were but few more we could take now because his light was failing. One good one however was of the west façade of Temple 18 (it looks from his clearing) between it and the one which I had made to-day. After this we knocked off for to-day, and I went down the cliff for my last bathe at

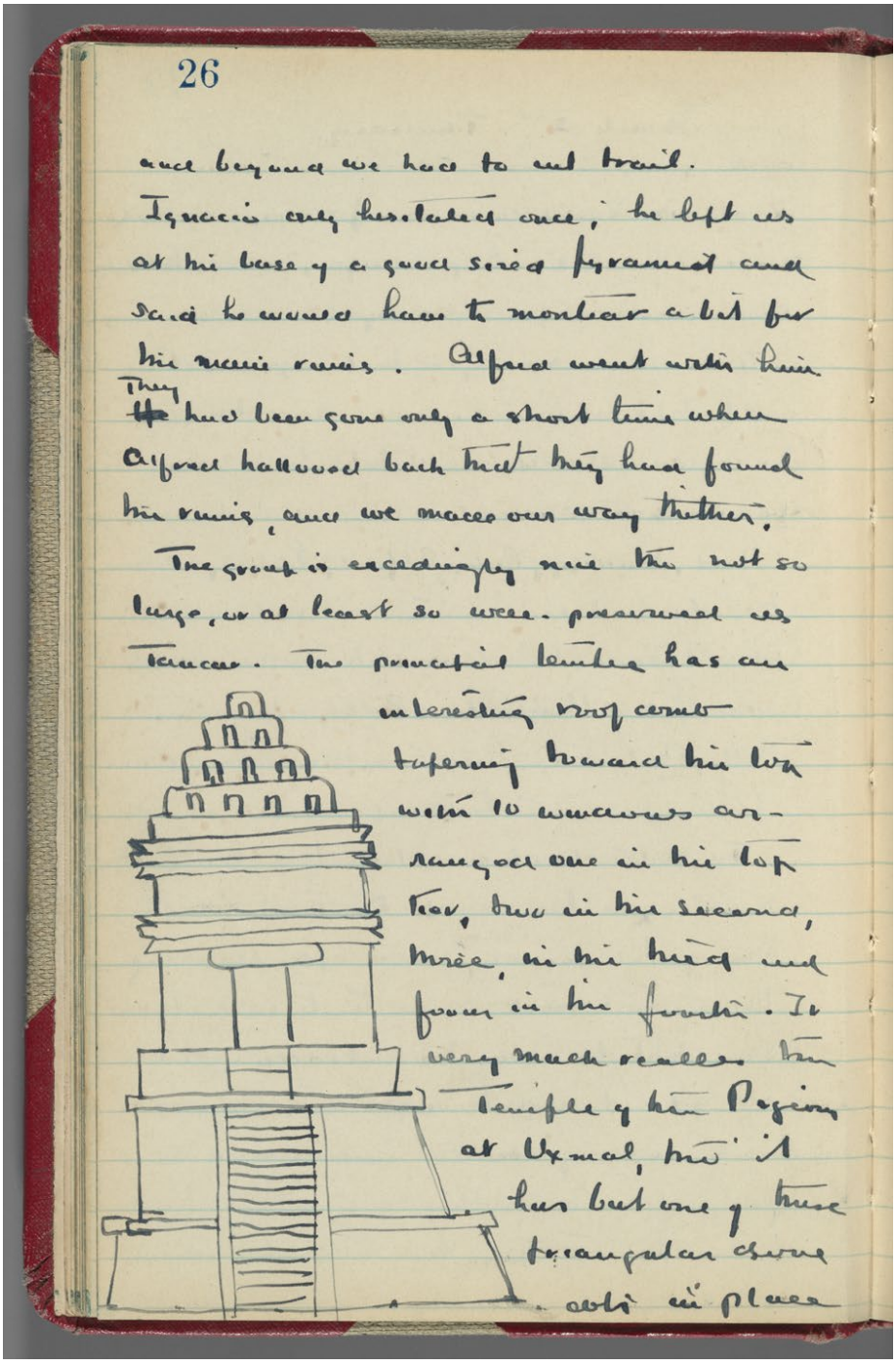
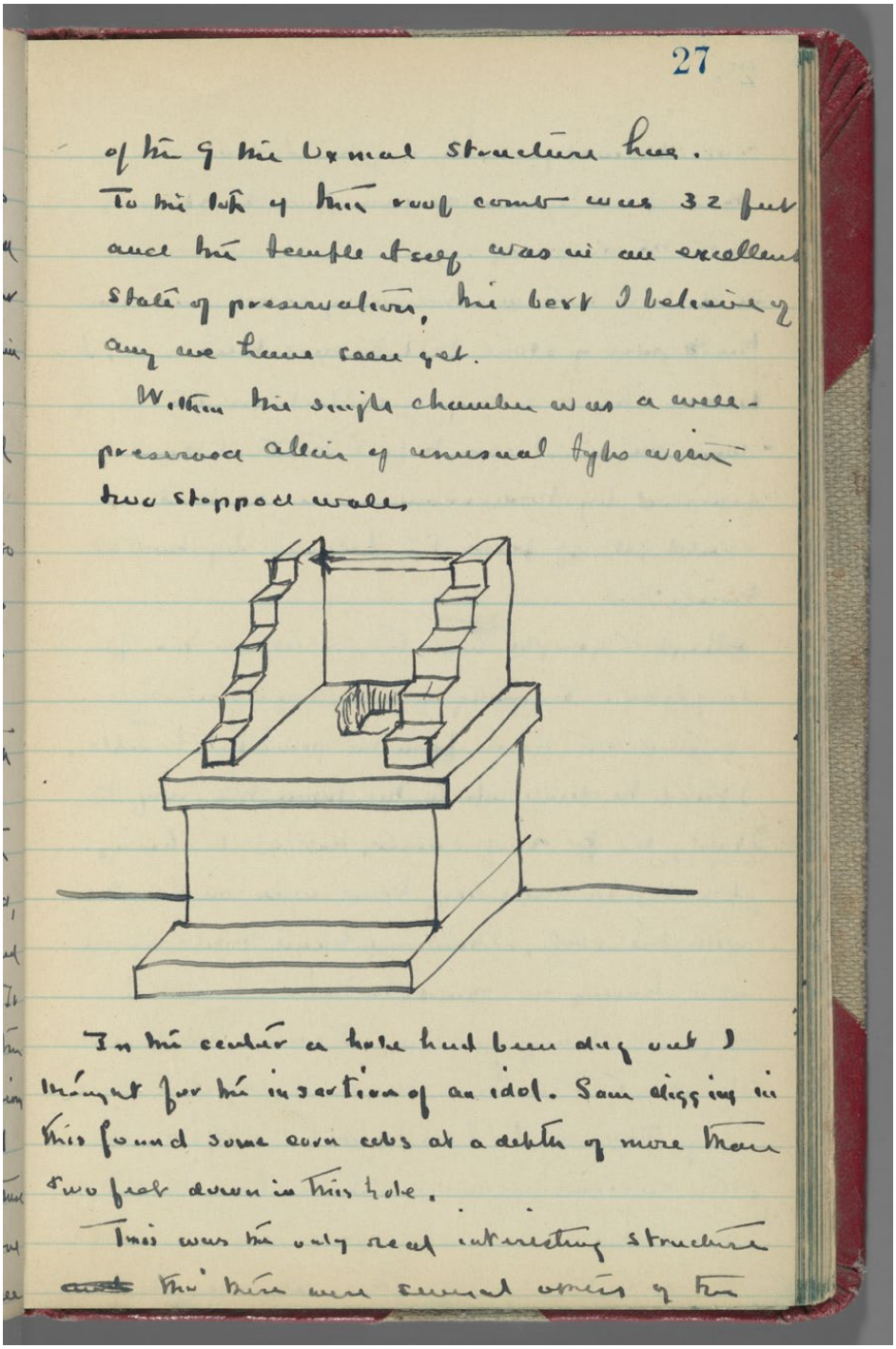


Figure 18. Entry for March 2 showing Temple with roof comb at Xelha. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.8.26.


