

**PIEDRAS NEGRAS DIARY**  
An Archaeological Field Journal, Guatemala, 1931

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# PIEDRAS NEGRAS DIARY

An Archaeological Field Journal, Guatemala, 1931

Margaret Conway Satterthwaite

Edited and with introduction by  
John M. Weeks



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## Introduction

The study of Maya archaeology, as it is known today, developed as a scientific endeavor during the first decades of the twentieth century. The discipline was previously dominated by summary descriptions of single archaeological sites made by explorers. This gradually gave way to multi-year investigations of single sites, such as Uaxactún and Piedras Negras in Guatemala, Chichén Itzá in Yucatán, and later at Tikal in Guatemala, and at Copán in Honduras. Fieldwork, romantic thoughts aside, was a logistical concern quite different at the beginning of the twentieth century and considerably more complex than it is today. Biographical field accounts (Brunhouse 1971, 1975, 1976; Desmond and Messenger 1988; Givens 1992; Graham 2002, 2010; E. Lothrop 1948; S. Lothrop 1961; Shook 1990, 1998; Solomon 2002; J.E.S. Thompson 1963; Wauchope 1963; Willey 1989; Woodbury 1973) routinely describe the difficulties in planning, as well as implementing, major field programs.

Transportation in Central America was difficult at the beginning of the twentieth century. A few railroads existed in some parts of Guatemala and Mexico and were associated with the plantation economy, and although there were trails used by oxcarts for short distances outside of larger towns, these tended to be very local in range. Field travel was usually by mule train or by human bearers. There was a lack of reliable, or for that matter, even unreliable maps. When archaeologist Oliver G. Ricketson and the Carnegie Institution of Washington began archaeological work at Uaxactún, northern Guatemala in 1926, there was not even a supply of water (Black 1990; Ricketson 1929; Ricketson and Ricketson 1937). Everything, including workers, equipment, and provisions, had to be transported up the Belize River in small boats to El Cayo, the chicle and mahogany center on the river, and the starting point for pack mule expeditions wishing to penetrate the immense tropical forests of the Petén region of Guatemala. Upon arrival at the camp after several days on muleback, buildings needed to be constructed using available materials and crops planted for both men and livestock. A large water-reservoir had to be dug in a local waterhole, which usually dried up in the month of May. In addition, construction of a dam across a nearby ravine was begun to provide a future water supply. As soon as a camp was established and trails had been cut to the different groups of buildings, a plane table and alidade survey of the ruins was begun. Shipments of supplies from New Orleans had to be planned months in advance, anticipating the needs of the camp on the scheduled date of arrival, and packaged so that they could be loaded on mules.

Perhaps one of the most significant changes since the beginning of the twentieth century has been the improvement in living and health conditions. Before World War II almost all travelers in the tropical lowlands experienced

multiple infections of malaria and recurrent episodes of dysentery. Cures that took months can now be accomplished in days by modern medicine. Some of these diseases were actually deadly. John Owens, field director of the Second Expedition of the Peabody Museum, died of fever in 1891 and is buried in the Great Plaza at the site of Copán in Honduras. Other Mayanists, including Sylvanus G. Morley and Oliver G. Ricketson, probably shortened their lives as a result of illnesses contracted in the field.

Early archaeological programs in Central America were fielded by institutions such as the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology at Harvard University, the School of American Research in Santa Fe, and the British Museum in London, attracting considerable scientific attention to the study of the ancient Maya ruins. Along with all of this field activity in the Maya region, J. Alden Mason, curator of the American Section of the University Museum at the University of Pennsylvania, and Horace Jayne, director of the museum, collaborated in the 1920s to develop a plan for an expedition to the Maya area with the goal of bringing stone monuments back to Philadelphia for public display. Sylvanus G. Morley, then head of the extensive Carnegie Institution of Washington's Maya program in Central America, and Frans Blom, director of the Middle American Research Institute at Tulane University, convinced Jayne and Mason that the site of Piedras Negras had especially fine monuments and the logistics of transporting them down the Usumacinta River might prove less difficult than transporting them via the Belize River to the coast of British Honduras (Belize) (Mason 1933a).

The University Museum began its first Mesoamerican archaeological field program at Piedras Negras. J. Alden Mason directed the initial 1931 season, after which Linton Satterthwaite, Jr., took over as director of the project in 1932 and continued in that capacity through its conclusion in 1939. After the first field season at Piedras Negras, a set of instructions on how to prepare and sustain an archaeological project in the Maya lowlands was prepared by Oliver G. Ricketson, then directing the Carnegie Institution's Uaxactún Project, with the assistance of archaeologists Edith Bayles Ricketson and A. Ledyard Smith. This document summarizes the preparations and foresight required to get an archaeological project into the field.

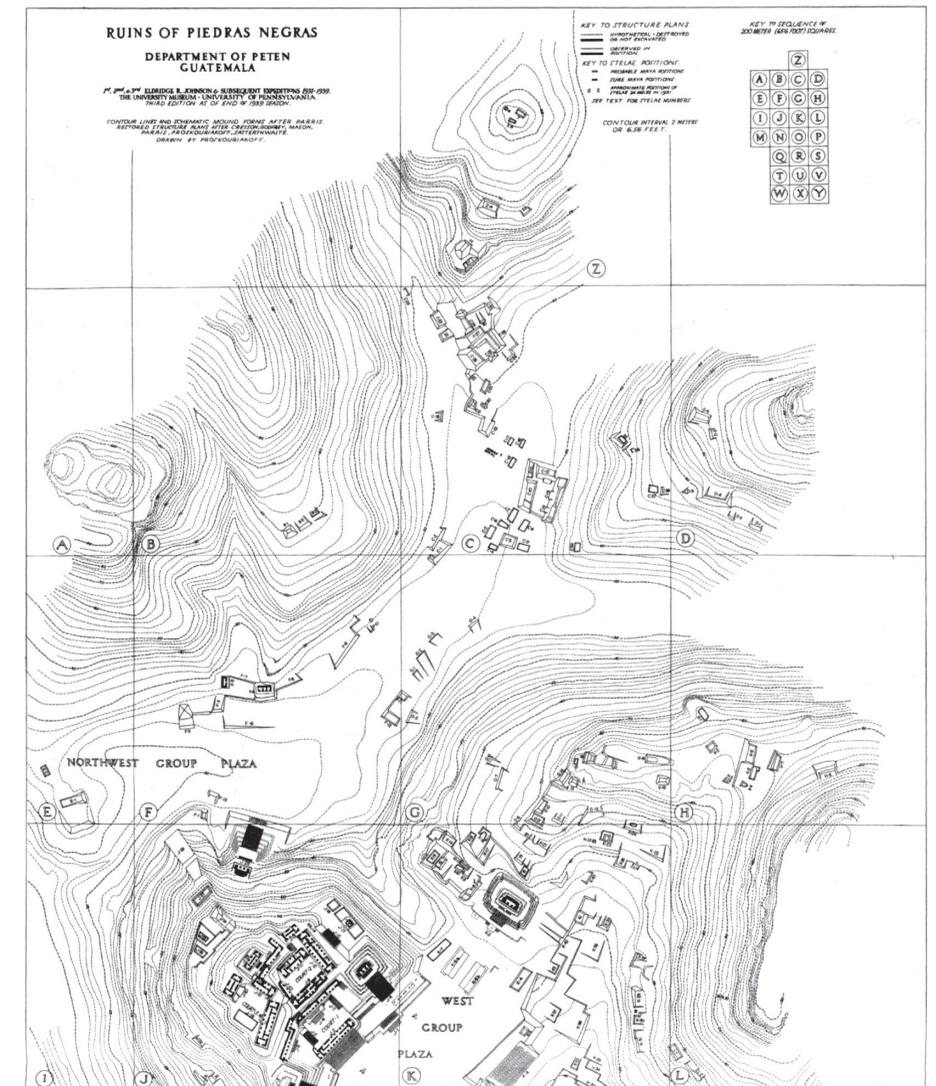
### The Archaeological Site of Piedras Negras

Ancient Maya civilization was established in the southern Mexican states of Campeche, Chiapas, Quintana Roo, Tabasco, and Yucatán, as well as Belize, Guatemala, and western Honduras and El Salvador. The Maya are noted for having the only known writing system in the Precolumbian Americas, as well as for their art, architecture, and mathematical and astronomical systems. The Maya were not builders of empires; rather, they formed independent polities, each ruled by its own dynastic nobility. Alliances were formed between polities, although a unified empire under one ruler was never established. The peak of Maya civilization occurred during the Classic Maya period (250–900 CE), where a number of cities flourished in the Petén region of Guatemala, including Piedras Negras.

Piedras Negras is located on the banks of the Río Usumacinta in the remote northwest area of the Department of Petén, Guatemala, and was the focus of

a Maya kingdom that stretched along the river between the fourth century BCE and the ninth century CE. In ancient times settlements were situated along the Usumacinta from Piedras Negras in modern-day Guatemala to its rival city Yaxchilán, forty kilometers south in the Mexican state of Chiapas. Both of these settlements competed for hegemony in the region during the Late Classic Period (600–900 CE), and dominance was determined by control of the river, an important commercial route that carried cocoa, salt, cotton, obsidian, jade, feathers, and shells north toward the Gulf of Mexico.

The site is formed from several groups of elaborate administrative and religious structures, most of which were constructed during the eighth century CE when Piedras Negras was at its most prominent. Piedras Negras is remarkable for its magnificent temple-pyramids, ball courts, sculptures,



Map of northern Piedras Negras (Piedras Negras Archives unnumbered).



### Early Descriptions

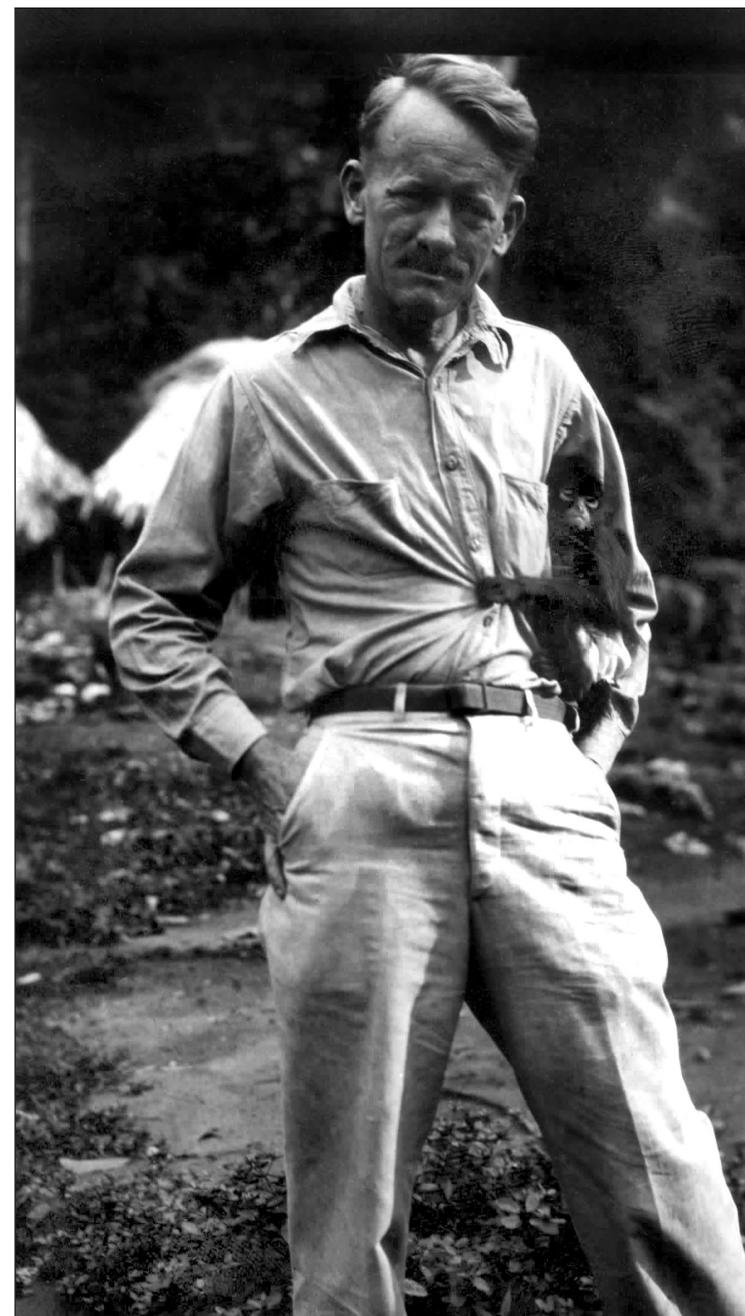
The ruins at Piedras Negras were known to the Lacandon, Yucatec-speaking Maya who lived in small groups on the Guatemalan side of the Usumacinta River. Teobert Maler (1901:64), an Austrian who explored the Usumacinta region, reported finding “numerous sherds of incense vessels, dishes, and bowls of every kind” left by the Lacandon near Stela 21. The numerous mahogany loggers who roamed the forests adjacent to the Usumacinta knew the site at the end of the nineteenth century (Maler 1901:40-42; Willoughby 1903). Sylvanus G. Morley (1938:1), pioneering archaeologist and founding director of the Carnegie Institution of Washington Maya Program, credits the discovery of Piedras Negras to Emiliano Palma, who operated logging camps along the river in the 1880s and 1890s, although the University of Texas Mayanist David Stuart (2005; Pérez Siller 2009) credits the first published account to Ludovic Chambon, a French traveler who stopped at Tenosique in 1889 on his way to Palenque. Little is known of Chambon other than his interest in archaeological ruins and local women. While at Tenosique Chambon was told of large ruins surrounding the small logging station called Piedras Negras, operated by men from Tenosique. His published account (1892, 1994) includes only a short description of the ruins.

Teobert Maler, an Austrian who arrived in Mexico as a young volunteer in the Austrian military supporting the imperial claims of Archduke Maximilian, first visited the ruins in the summer of 1895, after learning of them from a lumber agent at El Cayo. He later returned for a two-week stay during which he examined several stelae, and again in 1899, under the sponsorship of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, when he conducted exploratory excavations and exposed numerous additional monuments (Bowditch 1901).

Few visitors made their way to Piedras Negras in the decades after Maler’s final season. In 1914, Sylvanus Morley and Herbert J. Spinden, then Assistant Curator at the American Museum of Natural History, visited the ruins to study the inscriptions. Morley returned again with Oliver Ricketson in 1921 for a more systematic study and survey, and again in 1929 with his wife, Frances. The results of Morley’s work on dating the monuments were published in the third volume of his monumental *The Inscriptions of Peten* (Morley 1938). The best and most detailed description of the ruins remains that by Linton Satterthwaite, included by Morley in *The Inscriptions of Peten* (Morley 1938:3:5-25) and presented later by Satterthwaite himself (1943).

### University Museum at Piedras Negras

J. Alden Mason, then curator of the American Section of the University Museum at the University of Pennsylvania, visited Piedras Negras in 1930 to determine the feasibility of conducting excavations and removing several of the better-preserved monuments from the site. Afterwards he entered into negotiations with the Guatemalan government to secure permission to excavate at the site. Progress was slow and in a letter to Horace Jayne, Mason proposes a number of enticements to advance the approval process. These included offering a scholarship for a Guatemalan student at the University of Pennsylvania with a \$1,000 annual stipend, paying one or two student



J. Alden Mason at camp with monkey (Barney) under left arm, 1931. One of the workers killed the mother monkey and then removed the baby. Peggy Satterthwaite nursed the baby back to health (Piedras Negras Archives 32-137).

assistants a monthly stipend of \$100 to work at the site, and donating a copy of the elegant *Examples of Maya Pottery in the Museum and Other Collections* (Gordon and Mason 1925-1943) to the Sociedad de Geografía e Historia de Guatemala (Mason to Jayne, letter, March 2, 1930). It is unclear whether any of these proposals were actually followed through, although Mason was disheartened by the knowledge of Herbert Spinden's failed attempt to secure a permit several years before. The eventual assistance of Robert Burkitt, an enigmatic Irish-Canadian with many years of experience in Guatemala negotiating governmental agencies (Danien n.d.; Weeks and Danien 2008), expedited the process.

On May 31, 1930, a contract was agreed to by Rodolfo A. Mendoza, Guatemalan Secretary of Public Education, and J. Alden Mason, and published the following June in *El Guatemalteco* (126(65):477, 1930). The document (*Contrato celebrado entre el Secretario de Educación Pública y el Doctor J. Alden Mason sobre concesión de licencia para hacer excavaciones en las ruinas de "Piedras Negras," y acuerdo de aprobación*) established the following eleven points:

1. The Government of Guatemala concedes permission to the University Museum to undertake excavations at the ruins of Piedras Negras;
2. The Government of Guatemala will permit, in the quality of a loan, for a period of ten years, one-half of the stelae and other objects which may result from the excavations which are made, reserving the other half which are to be placed at the cost of the Museum, at a railroad station nearest to the place which the Government shall designate;
3. Objects will be divided by lot at the ruins of Piedras Negras and a complete catalog will be presented to the Government of Guatemala;
4. All work will be conducted with care and will not occasion the destruction or deterioration of the ruins;
5. Complete collections of maps, plans, diagrams, photographs (20 by 25 centimeters) will be made. Two sets shall be sent to the Government of Guatemala: one for the archives of the Ministry, and the other to the Department of Archaeology;
6. Twenty copies of any publications will be sent to the Government of Guatemala;
7. An inspector appointed as an employee by the Government of Guatemala will be paid by the Museum;
8. Seventy-five percent of all workers will be Guatemalans;
9. The Government of Guatemala will afford all possible facilities in order that the Museum may make studies of objects in Guatemala;
10. During the duration of the contract the Museum will be exempted from payment of fiscal or municipal taxes on necessary materials which may be imported into the country through El Porvenir; and
11. All civil and military authorities in Guatemala will provide all possible facilities and aid during the duration of the contract.

Once approved by the Guatemalan authorities, work began by the Museum in 1931 on widening of the trail from Corregidora Ortiz to permit transport of the large stelae (Danien 2001, n.d.). The first three field seasons, largely devoted to the search for monuments, were entirely financed by the museum's patron Eldridge R. Johnston, who co-founded the Victor Talking Machine Company and built it into one of the leading phonograph companies

in the world at that time. Eventually Stelae 6, 15, 33, 36, Lintel 4, and three supports of Altar 4 would go to the national museum in Guatemala City, and Stelae 12, 13, 14, 40, Lintel 3, 10, and 12, Throne 1, Miscellaneous Sculptured Stone 1, and the fourth support leg of Altar 4 were shipped to the University Museum. Several of the sculptures exhibited in Philadelphia were later returned to Guatemala City.

After the 1931 field season the Board of Trustees of the University Museum appointed a Committee of the Board, chaired by Percy Madeira, to review the progress of the work at Piedras Negras. Madeira (1889–1967) was an attorney and bank president, and worked in the family anthracite and bituminous coal business. In 1930 he was elected a member of the Board of Managers of the University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology, and continued to serve on the board until 1966 as both vice president (1933–1941) and president (1942–1962).

The committee estimated that by the end of the 1932 season at Piedras Negras between \$35,000 and \$40,000 would have been expended, and since there were no monuments removed from the site, this expenditure would be difficult to justify. As a result, Madeira determined that the primary objective of the 1932 season should be focused on transporting of stelae to Philadelphia and Guatemala City. Furthermore, Madeira argued that no additional support for the project would be forthcoming without bringing out the monuments. A general plan of the season's work of investigating, mapping, clearing, and excavating was to be laid out by Mason in consultation with the rest of the project staff members, and then turned over to Satterthwaite to be implemented. All other matters were to be referred to Satterthwaite. Mason would then be free to give his entire attention to assembling and transporting to navigable waters at least six of the best monuments (Percy Madeira to Horace H. F. Jayne, January 11, 1932).

Satterthwaite oversaw most of the excavations that lasted through to 1937 and then for a final season in 1939. The goals of the investigations under Satterthwaite gradually shifted from the removal of stelae for exportation to more fundamental archaeological questions, such as establishing a construction sequence, local stratigraphy, and uncovering existing architectural remains. Satterthwaite was able to excavate eleven temples, seventeen palaces, two ball courts, and several sweat baths. During his time at Piedras Negras, he was successful at using a systematic approach in identifying building function. His legal background enabled him to develop formalistic definitions of archaeological terms which have been incorporated into the modern Mayanist lexicon.

Numerous structures were excavated in the 1930s, and several new stelae and panels (lintels) were discovered. The University of Pennsylvania project produced an excellent map of the ruins, surveyed by Fred Parris and Tatiana Proskouriakoff. The results of the University Museum's project were published in a series of essays and reports mostly focusing on architectural remains (Butler 1936; Coe 1959; Cresson 1937a-b; Expedition 1933, 1935, 1936; Godfrey 1940; Mason 1933a-d, 1934a-b, 1935; Piedras Negras Expedition 1933, 1934, 1935; Satterthwaite 1933a-b, 1935a-b, 1936a-b, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940a-d, 1942, 1943a-b, 1944a-c, 1946, 1952; Weeks, Hill, and Golden 2005) and details of the excavations were common in the public media (see *New York Times*, 1930a-b, 1932a-b, 1933, 1937). Collections made at Piedras Negras

have more recently been used for graduate student theses and dissertations (Bachand 1997; Baker 1936; Godfrey 1940; Holley 1986). Other, more recent, monographic studies of Piedras Negras include works by Clancy (2009) and O'Neil (2012).

Piedras Negras received little attention from researchers after 1939 until 1997, when excavations and surveys began anew and continued until 2000 under the auspices of the Proyecto Arqueológico Piedras Negras, directed by Stephen D. Houston and Hector L. Escobedo (Escobedo and Houston 1997, 1998, 1999).

### **Destruction of Piedras Negras**

At the end of the twentieth century, more than a thousand years after its abandonment, the ruins of Piedras Negras and other sites in the Usumacinta River valley lay in the dense rainforest of Guatemala, affected by erosion, looting, and overgrowth, and constant pressure to use land for grazing.

In the 1960s looters from Tenosique in Mexico destroyed many of the monuments of Piedras Negras with power saws (Stuart and Graham 2003). Twenty years later most stelae were damaged and many fragments were removed, evidently passing through Tenosique on their way to private and public collections in Mexico, the United States, and Europe (Alfonso 1986; Coggins 1969; Luján Muñoz 1965; Sachs 1966; Stuart and Graham 2003). The scarred remains of some stelae still rest at the ruins, but the whereabouts of many sculptures originally documented by Maler are unknown to this day (World Monuments Fund Update 2005; Yates 2012).

In more recent years the borderlands along the Usumacinta River between Mexico and Guatemala have become increasingly dangerous (Golden and Scherer 2006:2; Rother 1987) as armed drug traffickers use the area as a base to receive illegal drugs from Colombia that will eventually surface in the United States. Squatters, who maintain remote airstrips and protect shipments, support these traffickers. In 2008 at least six groups of squatters were occupying Piedras Negras (Ramírez Espada 2008).

The destruction of Piedras Negras has unfortunately not been limited to looters. The governments of Mexico and Guatemala have over the years proposed to construct a series of dams along the Usumacinta River that would create a lake of up to 20,000 cubic meters and would inundate Piedras Negras and Yaxchilán (Hernández 2003; Rother 1987). In 2002 the World Monuments Fund placed Piedras Negras on its watch list, and in 2004 expanded the listing to include the entire Usumacinta River Valley Cultural Landscape, participating in an international coalition to create an overall preservation strategy and management plan that included tourism promotion, visitor protection, and local involvement in addition to individual conservation projects. In 2002 the Fund held a symposium in one of the local villages, assembling a variety of specialists to discuss strategies for restoration and sustainable tourism. Long-term planning initiatives with specific restoration projects and training workshops for caretakers were conducted in Guatemala as well. Emergency stabilization was carried out on the West Group at Piedras Negras, one of the two major architectural ensembles of the site. In 2002 the World Monuments Fund earmarked US \$100,000 for the conservation of Piedras Negras. It is today part of Guatemala's Sierra del Lacandon National Park (World Monuments

Fund: Maya Marvels at Risk, 2007; World Monuments Fund: Piedras Negras, 2005; World Monuments Fund: Usumacinta River Cultural Landscape, n.d.).

### **Linton S. and Margaret C. Satterthwaite**

Linton Satterthwaite descended from a Quaker family with seventeenth-century roots in southern New Jersey, Philadelphia, and Bucks County, Pennsylvania. His father, also named Linton, was an attorney and Vice President of Warren Balderston and Company, a firm concerned with wholesale industrial equipment and supplies in Trenton, New Jersey. Satterthwaite was born in Trenton in 1897 and was educated in the local public school system. After graduating from Trenton High School, he enlisted in the military and trained as a cadet and flying officer for the Royal Navy Air Force during World War I. He then attended Yale University for his undergraduate degree and practiced law for a short period. He worked as a reporter from 1929 to 1931, and participated as an archaeological assistant through the University Museum, University of Pennsylvania, at excavations in Texas (Mason 1929), Pennsylvania (Butler 1936; Davidson 1929; Lock Haven 1930); West Virginia (Bache and Satterthwaite 1930; Satterthwaite 1930; Wheeling Expedition 1930), Wyoming (Howard, Bache, and Satterthwaite 1941; Moss et al. 1951; Satterthwaite 1957) and Guatemala. In 1932, Satterthwaite was named assistant director for the excavations at Piedras Negras for that year, and in 1933, when J. Alden Mason left his position as Field Director at Piedras Negras, the title was then given to Satterthwaite. Satterthwaite was awarded his doctorate in anthropology in 1943 from the University of Pennsylvania, and in 1955 he became curator of the American Section of the University Museum and Professor of Anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania.

In later years Satterthwaite investigated a number of other important archaeological sites in southern Mesoamerica. From 1950 to 1958, he directed three sessions of archaeological work at Caracol, in the Cayo District of southern Belize. His concentration at this site was on hieroglyphs and chronology. During the three seasons in the 1950s at Caracol, Satterthwaite was able to find 26 Early Classic period vessels and nine Late Classic vessels, but most of his time was dedicated to the monumental sculptures. In total, Satterthwaite found 20 stelae and 19 altars. These monuments were made into casts, photographed, sketched, and made into quarter-scale blowups. Much of this work at Caracol was published in the book *The Monuments and Inscriptions of Caracol, Belize*, which was co-authored with Carl P. Beetz (1981). In this book, they describe the stelae and altars, from their exact context in the ground to interpretations of the hieroglyphs recorded on the monuments. Archaeological work at Caracol continues by Arlen F. and Diane F. Chase, both graduates of the University of Pennsylvania and intellectual descendants of Satterthwaite.

At the same time as the Caracol investigations, Satterthwaite was also conducting archaeological investigations at Cahal Pech and Benque Viejo (Xunantunich), both in the Cayo District. Satterthwaite worked at these sites for two seasons beginning in 1950. It was considered a "house mound project," and Satterthwaite was able to investigate seventeen structures and five stelae. A later and much more extensive archaeological investigation of Xunantunich was carried out by Richard M. Leventhal, presently Curator-in-



Linton Satterthwaite at Piedras Negras camp, 1931 (Piedras Negras Archives 33-311).