27

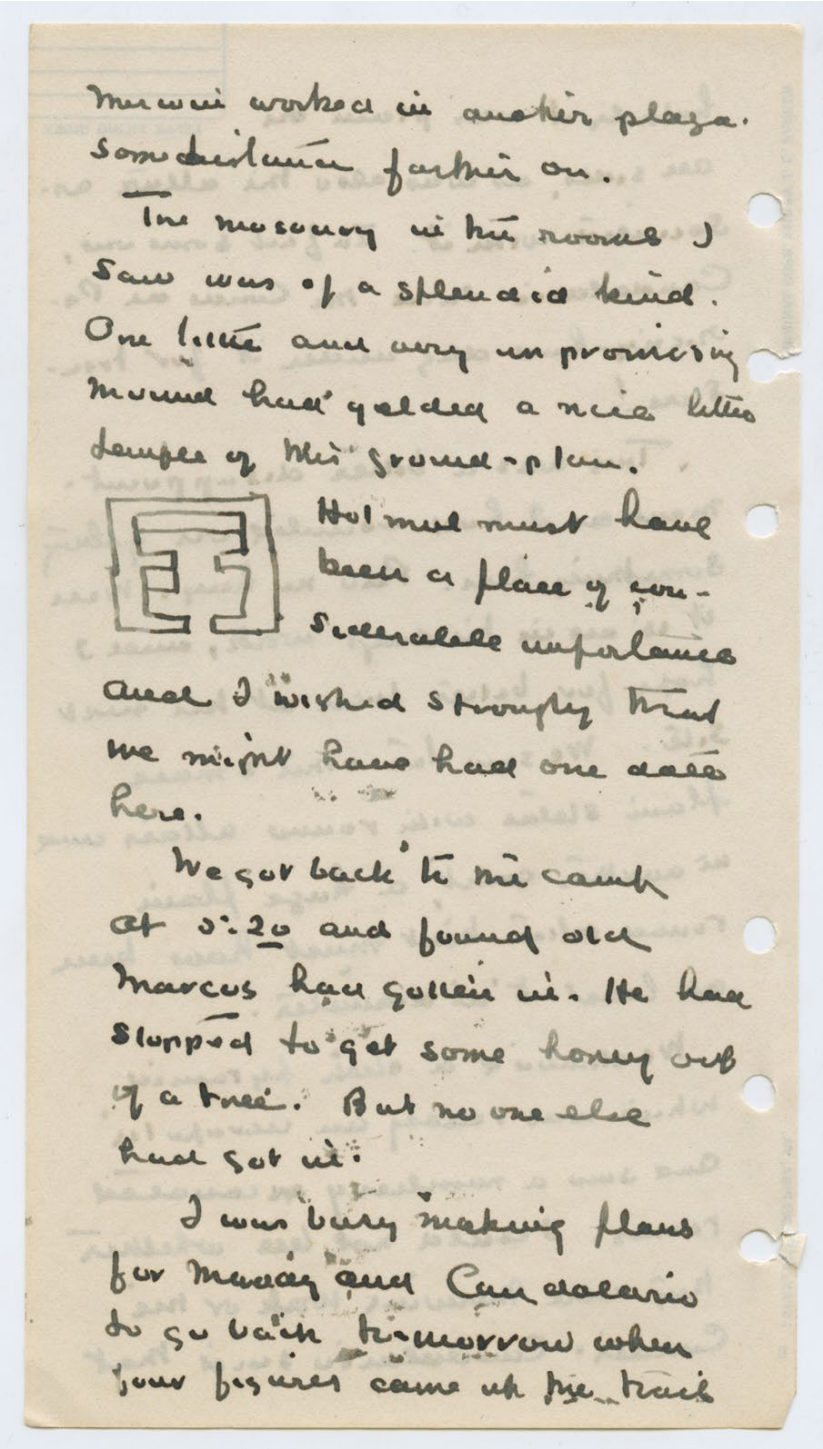
of the of the typical structure here.
To the left of the roof comb was 32 feet
and the temple itself was in an excellent
state of preservation, the best I believe of
any we have seen yet.

Within the single chamber was a well-
preserved altar of unusual type with
two stepped ends.

In the center a hole had been dug out I
thought for the insertion of an idol. Sam digging in
this found some corn cobs at a depth of more than
two feet down in this hole.

This was the only really interesting structure
~~that~~ the' this were several others of the

Figure 19. Entry for March 2 showing altar in the interior of Xelha Structure 1. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.8.27.



Marcus worked in another plaza. Some distance further on.

The masonry in this mound I saw was of a splendid kind. One little and very unpromising mound had yielded a nice little temple of this ground-plan.

Holmul must have been a place of considerable importance and I wished strongly that we might have had one day here.

We got back to the camp at 5:20 and found old Marcus had gotten in. He had slipped to get some honey out of a tree. But no one else had got in.

I was busy making plans for Monday and Cancelarin to go back tomorrow when your figures came up the track

Figure 20. Entry for April 19 diagramming a small structure at Holmul. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.9.16.

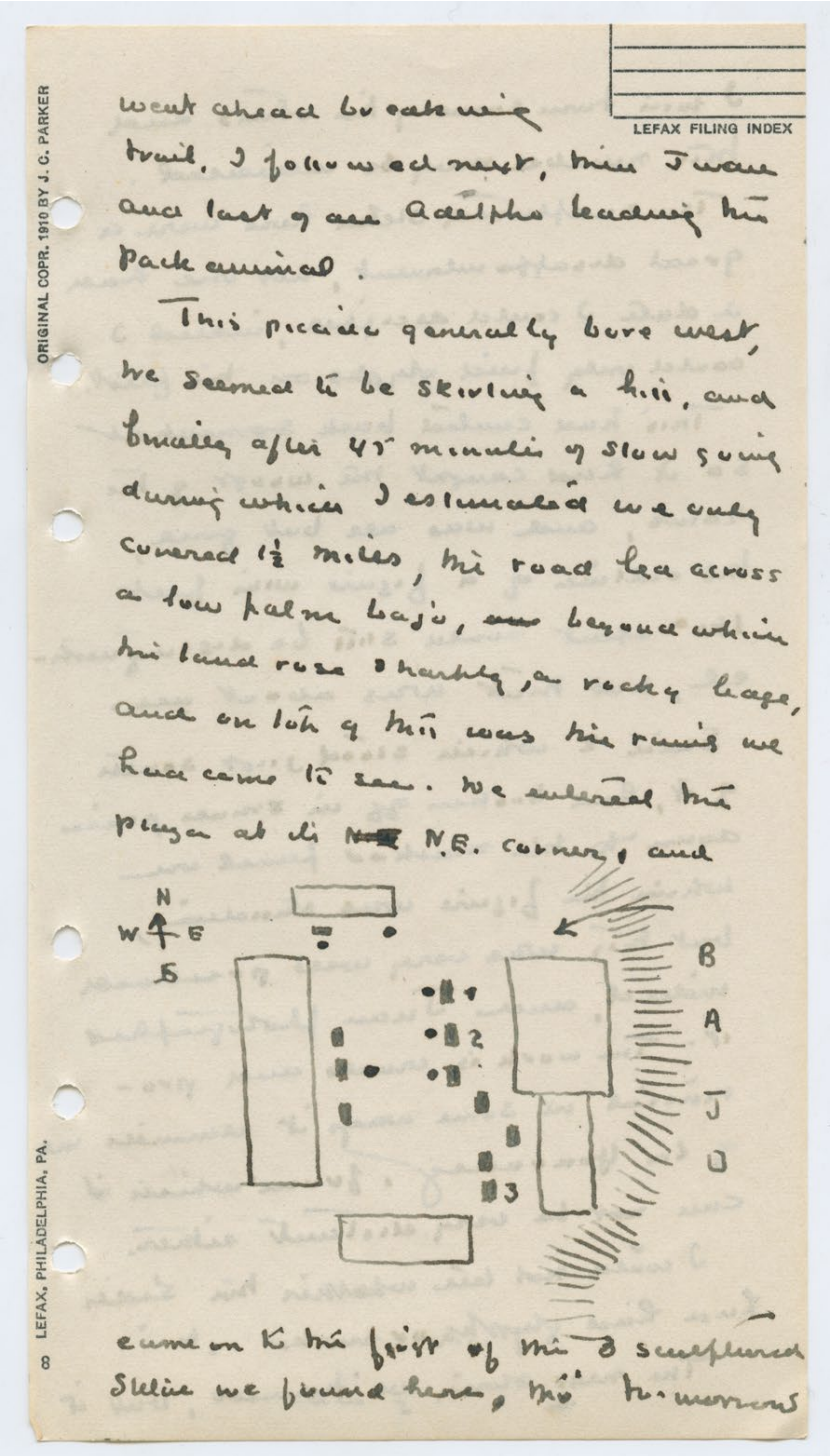


Figure 21. Entry for April 22 showing the stelae at the main plaza of Xmakabatun. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.9.31.

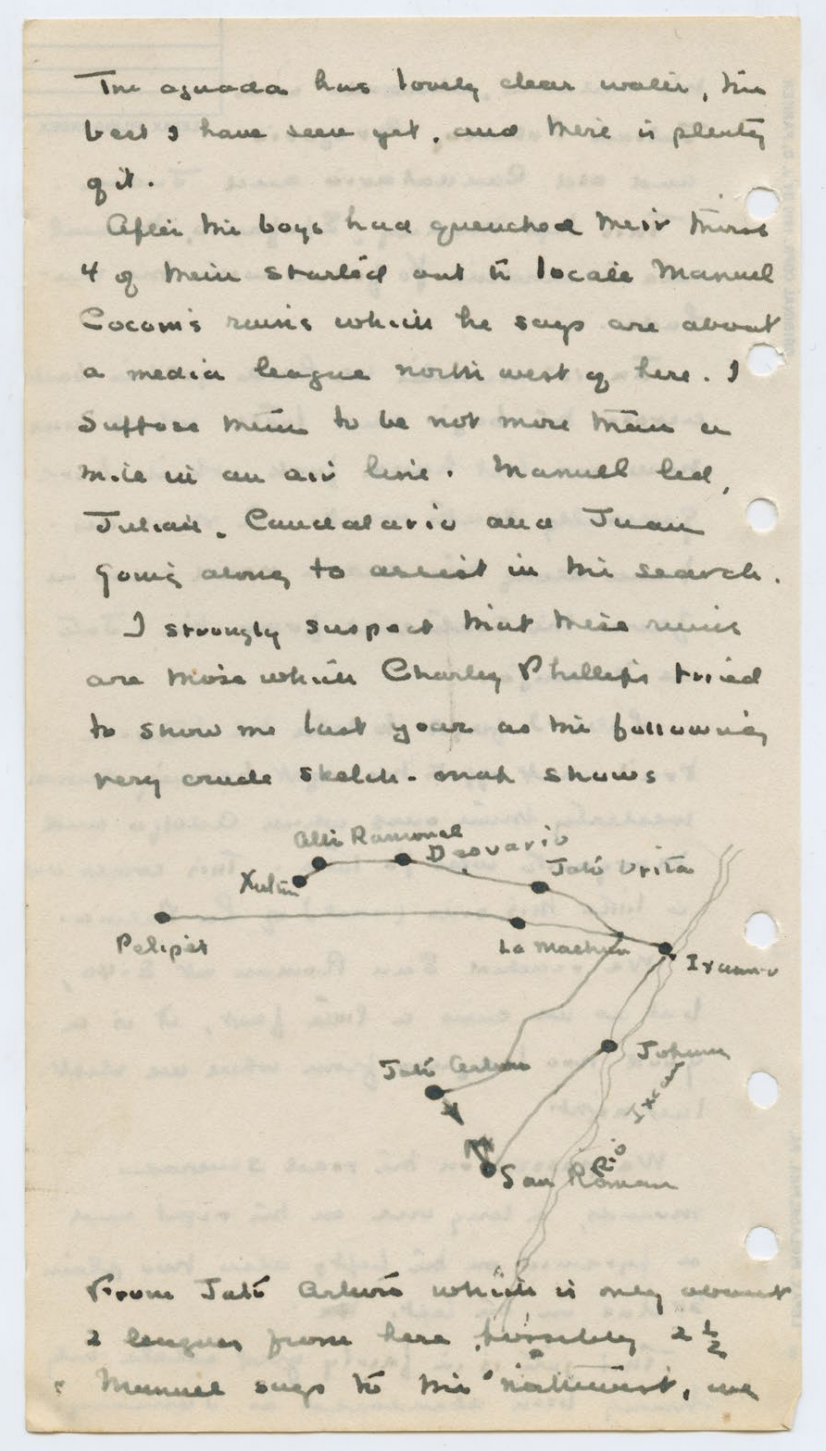
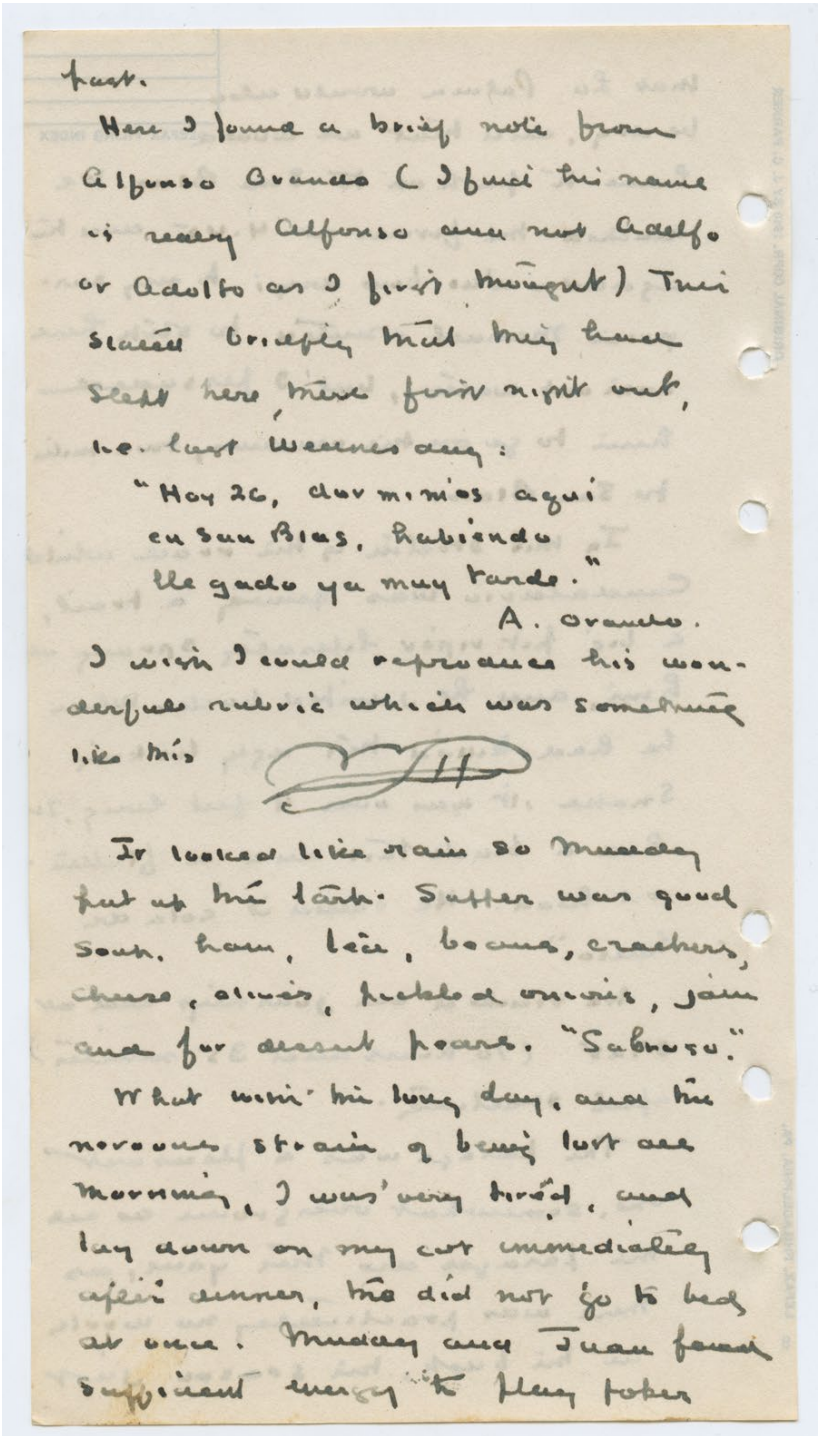