Charge of the American Section at the Penn Museum.

Linton Satterthwaite also served as the project's epigrapher at Tikal, Guatemala. His interest in Maya chronology and monuments can also be seen in the article "New radiocarbon dates and the Maya correlation problem" (1955), in which he discusses dates of wooden lintel and vault beams from Tikal.

In 1969, Satterthwaite retired as Curator for the University Museum and Professor at the University of Pennsylvania. He died on March 11, 1978. Satterthwaite's legacy is secure as a scholar. Perhaps more importantly, Satterthwaite was able to jump-start careers in Maya studies, especially that of Tatiana Proskouriakoff, who started her archaeological career in Piedras Negras, Guatemala, during Satterthwaite's tenure there. In the preface to *The Monuments and Inscriptions of Caracol, Belize* (Beetz and Satterthwaite 1981), William Coe and Christopher Jones, both former students of Satterthwaite, praise him for "limitless generosity, and, more germane, his ingrained need to recognize each man's contribution."

The narrative of Margaret "Peggy" Satterthwaite is less well known than that of her husband. She was born March 5, 1900 in Trenton, New Jersey, the youngest child of John T. Conway, a locomotive engineer, and Elizabeth Barry Conway, both born in Ireland. Little is known of her life before or after her experiences at Piedras Negras. However, it is clear from her diary that when she married Linton Satterthwaite she was anticipating the prosaic life of an attorney's wife. However, life's path is not always predictable. Satterthwaite eventually left the practice of law for a career in archaeology. Despite the frequent protestations in her diary, Peggy Satterthwaite did adjust to her new life and did return to Piedras Negras with her husband for the duration of the project, serving as director of the laboratory and the camp in general. The Satterthwaites never had children and continued to live on Pine Street in the West Philadelphia neighborhood near the University of Pennsylvania. Those who knew the Satterthwaites describe them as thoughtful and generous, and well regarded by the University community.

### Field Diary

The field diary kept by Peggy Satterthwaite at Piedras Negras in 1931 is valuable because of its singularity. Archaeological reporting is usually through interpretive essays or formalistic site reports in which the experiences of the scholar are subsidiary to the archaeological contributions. In *Piedras Negras Diary*, Peggy Satterthwaite gives the human element of an archaeological camp her primary attention. These descriptions may sometimes be meager, although there is sufficient personal information to provide fairly clear portrayal of the personalities involved. Finally, the reader finds real people here, not unblemished heroes, and so we shall encounter human idiosyncrasies, eccentricities, and shortcomings, as well as outstanding achievements.

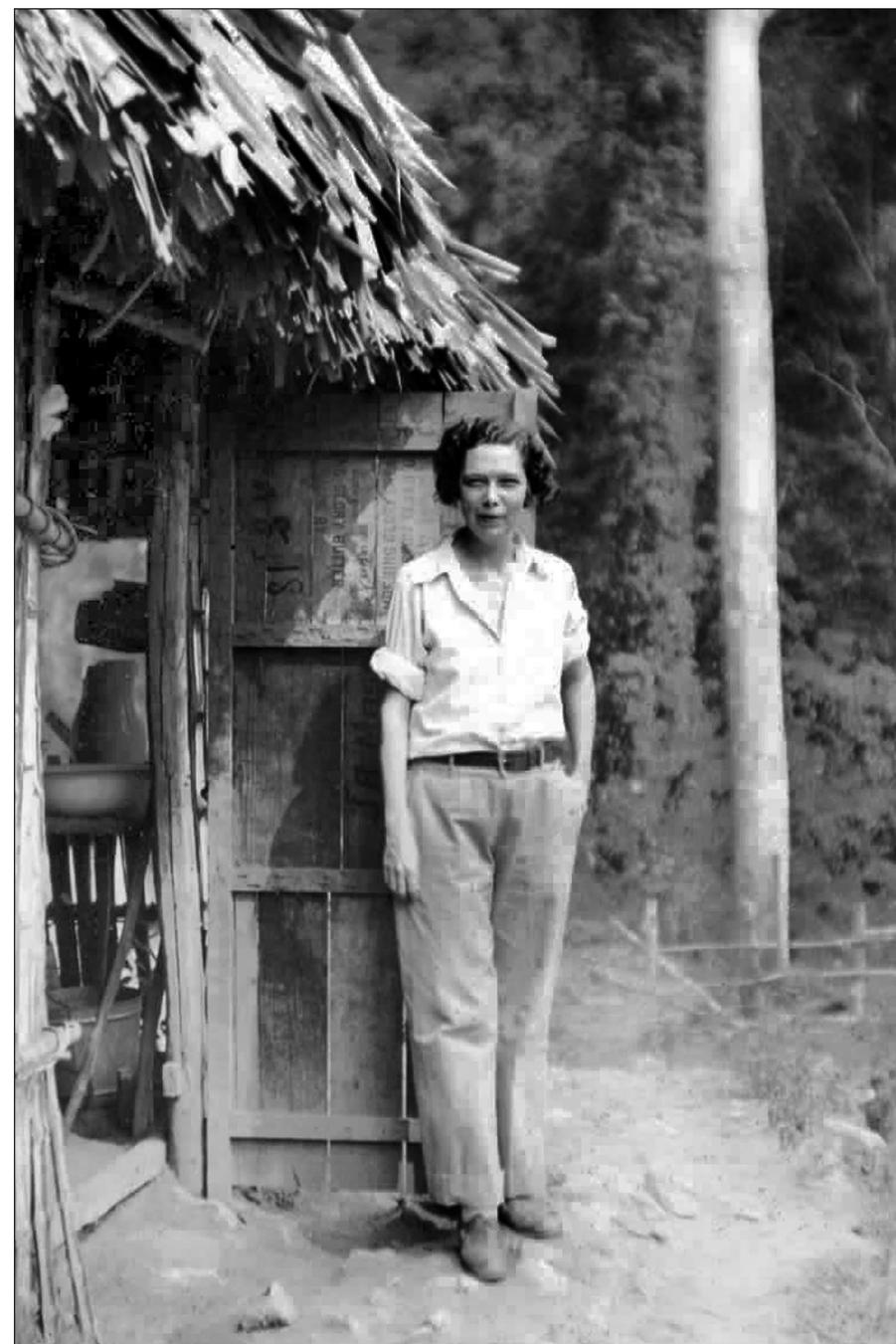
The field diary begins on Saturday, January 24, 1931, the day she and her husband departed Philadelphia for New Orleans. The final entry is Sunday, June 28, 1931, the day she came ashore at New Orleans after spending more than five months in the Petén rainforest. Within this time fame she mentions people she met, including archaeologists and anthropologists Carlos Basauri, Hermann Beyer, Frans Blom, John Bolles, Byron Cummings, Sylvanus G. Morley, Harry E.D. Pollock, Ralph Roys, and Karl Ruppert; Hunter Kimbrough, the brother-in-law of the muckraker Upton Sinclair and line producer for filmmaker Sergei Eisenstein; Fernando Barbachano, pioneer of tourism in Mexico; Jane and Margaret Howard, daughter and wife of Roy Wilson Howard, director of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, among others. In addition, she visited the archaeological ruins at Chichén Itzá, Uxmal, and Palenque.

Whatever happiness she derived from meeting interesting people and visiting spectacular ruins, Peggy Satterthwaite was left with the daily task of existing in the tropical rainforest of Guatemala, a challenge for which she was unprepared. Her diary speaks clearly of the frustration and difficulty of living in such a remote place. She speaks further of self-examination, disappointment, frustration with others, and yearning for familiarity, as well as the challenges of living in an unfamiliar environment, with its strange flora and fauna, unfamiliar people, having limited fluency in the local Spanish language, and near unbearable weather conditions. Most daunting of all was her apprehension about a possible pregnancy between late March and the middle of April, 1931. The last challenge of course, and one consistently mentioned throughout the diary, was her failed attempts to stop smoking cigarettes.

Rarely are investigations personalized to the extent that intimate thoughts and emotions are recorded. Readers with field experience will recognize many of the emotions expressed, including loneliness, disorientation, hyper-criticality, hyper-sensitivity, lashing out, etc. These are the characteristics of “field nerves,” or too many people living in close proximity or isolation.

We should not be critical of her narrative but rather embrace it as a frank and honest statement of her experience living in a rainforest. As an urbane, middle class woman, she, much like another Philadelphian Eleanor Bachman Lothrop who married Samuel K. Lothrop in 1929 and describes her experiences in *Throw Me a Bone: What Happens When You Marry an Archaeologist* (1948), Peggy Satterthwaite was actually remarkably resilient and quite adaptable. Despite her pronouncements to never return to Piedras Negras after the 1931 field season, she did return each year between 1932 and 1939. The absence in subsequent years of J. Alden Mason and the Egan-Wyers may have been contributing factors. Perhaps the greatest obstacle to her happiness and her ability to engage in the archaeological work was simply that neither Mason nor her husband assigned her any specific task. In several places she mentions the frustration from standing around with nothing to do, or holding a surveyor’s stick in the tropical heat. This would be demoralizing to anyone. In later years it is noteworthy that she was responsible for the operation of the archaeological laboratory and project bookkeeping. It is certainly possible that camp life improved with the implementation of the superior field logistics suggested by Oliver G. Ricketson, a Harvard-trained archaeologist who had begun working at the Maya site of Uaxactún a few years earlier.

In sum, *Piedras Negras Diary* is no dreary volume of vague recollections. It is a definitive and dynamic examination of life in an archaeological field camp in the 1930s that holds many lessons for fieldworkers today. It is a personalized account of the University of Pennsylvania University Museum’s first field season at Piedras Negras. The diary makes clear that this was very much a time of learning about logistics and the need to constantly monitor and adjust as circumstances warranted. Despite never-ending physical and mental challenges, enjoyment is also found in Peggy Satterthwaite’s remarkable account. She reminds us that many things about fieldwork are still the same: companionship, importance of food in camp, and the never-ending realities of logistics and provisions. Her diary also reminds us that self-sufficiency and a sense of humor are ingredients of archaeology. Above all it is an account of civility and cooperation.



Peggy Satterthwaite at Piedras Negras camp, 1931  
(Piedras Negras Archives 33-310).

**Acknowledgments**

The process of bringing Margaret Satterthwaite's diary to publication was possible only because of the cooperation of several people. I did not know personally Margaret or Linton Satterthwaite. However, Dr. Christopher Jones, a Mayanist long associated with the University of Pennsylvania Museum and its Tikal Project, knew them both quite well. He earned his doctorate in 1969 under Linton Satterthwaite and William R. Coe, and shared Satterthwaite's interest in Maya inscriptions. I was with Chris at Quirigua, Guatemala, in 1976 when he learned of Satterthwaite's death. It was Chris who was able to put some human flesh on the bare skeleton derived from archaeological field reports. Both Satterthwaites were apparently fine people, generous with their time and their home, especially to students. Chris also reviewed this manuscript and put his undergraduate degree in English to good use. I was also lucky to have access to the knowledge of Alesandro Pezzati, Head Archivist, University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology. Alex quite literally knows the contents of every scrap of paper in the Penn Museum archives and their significance. Alex kindly extended permission for the manuscript to be published and was more than helpful in informing me about other archival material relating to this project, especially two containers of correspondence resulting from the Piedras Negras Project.



## Field Diary, 1931

### January 24, 1931, Saturday

Up early after a rotten night's sleep. Rushed around with my senses at loose ends; in other words like a chicken with its head off. I felt so queer in the stomach that dismantling the apartment did not grieve me as much as I thought it would. Mrs. Wheeler was a great help. Mary Butler came to call and brought a cute box of matches.<sup>1</sup> Called up Mamma and realized it would be a long time before I talked to her again. Linton came in about 12:00. Mrs. Wheeler, Linton, and I drank much gin and with much gusto left for the 1:17 train. The train ride was rather fun, but we were so tired that we went to bed at 9:00. Had horrible indigestion. Wrote to Mamma on the train for it to be posted in Atlanta.

### January 25, 1931, Sunday

Arrived in Atlanta at 9:30. Marian met us at the station and we had breakfast together. Drove up to see Jay and I stayed and talked to him for a while. No personalities involved. He probably thought it much better to dwell on Prohibition, etc. Met the Barfields and all had drinks. Linton, Jay, Marian, and I had dinner together. We ragged Jay a bit, but it all gave me a very queer feeling. Jay is a queer one. Eggnog later at the Barfields, but it was rather dull. Marian did her best. She is so much more superior to any one I met there. It depressed me not a little. The town of Atlanta was much like any other town, but green grass impressed me and the day was like one in early spring. Caught the Crescent Limited leaving at 6:05.<sup>2</sup> Linton was pretty depressed. We had supper on the train and sat across from Jack Dempsey. It was fun in the berth, riding along and looking out the window. Had a sweet time.

<sup>1</sup> Mary Butler (1904–1970; Mrs. Clifford Lewis) was educated at Vassar College (B.A., 1925), the Université Paris-Sorbonne, Radcliffe College (M.A., 1930), and the University of Pennsylvania, where she received her doctorate in anthropology in 1936. She was a research assistant of the American Section of the Penn Museum for 30 years during which time she supervised archaeological investigations at Piedras Negras and later Alta Verapaz and El Quiché, Guatemala.

<sup>2</sup> The Crescent Limited was a passenger train running daily from Pennsylvania Station in New York City to New Orleans Union Passenger Terminal.

### January 26, 1931, Monday

Arrived in New Orleans about 8:30. A band was at the station but it was for Jack Dempsey.<sup>3</sup> Drove to the St. Charles which was supposed to be near Tulane University, but it was not.<sup>4</sup> Drove out to Tulane to see Mr. Blom.<sup>5</sup> I made a nice faux pas by trying to buy something. I felt rather down in the mouth when we were all driving in for some lunch. Sometimes I have as much sense as a canary bird. Went to Mr. Blom's house in the evening to see some motion pictures of his travels. Rather dull party I thought. Blom is enthusiastic and a good business man. Up from the ranks, unless I'm horribly mistaken. He is not the Don Juan I had believed him to be. My stomach has certainly been on the bum. Always, when I want to feel top notch.

### January 27, 1931, Tuesday

This was a bad day. In the morning, feeling as though I had a cold and a bad stomach to boot. The morning was devoted to ordering food and again I was a little stupid. After the food man had departed I started to typewrite and, slow as usual, the damn typewriter would not work. Linton was a little annoyed, said he would do it himself; so I let him. Had an oyster stew for lunch and then went to the movies. Ronald Colman in something or other.<sup>6</sup> New Orleans is unlike any other town I have ever been in. The French Quarter looks like something from the Old World. The buildings are unusual, the marketplace, the restaurants all have an air. After I returned from the movies I was so homesick that I wanted to get on the next train and go home. I wrote to Elsie and while writing had drinks. Linton came in and not in such good humor. We had words and being a little under I guess I was common in my speech. I proceeded to get undressed and get into bed. Linton left saying he would return sometime and I fell into a doze. He was not gone more than a half hour and, on returning, ordered my dinner to be sent upstairs. I ate it and went to sleep. Feeling I guess a little better, but still off in the stomach.

<sup>3</sup> Jack Dempsey (1895–1983), The Manassa Mauler, was a professional boxer and cultural icon of the 1920s. He held the World Heavyweight Championship from 1919 to 1926.

<sup>4</sup> The St. Charles Hotel, located on St. Charles Avenue in New Orleans, was the city's most famous hotel through most of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries; it was torn down in the 1970s. St. Charles Avenue is famous for the hundreds of mansions that adorn the tree-lined boulevard for much of the Uptown section of the route.

<sup>5</sup> Frans Blom (1893–1963) was a Danish explorer and archaeologist. While working as a paymaster in the oil industry in Mexico in 1919, Blom became interested in the Maya ruins he encountered, and was contracted by the Mexican National Museum of Anthropology which financed some of his expeditions. He met Sylvanus G. Morley who brought him to Harvard University where he took a Master's degree in archaeology. He undertook several expeditions to Mesoamerica while employed by Tulane University in New Orleans. His investigations at Palenque in 1923 documented a number of features neglected by earlier researchers, and in 1924 Blom discovered the site of Uaxactún in Guatemala. In 1926 he was made head of Tulane's newly established Department of Middle American Research. His explorations on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec gave the first scholarly reports of a number of sites of the Olmec civilization. Blom resigned his position at Tulane and settled in Chiapas, Mexico, where he met and married the Swiss photographer Gertrude "Trudi" Duby (1901–1993). The Bloms bought a large house in San Cristóbal de las Casas in 1950 which they named Casa Na Bolom. They turned the house into a cultural and scientific center with rooms for visitors. The house today functions as a museum.

<sup>6</sup> Ronald Colman (1891–1958) was a popular British actor.

### January 28, 1931, Wednesday

Slept rather late in the morning. We had breakfast at Huylers.<sup>7</sup> Shopped. In the afternoon went to Tulane to pack the equipment. Talked with Dolores Mandamos; she talked much on the beauties of [Ciudad del] Carmen where we will go.<sup>8</sup> She said it was called the "Pearl of the Sea." Had dinner at the Louisiana and walked about and enjoyed the beauties of New Orleans. I love the way the houses in the French Quarter open right off the street. We walked and walked and each street is more interesting than the other. Took a hot bath and so to bed.

### January 29, 1931, Thursday

Up early as Dr. Mason arrived at 8:30. The fun began. We all went shopping. The stores here, the ones I've been in, are slow and so unlike the stores in the East. It takes the girls about 10 minutes before they realize you want something. Linton, Dr. Mason, Blom, and I lunched together. Cocktails and a very swell lunch. Dr. Mason insisted on paying for it and when the bill came it was ten dollars. I'm sure it was a blow. I didn't have such a hell of a good time as the cocktails were rotten and my stomach was off. In the afternoon after I finished some of the shopping I went to the movies. I got in one theater showing somebody in *Little Caesar*.<sup>9</sup> I saw the last part of that and then saw an advertisement that the *Blue Angel* was being shown somewhere else. Thought I, this is your last chance for some time so I took myself to see the *Blue Angel* and thought it was a very good picture. It was 6:15 when I got out. I made a mad dash for the hotel, found Dr. Mason and Linton waiting for me. I had the good sense not to mention the movies. However, I did later to Linton. Had dinner; me still with a funny stomach. Worked on the typewriter until 9:30 then to Bloms. Quite dull again, except there were a Mr. and Mrs. somebody who were dandy. I hoped wildly that the Munplace would not sail until late Friday, but it seems the latest report is 3:00 in the afternoon. I have a desire to see Greta Garbo in *Inspiration*.

### January 30, 1931, Friday

Up pretty early. Packed, bought magazines. Had lunch and walked rather aimlessly into the stores. Went into one bookshop and I was so sore afterward when I thought I had said to the girl, "I'm a Northerner," or something to that effect when she tried to sell me a Southern story. It was such bad taste. When the last bag was closed I had the queerest feeling in my stomach. The Munplace

<sup>7</sup> Huyler's was a candy and restaurant chain in the New York City metropolitan area. The New Orleans shop was opened in 1925–1926.

<sup>8</sup> Dolores Mandamos appears to have been an assistant to Frans Blom.

<sup>9</sup> *Little Caesar* (1931), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, tells the story of a hoodlum who ascends the ranks of organized crime until he reaches the upper echelons. *Little Caesar* catapulted Edward G. Robinson to stardom. The *Blue Angel* (1930) was directed by Josef von Sternberg and presents the tragic transformation of a man from a respectable professor to a cabaret clown, and his descent into madness. This film brought Marlene Dietrich international fame. *Inspiration* (1931) is a romantic melodrama, portraying Greta Garbo as a Parisian belle with a past returning to haunt her.

was sailing at 3:00.<sup>10</sup> Going down to the dock in the taxi I kept thinking I could not go back home. We stood around on the dock, had our pictures and with all I felt blue. Mr. Blom came down and with him Mr. Beyer<sup>11</sup> who introduced us to a Mr. Roys,<sup>12</sup> who is making the trip to Progreso. The *Munplace* was not my expectation of what a ship should be when I looked at it. But after I had been on and saw the stateroom and the writing room, cute little bar, and a deck, I loved it. We had a bottle of brandy which was a bon voyage. It was interesting to watch them load cargo. All new to me. The people on the boat did not knock me over on first impression. When the dinner gong sounded I was happy and by the looks of things I thought it would be swell food, but the dinner was not what it looked. Wrote to Mamma after dinner, read and then to the cabin. I was a little scared, I don't know what of, possibly of the boat sinking or something like it. I didn't think of Mamma because I would have gone batty.

### January 31, 1931, Saturday

Up early to look out on the Gulf of Mexico, and I got quite a thrill. Then, a horrible breakfast, God, how terrible the eggs were! I always heard the food on ships was good, but this is an exception. Mr. Roys, an earnest young amateur archaeologist but an old Congregationalist, attached himself to our party. He's pretty dumb about most things, then again he has a wide knowledge of the Mayas. Mr. Roys' wife sent him a basket of fruit as a bon voyage, and we got deck chairs and, Thank God, I made a breakfast of fruit. Mr. and Mrs. Kimbrough we met at the fruit party.<sup>13</sup> I had the curse, but just to sit in the

<sup>10</sup> SS *Munplace* was built as a commercial cargo ship by the Maryland Steel Company at Sparrows Point, Maryland, in 1916, for the Munson Steamship Lines. She was delivered to Munson on May 9, 1916 and entered mercantile service. The U.S. Navy acquired *Munplace* from Munson for World War I service in 1918. Assigned to the Naval Overseas Transportation Service (NOTS), *Munplace* was loaded with a cargo of United States Army supplies and made a transatlantic crossing to France in convoy. On February 15, 1919 *Munplace* was decommissioned and delivered to the United States Shipping Board for simultaneous return to Munson Steamship Lines. She returned to mercantile service as SS *Munplace*, remaining in commercial use until she was scrapped at Baltimore, Maryland, in 1939 ([http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/USS\\_Munplace\\_\(ID-2346\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/USS_Munplace_(ID-2346))).

<sup>11</sup> Hermann Beyer, a Mayanist and former student of Eduard Seler was recruited by Blom for the Middle American Research Institute, Tulane University. He is credited with many contributions to the decipherment of Maya glyphs. Beyer believed the Maya glyphs to be ideographic, and searched for historical content in the inscriptions and focused on non-calendrical decipherment (Nielsen 2003:5).

<sup>12</sup> Ralph L. Roys (1879–1965) was an anthropologist known for his contributions to the study of the historical Maya, particularly in Yucatán, Mexico. He was part of the Middle American Research Institute, Tulane University, and the Division of Historical Research, Carnegie Institution of Washington. He made his first visit to Yucatán in 1921, and eventually published significant translations of significant indigenous texts, including the *Ethnobotany of the Maya* (1931), *Book of Chilam Balam of Chumayel* (1932), *The Titles of the Ebtún* (1939), *Political Geography of the Yucatan Maya* (1957), and *The Ritual of the Bacabs* (1965).

<sup>13</sup> "Kimbrough" refers to Hunter Kimbrough, an agent in Mexico for his brother-in-law, socialist Upton Sinclair, author of *The Jungle* (1906). During April 12–17, 1931, Kimbrough accompanied Russian film maker Sergei Mikhailovich Eisenstein to Chichén Itzá as line producer for filming associated with *Que viva Mexico!* Eisenstein is best known for his acclaimed 1925 film *Battleship Potemkin*. Upton Sinclair, the author of *The Jungle*, his wife

deck chair and watch the water was heavenly. Read, slept, and loved it. In the evening we (Dr. Mason and I) played bridge with the Kimbroughs. Food is certainly a problem with me; it just won't go down.

### February 1, 1931, Sunday

What a perfect day! We got to know most people on the boat, and it was great fun for me talking to people. Went up to see the Captain's quarters in the morning, went to the front of the boat, and watched porpoises swim along in front of the boat. I loved the sea, seeing no land was perfect to me. At the table Mr. Roys would remark on how good the food was and I wanted to kill him. I talked with Mr. Walpole, an awfully good scout, and later Linton, Mr. Walpole, and I had a drink. Land was sighted and it was so much fun rushing around and talking to everyone. When we arrived at Progreso I did not finish my dinner, but rushed out to see the natives.<sup>14</sup> They were all lined up along the dock; the sun was just going down and a boat along side of ours was silhouetted against the sky, it was lovely. The Kimbroughs, Mr. Roys, Dr. Mason, Linton and I walked around Progreso. It was the queerest sort of town, low houses, doors opening off the street. All very clean. We went to a movie, which was rather flat since the lights did not go on and we could not see the people. The movie was Buster Keaton in an English picture I had seen. Back to the boat, because we could not get through Customs that night. Argued with Mr. Roys till about 12:00.

### February 2, 1931, Monday

To Merida by auto; stopped at Hotel Itza; good hotel, fair food, apparently best in city for American tastes; visited museum.

When I looked out of the porthole I saw the Maya Indians, all in white, clean. Already to haul our cargo, it is said that they return home at 12:00, wash and put on clean clothes again. When we got off the boat we walked to the marketplace. It was very interesting everyone selling their wares and all exceptionally clean. Then off in a car to Merida. Of course these towns are so different from anything I had expected. All doors right off the street, with patios. The hotel from the outside and the inside was quite all right. Then we had lunch, gosh it was rotten. We walked to the museum, I, almost dying in the heat, tiredness, and what-not, but when one goes along on a trip you must do as the head says. We went touring the town by automobile with the Kimbroughs. I loved the cathedral. Quite ornate. After that Dr. Mason took us

Mary, and other financiers had great difficulties in keeping the production going in Mexico, and the economic crisis forced a production halt in early 1932. At the same time Josef Stalin insisted on Eisenstein's return to the Soviet Union, where he was denounced as a political renegade and as a Trotskyite, a serious offense for Stalin, and was prevented from finishing his Mexican film.

<sup>14</sup> In 1917 El Progreso, the principal port of the Yucatán peninsula, had a resident population of about 7,000–8,000. There were two railroads to Mérida with three trains daily each way. There were three wharfs to accommodate the regular sailings of New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Company, Kerr Steamship Company, Compañía de Fomento del Sureste, Wolvin Steamship Company, and occasional tramp steamers. The larger boats would have to anchor three to six miles offshore. The chief exports were henequen, hides, and chicle (Harris and Sadler 2003:354-355).

to some filthy place to eat. By God, that man can pick out the dirtiest places I ever saw. Then tried to go to bed. Oh my God! Mosquitoes, bed bugs, holes in the mosquito bar, and I wished that I was far away from Merida. I never wanted to cry out so much in my life. I don't believe I will come next year. Slept two hours that night.

### February 3, 1931, Tuesday

Took 5:00 train for Chichen Itza; arrived at Dzitas at 10:30;<sup>15</sup> automobile to the ruins (about one hour); inspected ruins in afternoon; and later again by moonlight. Put up at Carnegie camp.

Up at 4:00 to catch the train for Chichen Itza.<sup>16</sup> At breakfast which was a roll and rotten coffee, it appeared that no one slept because of the mosquitoes,

<sup>15</sup> Dzitas, located 26 km from the ruins at Chichén Itzá, is a small Yucatec Maya settlement with a present population of approximately 3,500–4,000. Many of the Yucatec Maya workers employed by the Carnegie Institution of Washington excavations at Chichén Itzá were from Dzitas.

<sup>16</sup> Chichén Itzá entered the popular imagination in 1843 with the book *Incidents of Travel in Yucatan* by John Lloyd Stephens, with illustrations by Frederick Catherwood. The book prompted other explorations of the city. In 1860, Désiré Charnay surveyed Chichén Itzá and took numerous photographs that he published in *Cités et ruines américaines* (1863). In 1875, Augustus Le Plongeon and his wife Alice Dixon Le Plongeon visited Chichén and excavated a statue of a figure on its back, knees drawn up, and upper torso raised on its elbows with a plate on its stomach. Augustus Le Plongeon called it "Chaacmol" (later renamed "Chac Mool," which has been the term to describe all types of this staturary found in Mesoamerica). Teobert Maler and Alfred Maudslay explored Chichén in the 1880s and both spent several weeks at the site and took extensive photographs. Maudslay published the first long-form description of Chichén Itzá in his four-volume appendix to *Biologia Centrali-Americana*. In 1894 the United States Consul to Yucatán, Edward Herbert Thompson purchased the Hacienda Chichén, which included the ruins of Chichén Itzá. For 30 years, Thompson explored the ancient city. His discoveries included early dated carving on a lintel in the Temple of the Initial Series and the excavation of several graves in the High Priest's Temple. Thompson is most famous for dredging the Cenote Sagrado (Sacred Cenote) from 1904 to 1910, where he recovered artifacts of gold, copper, and carved jade, as well as the first-ever examples of what were believed to be pre-Columbian Maya cloth and wooden weapons. Thompson shipped the bulk of the artifacts to the Peabody Museum at Harvard University. In 1913, the Carnegie Institution accepted the proposal of archaeologist Sylvanus G. Morley and committed to conduct long-term archaeological research at Chichén Itzá. The Mexican Revolution and the following government instability, as well as World War I, delayed the project by a decade. In 1923, the Mexican government awarded the Carnegie Institution a 10-year permit (later extended another 10 years) to allow U.S. archaeologists to conduct extensive excavation and restoration of Chichén Itzá. Carnegie researchers excavated and restored the Temple of Warriors and the Caracol, among other major buildings. At the same time, the Mexican government excavated and restored El Castillo and the Great Ball Court. In 1926, the Mexican government charged Edward Thompson with theft, claiming he stole the artifacts from the Cenote Sagrado and smuggled them out of the country. The government seized the Hacienda Chichén. Thompson, who was in the United States at the time, never returned to Yucatán. He wrote about his research and investigations of the Maya culture in a book, *People of the Serpent*, published in 1932. He died in New Jersey in 1935. In 1944 the Mexican Supreme Court ruled that Thompson had broken no laws and returned Chichén Itzá to his heirs. The Thompsons sold the *hacienda* to tourism pioneer Fernando Barbachano Peón. INAH has conducted an ongoing effort to excavate and restore other monuments in the archaeological zone, including the Osario, Akab D'zib, and several buildings in Chichén Viejo (Old Chichén).

noise, etc. Off in automobile to the station and on the train for Chichen Itza. Our party, Mr. and Mrs. Kimbrough, Mr. Walpole and son, Mr. Nelson, Dr. and Mrs. Finnoff, Dr. Mason, Linton, and myself.<sup>17</sup> It was rather fun, except someone was always handing me some rotten Mexican food or asking me to try a Mexican cigarette. Mr. Kimbrough was a darling, he gave me a Lucky every so often.<sup>18</sup> Arrived at some station, then in automobile to the ruins. We were not sure whether we would stay at the Morleys or at the hotel, so when we went to call on the Morleys Dr. Mason said something about them putting up Mason, but not about us. My heart sank. But God was good. Morley said he could not have us for lunch, but come for dinner and stay at the guest house. We went back to the little hotel and had lunch; as usual, I had a terrific time getting it down. In the afternoon we walked about the ruins. It was quite stupendous. Beautiful buildings and the restorations seemed marvelous to me. I climbed them all and it was not an easy job. At last dinner and what a feed. I never knew that food could mean so much. I ate like a fool. I think Dr. Morley exceptionally interesting.<sup>19</sup> He talked continually through dinner, eating very little. The Finnoffs were awfully nice. At night went down to the ruins to gaze by moonlight, very impressive

### February 4, 1931, Wednesday

Up for breakfast which is 6:45 at the hacienda. Again, what a breakfast. I certainly ate my share. Morley, Roys, Chief, Linton, and I walked around the ruins. It was awfully interesting going about with Morley, he is so enthusiastic and knows a great deal. I wish Linton could work with him for a while. One could learn from him. Lunch time and again I ate, thinking this was the last meal I would have that I would actually enjoy. I was sorry when we drove away in the station wagon. The Finnoffs and Mr. Roys stayed on, so on the return trip we had the Kimbroughs, Walpole and son, Nelson, and us. I wondered why the Chief [J. Alden Mason] was looking so downcast and found out that we were charged three dollars a day for staying at the hacienda, when had he known we could have stayed at that terrible hotel. I certainly thanked my stars that he did not know it until it was all over. Lord,

<sup>17</sup> "Dr. Finnoff" probably refers to William C. Finnoff, an ophthalmologist at the University of Colorado (MD, 1912), who was conducting research on the development of inflammation of the cornea following malaria inoculation.

<sup>18</sup> *Lucky Strike* was introduced as a regular-sized, non-filtered, American blend cigarette in 1916 in an attempt to compete with the success of the R.J. Reynolds *Camel* brand. It was one of the best-selling cigarettes in the United States from the 1920s through the mid-1950s.

<sup>19</sup> Sylvanus G. Morley (1883–1948) was an American archaeologist, epigrapher, and Mayanist scholar who made significant contributions to the study of Maya civilization in the early twentieth century. Morley is particularly noted for the extensive excavations of the Maya site of Chichén Itzá that he directed on behalf of the Carnegie Institution. He also published several large compilations and treatises on Maya hieroglyphic writing, and wrote popular accounts on the Maya for a general audience. To his contemporaries Morley was one of the leading Mesoamerican archaeologists of his day. Although more recent developments in the field have resulted in a re-evaluation of his theories and works, his publications, particularly on calendrical inscriptions, are still cited. In his role as director of various projects sponsored by the Carnegie Institution, he oversaw and encouraged many others who later established notable careers in their own right. His commitment and enthusiasm for Maya studies helped inspire the necessary sponsorship for projects that would ultimately reveal much about ancient Maya civilization.

it was funny to see him, one would have thought that he had had word that Mrs. Mason had died. On the train home Walpole got the boys on the train to play for us. We had music all the way to Merida. It was rather fun, and I thought I would have hated to have missed this day, but the awful food and the bugs are pretty tiresome.

#### February 5, 1931, Thursday

Dr. Mason and Mr. Satterthwaite conferring in morning; afternoon met Martinez; visited hacienda.

Up very late and had a fairly good breakfast. Mason suggested since the equipment is late that perhaps I had better stay in Ciudad del Carmen and go up the river alone.<sup>20</sup> I would like to stay in Ciudad del Carmen but would hate to go up the river alone. Had lunch at the same lousy place, I've never seen such dirt and what food. Boy, when I go home that is all I'm going to do is eat and be clean. Take about four hot baths a day. I still contend that the Hotel Itza is dirty and that the bugs in our bed are bed bugs. Also that man Barbachano is a slick Mexican.<sup>21</sup> Went shopping with Mr. Walpole. Had

<sup>20</sup> Ciudad del Carmen is a city in the southwest of the Mexican state of Campeche. It is located on the southwest of Carmen Island, which stands in the Laguna de Términos on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. At the time of Morley's visit in 1917 the southern part of the state of Campeche was controlled by several North American corporations engaged in the lumber and chicle businesses. The resident managers lived at Ciudad del Carmen and constituted the American colony there. Some of these firms included the Mexican Gulf Land and Lumber Company (Davenport, Iowa), Campeche Laguna Corporation (New York City), Campeche Timber and Fruit Company (Boston), Hearst Estate (New York City), Pennsylvania Campeche Land and Lumber Company (Williamsport, Pennsylvania), Campeche Land and Development Company (Chicago), and the San Pablo Development Company (Philadelphia). Leslie Moore, mentioned in the diary, was resident manager of the Campeche Timber and Fruit Company. In addition the William Wrigley Jr. Company, and the American Chicle Company/Mexican Exploitation Company, both chicle buying companies, maintained offices at Ciudad del Carmen (Harris and Sadler 2003:367-268). Ciudad del Carmen was a small city mostly devoted to fishing and shrimping until the 1970s when Pemex discovered large amounts of oil off the coast. As late as the early 1980s the city could be reached only by ferry boats called "pangas."

<sup>21</sup> In the early 1920s, a group of Yucatecans, led by writer/photographer Francisco Gómez Rul, began working toward expanding tourism to Yucatán. They urged Governor Felipe Carrillo Puerto to build roads to the more famous monuments, including Chichén Itzá. In 1923, Governor Carrillo Puerto officially opened the highway to the site. Gómez Rul's son-in-law, Fernando Barbachano Peón (a grandnephew of former Yucatán governor Miguel Barbachano), began Yucatán's first official tourism business in the early 1920s. He began by meeting passengers that arrived by steamship to Progreso, the port north of Mérida, and persuading them to spend a week in Yucatán, after which they would catch the next steamship to their next destination. In his first year Barbachano Peón reportedly was only able to convince seven passengers to leave the ship and join him on a tour. In the mid-1920s Barbachano Peón persuaded Edward Thompson to sell five acres (20,000 m<sup>2</sup>) next to Chichén Itzá for a hotel. In 1930, the Mayaland Hotel opened, just north of the Hacienda Chichén, which had been taken over by the Carnegie Institution. In 1944, Barbachano Peón purchased all of the Hacienda Chichén, including the ruins of Chichén Itzá, from the heirs of Edward Thompson. Around that same time the Carnegie Institution completed its work at Chichén Itzá and abandoned the Hacienda Chichén, which Barbachano turned into another seasonal hotel. In 1972, Mexico enacted the *Ley Federal Sobre Monumentos y Zonas Arqueológicas, Artísticas e Históricas* (Federal Law over Monuments and Archeological, Artistic and Historic Sites) that put all the nation's pre-Columbian monuments, including

dinner in the same lousy place. Wrote letters, talked to people from Easton. Met Jane Howard and Mrs. Howard.<sup>22</sup> They rode out to the hacienda in the afternoon. Quite a place; estate very complete. Orange trees, lemon trees, grapefruit, and tangerine trees. Simply a beautiful place. Just like a feudal estate in England.

#### February 6, 1931, Friday

Left at 5 AM by gasoline railroad car,<sup>23</sup> later auto, for Uxmal,<sup>24</sup> arriving about 11:00; inspected ruins; left Uxmal about 3:00; arriving in Merida about 7:00.

Up at 5:00 and what a joke; we ordered breakfast and had a rather difficult time getting it. It's the funniest hotel I've ever seen. However we got off to Uxmal. This time quite a large party. In our little car which was just like a hand car with a top on it were the Kimbroughs, Howards, our party, and two other people, forgotten name. The little train rode along at top speed and when we arrived at the station we were put in Ford touring cars and taken over the world's worst road. Again, I repeat, What a country! At last the ruins

those at Chichén Itzá, under federal ownership. There were now thousands of visitors every year to Chichén Itzá with the development of the Cancun resort area to the east. In the 1980s, Chichén Itzá began to receive an influx of visitors on the day of the spring equinox. Today several thousand show up to see the light-and-shadow effect on the Temple of Kukulcan in which the feathered serpent god supposedly can be seen to crawl down the side of the pyramid. Chichén Itzá, a UNESCO World Heritage Site, is the second-most visited of Mexico's archaeological sites. The archaeological site draws many visitors from the popular tourist resort of Cancún, who make a day trip on tour buses. In 2007, Chichén Itzá's El Castillo was named one of the New Seven Wonders of the World after a worldwide vote. Despite the fact that the vote was sponsored by a commercial enterprise, and that its methodology was criticized, the vote was embraced by government and tourism officials in Mexico who project that as a result of the publicity the number of tourists expected to visit Chichén will double by 2012. The ensuing publicity reignited debate in Mexico over the ownership of the site, which culminated on March 29, 2010 when the state of Yucatán purchased the land upon which the most recognized monuments rest from owner Hans Jürgen Thies Barbachano.

<sup>22</sup> Jane Howard (1913–2011) was born and raised in New York City, attended Spence School in New York, Rosemary Hall in Greenwich, Connecticut, and graduated *cum laude* from Radcliffe College, where she studied archaeology, before participating in excavations at Chichén Itzá. Later she was a journalist, reporting for the *Honolulu Advertiser* in the late 1930s, when she traveled to the Far East on Pan American's maiden trans-Pacific clipper flight where she interviewed Mme. Chang Kai-Shek and reported on the Japanese bombing of China (Jane Howard Perkins obituary, 2002). Her mother, Margaret Rohe Howard, wife of Roy Wilson Howard, director of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain from 1922 to 1953, had been a writer of verse, and an actress on the Broadway and London stage.

<sup>23</sup> Gasoline railroad cars, commonly known as doodlebugs in the United States, were self-propelled rail cars. Doodlebugs sometimes pulled an unpowered trailer car, but were more often used singly. They were popular with some railroads during the first part of the twentieth century to provide passenger and mail service on lightly used branch lines, obviating the need to operate conventional trains consisting of a locomotive and coaches. Several railroads, mostly small regional and local networks, provided their main passenger services through doodlebugs in a cost-cutting effort. They were still used by the United Fruit Company and its successors in Guatemala as recently as the 1970s.

<sup>24</sup> Uxmal is a Classic Maya site located about 60 km south of Mérida. Its architecture is typical of the Puuc style, with smooth low walls that open on ornate friezes, columns, and depictions of entwined serpents, masks of the rain deity (Chahk), and feathered serpents.

and here no restoration has been done that is on as large a scale as at Chichen Itza. This is all so impressive and it rather awes me to think of what it must have been 500 or 800 years ago. I like the Temple of the Turtles best, that is, from the outside. In the Nunnery Group on the façade a serpent head and body which was simply grand. It was a queer group of people wandering around. In the other car had come a group of Mormons from Salt Lake City and a delightful old English couple, most amusing and charming I've had the pleasure to meet. Both about 70 years old and marvelous sports. The lunch was lots of fun; as far as food it was rotten, but fun watching and talking to the different people.

Wandered again after lunch and then back to the bumpy road. I like the Kimbroughs so much and hope to see them again. Back in time to dress for dinner with two cocktails before, which made me feel much better. Mr. Walpole invited me to a quail dinner, so I donned my black dress and hat and went to dinner. We had another cocktail and when Mr. Walpole appeared he wanted to know how I enjoyed the quail. Say I, "What quail?" Of course the dumb waiter never brought it to me. Had the quail after my dinner and it was good. Chatted a bit and bade a fond farewell to all. Packed until rather late and in no good humor. Wished I was on the way to Mexico City instead of Campeche. Bugs and mosquitoes, what an inferno! If I ever get out of this country I'll never come back. There are so many things that are interesting and so darn many things are hellish.

#### **February 7, 1931, Saturday**

Left Merida at 5:00 for Campeche. Left Campeche for Ciudad del Carmen (by canoa) at 4:00. Deck chairs for cabins; meals served on these canoas but very poor; should take your own provisions.

Up again at 4:00 and what confusion. No Barbachano; the idiot was sick and could not be on the job. Mason and Linton rushed around like chickens with their heads off. A number of people were going to Chichen Itza and everyone walked into the kitchen and took pot luck. Then we took a cab to the station and what a feeling jogging along in the early morning, the stars still out. At that moment I would have given my life to be nestled in my own bed in my apartment in Philadelphia. When we got to the station the bags were not to be found. Lord, it was funny watching Linton and the Chief trying to find the bags and just to watch the expression of hopelessness on their faces. At one minute before the train started the bags were found in the baggage car. Rather a long and tiresome ride and it's so damn difficult to have bowel movements. My God it is hard for me anyway and this business of dirty railroad carriages is a little too much. Well, I thought, anyway someone had said that Ciudad del Carmen was the pearl of the sea and, perhaps, that would be better. We wandered around Campeche and heavens, what a wretched day. Again lunch at the dirtiest, vilest place that I ever have had the opportunity to survey. Then a little shopping. I shall not forget standing on the dock with my coat tied around my waist because the people might not like my breeches, suffering with the heat and hunger, and wishing all Mexicans and Mexico in Hell. Late in the afternoon we went into one of the cathedrals and I've never seen anything quite like the figures. The most ghastly ever! One of Christ on a horse, with red velvet garments, and another with Christ with the crown of thorns on his head with blood streaming down, and this figure garbed in red

velvet. Hideous faces and seemed almost an outrage. Well, on the boat for Ciudad del Carmen at about 4:00 and what a boat. This time just a schooner with sails, but honestly more pleasant than I had expected. We sat on the front of the boat in deck chairs, which were also our beds and watched the sun go down. During these various journeys I consumed many oranges, because I knew that was one thing that could not be tampered with. Was not in the least uncomfortable and slept all night until about 5:00 in the morning; got up and went to the can, smoked a cigarette, and then back to my deck chair for another snooze. Linton is so sweet, during all of the journey he tries to make everything pleasant for me, but somehow I am not as enthusiastic as I might be.

#### **February 8, 1931, Sunday**

Arrived Ciudad del Carmen 7 AM; put up at Hotel Madrid (a fourth class hotel by American standards, though the best in Ciudad del Carmen). Entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Schumacher; met Mr. Moore; all delightful. Mr. Moore assisting in business arrangements.

Arrived in Ciudad del Carmen about 7:00 in the morning and at first glance what a disappointment. I had expected a wide beach, palm trees, and the various things that appear in tales of the South Seas. Just saw a crowd of dirty Mexicans waiting on the dock, and found myself in the Hotel Madrid. Second floor room with two beds and a table, a basin with a spigot but no water. Then Dr. Mason decided I or we should dress nicely to meet the people of Ciudad del Carmen. We dressed and had breakfast downstairs, whew, I had oranges and not much more. I simply could not eat. Then we walked out and found all the town agog. The Minister of the Interior was arriving on this day and the town was gay. While wandering about we met Mr. Schumacher. I liked him immediately. Then introduced to Mr. Moore and Dr. and Mrs. Schein.<sup>25</sup> It was extremely amusing to watch the soldiers all line up on one dock and then the word must have gone around that the grand gentleman would come on the other dock and all the soldiers were rushed to the other dock, and, My Lord, rushed back again. Awful to see a people so subservient. After the Grand Gentleman had been seen we walked to the Schumachers. What a relief, clean house, and Schumacher is swell. It was decided that I should stay with Mrs. Schumacher, and the gentlemen would go to the luncheon for the Secretary. We had a highball and also cognac, then the gentlemen left and by this time I was feeling pretty good. Just a little ill for want of food and then, By God, we had food and it was swell. I ate again until I was silly. Mrs. Schumacher has lovely dishes, nice linen, and everything that I had yearned for. After lunch we talked and then the Scheins appeared and asked us to go swimming. I went as Mrs. Schumacher wanted to write letters. We stopped at their house and had a few drinks of brandy and then got my suit and to the beach. This was the pearl of the sea, it was lovely. We sat on the beach and talked and drank. As usual and with my customary stupidity I drank too much, not that I was obnoxious but probably would have been had not the car appeared to take me sightseeing. I took a swim and got in the car and drove through some lovely country. Then another swim and back.

<sup>25</sup> Leslie Moore was the long-time manager of the Phoebe Hearst estate in Ciudad del Carmen. In 1913 it gained temporary fame after being seized by Mexican revolutionaries.



River boat, Consuelito, on the Usumacinta River, 1931 (Piedras Negras Archives 31-89).

Stopped at the Scheins for my clothes and damn it if I had another drink and would have had more had not Linton pleaded with me not to take more. It is all rather disagreeable the way I do not know how to drink.

However, Linton did save the day for me because I was not sick and not ill. Had dinner and Mr. Moore came for us to go to the dance. It was so very interesting. I sat in Mrs. Moore's box and then danced about. Somehow I don't think much of Mr. Schein. It is really quite stupid to drink when no one else is, I thought him rather obnoxious. We came home about 12:00 and Linton was in poor humor. He said he could not depend on me and, heavens, what a thought that was. That is how I always felt about Frank and Papa. Never could count on them and what a sick feeling it always gave me when I saw either of them getting tipsy and I certainly never want to make anyone feel that way; and to think I am making Linton uncertain. I will say, and do say, it will be a bitter, cold day or very hot day before I shall sip too much of the stimulating beverages again. Gosh, I could not sleep and I would have given much had things not taken that turn. Had a wretched night's sleep.

### February 9, 1931, Monday

Up early because the Chief has the habit, and on this day there was plenty to be done and he thought we could leave Ciudad del Carmen today. Hell and damnation. It's the one delightful spot we have struck and why in God's name we are hurrying away? No equipment there in the bush, by God, he just has to be on the move. Shopped in the morning, went out to see the plane come in, but no Kimbroughs. Packed and had a note from Mrs. Schein to come out to the house. Went into the street and found Mr. Moore and the Chief, discovered that we are not leaving until Tuesday. Stayed with Mrs. Schein until lunch and what a lunch, Lord, it was a swell party! Mr. and Mrs. Schein, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Moore, Chief, Linton and I. Just like tropical tales.

Men in white suits. Cocktails, swell luncheon, dinner in the Schein home, no one will ever know how much I enjoyed that. Poor Chief I do not believe he liked it. He just looked beaten. He apparently is in his glory in towns like Campeche. Went to a children's party with Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Schein. It was in the beach pavilion and when we arrived it had started to rain. Rather gloomy, as the sea always is when it rains, and I felt so low, so lonesome and I wanted to be near someone who knew me and spoke my language. The children at this particular party were well-dressed, nicely mannered, and obedient. When the word "home" was mentioned, they came along meek as lambs. I don't believe they have as much spirit as most American kids. We had dinner at some awful place and, Thank God, I was not hungry. Awful low in the stomach and that awful longing to be away from this country stole over me. I wrote to Mamma. Went to bed early and felt better. This is a swell hotel, there is a regular toilet, but near a place to put the paper you have used. Can you beat it?

### February 9, 1931, Monday

Up early as usual. When I get back to the States I am going to bed at 8:00 some night, because I will be able to sleep without feeling that I shall be bitten alive by mosquitoes and in the morning I will sleep late, and then have a swell breakfast, with a lovely clean tablecloth. It almost seems like an idle dream now. Went to the Schumachers for water and had some coffee with Mr. Schumacher. He is really a swell person. Somehow I think it would be hell on earth to live in this part of the country for 20 years as the Schumachers. I think it would do something to me. Mr. Schumacher seems entirely normal, as does Mrs. Schumacher. Leslie Moore has gone a little native, perhaps it's his Spanish wife. But those two men would fit in a story. Well, we hung around town and waited for this or that. Chief rushing hither and yon. Mr. Schumacher said, "The land of the manana, the home of the banana,"<sup>26</sup> and how true. The ship waited because it could collect a few pesos for taking us up the river. On board about one in what looked to me like "not a sea-worthy vessel."

### February 11, 1931, Wednesday

Canoa stopped at Chable<sup>27</sup> in morning (finca of Senor Abreu<sup>28</sup>); lunch at finca; Egan-Wyer arrived here by motor; then to Monte Cristo, arriving in late afternoon. "Hotel" mere room, no beds, no restaurant, no attendant on the premises.

Of course I thought we were going straight to Tenosique, but in this country never count on anything. The boat seemed to be going as far as Chable, this stop was the finca of Senor Abreu and, by God, off we got. This gentleman has seventeen children. Some of them were here, about five girls;

<sup>26</sup> As there are no Spanish diacritics indicated in the typescript diary, it is not known if this was pronounced as if there were a tilde on both "mañana" and (as a joke) "bañana."

<sup>27</sup> Chablé is given as a *hacienda* within the municipality of Monte Cristo (Becerra 1909:39). The main activities are agriculture, with products such as watermelon, corn, and melon; and fisheries, carried out by a cooperative of fishermen in the waters of the Río Usumacinta.

<sup>28</sup> *Finca* (Sp. property) refers to a ranch or large farm, especially a plantation in tropical Latin America. Its owner, Señor Abreu, is not otherwise identified.

ages unknown, at least to me. Most of the older women I've met in this grand and glorious country look like old hags; as for the older men, they seem to be up and raring to go. They had all the fun, and the women had the children. Well, so it goes; we had to eat. Boy, how I wanted to cry but Linton said this time I would be insulting the host if I did not eat, so I did my best, a positive outrage on my stomach. Everyone jabbering in Spanish; would the pain of this trip ever cease? After breakfast we watched the mad rushing about of the girls after boys, this being carnival time. But thought I, who cares? It was interesting walking and looking over the estate. Here again school, church (now out of use), shoe shop store where the different workers probably brought goods and traded it in. I guess they or the owner keeps the slaves well in debt. I felt so sorry for the youngsters waiting on the table. Chief had telegraphed Egan-Wyer to come for us and he arrived about 2:00.<sup>29</sup> Rather likeable. We took a small boat and went up to Monte Cristo. Another drab looking town. I can't see anything exceptionally interesting about these small villages. We were met by Senor Hosso, a very dignified old gentleman who said I might bathe at his house, since Pasaje Hotel did not have water. I went but failed to make myself understood and only got furiously angry with these darned Mexicans; I hate every one of them. Supper of a sort and then swung in our hammocks. It was rather fun sitting about talking and both Linton and I like Egan-Wyer.

<sup>29</sup> Egan-Wyer was hired to construct a field camp at the site and build a road from the site of Piedras Negras some 48 kilometers down river so that the monuments removed from the site could be taken by ox cart to a point below white water and falls. At this point the monuments would be placed on large dugout canoes and carried from the shallow rapids to Tenosique where they would then be loaded on large river boats destined for the seaport at Frontera, and from there by freighter to Philadelphia.