Figure 22. Entry for April 26 showing map of watersheds. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.9.62.



last.

Here I found a brief note from Alfonso Orantes (I first this name is really Alfonso and not Adolfo or Adolfo as I first thought) This started briefly that my friend Slack here, three first night out, i.e. last Wednesday:

"Hoy 26, dormimos aqui en San Blas, habiendo llegado ya muy tarde."

A. Orantes.

I wish I could reproduce this wonderful rubric which was something like this

It looked like rain so Monday put up his tent. Sutter was good soul. Ham, tea, beans, crackers, cheese, olives, pickled onions, jam and for dessert pears. "Sabroso."

What with the long day, and the nervous strain of being lost and mourning, I was very tired, and lay down on my cot immediately after dinner, but did not go to bed at once. Monday and Juan found sufficient energy to play poker

Figure 23. Entry for April 29 showing Alfonso's rubic. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.9.76.

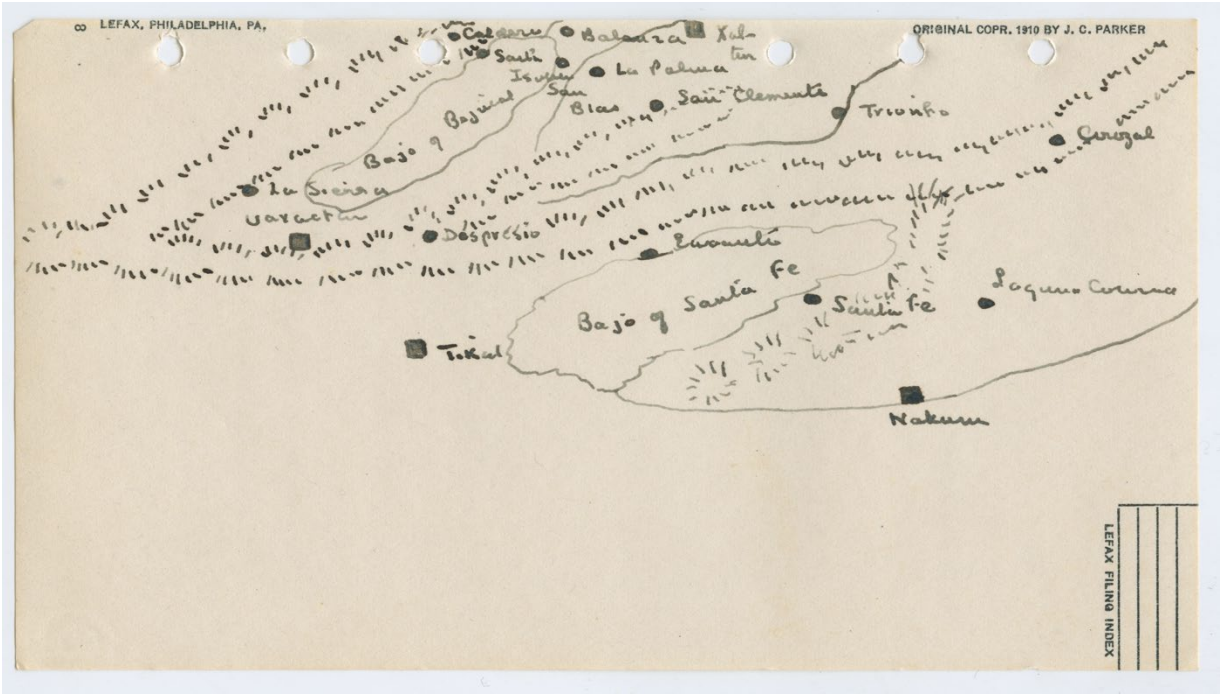


Figure 24. Entry for April 30 showing the hills and rivers of northeastern Petén. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75001.1.9.9.83.

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LEFAX, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The last we slept at San Roman, and we ary Saturday, the 29th, and we ary Sunday, the 30th they were looking for the rains.

I am making this entry at noon just after we have arrived, but I expect them back here before night fall when I write more some more, I hope good news.

* * * * * * * *

A disappointment in that Adolfo and Margarita did not come in. The only reason I can give to account for this - they knew I would probably reach here to-day - is that by mountaineers from Carrizal he failed to locate his men as he rushed to Tres Naciones, which would necessitate a long detour back through Tubux and to La Bandera and then west again to Tres Naciones. From Tres Naciones he has subsequently gone to Santa Lucia - where his rains are; and from this [illegible] he left here

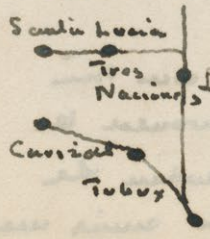
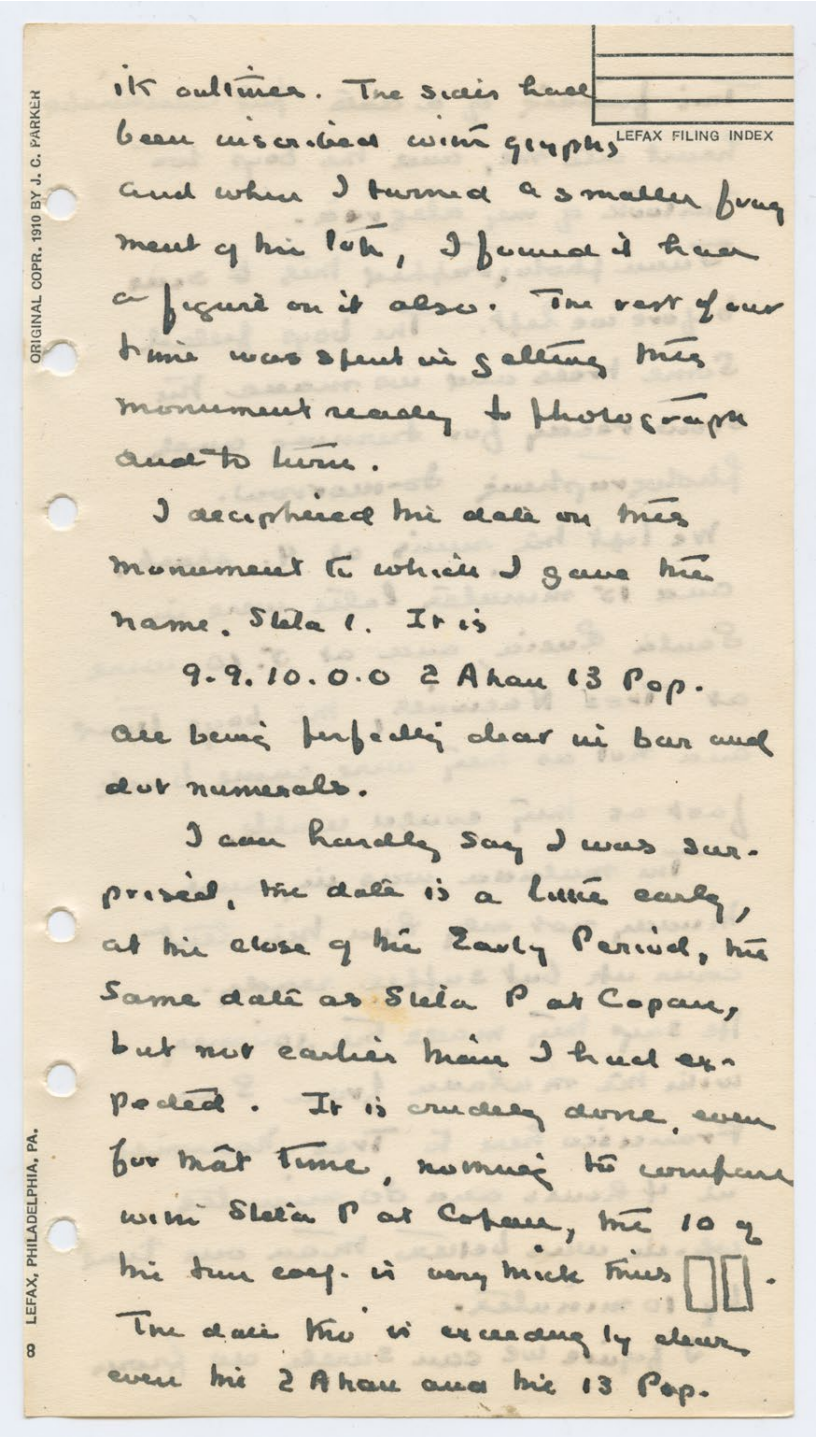