Egan-Wyer's father, Patrick, was born in Dublin in 1840, and died in Colombo, Sri Lanka, in 1912 (<http://familytreemaker.genealogy.com>). He was married in Chunar, Uttar Pradesh in India, and served in West Bengal as a captain in the British army. His children were born in Bangalore, Fort William, Calcutta, Rawalpindi in West Bengal, and Sri Lanka (Ceylon), indicating some of his military posts. Terrence Michael Anthony Egan-Wyer was born in Bangalore, in the modern state of Karnatka, southern India, in 1898, and died in Guatemala City in 1978. He departed Colombo, Sri Lanka in 1926, as a "planter" on the ship *Jervis Bay*, destined for Southampton, England. A few months later he sailed from Avonmouth, England, to Kingston, Jamaica, on a ship registered to Elders and Fyffes, an English fruit distributor. His occupation was given as "tea planter." Egan-Wyer married María Teresa Marroquín Guinther in December, 1930 in Guatemala City. Mrs. Egan-Wyer, María Teresa, was born in 1906 in Guatemala City and died in 1998 in Lincolnshire, England. María Teresa was the daughter of Ernesto Marroquín, a prominent engineer and close friend of Erwin Paul Dieseldorff, coffee planter and merchant in Alta Verapaz region of Guatemala. Egan-Wyer presumably came to Guatemala to work for the United Fruit Company although at the time of his hiring by Mason he was without employment. His son George was born in Tiquisate. At the time Guatemala was one of the so-called "banana republics" in which the United Fruit Company owned large tracts of land and controlled much of local and national politics. The first plantations were established at Bananera, near Morales in the Department of Izabal in the Motagua River valley. In the 1930s the United Fruit Company signed a 99-year concession with Guatemalan President Jorge Ubico and opened its second production area for export in Guatemala at the town of Tiquisate on the Pacific coast. Tiquisate existed only because of the once booming sugarcane and banana industries which exploited cheap labor and a never-ending supply of fresh fruit for its overseas markets. The Tiquisate area was eventually abandoned by United Fruit Company for more stable and cheaper countries.

### February 12, 1931, Thursday

Satterthwaite off to Palenque by horse-back at 8:00; arrived in Palenque village at 6:00. "Hotel" there a private home, Gustavo [Caceres], primitive but pleasant. Homemade bed, or hammock, as you prefer. Not particularly cheap. Meals on the premises.

Off at about 8:00, on horseback, to Palenque, Linton and I. This was no joke since I had not been on a horse in years. After riding four hours we stopped for lunch. I could hardly get off the horse my knees were so stiff. Linton was also, and he is such a sweet person and I feel like such a mean bitch, why in hell should I be taken care of and why should he have to please me; I'm damn lucky to have someone like Linton and I shall try harder to be decent. It was a long hot ride and when we were crossing streams and going up and down dale I thought my end had come, especially the last lap when we were going through the woods. I thought my end was near. It seemed to me that wild animals were on either side because I could hear the cry of some animal. I tried to reason with myself that it could not be a jaguar because I could see cows strolling about so on and so on. At last to the village of Palenque. I was a bit worked up after the ride and drank about four cups of chocolate. All the men in the town turned out, so it seemed, and came to the hotel. This hotel was a private dwelling and we had one room this time with a bed. I was a little scared, here we were, could not speak the language very well and I don't know I was on edge. A nice old man and his daughter ran the place and they were lovely. The guide was a snippy bitch. Could not get to sleep, I think it was the stimulation of the chocolate.

### February 13, 1931, Friday

Left 9:00 for Palenque ruins; arrived about noon; left for village about 12:00, arrived about 6:00.<sup>30</sup> Off about 9:00 for the ruins. Shall I ever forget that ride, awful! At one time I felt as though I could not go on and a lump rose in my throat. Had someone told me I would ride a horse over a mountain, through mud, streams, so steep sometime that I thought I would go over backwards. The last lap was almost unbearable, "steep" is a mild word. When we arrived at the ruins I was just about all in and the thought of returning almost ruined the trip. The ruins were something to have taken the ride for. Palenque is different from Chichen. More stucco work and having seen pictures of some of the plaques it was swell to see them in the original. The group building or palace had at one place a sculptured façade, a man's nose struck me as very grand. We walked through the basement of the palace where there are some

<sup>30</sup> Palenque is an extensive Maya archaeological site in southern Mexico that flourished in the seventh century CE. The ruins date to 226 BCE to its fall about 1123 CE. After its decline, it was absorbed into the jungle of cedar, mahogany, and sapodilla trees. It has been excavated and restored as an important tourist attraction. It is situated near the Usumacinta River in the Mexican state of Chiapas, located about 130 km south of Ciudad del Carmen. It is a smaller site than Tikal or Copán but contains some of the finest architecture, sculpture, and bas-relief carvings that the ancient Maya produced. Much of the history of Palenque has been reconstructed from reading the hieroglyphic inscriptions on the many monuments; historians now have a long sequence of the ruling dynasty of Palenque in the fifth century and extensive knowledge of the city-state's rivalry with other states such as Calakmul and Tonina. The most famous ruler of Palenque was K'inich Janaab Pakal the Great whose tomb has been found and excavated in the Temple of the Inscriptions.

lovely wall paintings, one I remember especially, of a bird in blue, very well preserved. Then to the Temple of Inscriptions. After that we came back to the little hut where the keeper or guide of the Palenque ruins lived. It was the most primitive thing I've ever seen, a camper's fire with three or four sticks with coal underneath and a kettle hanging over the fire. We had a canned lunch and the guide's wife gave us boiled milk. It was hot, but heavens, what a taste! I wanted to drink it because it would do me good, but it had a taste of fire, scorched or something that was pretty awful. It gave a delightful case of indigestion for a while, and sitting by that brook, which was lovely, I yearned to be home, home and some honest to God water. Then to the Temple of the Sun, the three stucco pieces right in place and that is something to look at, well preserved and beautiful. Linton then climbed to the Temple of the Cross, but I was simply unable to make the climb; I was exhausted. Then to the Temple of the Foliated Cross. These places were reached by means of crossing little streams and through bushes where I was sure I would step on a snake, but fortunately did not. After a little persuasion on my part Linton and I walked and the guide walked our horses down the steep part, and then the return rise, it seemed endless and when we came to the village of Palenque I breathed a large and audible sign of relief. Chocolate then, some eggs, few words in Spanish, and so to bed. We heard no more of the dance we had been invited to the night before. We decided to sleep in hammocks, but the various noises and calls made me a little nervous and I made life so unbearable for Linton that the poor darling got up and we switched to the bed. It was not a peaceful rest; I could hear loud voices way into the night.

#### **February 14, 1931, Saturday**

Off in the morning about 9:00 and the first part of the ride, that is up until lunch time which was about 12:00, was not so bad. But after lunch Lord it was awful. It seemed to be hotter than anything I've ever known and the only thing we had to drink was hot beer. Riding along in the morning was rather fun. Linton and I rode on ahead of Crap Heels, as Linton called him and just the two of us enjoyed it. Linton looked like Christ riding into Jerusalem on his ass. Making it still funnier, the horse would not go without considerable coaxing. With that in mind I could trot a bit and then hoist my legs up on the two bags and walk the horse, thereby resting, and wait for Linton to catch up to me. We could see the village of Monte Cristo but it seemed hours and hours until we got there and I simply could not hurry. When we finally arrived we discovered that Egan-Wyer and Mason had left. We had permission, asked for by Linton, to take a shower at Senor Hosso's, and that was close to heaven. We stayed there for supper and this time late. The soup was full of bugs that would drop in from the electric light, also the table cloth was a little stained. Then the Hosso girls, very cute, to an entertainment which was about the most pathetic thing I've ever witnessed. So to bed, with a small stump of candle and a bad mood.

#### **February 15, 1931, Sunday**

Up at 9:00 after what seemed a fitful night's sleep. My rest seems so broken that I dream continually. We hunted around for some fruit for breakfast and got grapefruit after going in most of the backyards (because that is what they

look like) in Monte Cristo. We took these to some stand and had them with some chocolate. Returned to the "hotel" and I did some packing and what not. A little after 12:00 we spied the expedition motor boat. It was Mr. and Mrs. Egan-Wyer. I was certainly glad to see someone in this forsaken hole. Perhaps when I return home this trip will take on a different color, but it seems now that everything is wrong. No doubt I'm at fault because I'm not philosophical enough. I should be watching the people and trying to study them a bit. I liked the Egan-Wyers and they brought some canned stuff and we scouted around for eggs and had the best luncheon I've had in some time in our own room. After that we took a ride up the river for some gas, and it seemed so funny to be doing this on a Sunday. I kept wondering what the folks at home were doing. I could see them sitting around the living room and when I think of the times that I wanted to go somewhere for tea or what not on Sunday afternoons, and now I would give a good deal to be there. For supper we had chocolate and cakes at some stand and then it seemed quite fun, talking and joking. When I was preparing for bed I let the bar down and was sitting in the bed when I beheld what seemed to me to be the largest spider in the world. That was pleasant and before going to sleep I could feel them walking all over me.

#### **February 16, 1931, Monday**

By motor boat part way, then canoa (after dark), arriving in Tenosique next morning (February 17).

We were off for Tenosique about 7:00 in the morning.<sup>31</sup> I was hungry and ate about a dozen bananas. The ride up was a bit monotonous; talk was difficult because of the roar of the engine. We stopped at some little village and Mrs. Egan-Wyer and I went to the bathroom. On the "pot." Mrs. Egan-Wyer knew the people and they sent out for some horrible drink, again I had to down it. This trip up I did not smoke. When we decided to leave the engine would not start and we wasted an hour or so. Egan-Wyer was really awfully funny trying to start it and he got darn mad at it, one exclamation was "No wonder Christ left this earth." He has the temper of an Irishman. We went on and on and shall I ever forget how I had to go to the bathroom. It got dark and we kept constantly running into sand bars (this about 8:00); it was the funniest sensation out on that river; no one else in sight. We saw a boat coming up the river, and decided to ask for a tow. Which we did and then all hopped aboard. They had a can on the boat; it was high and narrow and I did not want to sit down, but I could not make any progress. Shall I ever forget that agony. I tried to sleep and finally did, but felt pretty sick.

#### **February 17, 1931, Tuesday**

This is not the kind of journal I meant to keep, but my own reactions seem somehow to be important. I must know a year from now how I felt so that I can be sure I want to make this journey again. In the morning I tried the can

<sup>31</sup> Tenosique de Pino Suárez is located in the southeast corner of the Mexican state of Tabasco and is the fourth largest community in the state after Villahermosa, Cárdenas, and Comalcalco. Tenosique was the head of steam navigation on the Usumacinta and point of departure for mule trains with supplies.

again, without success. Finally arrived at Tenosique and then to the Egan-Wyer domicile. My first step was to the little compartment in the rear and shall never forget the twenty minutes of the sickest feeling I've ever had. Perspiration just stood out on my forehead, but no relief. We had breakfast with the Chief and, up to my usual tricks, I could not eat. This is a pretty little town and reminds me a bit of Palenque. Met Senor Pancho, and he is really quite a grand person. Slept some part of the day and later, after a dose of "Eno" felt much better.<sup>32</sup> Sent a letter home. This being Shrove Tuesday,<sup>33</sup> a dance was on, and Chief, Linton, and I looked on, with Don Pancho and Don Garcia. Had beer and the Chief was soaked a peso a bottle. Had a cigarette. None during Lent. Packing. Shopped a bit. When I was ready for bed I beheld another spider. Just one spider after another. Received a letter from Alice (joy and more joy).

### February 18, 1931, Wednesday

Slept a little later, all of us were a bit tired. Shopped, packed, and shopped. Bought material to make beach pajamas. Late in the afternoon took a shower, which helped a great deal. We learned that the Chief went back to the dance after we left him and today he was asked to contribute a peso. Wrote up some of the journal and after some gab to bed. About 6:00 or so the governor of Chiapas arrived amid fireworks, etc. All the populace, including ourselves, listened to a few speeches. These people are quite primitive, but they certainly do not intrigue me as I should be intrigued.

### February 19, 1931, Thursday

This is the day we start for Piedras Negras and heavens won't I be glad when we get there; there we can at least go to the toilet when we need to. We started off from the rear of Don Pancho's casa and it was the first time I had witnessed a mule train starting off. I was not entirely agog with the thought of riding one but I was on one so I must ride. What a ride! I don't believe I was scared but I certainly would not pick this form of adventure every day. I always get angry at something or someone, and darling Linton seems to get the brunt of it. He shouted, "Isn't this fun!" Says I, "Swell," in a meaningless voice. Mrs. Egan-Wyer who has been in the bush before turned to me at one part of the ride and said, "Now, I am happy," and I said, with an honest face and voice, "I love it." Egan-Wyer waited on the road for the Chief, Linton, and myself, saying we would have to hurry or we would not make the camp by 6:00. I felt like telling him to go to Hell. Mud up to the mules' bellies, briars, branches, and God knows what all. We arrived at the first camp at about 6:00 in the evening. There we unpacked, took off the riding clothes, and I changed into my pajamas. We had supper of sardines, salmon, bread, and some, or very little, coffee. When we got in our hammocks we had fun shouting back and forth but when it was time to settle down to some sleep, I was out. Linton and I slept in one hammock and what a night. I had a terrible fear that a snake was

<sup>32</sup> This is a possible reference to Eno Salts Occy-Crystine, a saline cathartic.

<sup>33</sup> Shrove Tuesday, also known as Pancake Tuesday, Pancake Day, Mardi Gras, and Fat Tuesday, is the day before Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent.

probably passing under me, or over me, and so it goes. Smoked cigarettes; it seemed the only thing that would help. Too bad.

### February 20, 1931, Friday

Off at 9 AM, arriving Porvenir<sup>34</sup> at 5:30; met Inspector Senor Santiago Mendoza,<sup>35</sup> who gave us his house.

Off at about 9:00 after a breakfast of perfectly horrible coffee, a roll, and as many bananas as I could eat. We made a stop at Egan-Wyer's second camp and it was really quite a lovely spot. More bananas, roll, and off again. This was probably the worst ride of all. Mrs. Egan-Wyer takes great pleasure in riding on ahead and whatever it is in my nature that is bad comes out when I'm having a devil of a time and someone else is apparently enjoying it. I was wishing she would fall off her mule or some other kindly thought. Again I could have told Egan-Wyer to go to hell when he asked if I wanted to change mules. I said no, and he gave my mule such a crack that the old thing went a mile in a minute. If ever in my life I wanted to kill someone, it was Egan-Wyer. As usual they were leading and orders came that we would have to get off and lead the mules up the worst grade I have ever seen. When I got to the top I was all in and thought this is as much as I can stand, but later I realized I could stand more. Linton and I were riding in the rear, I leading, and when we caught up to the Egan-Wyers he said we would have to hurry as we would never make Porvenir. He asked me if I would like one of Mrs. Egan-Wyer's spurs. Said I, "No, this mule is alright," and gave them all an icy stare. Linton said he was traveling through the mud just as fast as he cared go and said also, "Let's not tarry here, but get on." My pride was up and I thought if I broke a leg or lost an eye I would keep up to them. I beat the poor mule, the first time in my life that I have been unkind to a beast, and knocked branches out of the way, and rode as fast as the mule would take me. At one point the mule fell, but recovered quickly; this did not deter me, went on and on, not letting the Egan-Wyers out of my sight. At one time I gave my right knee such a crack on a tree that for a minute I could not see, and I thought this is almost as much as I can stand, and riding along I cried good and hard. Just as the cry was at its height, we came to a clearing and I shaded my eyes with my hat and said we better hurry and make some time. The funny thing about this mule ride was the Chief. I shall never forget him pulling his mule up that steep hill, then beating hell out of it and calling the poor thing "Baby." We arrived at Porvenir at 5:30 in the afternoon. Went for a swim which was not so pleasant because it was so muddy. Had supper, part of which Senor Mendoza gave us and the rest canned stuff we had, and did I eat! I did! We swung our hammocks and I slept like a top.

### February 21, 1931, Saturday

Off again on horses, but this time a ride of an hour for Piedras Negras. My first impression of the camp was not one of joy. Perhaps I had expected too

<sup>34</sup> El Porvenir is located in the municipality of Cárdenas in the Mexican State of Tabasco.

<sup>35</sup> Santiago Mendoza, an archaeological inspector assigned to Piedras Negras by the government of Guatemala in 1932 and 1933. He was replaced by in subsequent seasons by Victor M. Pinelo.



Piedras Negras field camp, 1931 (Piedras Negras Archives 31-36).

much. The main house was the only one up, and we had been told that they were all ready. I simply could not be enthusiastic. I went down to the river with Linton while he took garrapatas off me.<sup>36</sup> We had lunch; I ate bread and ketchup. After that I wrote to Mamma and fixed up our quarters a bit. Had on my beach pajamas and strolled about. Had some chocolate and crackers, and I read. Later went swimming and this is a very good place. The camp is situated in a beautiful place; right on the river with a mountain on the opposite side. Supper chatted a bit and then to bed. I could not sleep and got in with Linton.

#### February 22, 1931, Sunday

Linton and I fixed up the quarters a little more. He did accounts and I slept. Felt pretty good, except for the curse, which is way ahead of time due undoubtedly to change of climate and that famous ride. Not much doing. Supper and later fan tan. The Egan-Wyers are not as swell as I thought. I think Egan-Wyer talks too much and does not accomplish as much as he should and Mrs. Egan-Wyer is alright except she thinks she knows a great deal about cooking. I think she's pretty dumb, but maybe it's only shyness.

#### February 23, 1931, Monday

This day I spent, that is most of it, writing letters; wrote a string of them, Mrs. Carney, Betty Barlow, Harriet Wetzel, Lily Oros, Mrs. Deck, Aunt Julia, and Elizabeth. Linton and the Chief went out to survey and look over the area. I

<sup>36</sup> *Garrapatas* (ticks) are external parasites that live off the blood of mammals, birds, reptiles, and amphibians.

don't feel like attempting that just now. The nights are what bother me. I feel sleepy but when I get in that hammock I get wide awake and can't sleep for the thought of snakes. It's pretty dreary for me at times and while I'll hate being separated from Linton, being with him here is almost as bad. He knows that most of the time I'm wishing that I am miles away.

#### February 24, 1931, Tuesday

Dr. Mason and Mr. Satterthwaite dug test pit in camp plaza; took sherds from excavation for well; rained hard during night; cold.

Our own quarters were on the way to completion and in the morning I sat around waiting to move in. Read most of the time and smoked like a fire engine. I don't give a damn how soon those filthy Bohemios give out, the sooner they do the sooner I'll stop smoking; that is one thing I want this trip to do for me. Lord knows I hope it succeeds. In the afternoon I moved, with a quiet 10 or 15 minute interval on the beach. It was a really swell day and I can look out on the water from my house. The sun was shining on the river and it was quite a picture. Senor Enrique, who is like the foreman, is quite a character and the one Mexican I really like. He helped me with my moving, made shelves and did various things to make things cheerful. At supper we had eggs, I should say we had one egg apiece, and they were darn good. Mrs. Egan-Wyer came down to see the house and she is I suppose alright, but I'd prefer an American. After supper we discussed some of the Spanish grammar and she acts pretty dumb. I have a nasty cold in the head and things were all wrong again just before we went to bed. In the middle of the night I got up and went into Linton's hammock. Dreamed all the time. I'll probably lose weight like a deuce from this fitfully sleeping. It rained all during the night and how I longed to be in the apartment in Philadelphia and hear it rain there. I guess the reason I can't sleep is because I'm scared to death of snakes. Wrote to Alice in the afternoon.

#### February 25, 1931, Wednesday

Most of the journal has been written four or five days after the date, but today or this morning is the real thing. When I awoke this morning everything looked dreary and damp, and still is damp. I feel like the devil; I have a cold and feel rotten all over. Smoking like a steam engine, just so they will be used up soon. Rainy and cloudy; this I never expected. I thought the sun would shine all the time. Linton wants me to make pillow cases and bags for the sherds, but I felt like writing and, damn it, I'm going to do this one last thing I want to. After today I will put my nose to the grindstone and go out into the bush, snakes or no snakes. He said if I do not do something soon he will start to pay my board. I'd just like to see someone drag me here next year. I'll have to be unconscious. It's all very nice to take trips, but hell not such long ones. Sometimes I wish Linton had stuck by the law, especially right this moment I wish it. It is probably selfish because he loves this sort of life and I suppose I will have to accustom myself to it. It seems as though I'm always being rushed into something I hate doing. Never doing the thing I want to do. Well,

that's that. I have been reading *Viva Mexico*<sup>37</sup> and some of the passages strike me: "Does it rain here in summer as much as it does in winter? I once asked a Mexican lady in a saturated mountain village in the State of Vera Cruz. 'No hay reglas fijas, señor' (there are no fixed rules), she replied after a thoughtful silence, with a shrug."

There are city parks and squares in other countries, but in none do they play the same intimate and important part in the national domestic life that they do in Mexico. To one accustomed to associate the "breathing spaces" with red-nosed tramps and collarless, unemployed men dejectedly reading wilted newspapers on shabby benches, it would be impossible to give an idea of what the plaza means to the people of Mexico, of how it is used by them. It strikes me always as a kind of open-air drawing room, not only as our own public squares, free to all, but, unlike them, frequented by all. It is not easy to imagine one's acquaintances in the United States putting on their best clothes for the purpose of strolling around and around the public square of even one of the smaller cities, to the efforts of a brass band, however good, but in Mexico one's acquaintances take an indescribable amount of innocent pleasure in doing just this on three evenings a week, and on Sunday afternoons as well. And with simplicity, a democracy, that is a strange contradiction in a people who have inherited so much punctilio, such pride of position, they do it together with all the servants and laborers in town. In the smaller places the men at these concerts promenade in one direction, while the women, and the women accompanied by men, revolve in the other. In the afternoon I made pillow cases, or should I say a pillow case. This weather is perfectly filthy. Dampness and where is all this sunshine I heard so much about. The cold in my head is terrific and I repeat, "What a place!" Aside from that, where we are living, when the wind blows this way, it smells like the old-fashioned back house. Rather fun at dinner. I like the Chief and get a big kick out of his humor. He sang a few songs and I usually have a good time at dinner, and it brightens me up. The Egan-Wyers retired early, I'm beginning to think they are a couple of wet smacks. Chief, Linton, and I played bridge. Chief was high. So to bed, both in Linton's hammock.

#### February 26, 1931, Thursday

May the Gods be praised! I had an egg for my breakfast. The weather is still bitchy and the sun just won't come out. Cleaned up my "apartment." I fed the dog some of the left-over beans. Their neglect of animals is the most astounding thing I've ever come in contact with and, as Mr. Flandrau remarks, "I notice a turkey, a magnificent and sedate bird, who seems completely to have lost his ordinarily fine mind. He is rushing about in a most agonized fashion, beating his head in the dust, at time pausing and perhaps, I imagine it, turning pale and looking as if he were about to faint. 'Manuel, what on earth is the matter with him? He has gone crazy,' I exclaim. 'Oh, no,' Manuel placidly answers,

<sup>37</sup> A reference to *Viva Mexico!* (New York: Appleton, 1908), a travel book by Charles M. Flandrau. Flandrau was a Minnesota patrician, a friend of F. Scott Fitzgerald, and was briefly famous for his narratives of college life. His travel book, based on five-years residence at his brother's coffee plantation near Jalapa, Mexico, offers insights into the customs and character of rural Mexicans and expatriate gringos.



Satterthwaite housing at Piedras Negras field camp, 1931. The Río Usumacinta is located to the right (Piedras Negras Archives 31-214).

'he fought so much with the other turkeys and with some of the roosters as well, that I stuck a feather through his nostrils. I thought it might divert his attention.' And he smilingly waits for me to praise his thoughtful ingenuity." And again, "their lack of real kindness, of consideration, of thought, in a word is infuriating. Everyone on the ranch has dogs, and at times they are petted, played with, admired, and called by affectionate names, but they are never fed. I have seen a family go into ecstasies for hours at a time over six new-born puppies and then merely shrug and change the subject when it is suggested that they ought to feed the pitifully thin little mother."

I noticed this myself the day we stopped at Senor Abreu's. The big hulk of a sister showed off the puppies and the whole damn crowd of them stood around and the mother dog was so thin that she could hardly move. All the other dogs on the estate in the same condition, I could have counted every rib but could not bear to look at them for that length of time.

I think I forgot to note when we were at the hacienda of Senor Abreu, the school on said estate went to about the third or fourth grade. That is the end of their education. The small towns like Tenosique, a population of about two thousand, their school may go to the fourth grade, but rarely over it. Compulsory education up to the third grade. I'm rather pleased that I chance to be born in the United States. I may be making a generalized statement to myself of how badly they are educated, but I may not have chanced to meet the educated ones. Frans Blom's secretary; yes, but she was educated in the United States. After lunch I went to see the ruins. Linton said it was about time that I showed some interest. Linton, Egan-Wyer, Mrs. Egan-Wyer, and I climbed over mountains. Linton was the guide supposed to show us the different stelae. For two hours we just wandered. Linton and Egan-Wyer lost their way. That, for instance, is my weak point, I love examining the stelae and



Piedras Negras field camp, 1931 (Piedras Negras Archives unnumbered).

it gives me quite a thrill, which Linton will never believe, but getting lost and plowing through the woods seems a waste of time to me, and puts me in a horrible mood. I just get mad at the world. Some of the pieces are marvelous, and I think it will be fun working around them, especially under them.

#### February 27, 1931, Friday

Linton woke me up about 7:30 with the glad news that he was going to need me at the ruins. The Chief wanted him to do some mapping of the stelae.<sup>38</sup> I helped as much as I could. I got some fun out of measuring the stela, but Hell's bells it got hot and with all the impressive Mayan monuments around I was glad when it was time to go for lunch. Worked in the afternoon until 5:00. Then a bath in the river, and felt a little better. Dinner, although the food is still pretty awful, it is fun for me. I like the talk. This expedition is not however like the Wheeling one, Linton says I talk too much about that, but there we had so much fun working, although a few moments of annoyance, then it was all over. Perhaps here it will get better. Slept in hammock with Linton, but just a little difficult.

#### February 28, 1931, Saturday

Started work about 7:30 or 8:00. When we got out to the ruins we could not finish measuring the stelae because the men were cleaning the bush near

<sup>38</sup> A stela (pl. stelae) is a stone or wooden slab, usually taller than it is wide, erected for commemorative purposes, decorated with the names and titles of the deceased or living, inscribed, carved in relief, or painted onto the slab.

here, and furthermore, some of the men were working on the next level and the Chief wanted the men watched so up we went to map that. I think there is just one word in my vocabulary that explains how I felt standing on the top of that pyramid, and that word is "Christ." I hated every inch of the ground and how I hated standing there just sort of waiting. Linton said, "If you were curious you would want to walk around the plaza." I did not want to walk anywhere. It seems I just have to stand around, that is part of my job; well it won't be my job after this year. While I was standing on the pyramid, with Linton off casting an eye about, I wrote in my little notebook. To wit, on top of the acropolis, here I am standing like a jack-ass. Linton is walking around, going over a map or just "looking." It's no damn fun for me to look or walk around when I'm in mortal terror of stepping on a snake and God only knows how long this will last. I'm not curious because I don't walk around the damned old plaza. I do like to dig, and I have an honest interest in the stelae but as to snooping around, I don't like it and I'm sick of doing things I have to force myself to do. I never want to come here again, never! When I go home I'm going to get some kind of job I like. This continual pulling the wrong way is awful. This month of February 1931 has, for most part of it, been a trial to me. While I've learned some and seen a great deal I've paid for it in eating rotten food, being bitten by a thousand bugs, sleeping in a hammock, no toilets; I'm a little tired of the ground; I'll take February in Philadelphia any day to February in Piedras Negras. I hate it. Heaven knows I'm willing to work or help in any way but just sitting and looking interested is too much for me. Sometime and time goes on and it is bound to be July 4, 1931, and I shall be home or at least on my way home; I shall think of this two hours or so on top of the acropolis.

The rest of the morning I spent helping Linton take measurements and each step I took seemed worse than the other. At least we finished on top and came back to our previous job of measuring the stelae. Finished this about 12:30 and so back to camp for lunch. That was some morning and I hope things and work go better. After lunch tried to work out a little variety in the menu, this with the assistance of Mrs. Egan-Wyer. Mail came about 3:30; none from the folks at 329. A letter from Marian and one from Mrs. Satterthwaite. Did a little housework, washing a few pieces and fixing my clothes. Rested a bit. At dinner Dr. Mason gave us the cheerful news that the equipment was on the dock at Ciudad del Carmen, but they (whoever it is in Mexico having charge of such things) would not let it come through. Also he had a letter from Mr. Jayne,<sup>39</sup> in which was enclosed a letter from the Mexican government

<sup>39</sup> Horace H.F. Jayne (1898–1975) was the first curator of Oriental Art at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. He started as Assistant in 1921; from 1923 until 1927 he was Curator of Oriental Art, and in 1927 he became Chief of the Division of Eastern Art, in which position he remained until 1936. From 1931 until 1940 he was Curator of Chinese Art. In 1928 Jayne and his Assistant, Isobel Ingram, went to China and Japan to purchase major architectural objects for the museum; among these were the Japanese Tea House and Temple, a Chinese Temple, and Palace Hall. He was later director of the University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology and a curator and vice director at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. During World War II he was attached to the Roberts Commission (American Commission for the Protection and Salvage of Artistic and Historic Monuments in War Areas). He returned to the Philadelphia Museum of Art in 1953 as Acting Chief of the Division of Eastern Art until 1954.

refusing permission to transport equipment or take stelae through Mexico. A nice kettle of fish. The Chief is pretty much worried. Wrote letters; one to Mamma, one to Mrs. Leslie Satterthwaite, Thank God, and one to Mrs. Harold Buckman. So to bed.

### March 1, 1931, Sunday

The Chief, Mr. and Mrs. Egan-Wyer all off for Tenosique at about 8:00 this morning. The Chief will do all he can by telegram in Tenosique, then if that does not work, on to Ciudad del Carmen and if that does not work, on to Mexico City. I rather hated to see him go and I think he is very much discouraged. He was a picture as he rode off on a white charger. Egan-Wyer on his way to Santa Margarita<sup>40</sup> for Sanborn's stuff.<sup>41</sup> Linton and I running the camp. No bush for me today. Before noon I did some "house-work" then read Lafitte the Pirate,<sup>42</sup> then slept until lunch. This afternoon I sewed and gosh how homesick I was. While I was sitting there sewing I thought again that I will never come so far away from Mamma. I cried, something I haven't done for some time. When Linton came in we went for a bath in the river and there sitting on the rocks I cried again. My answer to Linton was, "It's so quiet." Mr. Ross<sup>43</sup> stopped by and we had tea. Now I am writing away on this machine and Linton is learning Spanish from Senor Salvador. Yesterday my Bohemios<sup>44</sup>

<sup>40</sup> Santa Margarita, or more correctly, Colonia Santa Margarita, is located in the municipality of Ciudad del Carmen, Tabasco.

<sup>41</sup> In July of 1931 Mason contracted with C.A. Sanborn, associated with Campeche Mahogany Company, to provide equipment and supplies for the Piedras Negras Project in the amount of \$1500. This included one Ford tractor with winch, two Garland eight-wheel logging wagons, one six-meter-long cypress boat, one Johnson eight horsepower outboard motor, two mahogany desks (Mason to Sanborn, letter, June 30, 1930). One safe, one Royal typewriter, one metal filing cabinet, two folding canvas cots, four reed chairs, one reed settee, three wardrobes, and one washstand. Unfortunately, Sanborn committed suicide and Mason was left without his money or his supplies. Various attempts were made to collect the funds due, but Sanborn was destitute at death (July 20, 1931). Mason paid for supplies from Sanborn and with Sanborn's death Mason had neither the supplies nor the money (Mason to Sanborn, letter, June 30, 1930; Frans Blom to J. Alden Mason, telegram, February 3, 1931; Deutsch and Kerrigan Law Firm, New Orleans, to J. Alden Mason, letter, August 18, 1931).

<sup>42</sup> *Lafitte the Pirate* (New York: Century Company, 1930) is by Lyle Saxon (1891–1946), who ranks among Louisiana's most outstanding writers. During the 1920s and 1930s he was the central figure in the region's literary community. During the Depression he directed the state WPA Writers Project, which produced the WPA Guide to Louisiana and the WPA Guide to New Orleans. The book examines the life of pirate Jean Lafitte, an important figure in Louisiana history, the battle of New Orleans in the War of 1812, and the fight for Texas Independence.

<sup>43</sup> In a letter from Mason to Frans Blom, February 16, 1931, Mason describes John Ross as a "tall, pleasant, quiet fellow in town who says he knows you ... met you at Cayo. He is from Belize, Scotch-Latin mixture, now working on his own up in the woods, lumbering." Ross was once an agent for P.W. Schufeldt, an American chicle extractor in the Petén region of Guatemala. Ross was camp manager during the 1932–1933 field season.

<sup>44</sup> Bohemios, a brand of cigarettes produced in Irapuato, Mexico, by El Águila, S.A. It is unclear precisely what is meant by *famas*, although it probably refers to a cigar used in rural areas known as a *puro*. This is generally a cigar made entirely from local tobacco. The wrapper, binder, and filler are all from the same tobacco, and they typically have an extremely strong flavor.

cigarettes gave out and I determined not to start those "famas" but had a few today. They are horrible and I hope to goodness that I get through tomorrow without any.

### March 2, 1931, Monday

It is now 4:45 and I haven't had a cigarette yet. I'm sure if I can get through this day I'm off cigarettes for a while. It would not be so hard because those famas are terrible. I did not get up this morning at 5:30 as I said I would. Linton up and off and I slept until about 9:30. Had a swell breakfast of tea, smoked oatmeal, and soda biscuits. Did a little sewing this morning. About 11:00 it began to rain and we have had a filthy day since. Wrote a letter to Mamma and Freda McLaughlin this afternoon. It's as cold as a March day here and I repeat this is a hell of a country. Last night before I went to bed I was almost distracted by the bugs. I can see how one would go crazy with bugs and biting. Just before I go to bed at night I seem to crack. Everything seems wrong. I just wonder if I will ever have the nerve to come down here again. If I ever do I should not make one complaint, because I know now what it is like. No cigarettes.

### March 3, 1931, Tuesday

Written at the ruins on scrap paper. Up at 6:00 and it was cold, damp, and clammy. Everything I put on was wet. A horrible feeling and I would have given much to have been in my bed in Philadelphia. I was cold all night and cramped. The breakfast was a nasty meal consisting of oatmeal without salt and at that smoked, black coffee, so bad that I had tea, and soda biscuits and, of course, it goes without saying black beans. Enrique talks a blue streak and came in and gabbed all during breakfast. He's a pest. I think the whole crowd are insincere. They are getting what they can get out of the expedition. The walk to the ruins is no joke and when I think I will have to trudge this every morning for three months I want to give up the ghost. I'll be a fit subject for the booby hatch by the end of May. While I was standing near the Sacrificial Altar<sup>45</sup> (in West Group) I thought and I'm still thinking that when I get back home I must get a job. I think this would in time set me off. As soon as I strike the ruins I get a horrible buzz in my ear. Linton is so interested and just dragged me over to see a "room"; it looks to me like a space and nothing else. On the way to the "room" I touched the sap from one of the trees, this particular sap makes you blind for three or four weeks if it gets in the eyes. Beautiful trees they have here. I can't work up any enthusiasm about these "rooms," "mounds," etc. I like to view them once or twice, but as a life's work, No! As I stand here my ear is pounding away, I can hear something move in the bushes; it startled me, Linton shouts, "I'm thinking" and I'm just standing. Then again climbing over rocks, fallen trees, leaves piled high; heaven just help me for three months. After that I'll get that job, maybe with

<sup>45</sup> The so-called sacrificial rock was discovered by Maler in 1895 on the river bank north of where the southern limit of the Piedras Negras reaches the Usumacinta River. It is a table-like slab of limestone with some glyphs which appear to have never been completed (Morley 1938:3:301-302).

the Theater Guild. Perhaps I had better study my shorthand and not spend so much time on Spanish since I know I won't come here again. I'm going to bring my shorthand out here and study while I "wait." Linton has rigged up a table and I sit here between the times of etching sticks and holding them in line. Soon, however, I shall have to assist with measuring and I shall not be able to sit here and write bits. Some would think this is a spot of beauty, with ruined walls (with rooms) on one side (left) a steep pyramid facing me, at my back a court, and to the right trees, trees, and trees. If I walked over to the edge on the right there are terraces. Trees, clinging vines and greens everywhere and not a sound except the birds. In an unruly way it's rather beautiful, nature running wild. I just held a "stick" for Linton and he said, "Come on, God damn you, and learn something, you're as much interested in this as I am in shorthand, in fact, I'm more interested in shorthand," and it is true I am not interested. I just sorta wait until lunch time, and if I'm here in the afternoon I wait for 5:00. When I'm home the day goes so fast. Sometime soon I hope I can find something to do that will obliterate the waiting for lunch time. It's cold and raw out here and my ear is still pounding. Linton says it's three minutes before ten and I wonder what Mamma is doing. Perhaps Alice is there and they are talking and laughing. I wish I could be there for just 15 minutes. When I get back to the States I am going to spend a week with Mamma. I'm planning so far ahead as I sit here between sighting stakes. When I get to Ciudad del Carmen on my way home I will send a telegram saying, "Write no more letters; will be home soon." I wish I could be planning a dinner of baked potatoes, peas, and mushrooms, hearts of lettuce with French dressing. Hot cat! I wish my ear would stop buzzing. Linton and I are still surveying. The men are working in the East Group, as I understand it, and we are working in the West Group. Its been much better this morning, just Linton and I working and he is so sweet and I love him so much. It would be a character builder for me if I could stop this everlasting complaining, together with no smoking. I might amount to something. I just seem to want to make it uncomfortable for Linton. I seem to crack every so often and go off the handle. This trip would do me a lot of good both physically and mentally if I could be a good sport and write in the journal what bothers me, but not tell Linton each time a bug bites me.

Went to the ruins, alone, about 3:15. Linton and I measured and mapped until 5:00. It was so cold that I was in the hammock at 7:15. It is so funny and rather trying this preparation for bed. The sheet and blanket I wrap around me, under that I have a shirt, woolen socks, pajamas, and sweater, then make a dexterous flop for the correct spot in the hammock and added so that I try to keep a cap on. Linton looks like a mixture of an Oriental and ruffian. His preparations are usually longer because he takes time off to scratch. He wears pajamas, with golf socks to the knees, my sweat shirt, then drapes a sheet and blanket around himself; he looks so funny all draped and his beard, when he tries to get under the net it usually gets caught around his head and he can't do anything about that because his hands are holding the blanket and sheet on. Then he finally leaps into the hammock; I wrap his feet up in a second sweat shirt; Linton's feet are right at my face and my feet close to his face. We are all set until either one of us has to scratch or go to the bathroom, and I must say that I've never "number-oned" so much in my life. It must be the dampness. Then out of the hammock and it is, I know, at freezing point

on the thunder mug.<sup>46</sup> After that operation is over, the entire operation of getting back into the hammock must happen again. All these troubles are trying, and sometimes small as they are, seem unendurable, but we will be well recommended for it in the end and by the pleasure we will take in telling of them. No cigarettes.

#### **March 4, 1931, Wednesday**

Written at ruins on scrap paper. Linton called me at 5:15 but I got up at 6:30. Not so good. This morning we are working at the East Group. It's certainly strange this buzz in my ear; it never bothers me until I come to the ruins. Now it's buzzing and I'm standing waiting for something to do. While standing and waiting I've been day-dreaming, wishing that in some fashion I might possess about \$30,000. Ah, then the problem of a job, or of returning here next year would be solved. I must do one of two things, get a job and work the year around with two weeks' vacation (as Linton put it yesterday afternoon) or study in the winter and part of the summer in preparation for coming down here; with the latter I have more freedom; but then four months away from home. I'm in a hell of a state. Perhaps after we start digging all will be well, but right now, damn it, all is wrong. My ear is driving me crazy, added to that there are bitchy black fleas biting me, also a large insect that looks like our common ant, but this bugger flies and has a buz-z-z-z, the sound of which undoubtedly would in a short time drive one batty.

In the afternoon I did not return to the ruins. Had a frightful headache. Set things out to sun and also sunned myself. About 4:00 went to the river for a bath. The boys found figurines and a great many pot sherds down by the river. We went down and fished, the place is just above the Chief's house. Bed about 8:00 and I was feeling pretty rocky. No cigarettes.

#### **March 5, 1931, Thursday**

Heavens, it's cold in this neck of the woods. Today promises, however, sunshine with a little wind thrown in. Linton up early and off to the ruins about 7:30. I said I might come up and we talked about this and that, and whether I should come or should work by the river. Linton, I know, wanted me to come up but this morning I need for myself. Soon the Chief will return and not a moment will I have because then I must go every day like a soldier. This morning I read a bit of *Fabulous New Orleans*<sup>47</sup> by Saxon and this part struck me, to wit, "The Ursulines played an enormously important part in the early history of New Orleans, for it was in their school that the future mothers of the colony were educated; it was the Ursulines who took care of the orphans and nursed the sick. Year after year they remained, gaining strength with the growing city. From their convent windows these cloistered nuns looked

<sup>46</sup> A thunder mug, or chamberpot, is a large, china mug with a fitting lid that fits under a bed. It is for nighttime use when a person does not want to walk to the bathroom.

<sup>47</sup> *Fabulous New Orleans* (1928) by Lyle Saxon, one of Louisiana's great writers, surveys the city's French, Spanish, and American cultures of New Orleans. His narratives includes a vivid picture of Mardi Gras as seen through the eyes of a young boy, a brief history of the city, and accounts of strange and remarkable events, including the great Mississippi flood of 1927, the year of the great plague, and a voodoo cult ceremony.

down upon the changing world. They saw the population in panic as Indian massacres threatened to destroy the colony; they saw O'Reilly's fleet sail up the river as Louisiana passed from the hands of the French to the hands of Spain. Nearby in the Place d'Armes, they saw the flag of France lowered and the Spanish flag unfurled in its place. And later they saw the Spanish flag lowered before the tricolor of the French Republic. Last they saw the tricolor as it fluttered down to be replaced by the flag of the United States."

Helped the cook prepare a chicken. Wrote to Frank. In the afternoon sorted some of the pot sherds from the river. Linton came in about 4:00 and we went for a swim. It had to be a swim since two of the men were washing down in our favorite spot. This sort of day I rather enjoy. Perhaps I am pretty much of a cat, as Linton says. No cigarettes.

### March 6, 1931, Friday

Up very late, had my breakfast about 9:30, but this was my birthday so I guess it was OK. In the morning I sewed, made a bag for the pot sherds. When Linton came in he said he needed me at the ruins and he was sorry as it was my birthday but it was necessary for me to be around. Stayed at the ruins until about 3:35. When we came into camp I found there was no path dug so that we might bathe in our house. Also there were men washing along the river so that we could not go down. Just everything wrong, when I was sitting in the hammock with Linton there seemed to be a million flies, fleas, and insects buzzing in front of me, and I cracked again. To add insult to injury Linton said he had given Enrique some of my vix.<sup>48</sup> That set me off entirely and I broke out about letting a filthy Mexican stick his hand in my bottle of vix. Linton said had I fixed up a medicine chest it would not have happened, and more words, and as I went over to take a bath in the bano [baño] I had a good cry, and wished again that I was out of this place. When I returned we made up and both decided it was pretty small to act as we had acted and really not the conduct of intelligent people. Had dinner and it was quite good. I assisted and directed the cooking of the chicken and also some stewed tomatoes, and it was a good birthday party. After dinner wrote Mamma and so to bed. No cigarettes.

### March 7, 1931, Saturday

After lunch today which wasn't so hot I would have given and would give right now any amount of money for a large piece of chocolate cake with fudge icing. When I get back to the States I'm going to have one baked at the Y.W.<sup>49</sup> No mule train and no letters, and furthermore, no ketchup, milk, raisins, or candy. I think I will have to like archaeology a whole lot more before I come here again; it seems as though I'm just marking time. It's so strange

<sup>48</sup> "Vix" probably refers to Vicks, a brand of over-the-counter medications, including cough medicines, cough drops, mentholated topical ointments and creams, and a number of inhaled breathing treatments. The most popular remedy was *Croup and Pneumonia Salve*, which was introduced in 1905 with the name *Vick's Magic Croup Salve* and rebranded as *VapoRub* in 1912. For much of its history, Vicks products were manufactured by the family-owned company Richardson-Vicks, Inc., based in Greensboro, North Carolina. Richardson-Vicks was eventually sold to Procter & Gamble in 1985.

<sup>49</sup> Young Women, a youth program of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

but somehow I feel it as a waste of time. Sometimes I miss the ring of the telephone and the noise of the street car. At the ruins in the afternoon and dug and dug. It seemed long and tiresome to me, and I was glad when it was 3:30. After dinner Enrique talked and Linton wants to practice his Spanish and he talks to him. I don't mind listening, in fact rather like it as I hope in that way the words will not seem so strange to me. Linton and I talked about snakes and also about my coming back here next year. Linton thinks I ought to give this a fair chance until we leave here, then decide. I feel sort of buried, go to bed at night at 8:00, never later than 8:30. No cigarettes.

### March 8, 1931, Sunday

Sometimes I just can't believe this is Sunday. At home Sunday has such a definite air, and how I will appreciate those Sundays with Mamma if I have a whack at them again. This morning I must have been up at 7:00 because Linton came in and I thought he was coming for lunch and he said it was 9:30. Sewed all morning and after lunch, after which I was still hungry, I sewed on, making bags for the sherds. I haven't had that nervous jumpy feeling since I've been here, and with no cigarettes and no liquor my health should improve. If we only had decent food, but that may come later. Last night Linton was talking about when I get back to the States and the first party I'm on I'll probably get as tight as a monkey, or just the usual state of my tightness, because I will say this is coming to me, I haven't seen my friends in months. I bet him five dollars that I would not, and I've got to win that five dollars not because of the money but because so much depends on it. I never want to repeat that Ciudad del Carmen episode and it looks to me as though I've got to stick to one or two cocktails and no more. In other words, cut it out except where I need to take a cocktail socially. I'm so in earnest about this because of what Linton said in Carmen about not being able to depend on me. I must learn all over again how to drink. The weather here is filthy, rain all morning, and cool and blowy this afternoon. It's now 4:30 and a little dreary-looking here. Also no mules from Tenosique and no letters. Heavens, I wish someone would show up. We've just had dinner and now I know I've eaten because I'm having a swell case of indigestion. The food seems to be giving out by degrees and we are forced to live on what they have here. For dinner, fried beans, fried bananas, some kind of shortening-like wafer filled with lard, and the tea which I enjoy, was smoked, that is, the water was smoked. It's 6:00 and growing dark, and it's so lonesome. Boy I wish I was having supper with Mamma. Right now I would like a cigarette; it's about the first time since I've stopped smoking that I really feel the need for one, but what would be the use of taking a fama; I would throw it away after one puff because of the sweet, awful sweet taste. Pancho shouted that the mules were here and we rushed over in front of the office and it seemed so strange that a few mules and drivers could interest me and mean so much. Linton wrote a letter to Dr. Mason and I read the preface to *Morals*. And to bed about 9:30; much later than usual. The mules brought the candy, but the mule bearing the rider with the letters got tired and would not reach here until tomorrow. Just a little disappointed, but the thought that letters would be on the morrow bucked me up. No cigarettes. After this I shall only mention cigarettes in the case that I weaken and smoke one.

### March 9, 1931, Monday

Linton left word to call me at 6:30, but since it was raining and a pretty horrible day Poncho decided that I should not be disturbed; it was about 9:00 when I got up. What a treat! A telegram from Mamma, two letters from Papa, a Valentine from Billy, two letters from Bea, three from Alice, and one letter from Mary Butler. I could hardly restrain myself. Linton had a letter from the Chief; he will return in a few days. Also a letter from Charles Bache.<sup>50</sup> This was certainly a wet day. Heavens it's so damp and cold. Read time, helped Linton with sherds, read my letter a couple of times, and about 3:30 started a letter to Mamma which I finished at 5:30. The candy habit is almost as bad as the cigarettes and between candy and bananas I'll have a swell stomach. The poor dog here has seven puppies and Enrique took me over to see them and as usual smiled and exclaimed about them, but he never thinks the poor mother needs food. Some of the things came from Santa Margarita and Linton fixed up the cot. I think it is better than the hammock, but when I got in bed my head was stopped up and somehow we both got in a bad humor. When I do sleep I dream continually and about all sorts of strange things and people I haven't seen in years; for instance, last night it was Sister Patrice. Heavens, what a cold, damp, and horrible spot this is, everything is damp and smells horrible. This is a sure place, and almost a guarantee, for rheumatism.

### March 10, 1931, Tuesday

Today is cloudy and probably later this afternoon the sun will come out. Now it is so cold that I put on an extra pair of stockings and my riding pants so that I might keep warm. Linton said I should come to the ruins if I felt like it, but to be honest I don't feel like it. I know it is damp out there, much worse than here and what would I do. With the sunshine I will be off early in the morning but in this weather, no. All I do is count the number of days and months before we will be going home. Sometimes, however, I like sitting here writing away, and again sewing and at times I feel contented; it's quite possible that I'm lazy and don't want to go to the ruins because it means work. In the afternoon I mended sheets and various other things. When we were about to go to bed something was said about my doing the cooking, said I to Linton in a haughty voice, "I don't intend being a cook." Linton said, "You don't intend to do anything." I was sore, and decided to get up Wednesday morning at 5:00 if it was the last thing I did on this earth. How I hate this business.

### March 11, 1931, Wednesday

Got up at 5:00 and, My God, it was cold, and how nasty I was. Somehow I must have felt justified. Went out to the ruins and did as little as I could and was as nasty as possible. When we were leaving at 3:30 Linton looked certainly unhappy and I did have the grace to ask him what was wrong. He said he was discouraged, he had no help from me, and with all the other

<sup>50</sup> Charles Bache, a lineal descendant of Benjamin Franklin and an archaeologist at the University of Pennsylvania, worked with Linton and Margaret Satterthwaite and Mary Butler at Beech Bottom Mound in Brooks County, West Virginia, in 1930, and with Satterthwaite and Edgar B. Howard at the Eden Valley Finley site in Wyoming in 1940–1941. He also worked in Iraq at Tepe Gawra and Tell Billah in 1932–1933, and at Khafaje and Kare Tepe in 1937–1938.

responsibility he had to think whether I would be pleased or not. I felt like I am a low person. I asked Linton to give me one more chance at being decent. Just before dinner two gentlemen<sup>51</sup> from Mexico City, on their way to Yaxchilan<sup>52</sup> came. They had a note from Dr. Mason to Linton. I buzzed around and got a fairly good dinner. They were awfully nice. Later in the evening they had Country Club cigarettes and I tried one or two. They did not taste so good. We chatted a bit and then to bed.

### March 12, 1931, Thursday

Up at 4:30; mistake of that fool Enrique. We all had breakfast and Senor Basauri gave me a pack of Bohemios cigarettes. I smoked about seven cigarettes in the morning, not one right after the other, but would smoke just one, just about half of it, and feel sick, then sometime try another. At last I asked Linton to smoke them up as I had all the sensations of a boy off in the back alley smoking his first cigarette. It is so much nicer at the ruins now, especially since I've grown a bit. The day was pleasant and nice. The Egan-Wyers returned about 4:00 in the afternoon. We had dinner about 5:30 which I ordered specially because I thought they were hungry and then the ass Egan-Wyer said he wasn't hungry, they told me all they were going to have was coffee. They give me a pain in the ass. The second mule, with baggage, arrived about 7:00 and with it a letter from Alice. I wrote Mamma and Linton asked me if I could write a short note to his mother. I didn't because the one to Mamma was so long. When I got in bed that night I realized how selfish I really am. This trip ought to improve me because it has certainly shown me myself a bit.

### March 13, 1931, Friday

To the ruins and I'm beginning to be all agog. I wish I had started being a little decent before. About 3:30 I got one large and one small pail of hot water. I first poured some hot water in my basin with some zonite<sup>53</sup> and took a bath in cold water while that was cooling. I washed myself all over with a solution of zonite and water. Still the water was too hot for a douche. I then fanned it

<sup>51</sup> The two gentlemen were Carlos Basauri and a man named García. Basauri, a Jesuit, did extensive ethnographic research in Mexico and published numerous books, including: *Monografía de los tarahumaras* (1929), *Tojolabales, tzeltales y mayas: breves apuntes sobre antropología, etnografía y lingüística* (1931), and *La población indígena de México: etnografía* (1940).

<sup>52</sup> Yaxchilán, also known as Menche or Ciudad Lorillard, is a major Maya archaeological site located on the banks of a meander bow of the Usumacinta River in the modern Mexican state of Chiapas. The site contains impressive ruins, with palaces and temples bordering a large plaza upon a terrace above the Usumacinta River. The architectural remains extend across the higher terraces and the hills to the south of the river, overlooking both the river itself and the lowlands beyond. It dominated smaller sites such as Bonampak, and maintained rivalries at various times with Piedras Negras, Tikal, and Palenque. The site is known for its well-preserved sculptured stone lintels set above the doorways of the main structures. These lintels, together with the stelae erected before the major buildings, contain hieroglyphic texts describing the dynastic history of the city. Teobert Maler visited the site several times between 1897 and 1900, and his description of the ruins and other sites was published in 1901 and 1903. Sylvanus Morley led a Carnegie Institution of Washington expedition to Yaxchilán in 1931 (Tate 1903; Weeks and Hill 2006:425-430).

<sup>53</sup> Zonite, brand of vaginal liquid douche.

to cool it and put it in the bag. My God, I thought I had ruined myself it was so hot. So I poured it back again in the basin and asked Mrs. Egan-Wyer to get me a glass of drinking water from the table. After those preparations and fulfillments I felt much better. Chatted some with the Egan-Wyers and so to bed.

### **March 14, 1931, Saturday**

Worked at ruins. Did not do so much, but Linton said I was helpful because I could watch the men while he worked elsewhere. In the afternoon I was sitting, talking to the men when the Chief appeared. I rushed over to greet him and I don't know who started it but we kissed like long lost friends. I was actually and honestly glad to see him. We talked a bit and I came back to camp and washed my head, then took a bath. All very nice and life is quite enjoyable. With the Chief came letters. Two from Papa, one from Elsie, and one from Mother Satterthwaite. At dinner I concentrated on time while discussion about this and that took place. Principally between Egan-Wyer and Linton. He certainly thinks he knows it all, I could boot him.