Figure 25. Entry from May 1 showing routes used by Morley's search teams. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.9.93.



it outlines. The stairs have been excavated with graphs and when I turned a small fragment of his back, I found there a figure on it also. The rest of our time was spent in getting this monument ready to photograph and to turn.

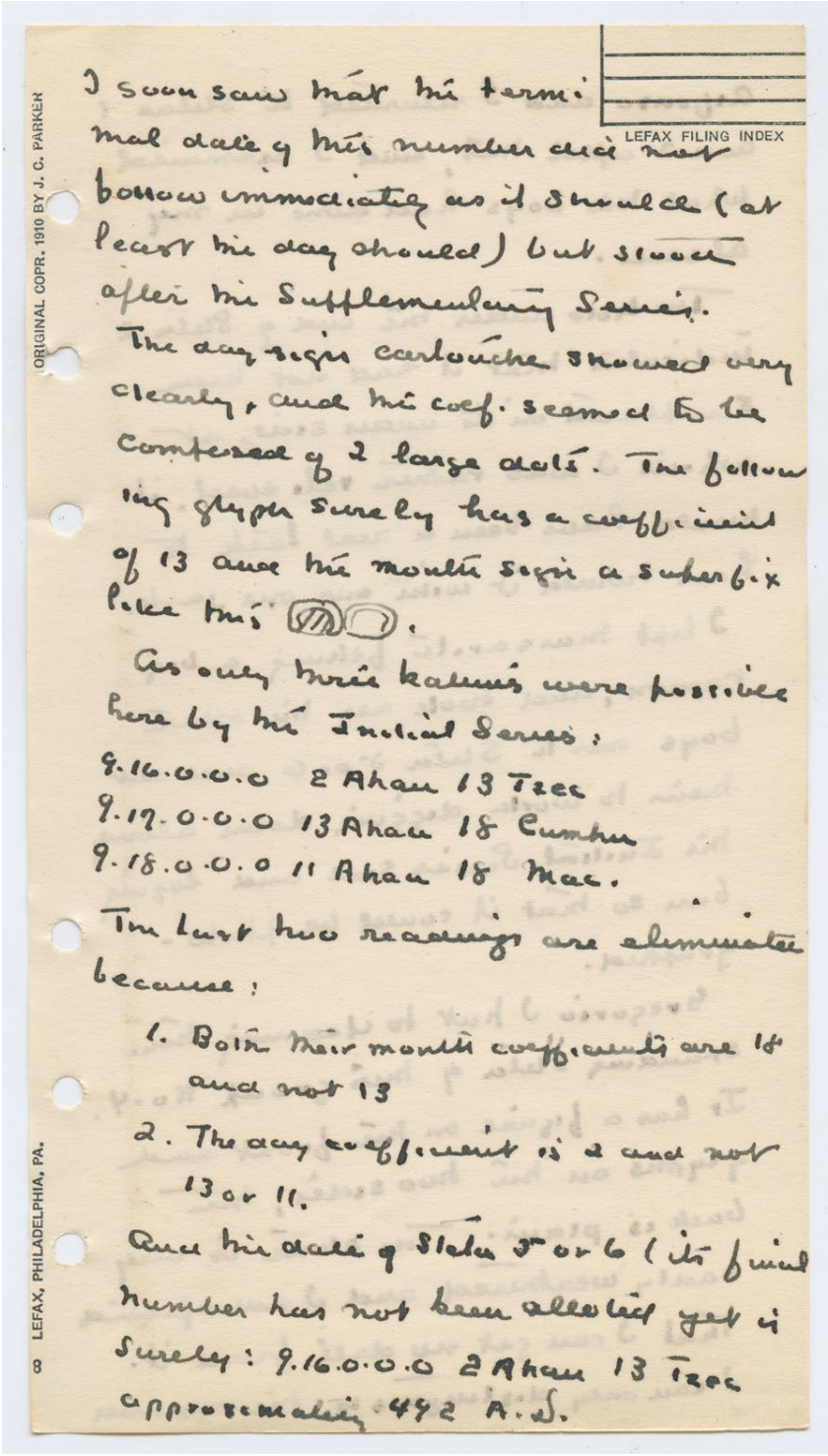
I deciphered the date on this monument to which I gave the name, Stela 1. It is

9.9.10.0.0 2 Ahau 13 Pop.

All being perfectly clear in bar and dot numerals.

I can hardly say I was surprised, the date is a little early, at the close of the Early Period, the same date as Stela P at Copan, but not earlier than I had expected. It is evidently done, even for that time, nonetheless in comparison with Stela P at Copan, the 10 of his turn carry. is very much finer. The date 9.9.10.0.0 is exceedingly clear even the 2 Ahau and the 13 Pop.

Figure 26. Entry from May 3 showing the thick bars of the number 10. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.9.109.



I soon saw that the terminal date of this number did not follow immediately as it should (at least the day should) but should after the Supplementary Series.

The day sign cartouche showed very clearly, and the coef. seemed to be composed of 2 large dots. The following glyph surely has a coefficient of 13 and the month sign a superfix like this [illegible].

As many more katuns were possible here by the Initial Series:

9.16.0.0.0 2 Ahau 13 Yaxk
9.17.0.0.0 13 Ahau 18 Cumhu
9.18.0.0.0 11 Ahau 18 Mac.

The last two readings are eliminated because:

1. Both their month coefficients are 18 and not 13
2. The day coefficient is 2 and not 13 or 11.

Once the date of Stela 5 or 6 (its final number has not been allocated yet it surely: 9.16.0.0.0 2 Ahau 13 Yaxk approximately 492 A.D.

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Figure 27. Entry from May 4 showing glyphs of Stela 8. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.9.115.