### **March 15, 1931, Sunday**

The Chief did not go to the ruins and since I just had to watch the men, I wrote a letter to Mamma in the morning. In the afternoon I was still watching so I started a letter to Elsie. When we returned to camp we were met with the glad news that there was no more chocolate. We had had it yesterday and that damn Enrique had the nerve to say that while the Chief and Egan-Wyers were in Tenosique we had chocolate. Boy, what a bunch of grafters they are. At dinner we all argued a bit about what disposition of the food should be made when it arrives here.

Linton said not to have it in the bodega<sup>54</sup> and Egan-Wyer said "Why not?" The discussion was long, but with no solution. The Chief said that the dig was the important thing about this expedition. After dinner Linton asked me to write his mother, and again I was pretty selfish. I was writing to Elsie, so I stopped that and wrote to Mother being pretty mean about it. I finished the letter to Elsie and Linton had gone on down. When I got in bed Linton said I had talked the other night about being selfish and here I did the same thing over again. Still I was sore and so to sleep.

### **March 16, 1931, Monday**

Up at 7:00. It was rather dull and, as Linton says, I should piddle around by myself. After 3:30 I fixed up the shack, took a shower and rested until 6:00. I felt so peculiar as though nothing mattered. Dinner was a little feeble. Sometimes I simply cannot force myself to talk. The Chief said something about not working after May, God knows I hope the rains start about the first of May and don't stop. I think Linton is a little fed up with this situation. He tries so hard to do things well and then the Chief lets Egan-Wyer give the orders. Went to bed at 8:00. No cigarettes.

<sup>54</sup> *Bodega*, storage facility or warehouse.

At breakfast Linton and Egan-Wyer were talking about the shovels and quite an argument ensued. I had no part in it. Egan-Wyer was hot; he's a damn touchy person. So Linton and I left for the ruins and the Chief came along later. When he came Linton and he talked and later it was relayed to me. Egan-Wyer would quit unless he had charge of the camp, furthermore Linton and I were always criticizing things, also I expected Mrs. Egan-Wyer to wait on me. I was completely floored and I cried and smoked a cigarette. We will have to make the best of it, if he should quit we would never get the monuments out this year. There I sat at my table near the excavation of Room A, while Linton went to discuss further with the Chief. It seems also that we cannot have our own stock of chocolate. That breaks my heart, it's the one thing that is good. Lunch was pretty terrible. I did manage a few words, in fact I did well. The Chief was funny, tried to take charge by ordering fresh water. Linton said a word or two. In the afternoon I numbered the sherds and while doing it Mrs. Egan-Wyer came over with a menu for me to look over. I said I had too much work to do to bother with it. Everytime I look at her I could shout, saying I had expected her to wait on me. At 5:00 Linton and I went some distance up the river, where we could not be seen, and took baths. It was lovely feeling the cool air on your skin. Dinner was a rather sorrowful affair. The Chief and I, however, did very well. He made one horrible mistake about mentioning that the morrow would be St. Patrick's Day. It was feeble. Linton excused himself, Mrs. Egan-Wyer, then Egan-Wyer. I stuck to the last situation like this before and I don't know just how to act. I can't look at them straight in the eyes, I'm rather embarrassed. Linton declares that if Egan-Wyer is here next year he won't come unless he has a definite status.

### **March 17, 1931, Tuesday**

Who the hell cares whether its St. Patrick's Day or not? The more I see of this Irishman Egan-Wyer, the less I like Irishmen. Egan-Wyer did not eat with us this morning and since I stayed at camp to mark sherds I noted they had breakfast later, say 8:30. I bade them the time of day, but could not for the life of me look at them, this I must do. It's about 11:30 and as I sit here I look out on a nice misty-rainy day. Bad for excavating. Cleaned up the house a bit. Lunch was again feeble. I rather ignored the Egan-Wyers. No conversation with them I should say. Afternoon worked some on the catalog, but not long since I had to wait until Linton came from the ruins before I could go on. Aired my clothes, sewed my green dress, and I am learning to do many things here. Had I been home I probably would have taken that up to Mamma to fix. Another thing I have learned in a hard school is not to be too friendly with people until you are absolutely sure of them. I think we made a mistake with the Egan-Wyers. Quite clubby at first, but not so now. I believe after a few experiences that it is always best to be a little skeptical at first. At dinner Mr. Egan-Wyer did not appear. Mrs. Egan-Wyer was a little evasive as to where he was. It was rather jolly without him and I looked Mrs. Egan-Wyer square in the eye and we were all very nice to her. Egan-Wyer came in some time after and said he had neuralgia. Of course he's a liar, funny that his wife would not know about it. Today again smoked a few cigarettes, and just before going to bed I had a fearful headache. I think I had better give up smoking as a bad job.

### March 18, 1931, Wednesday

After going to bed at 8:30 last night we overslept this morning, got up at 5:40 instead of 5:00. This morning working on the catalog and numbered sherds. I rather like this sort of work and furthermore I am quite contented with camp life and the bugs do not bother me so much now. Linton is such a darling and I want to help him, and I will, at least no more crabbing. Wrote to Mamma in spare time in the morning. In the afternoon the Mexican gentlemen appeared. Chief and I went for a swim. Linton wrote his mother. I seem to have the smoking habit again, but hope to stop it soon. In the evening we looked at the pictures in Maler.<sup>55</sup> And so to bed.

### March 19, 1931, Thursday

In the morning at the ruins and after lunch washed a few pieces out and did the usual airing of blankets. From 3:00 until about 5:30 worked on the sherds. When the crew returned from the ruins I was getting a drink of water and I felt sort of guilty in being in the dining room when the Egan-Wyers appeared. It made me so darned mad that I could have knifed both of them. This situation is difficult and sometimes I believe that I'm not up to it. It is a steady source of annoyance that Mrs. Egan-Wyer orders at any time and whatever she pleases, and I'm afraid to ask for water. Linton and I took a short bath and shorter swim which made me feel a little better for the time being, but just for the time being. At dinner, still the Mexican gentlemen present, Mrs. Egan-Wyer said, "What will you have to drink Mrs. Satterthwaite?" I mumbled something about anything and finally said "tea." Of course I wanted chocolate and when she ordered chocolate it made me so darn angry that I could have cried. The thought kept running through my mind that I get up at 5:00 in the morning, work until 5:30 at night and I can't order what I want. In reality I was angry at her because she had such an air of possession about the dinner and what this one and that one should have. When I looked about for the tea bags they were not in the tea box and I noticed them on the floor and did not pick them up, just let them stay there and put my foot on them, though I now see what you will do in the situation of no tea bags. This being about one of the smallest acts I've ever committed in my life I was foiled and it was good for me to wit. The Mexican gentlemen arose and left the table; when he returned he had a tea ball. I never knew it was possible to dislike two people as much as I dislike them. I ate very little and came down to the house and cried and cried. Linton was so decent, saying he knew it was all very annoying but we are doing it for Chief and to look on the situation as humorous. Hereafter, I shall try to do it.

### March 20, 1931, Friday

Up at 5:00 and hated it especially this morning. To the ruins and I find it rather dull as there isn't enough to do. Heavens what a state to be in. I just sort of sat and made some graph paper and waited for 11:30 to come around.

<sup>55</sup> Teobert Maler (1842–1917) was an explorer who documented Maya ruins, especially in the El Petén region of Guatemala, and along the course of the Usumacinta River. The Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, published his reports beginning in 1898. The relationship between Maler and the Peabody was difficult and ended in 1909. A series of important books resulted, and these remain an important reference in Maya studies.

It was not that way at Beach Bottom; I rather enjoyed digging, I probably haven't enough intelligence to enjoy something magnificent. And again I wonder about coming down here next year; it seems such a long time to be away from the States and home. At dinner last night the Chief said we would probably be here until the first of July; Great Caesar, I thought the fire of June was long enough. So it goes. In the afternoon worked in the workshop and Enrique called to me that the mules were here, and I think I am the meanest person, I did not answer him and after some time had elapsed went to the bodega to see if there was any milk, feeling that I had been mean, I pretended I did not understand what Poncho had said. This kind of life has taught me many things and I probably will be better for it. Never before did I realize how selfish I am and that I have a tiny mean streak in me. A letter from Papa with a little note on it from Mamma asking me if it would not be soon for me to come home, and again I wish I did not have to be away so long. A note from Frank with clippings concerning the merger of the World and the Telegram, which struck me a hard blow.<sup>56</sup> The passing of the World seems like losing an old friend. After dinner the Chief, Linton, and I sat around reading Time. Later the Chief did some accounting and I think he is pretty befuddled; this is a large situation he has on his hands. Furthermore, I think he is worried about the outcome. Talked with Egan-Wyer and somehow I bet Egan-Wyer is having a time balancing his accounts. So to bed at the horribly late hour of 9:15. Linton and I had fun talking and laughing. There is no one in the world like Linton and many times a day I resolve to do better. Not to be small, work up an interest in the work for God knows I haven't much of a hobby in anything else, except for the theatre and reading, that is, lightly.

### March 21, 1931, Saturday

To the ruins and Linton helped me or showed me how to draw a cross-section. He did most of it because I'm so damned dumb. God knows I should have money so that at least I could help Linton in that way as I am not much help in any other. In the afternoon fixed the workroom. It is now 4:10 and it is rather pleasant sitting here at the hand-made table writing away and once in a while glancing out at the river. Also the wind blows just enough to make it lovely and cool. Linton is coming, as I see him through the bamboo walls, so I will stop and go with him for a swim. In the evening I wrote to Mamma and Linton wrote to Charles Bache to which I added a post-script. And so to bed with the heavenly thought that we could sleep late in the morning.

### March 22, 1931, Sunday

Up at 7:15. After breakfast Linton and I fixed up our room. Made some curtains for boxes out of red handkerchiefs. After dinner more fussing. Went to the other side of the river, to Mexico, with the Chief. Luis, Firpo, and the other two boys took us over and it was rather fun. It was the first time I had been in one of those boats. Linton and the Chief took pictures and I talked with Luis and Firpo. I like them. Firpo is like a little boy. Linton and I went

<sup>56</sup> The *World-Telegram* newspaper was formed in 1931 with the sale of the *New York World* by the heirs of Joseph Pulitzer to Scripps Howard, owners since 1927 of the *Evening Telegram*. The merger cost the jobs of more than 2,000 *New York World* employees.



Comedor at Piedras Negras field camp, 1931 (Piedras Negras Archives 31-215).

swimming about 4:00. Way up so we could lie around on the rocks and get a sun bath. At and after supper I could have screamed with laughter and then again I was too sore to laugh; the Chief told Egan-Wyer not to work so hard. That was almost too much for me. He also said that we could all take the night off. Linton said since we had gone swimming in the afternoon we had better work a bit, instead of playing bridge as the Chief suggested, and work we did. Never in my life have I disliked anyone so much as Crap Heels (Linton's new name for the stuffed shirt Egan-Wyer) and his wife. They both strike me as though they are quite sure they are right and the whole world is wrong. Most of the nights before I go to bed I enact little dramas in which they are getting the bum's rush. However, I doubt if the little drama will come true.

### March 23, 1931, Monday

Sometimes in the morning when I have to get up I think what a hell of a life this is. Relations anything but cordial and it is all very flat. At lunch received letters and cards. Birthday cards from Bea and Billy. Letters from Alice, Papa (with a note from Frank), and from Mrs. Wheeler. In the afternoon wrote to or started a letter to Bea (at the dig when not so much doing I write letters). Went swimming with the Chief, and he amuses me so the way he washes and then gets himself all ready for a cleansing plunge. Linton feeling tired and wretched. In the evening finished letter to Bea and wrote to Mamma. The reason for Linton's anguish is a boil. The Chief just touched it and it sprang out.

### March 24, 1931, Tuesday

At the ruins things rather dull for me, so wrote to Anne McLaughlin and Veronica Scott. Later on the day started a letter to Norm and Catherine. Linton feeling rather hopeless. Poor dear he looks all in. In the evening played brunch with the Chief and says he, "I can't imagine what happened to Egan-

Wyer that day, he is so cordial and nice now." That was almost too much. For the sake of the work we chew dirt and then the Chief rubs it in. My God, what a man, probably the most inadequate executive I've ever seen. He has no more idea how to handle a situation than Billy. Linton replied to his remark with a few crisp words and he shut up. Linton says he will not come down here again if Egan-Wyer is here, unless he is second in command.

### March 25, 1931, Wednesday

Linton left ruins at 8 AM (ill with boil); I watched men. Linton used breast pump on boil which seemed efficacious. I with beginnings of what may be boil or beef-worm under arm.

Up at 5:00 and Linton feeling bum. We went to the ruins but Linton left at 8:30. At intervals finished letter to Norm and Catherine. Started one to Dorothy Lucas. At noon I wanted to cash in. The food was awful, the house was covered with ashes; the darn fool Enrique started a fire outside and it got the better of him; Linton looking and feeling pretty sick. What a place this is! I've wished more than once that I was a million miles away. In the afternoon took charge of the dig again. I made a plan and dug out some of the floor in Room D. That's all wrong. I cleaned the floor in Room D. After 3:30 I cleaned up the house; Linton was asleep when I came down; I took myself up to the comedor<sup>57</sup> to get some hot water and tea because I was all in. Fixed Linton's boil, then says he, I've got a brilliant idea and made a dash for the breast pump. Pressed the boil like crazy and blood came. At dinner we talked or

<sup>57</sup> Comedor, dining area.



Piedras Negras field camp after a fire, 1932 (Piedras Negras Archives unnumbered).

Linton and I tried to speak Spanish. There wasn't any tea but Poncho handed me the tea ball with the remains of tea I had used in the afternoon; when it became known about the tea Poncho bawled out that I had used the tea in the afternoon. I could have pushed his face in. At dinner I also said no to cigarettes while I am here beginning tomorrow. When it came time to fix the boil, Linton used the breast pump. It just seemed so unintelligent to me. I got up and let Linton fix his boil himself. I felt rotten both mentally and physically. I have some kind of sore under my arm, heavens knows what it is. Again I wished I was away from this place. Its strange that I am not visited by my monthly friend, it's overdue.

#### **March 26, 1931, Thursday**

Mr. Satterthwaite back on Structure XLV [J-2]. Up at the ruins at 7:00. It was rather dull and as Linton says I should piddle around by myself. After 3:30 I fixed up the shack, took a shower, and rested until 6:00. I felt so peculiar as though nothing mattered. Dinner was a little feeble. Sometimes I simply can't force myself to talk. The Chief said something about not working after May, God knows I hope the rains start about the first of May and don't stop. I think Linton is a little fed up with the situation. He tries so hard to do things well and then the Chief lets Egan-Wyer give the orders. Went to bed at 8:00. No cigarettes.

#### **March 27, 1931, Friday**

Mr. Egan-Wyer off to inspect the road; guest for lunch, friend of Egan-Wyer's. First part of our equipment arrived. Two more guests for dinner, Mexicans from the Customs who came along with equipment. Mr. Egan-Wyer returned at dinner time.

Up at 5:00 or after. Fixed Linton's boil and just before we left for the dig I watched Egan-Wyer take off on a horse. The man brought the horse to the door and he jumped on with much gusto, as he was leaving he waved to the wife. Regular Wild West stuff. At noon we had a guest and Mrs. Egan-Wyer celebrated by wearing an apron, and the other day she came to the table with about six combs in her hair. I think it must be the custom in the Latin American countries for people to hand their plates to the servant as soon as they are finished. I noticed that at Senor Hosso's and Mrs. Egan-Wyer does it readily. Also they never seem to wait for anyone else. In the afternoon to the ruins. Started letter to Mrs. Schumacher. After work, while I was taking a shower I heard shouts and calls, and realized it must be our equipment or part of it. It was, and with it came mail. Letter from Papa, with a few lines from Mamma, and a note from Frank. Also a letter from Billy, cutest thing. Much to my astonishment a wedding invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Voorhees to be present at the wedding of their daughter on April 2. I'm sorry we won't be there; it might be fun. At dinner we had the unknown guest and also two Mexicans. They came along from the Customs House. It was obviously a mistake having them have dinner with us; I'm sure they would prefer the company of the men. In the evening wrote to Mamma, and Linton drew a picture of the camp to be enclosed. Also enclosed a note to Frank from Linton thanking him for the clippings. Went to bed about 9:00 and Linton and I laughed over some of the things Crap Heels does. Linton is more than annoyed with things about

this part of the woods. He says he will not come down here next year unless some changes are made. No cigarettes.

#### **March 28, 1931, Saturday**

To the ruins about 7:00. Watched the men and when Linton came a little later I was in a huff because one of the boys had been taken from us. I found Linton in a huff over the same thing. He had not mentioned it to the Chief because he had found a lintel and was in good spirits, We went over to the Chief's dig at 9:00 to see the lintel. Did not mention about the boy. When we returned Luis was excited, and lo and behold in Room C he had found the face or part of an incense burner. At noon Linton told about the boy and found that Enrique had asked about firing him because he walked across the plaza without his shirt on, and the Chief had thought it was alright. However he is to be reinstated. In the afternoon it was swell, worked on the pots and took pictures. Five pots in all; quite a find. We worked until about 4:30 so that we could bring them down. When we arrived at camp I was never so let down in my life. The Chief just looked at them and said, "Hmm." The workshop, which is now a carpenter shop and sleeping quarters for the Mexican, is a swell place to keep them. I get so damned mad at the way the Chief runs things that I could curse a blue streak. Linton is so enthusiastic and intelligent and to think he has to work with that literal-minded son-of-a-bitch. I didn't have the energy to get dressed. Washed my feet and put on a blue sweater. Talked little at dinner. After dinner we went into the office to see some of the equipment and as we glanced over the medicine chest Linton asks about some quinine and Egan-Wyer pulled out a huge bottle all the while insisting that there was some in the bodega and finally when Linton said I want that, he set the bottle down with some force. Played bridge with the Chief. Bed about 10:00. Linton declares he will not come down here with the Chief; he will look for another job. We have been kidding about little Linton, but I wish my visitor would arrive, over a week late now. I hope its due to the climate. No cigarettes.

#### **March 29, 1931, Sunday**

Excavation gang not working. Road gang at work. Up at about 7:20. As usual we had to wait for the Egan-Wyers and this put me in a hell of a humor. I believe I said about six words at breakfast then excused myself, and came down and slept some more. Cleaned up and fixed the laundry which is I guess now the regular Sunday job. At dinner which was pretty rotten, despite the fact that we have gobs of canned soup, I said about five words, at long last the Chief said it was bad having Sundays off because we were all grouchy. From now on, Sunday or no Sunday, I will say as little as I please. This is a mess. I hate the honeymooners and the Chief gives me a large pain in the ass. It's now about 2:45 and a nice sunny afternoon, but my spirits are not sunny. If I were in the East we would probably be lounging about our apartment, perhaps having guests, or maybe be in Trenton, which is where I would like to be now; Mamma and Alice and Bea sitting on the sofa. Papa watching Billy and, in my customary fashion, answering the telephone. God, it seems an eternity until the last of May. However, it will pass and then we will have a nice boat trip from Vera Cruz to the States. In the evening played casino with

all. But Linton and I quit rather early, that's asking a little too much to play cards with the Egan-Wyers. No cigarettes.

### March 30, 1931, Monday

Cold and damp in early AM. Mr. Egan-Wyer again threatened to resign; reconsidered after peace meeting with Dr. Mason and Mr. Satterthwaite.

Wow! What a day this turned out to be. Hostilities continued between the Satterthwaites and Egan-Wyers, but I said to Linton yesterday that hereafter I'm going to be philosophical and take things as they come. Getting angry is bad for the nerves. Furthermore, I'm getting a little worried. This is rather a hell of a place to have a baby or to start having one. It was cold and damp this morning and we were late getting up. Breakfast was some meal. The milk cold, that makes me so damned sore at this little Guatemalan fart. She knows we like hot milk and coffee and she orders the milk cold. Coffee and pistols. What a selfish bitch. The Chief is afraid to give orders to have the milk heated and when Linton asked if the medicine case contained anything for a sore throat he said "Use aspirin." I could actually eat nails. Well, if Linton is coming down next year I guess I'd better look for a job and no fooling. Well we had a gay ten months anyway; furthermore I'm not a hound for digging unless for pots. At lunch I ate like a fool and showed my impatience at not having chocolate on time by leaving the table and coming back for it when it was ready. In the afternoon at the ruins and came down about 3:30 for a bath. Linton came down much later and took a shower; when he returned I knew something had happened. He said that the Chief had come to the shower and told him that Egan-Wyer threatened again to resign if we were not more cordial. We thought this was the end. Linton said he could not stay because if Egan-Wyer quit he would be the one who had caused the break and the stelae would not go out so he thought we could go to Tenosique and stay for two weeks, and if Egan-Wyer quit we would come back; if not we would go on to the States and look for jobs. It was all very gloomy. I've never seen Linton so upset. I said I believed Egan-Wyer wanted to quit and we were the excuse. And with all the upset I started to smoke. I went to dinner alone as Linton said he could not eat. It was pretty awful. I left and when I came down I cried a bit and it was a general mess. Later the Chief came and asked Linton if he had a headache; Linton answered him properly that he was upset. The Chief came again later and Linton went over to his house. I got undressed and could hear voices; I guess that Egan-Wyer had joined the fray. Linton returned about 10:30. The complaint about my wanting to be waited upon was the first night after we left Tenosique; the Chief and Linton explained that I was all in. Another specific complaint was that the first night at Piedras Negras I had taken water when told it was all they had for breakfast; I do not remember that. Also, that the men noticed that Mrs. Egan-Wyer and I were not seen together. This was explained by the fact that I worked everyday. Egan-Wyer also said the Linton always took the opposite side and so on, but at last they shook hands and will all try to do better. Egan-Wyer claimed that the women might be at the bottom of it. I wonder, I know that I was pretty awful those first few weeks and it may have been my fault as Linton reminded me that I had urged him to get what was coming to him and that I did. I did not sleep well and realized more and more that I haven't the sweet disposition I thought I had.



Piedras Negras staff with Sylvanus Morley's group from Yaxchilán. First row, left to right: T. Egan-Wyer, Mrs. L. Egan-Wyer, J.A. Mason, P. Satterthwaite, L. Satterthwaite; second row, S.G. Morley, F. Morley, J.S. Bolles; third row: D.M. Rife, F.K. Rhoads, K. Ruppert. May, 1931 (Piedras Negras Archive unnumbered).

### March 31, 1931, Tuesday

Afternoon raining and blowing quite hard. Morley party, including Dr. and Mrs. Morley, Karl Ruppert, John Bolles, Dr. Rife, and Mr. Rhoades arrived, with plenty of good food and a cook.<sup>58</sup>

Got up for breakfast and we all chatted merrily. After they had gone to the ruins I came to my house and slept. I did not feel so hot. On the way to the toilet Mrs. Egan-Wyer asked me if I was sick and I replied that I was not so hot. Went into the Egan-Wyer house and we talked about this and that. The rest of the morning was spent in fixing up the Chief's house and a general cleaning up. Mrs. Egan-Wyer and Linton painted flowers on the Chief's table. In the afternoon sewed and did various things. It rained and blew and was generally a bad afternoon, that is as to weather. Just before supper we called to the Egan-Wyers to come to the bodega and get weighed. I weighed 118 pounds. That means I've gained six pounds since I left the States. We were just about returning when someone shouted that the Morley party was arriving. We rushed to the gate to meet them and it was rather thrilling to see them arriving on horseback. We greeted each one individually. The party consisted of Mrs. Morley, Dr. Morley, Dr. Rife, Karl Ruppert, John Bolles, Fausto, and the two Chinamen, and, heavens, not forgetting Mr. Rhoads (Mrs. Morley's father). We wanted Mr. Rhoads to take our house, but Morley insisted that he

<sup>58</sup> In 1931 Morley initiated a three-month-long expedition to investigate the Usumacinta River site of Yaxchilán. The group left Chichén Itzá on March 22, 1931, and included Morley, his wife Frances, Karl Ruppert, and John Bolles, archaeologists, Dwight M. Rife, physician, F.K. Rhoads, father of Mrs. Morley, and Tarsisio Chang, cook. The baggage amounted to 40 boxes, 12 kyacks (leather storage boxes), and more than a dozen bundles of chairs, cots, and other luggage, carried on 34 mules, supervised by four muleteers.

stayed with them whenever they went on trips. The Chief gave me a letter from Mary Butler, and Alice, and I actually did not have time to read them. I made name cards for the table, help set the table, and tried to be as useful as possible. In my usual scheming fashion I got Linton next to Dr. Morley and hereafter I shall know better because it is always better to sit opposite a person. Sometimes Mrs. Egan-Wyer annoys me, despite the fact that I am trying. She said "I want to sit next to the fat man," meaning the doctor and I put her there. Dinner was certainly fun and I think the party arrived just at the opportune time. Dr. Morley is simply swell. Mrs. Morley left the table early, and then Mrs. Egan-Wyer left so I took myself to the house to try to read Alice's letter by a flashlight. Arranged with Mrs. Egan-Wyer about the time for breakfast and told Mrs. Morley that she could have it late, as Mrs. Egan-Wyer had hers late. I'm certainly a bit of a pig, could not resist making it known that Mrs. Egan-Wyer had her breakfast later than the rest. This mean and small streak must be stamped out. Again at the table I thought Dr. Mason said when Mrs. Morley remarked how smoothly the place ran that Mrs. Egan-Wyer was responsible for it, and again I was annoyed. Linton told me later that it was Egan-Wyer and not Mrs. Egan-Wyer. And so to bed. Talked to the Dr. about my late caller, but not much help about climate.

#### April 1, 1931, Wednesday

Morley party guests supplying much of their own food. Up rather late, and breakfast was not so early. Went to the ruins, cleaned the floors of the different rooms. Egan-Wyer came up and took my picture; he talked and honestly tried to be decent. Linton said last night that he thought he was actually worried over the accounts of the men; he said he noted particularly how white he was at dinner. The party came to the ruins and looked about. I took Dr. Rife over to Stela 42, the Corn God, while he took pictures.<sup>59</sup> We talked again about my visitor not appearing and he gives me little hope. However I can't believe it, I'm convinced that it is the change. I came down about 11:00 to see if I could help Mrs. Egan-Wyer. I set the table and buzzed around. It was simply a swell meal and later we told Ruppert that it was like Christmas dinner. In the afternoon toured the place; Linton, Ruppert and I. I think he is a perfect peach. We ended up at the Chief's dig and he acted funny, as though he wanted to be rid of me. We came down and when arrived at the dining room found tea was being served. It was swell. The chief came in later and when he saw us all sitting around his face was a picture of bewilderment and perhaps annoyance. Mrs. Morley and her Dad went for a bath and Dr. Morley came down to our house to see if she was safe, and told us the story of the rector of St. Paul's. He is the most unusual man I've ever known. Then for a swim, Bolles, Ruppert, Dr. Rife, Linton, and later, the Chief. What fun; the Morley Victrola going and this is the life. Mrs. Egan-Wyer having her hair cut and I told her I would do anything to assist. Played the Victrola and actually loved the place. Helped plan for breakfast. So to bed.