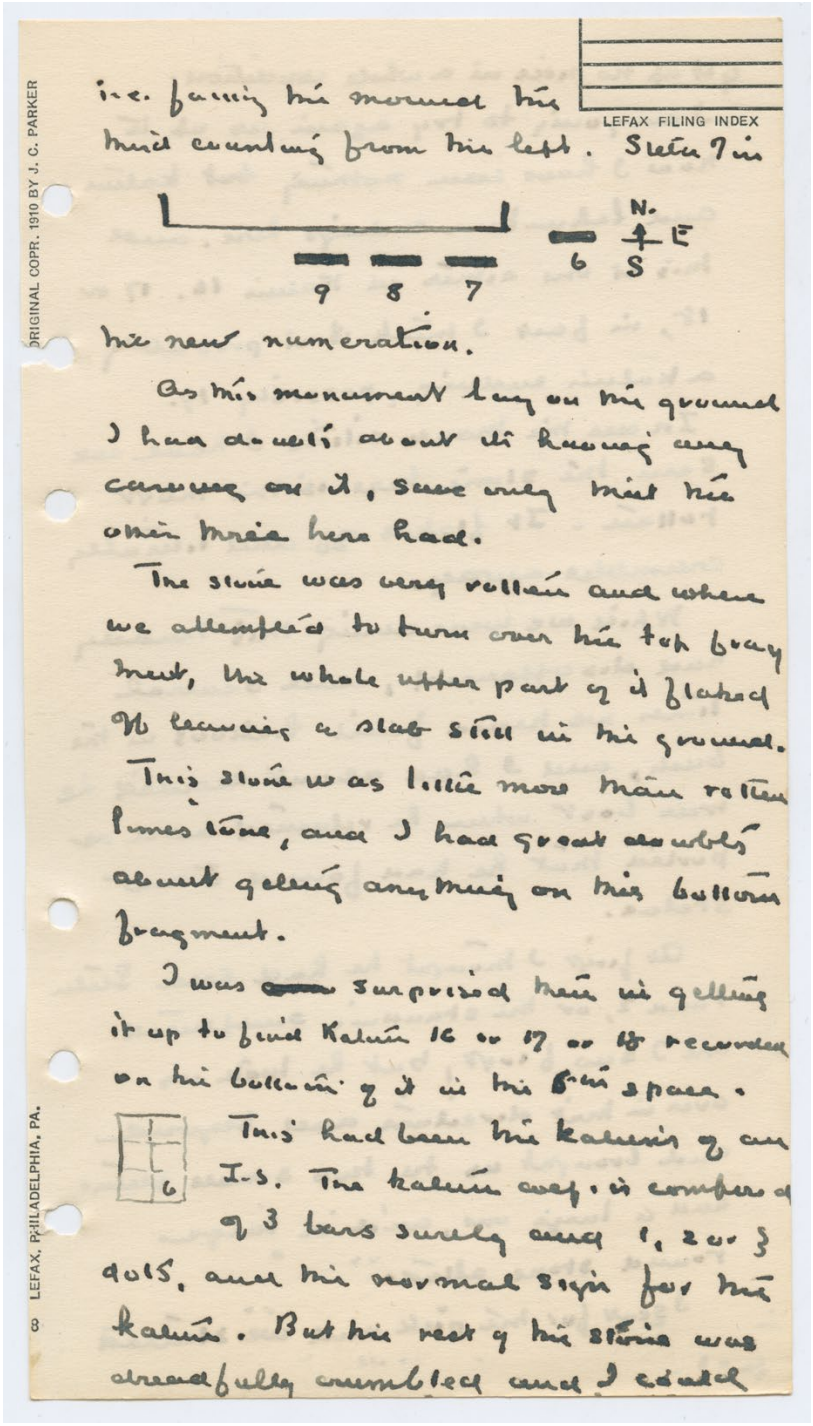


Figure 28. Entry from May 5 showing both locations of stelae 6-9 and also at bottom, layout of the glyph panel of Stela 7. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.9.123.

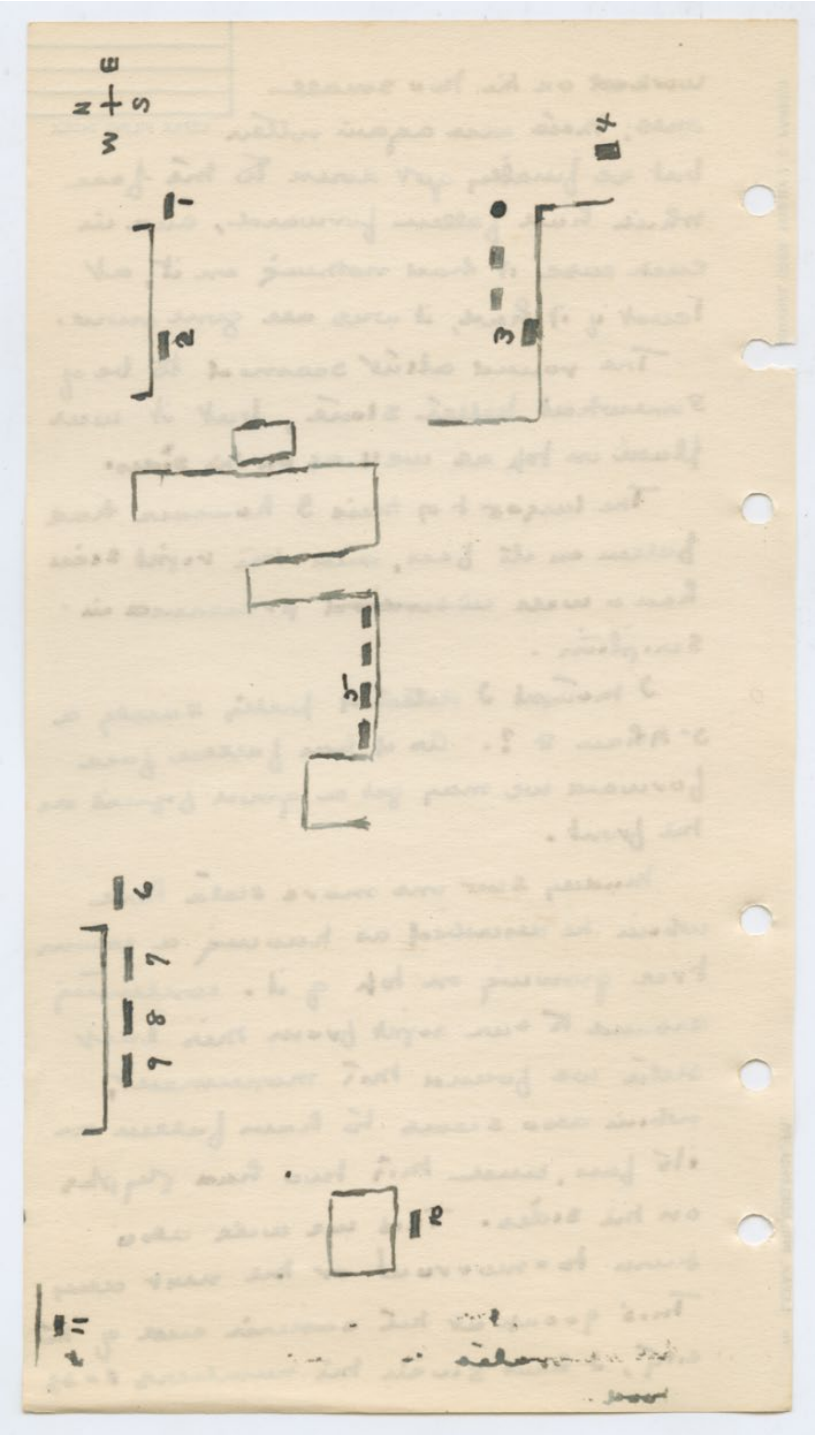
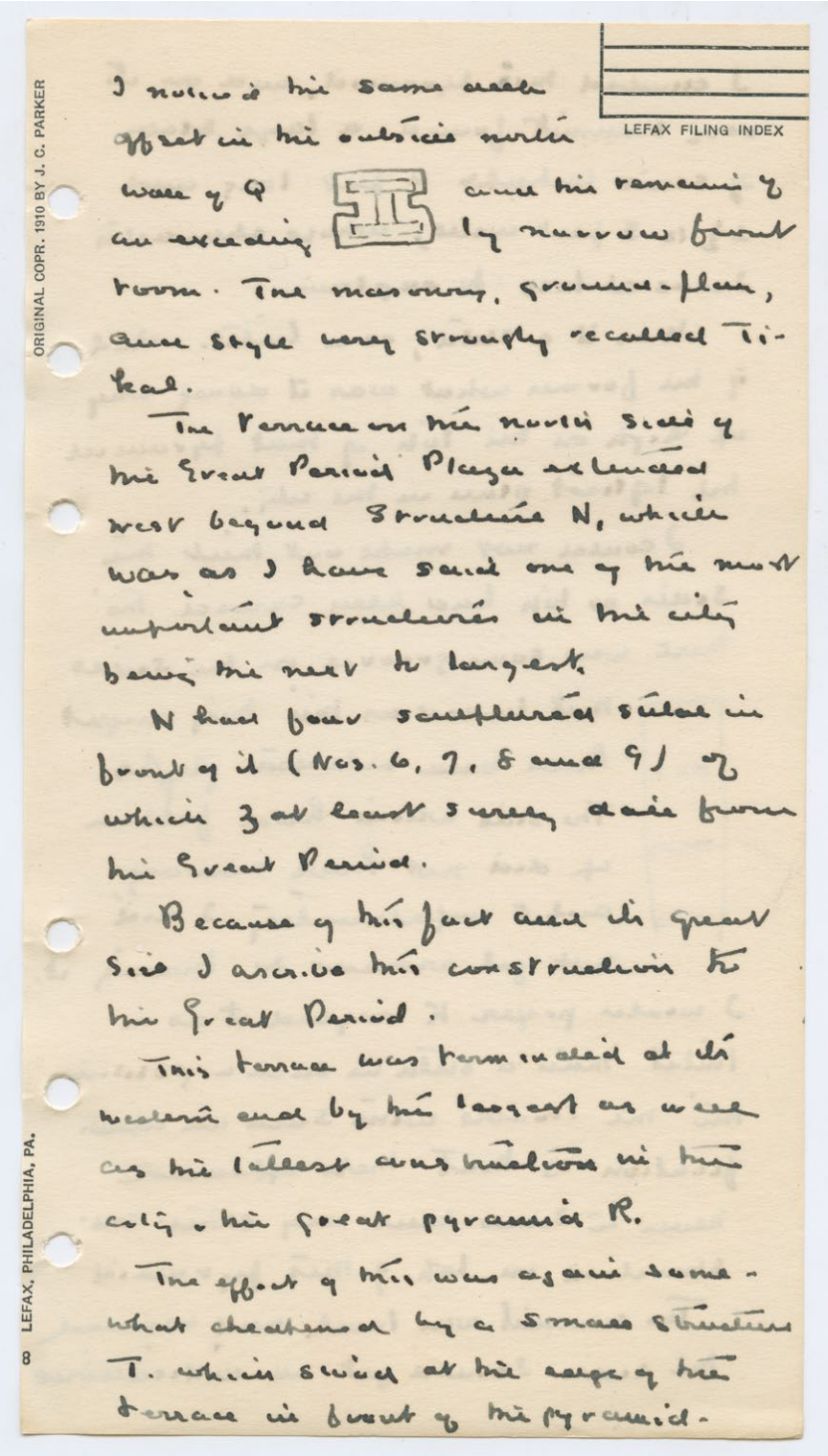