#### April 2, 1931, Thursday

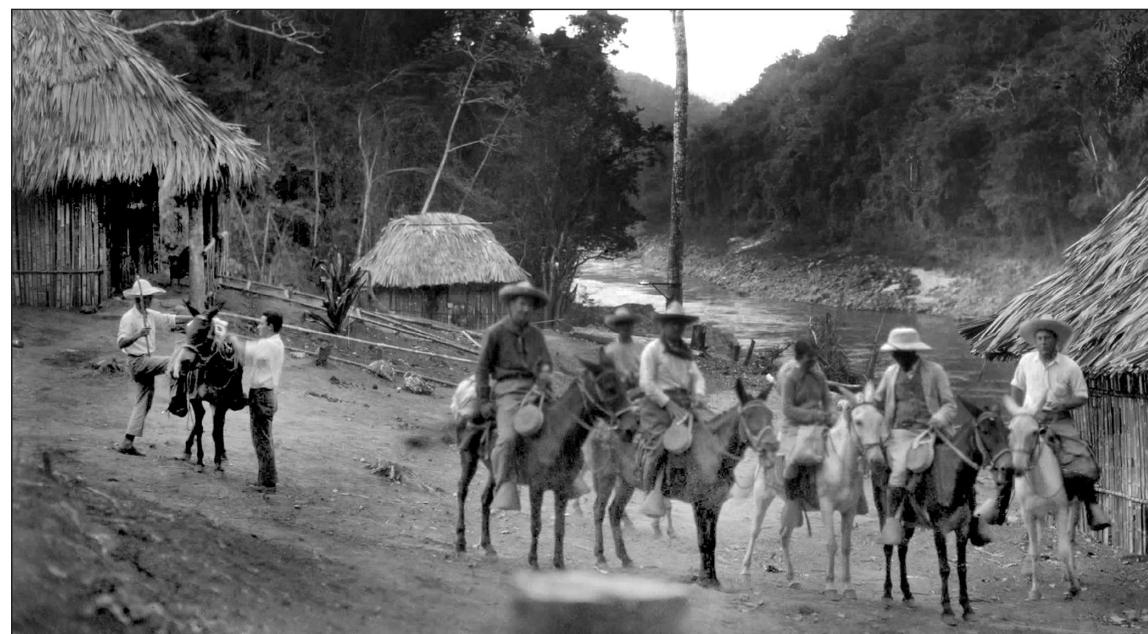
Balance of our equipment and food arrived; Morley party guests. Mr. Satterthwaite started trenches in Structures XLVI [J-6] and XLVIII [J-9], Court

<sup>59</sup> As Stela 42 is actually a plain stela, this is probably a reference to Stela 8 or Stela 11.

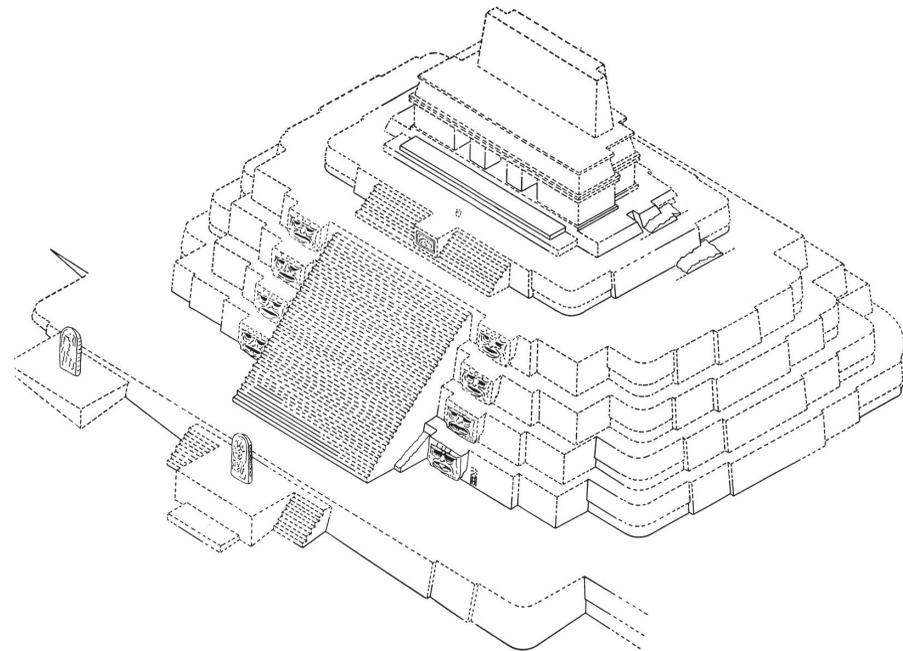
2, Acropolis. Showed Mr. Ruppert South Group. Up late again. Breakfast with bacon. To the ruins. Morley came up and we dug out the stela near the main plaza. It was very interesting watching him work. I like Mrs. Morley much better. Yesterday afternoon she said I should dispense with formalities and call her Frances. After lunch I simply lost ambition and will not go to the ruins. Talked with Mrs. Egan-Wyer, planned the evening meal. Some of our supplies came and we looked them over. Mrs. Egan-Wyer and I went for a swim and she is nice. It's probably very difficult for her not speaking English. Linton and the rest had tea and talked to Dr. Morley. He gave Linton some dope on the different dates of the stelae. We all sat on the steps and posed for a picture. Played the Victrola and danced with Dr. Rife. Talked with Dr. Morley about plays, etc. Gosh, I should like to see Linton work for that man. The Chief said our money was giving out and perhaps that's the reason he is so queer. At dinner he said little. After dinner I was talking to Ruppert and he came in, sat down, looked over some papers, and got up and walked out. He looked accusingly at me. For why, I don't know. I mentioned to Ruppert about paying my own expenses and he was so surprised. I think it was all right to mention it. Perhaps I forced it a bit. I guess I did. Heavens, it's nice having that crowd here and I hate to see the morrow come because it will mean their departure.

#### April 3, 1931, Good Friday

Excavation gang not working. Morley party left about 7:00 for Yaxchilan. Mr. Satterthwaite found Structure XLII [K-5] (southeast section).



Morley's group departing from Piedras Negras. From left to right, J. Alden Mason, unknown, unknown, John S. Bolles, unknown, F.K. Rhoads, Frances Morley, Sylvanus G. Morley, and Dwight M. Rife, May 8, 1931 (Piedras Negras Archives unnumbered).



Isometric reconstruction drawing of Structure K-5 1st Phase A  
(Piedras Negras Archives unnumbered).

Up at five and, at that, late for breakfast which I thought was rather slim but I understood later that the Chief said we were having too much. Complained of the asparagus of the night before. At last they [Morley group] were off, with cordial invitation to come to Yaxchilan. I worked in the laboratory; cleaned it up and in between times came to the house for a nap and an occasional cigarette. I've gone wild on smoking and resolve to try to stop tomorrow. Linton went scouting. Afternoon talked and Linton and I worked some more. Had lemonade and Linton and I went for a bath. The Chief in bad humor. Wrote to Mamma in the evening.

#### April 4, 1931, Saturday

Mr. Satterthwaite trenching in Court 2, Structures XLIX [J-10], L [J-11], and LI [J-12].

When I think of how a few weeks ago I was wishing I was far away from here, now I don't mind it. In fact, I rather like this life. Smoked and I must stop it. Worked on the sherds most of the day. We are getting along beautifully with the Egan-Wyers and I hope it keeps up. I shall certainly do my best, because I think it was I who started most of it and I have learned a good lesson. Bed about 9:30.

#### April 5, 1931, Easter Sunday

So this is Easter Sunday. Up at 7:30 or thereabout. Beastly day, rain, wind, cold, and a good day for a nice case of the grippe. Linton got all dressed in slicker or poncho and left about 9:00 for a tramp through the ruins. Wrote to

Mamma. In the afternoon mended the Chief's pants. We had tea, much to the chagrin of the Doc. After worked on our mosquito bar. It seemed so funny of a Sunday about 5:30 to be sewing away. Sunday I always have a longing for civilization and sometimes at night I think it would be fun to dash to the movies. At dinner we had rather a good time, after I sewed and Linton wrote to his mother, and still no sign of the monthly. I'm beginning to be a little worried. Great Caesar I don't want to have a baby now; if Linton means what he says about not coming down here again, what will we do? Bed at 9:15.

#### April 6, 1931, Monday

Mr. Satterthwaite showed Dr. Mason Structure XLII [K-5] (Southeast Group) and decided to excavate for burials; explored hill behind. Mondays seem to be bad days; this especially bad. Got up about 5:35. At breakfast we had Corn Flakes, and in justice to myself, I believe I took a first helping with the thought, "I wonder how this will be"; consequently it was small. Liking it I took more and without thinking reached out a long hand for a third nip when I was bewildered and astonished with a reprimand from the Chief with these words, "Good God, Peggy, that's four times you've helped yourself." I was so taken aback that I dropped the box like a hot cake and mumbled something incoherent. The Chief recovered himself and said something about "Excuse me, perhaps I shouldn't have spoken," and if I remember correctly I murmured, "That's all right." To say I was stunned is putting it mildly. At the table at the said time was the Chief, Egan-Wyer, and the grabber of Corn Flakes. Linton had left the table for a few minutes to give instructions to the men. I finished my meal, heaven knows how I managed not to cry there, but I excused myself and when I got to our house I let go. When Linton came down and I told him he was whitishly angry. I begged him not to mention it to the Chief, which he agreed to do. Most of the morning I spent crying and sewing. I have certainly taken some prize wallops on this trip. It should be good for me; make character. When I get to the States and begin life with civilized people I won't know how to act. When Linton came in at noon he was again fed up; both by the remarks the Chief made and messing up some of Linton's work (the burial mound). When the Chief mentioned the incident of the Corn Flakes to Linton he justified himself by saying that he had been watching me eat and I always helped myself to a large portion and disregarded others. The only time I can remember this is when the two Mexicans were eating with us I took soup first because it was at the end of the table and probably ladled out more than my share, however, it is a little difficult to measure soup exactly. How small for one to watch what one's staff eats. Well, for the time I'm here, I'll exist on as little as possible. Linton says he will not come again with him; however when next January comes he may change his mind. When this trip is over and I part company with J. Alden Mason, I'll do the menial task of scrubbing floors rather than eat a meal under his jurisdiction. I don't know how much soul I have, but what little I have I won't lose and I wouldn't lose whatever self-respect I have with a bastard like that. In the afternoon I worked on sherds and did cataloging. Linton, Egan-Wyer, Louise, and I had tea and Egan-Wyer suggested calling the Chief "Corn Flakes." It seemed funny then for a minute or two but not so tremendously humorous this morning, or when I stop and think about it. He was so sickeningly sweet to me before and after dinner. At night watched

Egan-Wyer develop films. With everything at ends, if I'm pregnant I'll go completely batty.

#### **April 7, 1931, Tuesday**

How I hated everything when I got up this morning at the ever ungodly hour of 5:30. We had a breakfast of burnt oatmeal, three prunes, and black beans. I took as little as possible, just enough to survive on. I left the table as soon as I could and came to the house and smoked, despite my good intentions not to. I was mad and blue. Talked to Egan-Wyer and then went to the ruins about 7:00. I wrote to Mrs. Wheeler at the ruins as there was nothing for me to do but occasionally walk around and see what the men were doing. At lunch I was not so gay; I was hungry as hell and tried to fill up on rice and beans despite the fact that there were plenty of peas and some ham. It was a test of my pride to see those peas standing there, but I'd rather starve than eat them. At lunch Yellow Belly Corn Flakes said with a surprised look on his face, "Oh, and did you go up this morning?" Always something to make me good and mad for the afternoon and walking up to the ruins after lunch. I was hot with rage. Never so damn mad in my life. I told Linton I wouldn't come down with him again if they paid me \$200 a month. The more I think of that Corn Flakes incident the angrier I get. I'm sitting now on the acropolis being bitten by filthy black bugs; everywhere is filthy about this filthy place. Also, I am so hot; feel as though I have a fever and whatever it is I have under my arm hurts like sin. I'd like to pack up and leave this place this afternoon. The end of May can't come too soon for me, and I don't give a damn what becomes of the expedition. After 3:30 I seem to have little ambition, talked to Egan-Wyer for a few minutes. He said he didn't know what the trouble was because the place was okay. Just things going wrong. I felt sort of groggy and lay down for a while. After supper Mrs. Egan-Wyer and I exchanged some dirty stories. I almost forgot before we had supper or dinner or what have you, we went to the Egan-Wyers for a drink. And strange as it may seem, when I went to bed the old heart was pounding away. I've been smoking so much that drink just set me off. No more for me. I smoked today and lord knows when I will have the guts to stop.

#### **April 8, 1931, Wednesday**

MCS arm bad; boil or beef-worm, also little fever. Mr. Satterthwaite started Burial 1 alone; men in court under MCS. This morning I did not feel so hot so I stayed in bed until 10:00. After breakfast wrote Mamma. Louise took my temperature and it's just a little over normal. I don't feel as if I had a fever. Dr. Mason came in and asked how I felt and said that Ramon's mother had had a miscarriage and could I help her out. That is, go over and see her and give her some of our food. He was so damn sweet, the old hypocrite. Linton came in about 12:00 and he feels rotten. Pains in his head and a sore throat. This is a hell of a place. After lunch Egan-Wyer brought me two letters from Alice and one from Mamma and Papa which I will now answer. Wrote more to Mamma in the afternoon and Linton came in about 3:00, feeling worse than he did at noon. I felt absolutely awful myself, my arm hurts like sin, and I'm so hot. Mrs. Egan-Wyer and I went over to see what we could do for Ramon's mother, who had a miscarriage two nights ago. Believe me I had admiration

for Louise, it was no nice job to douche out and clean the poor soul up. I have had all kinds of experiences down here. Even to assisting at a misbirth. Egan-Wyer looked at my arm and said it, or they, were beef worms. Louise shaved my arm and put adhesive tape over the infected spots so that the bitches could not breathe. Finished a letter to Alice. Dressed Linton's third boil. Just before dinner we both felt low and still lower. Linton said he was ready to go home anytime and if things do not brighten up considerably for me, I shall be on my way to the States much sooner than I anticipated. After dinner Linton sent a telegram to Bill about our bank balance, also asking if the McKee note was paid. Talked to Egan-Wyer and then to bed about 9:15. Could not get asleep for a long time. Smoked too much I suppose.

#### **April 9, 1931, Thursday**

Up about 8:00 and I had breakfast with Louise about 8:30. Ham and eggs, almost unbelievable. I felt rather weak in the back and had high hopes but nothing seen as yet. This morning I just piddled, waited for hot water to take a sit bath, but nothing can be done in a hurry down here. The last word that I could have hot water after lunch. At lunch everybody felt a little pleasant and it was not so bad. The Chief tries hard. Linton said this morning he came over to his dig and handed out a few compliments. It's almost 1:45 now and quite pleasant here. Warm, with just a nice air blowing, the only fly in the ointment is this delayed monthly. I am still smoking, and this morning I felt just the way I used to feel home, rather jumpy and I know it is cigarettes, but still I smoke on. Perhaps tomorrow I will have renewed vigor.

#### **April 10, 1931, Friday**

This morning when I got up I hated living. Had a rotten night's sleep, what with indigestion from the milk of magnesia, the boils, being too hot, and then too cold, and dreaming I was alone in the jungle. Swell! So you can see I was in no condition to be bright and cheerful this morning, but for once I did not say a word. I just thought how badly I'm treated. At breakfast I was silent. Egan-Wyer did not appear, the Chief said he had a headache. Collected things to fix up the remains of Linton's skeleton. Off to the ruins about 7:00. On the way to the burial mound we stopped for the Chief, who is working in the East Group. Stopped again at the standing building (Structure 26) which is certainly a beauty. One large room cleared and then a small room with a shrine. It is so different from anything else around here. Continued on our way to the burial and that a good trudge. At all of these new places the bugs are God-awful. We disturb their peace, I guess. This morning I smoked, much against all that shouted no. Well, I'll try it again. Also no helpful signs about myself, not even a headache this morning. It's a hell of a note. Worked all morning with Linton taking the skeleton out and jotting down notes. The bugs are almost unbearable, those little black gnats. They always fly in and about my face, sometimes I get so nervous I get that peculiar feeling in my rectum. Its rather dull for me most of the time working at the ruins. I feel like such an ass. I leap to get a bottle of acetone, then again to get Linton a cigarette; the fifth wheel on a wagon, that's me. The walk down to lunch was awful. It takes about 25 minutes and I was hot and tired. What do you suppose would ever bring me here again. Very queer, though, after I have

lunch I always feel better. Egan-Wyer is in bed, and we gave him some books, etc. I can't make out whether I like that guy or not, nevertheless I almost fall over backwards being nice to him. I like Louise, but there again I would not pick her for a bosom friend. I always have to be too careful, always the thought that I may rub them the wrong way, and since it was thought that I was responsible for the first quarrels I won't be responsible for any more if I can help it. I'll eat a little dirt for a while, it won't be long now. I've just reached the burial mound. Linton came a new way and because I did not look like a child on Christmas morning he says I am always crabbing. My head is pounding, my heart is pounding. Good God, I can never stand all this business again. All the afternoon I packed bones and, as always, it gets better and then I feel quite happy. There was nothing under the first skeleton. Hard luck. I did want Linton to find something under that just to spite the Chief. Women again! The walk back at 5:00 was a wow. The boy did not take the camera and what a load we had. We sat down to rest a bit on the way home and talked a bit. I love Linton, he's so sweet and deserves much better than he's getting here. Hot and tired when we arrived at camp. No water in the shower; always get at such times I could eat nails.

Egan-Wyer came to dinner. What a perfectly filthy disposition that man has; he didn't say a word at first, he had to get warmed up. Then after dinner some talk about "picks" and he was off again. Linton did restrain himself a bit, but even at that the air was a little tense. He's absolutely "nuts" the way he goes off the handle. Late in the evening a strong wind came up and I woke up sometime during the night and it was pouring rain. I woke up many times after with this boil, I simply could not get my arm in the right position. Linton and I were playing and fooling before we went to sleep, but he accidentally hit the boil and I saw stars, so the fooling was off.

#### **April 11, 1931, Saturday**

Mr. Satterthwaite transferred men to Structure XLII [K-5] (southeast section), remaining there till April 30. MCS boil bad, broke late in day. Cloudy and damp in AM; heavy rainstorm later in afternoon. Mr. Egan-Wyer left for road in morning, returned at noon.

A damp, cloudy morning. It is very nasty and just wrong for digging. Breakfast about 6:15. No ruins for me today, my boil is bad and it is too damp. Louise is sick again, Egan-Wyer is rushing about making mustard plasters, with a thin piece of paper and some mustard; the kind you put on hot dogs; then he curses a bit. He is so damn positive about things and what a disposition. I think he's angry because he has to go to the road. If my memory serves me he has been out one day since we came. When it rains here it rains; right now it is coming down in torrents. I went up to see how Louise was and Egan-Wyer came strutting in with a poncho on saying, "Well, I'll go out to the road even though I get my death." I am sitting at the table and I can see Egan-Wyer taking off. I guess he's going despite the rain. He's inspecting his horse, and standing off a bit surveying it. I wonder if the tropics did this to him or is it natural. He's angry and I pity the poor beast he is riding. He just got off the horse; some Mexicans are unsaddling it, evidently it isn't comfortable. Just before lunch Egan-Wyer appeared. I guess he rode as far as the ruins and decided he would rather not catch his death of cold. Read some of Maler this morning. Lunch, and what a lunch, rice, beans, peas, and some kind of

meat, the looks of which was enough for me. It doesn't take a hell of a while to plan a meal like that. If I had to stay here much longer with this crowd of lunatics I'll go crazy myself. The Chief taking a good helping of butter and smearing his knife all over it, then when he has finished his meal he scrapes the butter from his own plate and puts it back in the can. And at times Louise is disconcerting. She showed me two drawings this morning; one she did and one Egan-Wyer did. Said she, "Mine is better, you think so?" They are a good team.

What a life this is in this filthy country. My boil hurts so this afternoon that I sobbed good and hard. Linton brought a sweet cake and some hot water and when I would not put it on he became angry. Said I was getting hysterical. "Women on expeditions!"

Letters appeared. One from Alice, and one from Elsie. Linton had some mail from Bill and his mother. Bill enclosed a letter from McKee saying he can't pay the note until July 20. If I'm pregnant I must do something soon. God, and so far away from medical aid. Oh, to be the wife of Egan-Wyer. I'm a little weary of this archaeology. Certainly I'm hysterical; who wouldn't be with the thought of a child; what to do about it; and perhaps not even a job. Saturday afternoon and it is so dull here. How much I want to be home. I never want to come here again. I love Linton, but this visit is a little too much. I'm afraid if Linton comes again he will have to come alone.

Late in the afternoon: my boil broke, due to the sugar and soap plaster I made, also I started to menstruate. I rushed down to Linton from the can, as though the Devil was after me. To say I was happy over this event is putting it mildly. I feel as though now Mason can go plumb to hell; I'll get a job. Linton and I stretched ourselves out on the cots, made a little cozy place by putting half of the bar down. Dinner, after which Linton wrote to Bill and his mother and I wrote to Mamma. Then to bed. No cigarettes.

#### **April 12, 1931, Sunday**

This morning Alberto called us about 6:00. Linton said something about "this is Domingo" and we both turned over and slept some more. However, when we went to breakfast at 7:45 everyone had had it, except Louise. This made Linton sore. It's alright to change the breakfast hour, but how about telling us about it. Fixed the laundry and cleaned up a bit. Linton put up a wire for the curtains and now they are up and look rather cute. Also fixed another table; the one from the States. Talked with Louise, she is blue. She said that Egan-Wyer is always angry and she wishes she were in Guatemala. She hasn't heard from her mother since she has been here, her mother is angry because she got married. Louise said her mother hates Egan-Wyer. Poor kid, I'm glad I'm not in her boots. Egan-Wyer went off to the road this morning and I suppose he was so annoyed because he had to go that he was unpleasant to her. At lunch we had peaches, canned ones, and I've always hated them, but I would have given my right eye for a second one, but my pride was too great. It's about 3:00 and there isn't one sign of life at the camp. The Chief has gone off to take pictures and Linton took Louise out to the ruins. He felt sorry for her and that is how sweet he is. I took a couple of puffs on a cigarette, but it was awful and I threw it away. I won't try another. Sunday afternoon, 3:00 and here am I am. No, I do not want to come again. Give me civilization any day in the week. The street cars, the telephone, even the hot sidewalks will

be a welcome sight and sound. Eighteen more days in April and thirty-one in May, that is if we stay all of May which makes 49 days still to go. Started to write a letter to Ethel Wallace, but did not finish it. I somehow could not write, so gave it up and took a couple of puffs on another cigarette. After dinner the Egan-Wyers and I exchanged a few "dirty stories," then we all hung around the bodega. Senor Mendoza was there and Egan-Wyer imitates him perfectly when he says "Good morning, how are you this morning." I had a few good laughs. Egan-Wyer is sometimes funny, but a little tiring. Linton helped the Chief develop until 10:30. When he was getting ready for bed he caught his tender parts in the springs of the bed, and what a shout he gave; it was awfully funny. The Chief told Linton he was glad he was feeling better again and hoped he would have no more boils. That man is almost impossible. He certainly gets out of things nicely.

#### **April 13, 1931, Monday**

Up at 6:00; very late. All set to go to the ruins but my boils hurt like hell. Worked a bit in the shop, cleaned up the house, and read some of Morley. Egan-Wyer reported that he would test the transit today. How that man hates work. At lunch, which was about as rotten as any and of which I ate little, also talked very little, Egan-Wyer made some crack about the men starting in late to work and something about their not working so hard; I'm not sure whether he was making a wallop at Linton for not getting up on time or not. However his manner makes me mad. They talked of putting a caretaker here and he suggested Mendoza; and Mendoza it is to be. I never met anyone who thinks he knows so much about everything. Hereafter I'm not going to crab with him about the Chief. If I ever get out of this den of smallness I will be happy. It looks as though Mason was coming next year and furthermore it looks as though the Egan-Wyers will be here next year; well, here is one person who won't be with them and they will probably be very glad as I think I'm extremely disliked. Slept from the time Linton left, which was about 1:30, to 3:30. I feel a little weak in the back and I'm going strong, now that my friend arrived. Smoked one or two cigarettes which is very bad, but always the old friend "try again."

Late in the afternoon started a letter to Mary Lanigan. In the evening hung around the bodega while Louise ordered lunch for us for tomorrow. Took several puffs on several cigarettes during the day and two cigarettes in the evening. Then the usual preparations for bed, flitting under the net, then brushing away any fallen demons. It's like a little house and we have fun sometimes. Linton is so sweet. When I got in bed I kept thinking of Peg Fleming and how she must feel about Mike. I reached my hand to touch Linton. I love him so much.

#### **April 14, 1931, Tuesday**

Up about 5:35. Breakfast, then to prepare for the day at the Southeast Group (burial mounds). We are taking our lunch and will stay until late. I like it here. The men have made a table and chair and here I sit writing away. Linton has taken Mendoza to see the other mounds. It's rather pleasant; trees and trees, with the sun peeping through here and there. The Chief said this morning that we must have about six more weeks here. I think I will get more fun out

of the return trip since home will be my final destination. Wrote to Mamma. Puttered around a bit. Linton and I had our picnic lunch and it was fun eating alone. In the afternoon wrote some more and separated sherds. There seems little for me to do since nothing turns up except pot sherds; the knifing is so hard as the dirt is stiff and full of large stones. I haven't done nearly as much here as at Wheeling. Linton says, "What the hell, two days and not a bone; I'm tired and discouraged." It's now 47 days to May 31. Smoked again today. I'm a weak sister, always manana.

Stopped work about 4:00 in the afternoon. On the way to camp, examined Stela 15,<sup>60</sup> which is the highest relief in the Maya area. It is lovely, the heads placed on the legs and arms please me much. Stela 12 is another beauty, only parts of this visible. Altar 4 has such unusual supports. Gigantic heads, so vicious looking. These legs certainly show a foreign influence.

Took a basin bath. My eyes and head felt so queer, probably cold. The Chief wanted us to play bridge after dinner, but Linton and I worked on bones. While we were working away Corn Flakes came in and remarked that some of the bones I was working on were not important. God knows I would like to know what is important here, according to him nothing is. The Egan-Wyers slid away and the Chief was in a bad way, later we found him playing solitaire. It was 9:20 when we were getting ready for bed which annoyed me, I get up so early. Egan-Wyer came over and borrowed a book and chatted some, which made it even later.

#### **April 15, 1931, Wednesday**

This morning I felt rotten. My head is hurting, cold from this filthy weather. This is about the worst climate I've ever struck. I was in a fiendish humor and nasty as hell, remarking that I was not going to work late at night, and get up early in the morning since the work we did "was not important." After breakfast I felt a little better, told Linton I was sorry and smoked a cigarette. I won't even have a month to my credit, with all the big talk I did I should have at least that. At the dig it is so damp and my ear is pounding. God, will I ever get out of this country. "Flat, stale, and unprofitable!"