Figure 29. Entry from May 5 showing the locations of the Naachtun stelae discovered by Morley in 1922. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.9.126.



I noticed this same arrangement in the substructure walls of Q and the remains of an adjoining narrow front room. The masonry, ground-plan, and style very strongly recalled Tikal.

The terrace on the north side of the Great Pyramid platform extended west beyond Structure N, which was as I have said one of the most important structures in the city being the nearest to the largest.

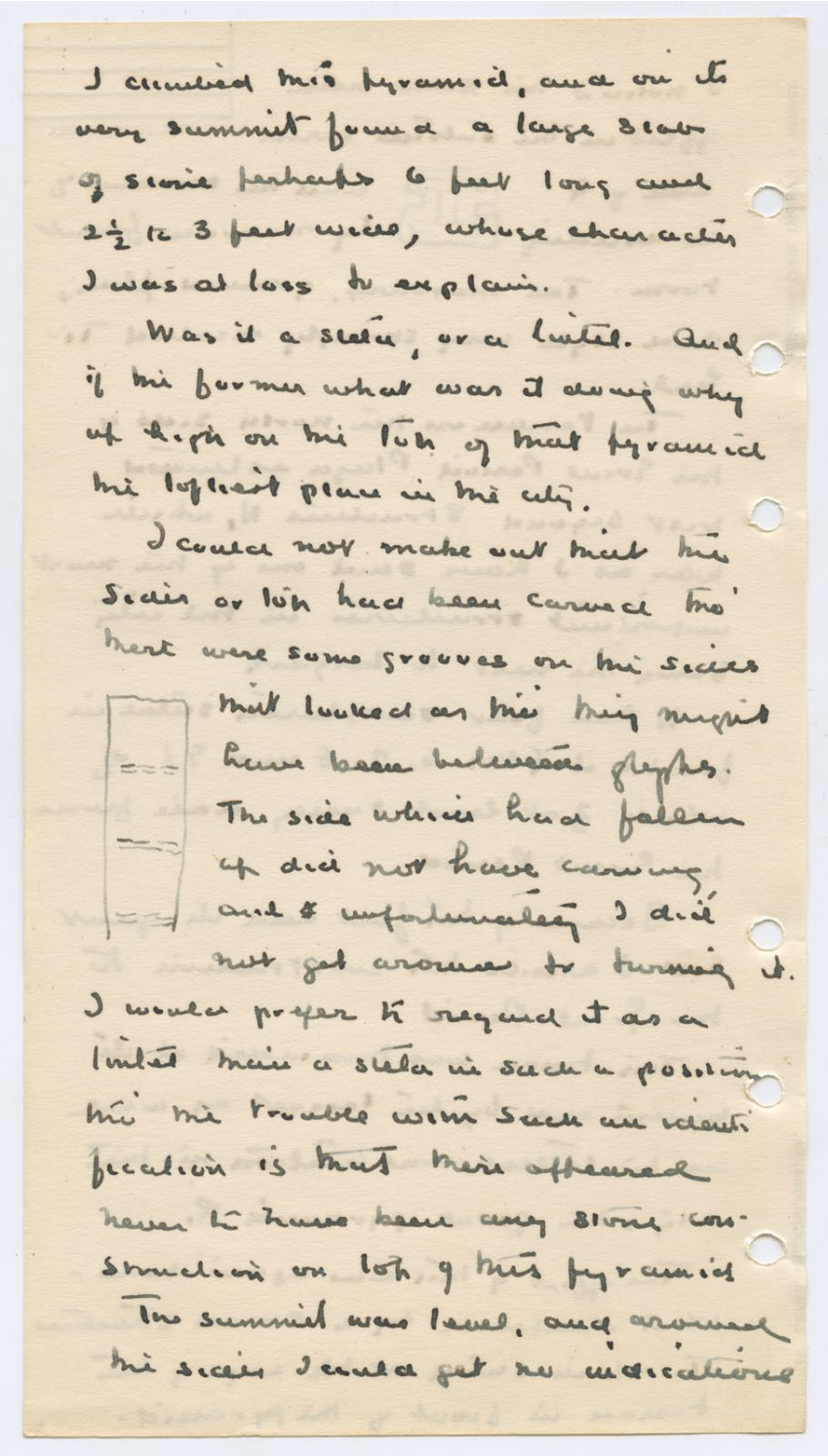
N had four sculptured stelae in front of it (Nos. 6, 7, & and 9) of which 3 at least seemed to date from the Great Period.

Because of this fact and the great size I ascribe this construction to the Great Period.

This terrace was terminated at the western end by the largest as well as the tallest construction in the city, the great pyramid R.

The effect of this was again somewhat weakened by a small structure T. which stood at the angle of the terrace in front of the pyramid.

Figure 30. Entry from May 9 showing diagram of the southern-most section of Structure XXIII. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.9.161.



I ascended this pyramid, and on its very summit found a large slab of stone perhaps 6 feet long and 2½ to 3 feet wide, whose character I was at loss to explain.

Was it a stela, or a lintel. And if the former what was it doing why at the top on the side of that pyramid the topmost place in the city.

I could not make out that this stone or slab had been carved tho' there were some grooves on the stone that looked as this may might have been hieroglyphs. The side which had fallen off did not have carving and I unfortunately did not get around to turning it.

I would prefer to regard it as a lintel than a stela in such a position but the trouble with such an identification is that there appeared never to have been any stone construction on both of this pyramid

The summit was level, and around this stone I could get no indications

Figure 31. Entry from May 9 showing diagram of the southern-most section of Structure XXIII. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.9.162.

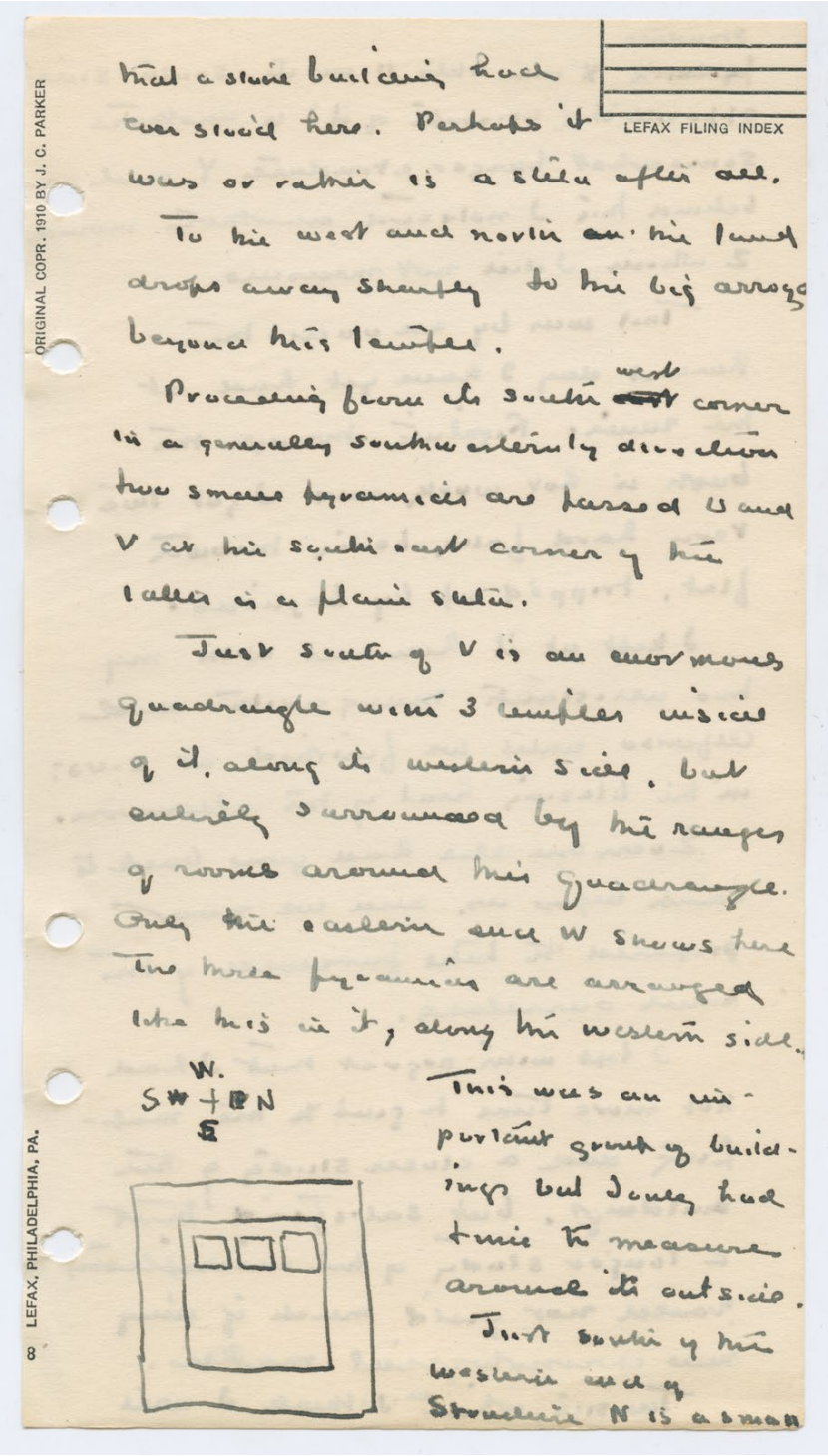


Figure 32. Entry from May 9 showing three smaller structures on top of pyramid. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 58-34-20/75011.1.9.9.163.

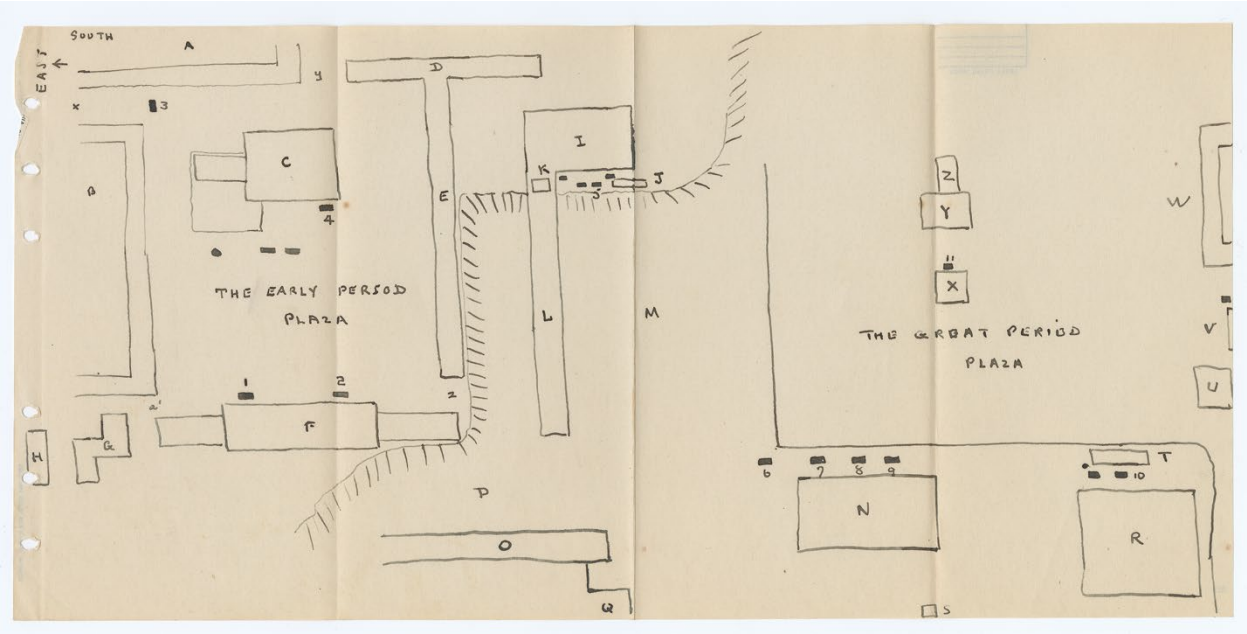


Figure 33. ***Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University,*** 5858-34-20/75011.1.9.9.165.

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15.10 Morley 1937-1938: v (1) plate 42a

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15.12 Morley 1937-38: v (1) plate 40d.

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15.14 Map by Don S. Rice.

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