Most of the morning collected and separated sherds and did odd jobs. At noon we heated the tomatoes and beans over a wood fire. It's fun having lunch up here with no one to gape, also my head feels a little better. The Chief said this morning that he feels as though he has a touch of malaria. And so it goes. In the afternoon started a letter to Ethel Wallace, wrote a few notes for Linton and helped him with some pictures. Went to camp with the men at 2:30. It was fun trudging along behind them as they walked along singing. When I got to the camp about 3:00 Egan-Wyer was just coming from having a shave and hair cut. He acted surprised when he saw me. His men were sitting chatting away when I passed them at the ruins. Washed sherds and tried to get some hot water for some tea. I was in the dining room when Egan-Wyer passed and said, "Caught in the act." I suppose he was trying to be funny, but it didn't strike me funny. That man annoys me more every minute. I'm quite sure he dislikes both Linton and myself. I'm being very generous to them as

<sup>60</sup> Stela 15 is located on the upper terrace of the northwest end of Structure Q-13 on the northeast side of the site.

I want no more quarrels blamed on me. I'll be glad to bid a cheery good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Egan-Wyer. See you soon again, a thousand years will be soon enough. In the evening finished a letter to Mary Lanigan and sent it off together with one for Mamma written on Tuesday. Went to bed about 8:30 but I could not get to sleep. I got a little excited, getting mail off, and the bugs were flying around and I smoked quite a bit. So the combination of things made me nervous. First time I've felt that way in months. Got up and found it was 10:00. Smoked a cigarette which I hope will be the last for some time. I firmly believe they keep me awake.

#### **April 16, 1931, Thursday**

Up at 5:50 which is entirely too late. At breakfast I noticed Alberto was again mess boy. Egan-Wyer acts quickly. The Chief decided we should have Pancho since he costs less and was just as good. The Chief is certainly an old fashioned horse's ass. This morning I'm at Mason's dig since he is feeling low and ill. I did not have a cigarette after breakfast and I want to hold out today. Chief came up about 10:15. Said if I wanted to I could dig under one of the altars (3 or 4). It will be a difficult job since he isn't going to move them. Just squirm around underneath. Came up to Linton's dig about 11:30 for lunch. Hot tomatoes and beans, and it's good. Linton says he feels lucky today; therefore he is getting somewhere; found another skeleton. When I told the Chief Linton needed me and that I should dig under the altar tomorrow he said, "Maybe you would like to do it after 2:30." Well, the son of a bitch! I said I was quite sure I would be working until late with Linton. Yesterday he must have remarked my returning to camp early. I'm glad he has me here to boss, as he certainly never questions what the Egan-Wyers do or how long it takes to do it. He asked Egan-Wyer three weeks ago to move Altar 1; do I need to say that it is still in the same place. It is now 3:00 and Linton and I are working on the second skeleton. Worked until 5:10. After dinner Linton was asking Egan-Wyer, in a very pleasant way, about running a line up the trail and to the West Group to get points. He flew off the handle and talked in circles and proceeded to get sore. It was just a point brought up in the discussion between the Chief, Egan-Wyer, and Linton about surveying the ruins. He has the world's worse inferiority complex and therefore turns over backwards. Linton was too discouraged and angry even to say much. He would not work here again with this crowd, also that the Chief was a pale-faced pusillanimous son of a bitch who did not have the guts to ask Egan-Wyer what he was doing. I left with Louise when the conversation was hot. I shall be nice to her if it is the last thing I do so the Chief won't be able to say that women cause the trouble. Linton asked the Chief later in the evening how much surveying is being done; he replied with that dumb and amazed look on his face, "Why, I think the whole thing." Hells Bells! Went to bed at 8:30. No cigarettes.

#### **April 17, 1931, Friday**

This morning we were up early due possibly to Alberto's saying it was later. At the comedor at 5:35. So the Chief remarked, "You are up early this morning." Later, at breakfast he said to Egan-Wyer, "You were late again last night, I was up until 10:15 and your light was still on." My God! If I don't blow up from boiling over inside before this expedition is over it's queer.

No wonder Egan-Wyer can work late and get up early, he takes a nap in the afternoon. The Chief didn't remark that we reached camp last night at 5:40. He gives Linton as little credit and as little encouragement as possible. I can truthfully say that I've never been so shit on in my life. Come here again? Like Hell! Next year I'd probably be made to eat it. Worked most of the morning on the skeleton, also took some measurements. Lunch was a bit difficult since I forgot to bring spoons and the can opener. For desert strawberry preserves. In the afternoon took measurements and worked on the grave. Left the dig about 5:00. This is strange weather; it was cloudy most of the day, but at 3:00 the sun came out strong. Dinner was certainly a bust; practically the only thing to eat was carrots. I made a statement that I would like to know the grammar part of Spanish and Egan-Wyer acted absolutely injured since that was not his opinion. Went to bed about 8:30. Linton and I had fun; we talked and laughed. I love Linton so much and I want his good mind recognized. Of course it is by intelligent people. No cigarettes.

#### **April 18, 1931, Saturday**

Up at 5:30 this morning. It was so cold that I hated to get up. Also, it was cold during the night. Breakfast which made me feel a little sick. I think it must have been the omelet. Linton and I walked to the ball court in the South Group to see the round stone (called altars, incorrectly) the Chief found yesterday. Examined some of the stelae in the Group. I like the one of the glyphs and also the highly conventionalized one. It's quite a beauty and the mouth is in such good condition. Then to the dig about 7:20. What a bad climate. Early this morning the sky was blue and the sun was out strong, all the beginning of a glorious day. Now (10:15) it is cloudy, gloomy, and looks as if it would pour rain any minute, and it is so damp. Philadelphia's climate is marvelous in comparison to this. Took measurements, separated sherds. At lunch I was worried because I was not as hungry as usual.

Now (2:00) the sun is out and the sky is blue and it is lovely at this spot. Always the birds are singing. I've been thinking of ways and means of getting to Vera Cruz from Tenosique. Efrain says to Frontera,<sup>61</sup> then "mas grande barco" to Vera Cruz. Went back to camp about 2:30 when I passed the Chief and he said "Quitting early?" My answer to that was that there were some sherds to be marked. About 3:00 when I got to camp Egan-Wyer was napping. Talked to Louise for a while, did some sherds. After that walk I'm tired and in no mood to work, so took a bath and did my finger-nails and toe-nails. After dinner Linton, Egan-Wyer, and the Chief looked over a map. Louise and I planned the meals for tomorrow. I should say I gave a few suggestions, which undoubtedly won't be followed. Linton did some drawing and so to bed. No cigarettes.

#### **April 19, 1931, Sunday**

Up about 7:45 and the long sleep was sweet. In the morning did a little washing, sewing, and aired all our belongings. About 10:00 a crowd of workmen appeared with grand grins on their faces. One of them found the Chief's lens, and the Old Buzzard had to fork over five pesos. Not long after another

<sup>61</sup> Frontera is a small town located on the east bank of the Usumacinta River.

workman appeared; he had found the Chief's measuring stick; that cost the Old Miser three pesos. The Chief did not eat any lunch, nor did Louise or Egan-Wyer. She did not appear at breakfast and when I peeped in to ask if she was ill, she was in bed and apparently asleep. Egan-Wyer came in later to take some food to Louise. He said, "She has a mood," and he went on to explain that he was always very reasonable. Always reasonable! Maria Santissimo! He should say, never reasonable. In the afternoon finished typing a letter to Ethel. Later had some tea and worked on sherds. About 5:00 Fausto appeared and with him mail. I got two letters from Alice, one from Papa and Mamma, one from Elizabeth, and one from Elsie; also one from Mrs. Kimbrough. It was quite a haul. After dinner talked to Louise and then watched Linton and Egan-Wyer develop pictures. We wanted a group picture and a picture of the camp so needlessly to say, Linton had to develop them. They are the meanest bastards (Egan-Wyer and the Chief); never offered us one of those prints and Egan-Wyer has about ten copies of the group picture. I think Louise is a little blue. She had mail from her sister in Guatemala and her sister in the States. The news from both was that her Mother and Dad had been ill. I think she is a little fed up; her family it seems was dead against the marriage but Louise knew best and had her way, and as I've mentioned before she has much faith in her own opinions and judgments. Maybe the next time she gets married she won't be so damn sure of herself. This would make a good short story for Ed Saile.<sup>62</sup> "Away from Civilization, etc." Bed very late, 10:45. No cigarettes.

#### April 20, 1931, Monday

Up late and I'm feeling rocky. I think it's a cold in the head, also the beginnings of a large pimple (maybe it's a boil) on my nose. Makes my head feel tight. I brought all the letters received yesterday out to the dig and between times I'm reading them again. A torso and a figurine fragment turned up this morning, but I wish we would find a cache with some beads, worked jade, etc. This mound, or this structure, is very interesting. Linton is making a contour map and I'm assisting, that is, I hold the ruler.<sup>63</sup> I feel bum again and hope to God I'm not getting malaria. How glad I will be to be home and I never want to come here again. And I repeat what a climate! In the afternoon helped occasionally with the measuring and wrote to Mamma. Great God, the bugs are awful again today. The little black ones fly in your face and another set of bitches make a noise right in my ear. Left the dig about 2:45. Linton fed up; as we were walking down we met the Chief coming up; he said he was feeling rotten and fed up. He said the Egan-Wyers had gone to the road. Later we curled up on the beds and Linton read my letters from home, also the clippings. He said he must get his mind off work. I lit a cigarette for him and took a few puffs. Too bad it is always the first puff that sets me off. We went to bed at 8:00. Linton not feeling so well. I guess I can't say no cigarettes since I had too many puffs. Linton wrote Calleja.

<sup>62</sup> This is probably a reference to Edward H. Saile, who was chief copy editor at the *Saturday Evening Post*. He enlisted in the infantry during World War I at age 17, and suffered gas and shrapnel wounds. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Wharton School of Finance and Commerce in 1925. In 1930 he was a newspaper proofreader in Philadelphia.

<sup>63</sup> More accurately a stadia rod, a measuring device used to determine distance and elevation.

#### April 21, 1931, Tuesday

Up about 5:45. The Chief came over to see if Linton was feeling better and so roused us. Did not go to the ruins, worked on sherds all morning. The Chief did typewriting and went to the ruins about 10:30 but bounced back about 11:00. In between times I finished a letter to Mamma. Linton came down about 4:30 with the glad news that he had found two more skeletons. The Egan-Wyers returned, had their tea, and to me they were obnoxious as usual. I was typewriting the catalog when much noise sent me flying out and there beheld most of "our gang" with Victor carrying a monkey on a stick. I gathered that it was but a day old. I got milk and Linton held it and Louise tried to feed it some of the milk on a piece of cotton, without much success. We had dinner late and it was cold; that was our fault; but as usual bum. After dinner tried feeding Mr. Monkey again, but he is stubborn about his feeding. It rained quite hard and I dashed back and forth from our house to the kitchen trying to get hot water and hot milk. Then cleaned up the mess. Wrote Mother Satterthwaite. Got to bed about 10:00 and I kept thinking about the poor Mother Monkey lying dead in the bush. Today for some reason I smoked again. It is queer I hate the damn things, but still I smoke them.

#### April 22, 1931, Wednesday

Up about 5:30, had breakfast and God, what food. That meal always puts me in a deadly humor. The Chief remarking to Linton, "May I use this spoon." Linton replies that it was not his; the Chief comes back with, "Well, you took it out of the peaches." Apparently he's still watching how and what we eat. What a man! We tried to feed Mr. Monk with an eyedropper but he's still stubborn. Egan-Wyer remarked that he will not live; well, we will see! Both Linton and I in filthy humors. We decided that the Chief and Egan-Wyer are a good team. Rained after we got to the dig and it is so damp and everything is messy. I worked on the bones, but I'm not all agog. I think it's because I hate the atmosphere of the place so that I'm not so enthusiastic. At Wheeling I loved working on those bones and cleaning up the beads. If I only have sense enough not to come here next year. Of course if Linton had charge of the expedition that would be a different matter, but under no conditions, changes, or promises will I come with Mason. Perhaps I'm a little too precious, he may not bring me. Poured rain most of the morning and it's so dreary here when it rains. I still contend that rain in the city is very often a treat, especially when you are in a nice warm bed and it's coming down in torrents outside. Lunch was rather a sad affair, since the rain made the tomatoes cold and furthermore tomato juice splashing about is not so good. The Chief came up to the dig, he is still feeling weak, and not working until 5:00 every night. We left our dig at 2:30; weary and disgusted. Linton remarked that when we work in such a rotten climate we should, at least, have good food. We examined the new lintel which is set up in the workshop. It is quite a beauty. The Chief is at last enthusiastic about something. I'd give much to be away from here. I'm in a filthy humor and when I look at the Chief and the Egan-Wyers it just makes me worse. The most griping thing is that I have to be pleasant and that means being insincere. Just a good, big fat lie. Linton fed the monkey by letting him suck it and then drop milk on it. Just before we had dinner Louise was explaining to the Chief that the women would do the laundry. Meaning,

I suppose, that we had so many. I could not help remarking that since she had her laundry done last week she was probably not so hard up. This is all making a cat of me, and giving me a nasty outlook on things. I notice things that would otherwise never be noticed by me. For instance, we have rice pudding, now without raisins; that is undoubtedly because Egan-Wyer does not like raisins. I took note that the new laundress was ironing Louise's dresses this afternoon. During dinner time it poured rain and heavens I was lonesome for home. I felt just like crying. Also I took it as no joke when Egan-Wyer insisted that he would like a picture of Linton feeding the monkey. It would not be nearly as funny as Egan-Wyer having a man bring his horse to the door of the shack and hold it while he got on. How small all this is, but how small people are. Another thing amused me; Linton told the Chief he would use the pump on his leg and before he could do it the Chief conferred with Egan-Wyer. The Chief shouted down that Egan-Wyer thought he had better not do that and, of course, the Chief would not go against his wishes or judgment. Linton said it's great to be able to talk as big as Egan-Wyer and know as little. After dinner we shut the door of the shack, put down the one window, and hung a coat over the other, then we fed the monkey. Linton is such a dear and a darling and how I hate to see him with this inferior crowd. So to bed about 8:30.

#### **April 23, 1931, Thursday**

Up very late, 5:50. Rain again. At breakfast since we had no fruit Linton and I ate our oranges. That was a mean gesture of mine. Linton remarked last night that if it rained tomorrow be damned if he would work. The Chief made no reply, but this morning Salvador came over and inquired what to do with the men the Chief had said something to him about putting on the road. Has nature ever produced a more literal minded ass? Linton is so unlike himself, I've never seen him more dejected and more thoroughly knocked out, that is, mentally. God, I hate to see him that way. This day I'm not going to the dig as there is practically nothing for me to do. So I'm copying the notes from the little red book. I met Louise, presumably on her way to breakfast, now about 9:00, and I passed a few casual and pleasant remarks, trying to be nice; but how difficult it is when you can't look people in the face. I know she dislikes me, but that is nothing to what I think of her. Later in the morning wrote to Mamma, cleaned up and tried to feed the monkey; this took a great deal of time. My head felt funny and I took a short nap from 11:30 to lunch time. At lunch I felt mean and I was sugar sweet. There was some conversation about fur coats, the Chief and Egan-Wyer saying most of them are dyed muskrat. It may be so, but I doubt it. I said my sister had a broad tail coat for fifteen years, so that it could not have been muskrat. How silly, how small to go like this, but how those three bring out the worst in me. After lunch Senor Mendoza returned from Porvenir with the nipple for the monkey. I fussed and fumed but the poor little thing ate very little. Louise came to the house and talked a bit; mostly about going to the States. She said the Chief had said, "You want to go to the States, Mrs. Egan-Wyer?" I don't know whether she thought the Museum would pay for it or not. I would like to know if her fare from Guatemala City was paid for by the Museum. That would be a little too much. I mentioned something about Mexico City and Louise remarked, "Wouldn't it be nice if we could all go there?" Personally, I can't imagine anything worse,

although I did not say so. It isn't possible that she was sincere. Wrote to Elsie. Linton came down early and we played some with the monkey. Just before dinner I fixed up some sherds. Got a nice fat notebook for my catalog. After dinner we hung up the lamp rather high and God there few a million little red bugs all over. The worst place being my hair. I tried to clean the place up, and then used the Flit.<sup>64</sup> It made me feel creepy and nervous. I washed myself off in a solution of pomegranate in an effort to feel clean. The bugs some nights just ruin everything. They make me feel a little crazy and by the time I get in bed I'm in such a state that I cannot sleep. God deliver me from tropical countries.

#### **April 24, 1931, Friday**

Got up at 3:30 this morning to feed the monkey. Linton got up first and was about finished when I dragged myself out of bed. He has done more for the monkey than I have. I'm still a little leery of picking it up. Crept back into bed and up again at 5:45. Breakfast with the Chief called for eggs. Holy Joe! Egan-Wyer is developing and printing pictures this morning. As an engineer, he's a good cameraman. At the dig it is now lovely (9:30), cool and the sun is coming through the trees. About 10:15 I went back to the camp for some thumb tacks. Linton has all the drawing equipment, but not tacks. Was I hot when I got there! Egan-Wyer was busily working on his pictures. I took a peep at the monk, and it so cute; he gave a long yawn. Rested for a few minutes and then back to the dig. It was then 11:30 so we had lunch. Most of the afternoon helped Linton with measurements. Luis tells us, and therefore I believe it, that Reyes shot the mother monkey and then operated on it and took the baby monkey. Speaking of obstetrical operations. It is now 3:00 and Linton is making a sketch of one of the trenches. Started a letter to Mrs. Kimbrough. Got to camp about 4:45, cleaned out the monkey's box, and Linton tried to feed him. Took a shower. Louise had baked a jelly roll for dinner; it was fair, and that's not catty. Wrote out Spanish for my laundry list with Louise's help. There was some discussion about the tin I took. So I returned Alfredo's and got another one. I said I needed it to wash sherds, but I actually want it to keep the canned milk, etc., in. Tried to feed the monk without much success. So to bed about 9:00, but could not get right to sleep. I don't know whether it's snakes or cigarettes.

#### **April 25, 1931, Saturday**

It was difficult to crawl out at 5:45 this morning. I was so tired. Walked up to the dig with the Chief; he remarked, "Peggy, when are you going to carry out your threat and look for the rest of the stucco head?" If he but knew it, never! Just to be spiteful. We are about finished at the Southeast Group. This will probably be the last day of digging. I'm sorry. I liked having our lunches here; it was one meal in the day to be enjoyed. If I have to listen to Egan-Wyer much longer I'll go batty, the same goes for the Chief. The thing that annoys me tremendously is at meals, the way Egan-Wyer and Louise carry on their own chit-chat. I'm not interested in what they are saying, but it is so rude. Last night Louise mentioned something about "next year" saving some jars

<sup>64</sup> Flit is the brand name for a mineral oil-based insecticide, launched in 1923 by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, used mainly for killing flies and mosquitoes.

or something. I won't be here with them next year so I don't give a damn what they save. April 25, that leaves five more days in April and thirty-one in May, and God knows I hope it is no longer. I mentioned the fact to Louise last night that we had but a month or so more; she was quite surprised, she was sure we would be here all of June. Apparently Linton and I are the only ones anxious to leave this delightful and cheery atmosphere. I must get some kind of a job heaven knows what it will be; the one place I don't want to work is in the University Museum. I might run into Mason every other day or so and that would be too much. I'm wondering what report he will make to Jayne about me. Speaking of angels, the Big Chief just came up to look over the dig (10:00). Linton said his remarks, "Hmm!" and "What are you waiting for?" He has been here now, his duty is done. I wonder what I will be doing this time next year. Well, to be ever secure and safe is to be ever stupid or something like that. No security for us. However, about \$5,000 would be a help right now. Worked most of the afternoon taking up the two skeletons and was it hot, ye gods, yes and the bugs were awful. We came down at 4:45, found that tea was about to be, so had some and with it read our mail which had just arrived. Got three letters, one from Mamma and Papa, and two from Alice. I was homesick about 5:00; oh to be in my own haunts. We are both fed up. Cleaned up Barney's box. After dinner Linton and I beat it to our house. I was a little ticklish about planting my feet at various places since Louise saw a snake this afternoon and the damn thing is supposed to have run through our house. We went to bed early; talked and talked and thought there is little in this way of living. But we decided to be artists at heart and so to sleep.

#### **April 26, 1931, Sunday**

Up at 8:15. Breakfast at 9:00, after which I had a fiendish attack of indigestion. Washed some clothes out, got the laundry together, and cleaned up generally. This business of having a monkey means extra work. Linton busy with drawings. We had lunch about 1:45 and I ate very little. Wrote to Mamma in the afternoon. I did not feel very ambitious as my head ached frightfully. Egan-Wyer came down with a lemon-brandy drink just before dinner. That is another thing which annoys me and which I think is unfair. The Egan-Wyers have a box of lemons and limes, but when I inquire if we could have any, the answer is No! I could stand a little lime juice as well as the next one. After dinner I had to go to bed as my headache grew violent. Great Caesar, I never remember anything like that. Every part of my head, especially the back of my head and neck, and along with that my teeth ached. For about 10 minutes I thought I was actually going crazy. How much I wanted to be home, how much I hated everything here. I hope I never have to come here again. Today is was almost unbearably hot. Linton sent off my mail and two pictures to Mamma. I took two aspirin tablets and fell in a doze, and the next thing I knew it was 10:00 and Linton was crawling into bed.

#### **April 27, 1931, Monday**

Did not get up with Linton; stayed in bed for a while. Linton sent down some coffee. My headache had completely vanished. Cleaned up the house and spent a great deal of time feeding the monkey. Washed the bones and sherds. Also typewrote some of my journal. After lunch fed the monkey again and piddled and rested a bit. Maria Santissimo, it was hot! After 3:30 marked the

sherds. Had tea and, of course, there are times when I have a few laughs with the Egan-Wyers. At tea time was one of those times. Linton did not get to camp until 5:50 and I was, before that, beginning to be worried. He came in with the glad news that he had seen a snake. At dinner Linton was in a filthy mood. After dinner we developed some pictures. Got in bed about 10:00 and some little time after the monkey started yapping; so up we got and fed him. Then back to bed, but Linton could not sleep and decided it was his boil,<sup>65</sup> so up again to fix and squeeze that. When I finally got to bed to stay I could not sleep thinking of snakes, bugs, etc. I was scared. Nervous or something. The first time I've felt that way since I first came. During the night I was awakened by a terrific thunder storm. However it was nice to pull up the covers and doze off listening to the rain.

#### **April 28, 1931, Tuesday**

Up about 5:45. After breakfast cleaned up the house and fed the monkey. I might add that this monkey is no joke. Little did I ever think that I would be washing out garments for a baby monkey. Cleaned up the workshop a bit and about 10:30 Linton appeared. He said he was fed up and did not feel like staying at the dig. Later I found him reading Viva Mexico. Lord, how I hate to see Linton so fed up. It's the combination of boils, rotten food, no really swell objects turning up, the Chief's lack of help, and, last but not least, the people. After lunch I did some typewriting (the uncataloged) which took much longer than I expected; also some more work in the workshop. Linton not feeling much better. When I took a shower, I had forgotten the wash-cloth, and during my shower dropped the soap; this is a great life, boy, won't I enjoy civilization again. After dinner, at which Linton was pretty snippy to the Chief, but he said he could not help it, Linton got into bed and read Viva Mexico. I tried to feed Barney, and I had the worst case of scares. Afraid to walk about for fear I might step on a snake; Egan-Wyer killed a small one at dinner-time. I was sure I could hear something crawling around outside. I repeat, What a life! In the daytime it is hot and at night when you could be a little comfortable, the bugs are terrific and then this horror of stepping on something. I felt a little safer after I got into bed and under the bar. Linton read for a while and then we turned in, but not for long. His boil hurt him so we got up and by the light of a flashlight washed and dressed both the boils. And so to bed.

#### **April 29, 1931, Wednesday**

Up at 5:30 this morning. Linton stayed in bed and I busied myself getting the camera, brief case, etc., off. Had breakfast and explained to the Chief that Linton was sleeping a little longer as he slept little in the night. I came back to the house and crawled in bed, but not for long; the Chief came to see how Linton was feeling, so up I jump and tried to look pleasant. After he had

<sup>65</sup> A boil is a localized infection in the skin that begins as a reddened, tender area. Over time, the area becomes firm, hard, and tender. Eventually, the center of the boil softens and becomes filled with infection-fighting white blood cells from the bloodstream to eradicate the infection. This collection of white blood cells, bacteria, and proteins is known as pus. Finally, the pus "forms a head," which can be surgically opened or may spontaneously drain out through the surface of the skin. Pus enclosed within tissue is referred to as an abscess.

gone I went back to bed and we both slept until 7:45. It was delightful that second sleep, although it did make me feel dopey. While Linton had breakfast I washed out towels and underwear, cleaned the monkey-box, and made things look respectable. Then to the ruins. This time the acropolis. Linton took some pictures and I recorded which is about all I did. We came down the other side of the acropolis, which is so steep that I'm still feeling it in my legs. After lunch (at which Fausto was present) I did some more on the catalog, then wrote a letter to Mamma, in it explaining just when I thought we would leave and when we might arrive home. It is now about 4:30 and I'm writing away. How I wish we were packing up for home. I'm pretty sick of this place and the people; it gets worse every day. Louise has a way of annoying me, and I could give her a swift kick; and then when Egan-Wyer talks big as though he knew it all, I could cry out. This noon he was talking at a great rate and I just lost myself in my own thoughts; it's the only way to do when I feel that way. Later in the afternoon took a shower bath. At dinner Fausto said he would take the monkey in June if we thought it too much of a job to take it to the States. Egan-Wyer annoyed me again at dinner. We were talking of parties and he dislikes New York parties. Just as though all New York affairs were all alike. To prove his point he relates a silly story of an American girl being blacklisted in London because she appeared late at a dinner party. What a great ass he is. And Louise with her new haircut, she never stops looking at herself in the glass. Why do I go on this way? They seem to have become an obsession with me. Linton and I came to our house, fed the monkey, and so to bed about 9:00.

#### **April 30, 1931, Thursday**

It gives me great pleasure to write the above date. Somehow when we get into the month of May all will seem better; closer to leaving time. This morning we did not get up until 6:00. And at breakfast Egan-Wyer distinguished himself again. Said he, "Why not present the monkey to the local zoo and you will get your name on the cage?" Said I, "One would have to give a tiger for that distinction!" Of course he comes out with in the London Zoo you get your name on the cage if it is a new species, no matter how small. Said I, "Of course, but this monkey is like a great many others." Getting myself worked up again over the words of a nut. When he makes a statement he feels that there should be no question about it. He's an authority on everything, except engineering. Fixed up the house and off to the dig. As I write I'm sitting on a box on the acropolis. I think I'm to do measuring or help Linton to do it. I've gone completely stale. There seems to be no incentive to work at the ruins. My one desire is to pack my things for a homeward trip. A perfectly huge flying creature just skinned my ear and scared me out of a year's growth. My heart will be pounding for the next hour. The Morley party will soon be here and that will help a great deal. As I said before I will enjoy the trip out, and it will be more of a joy when we separate from the Chief and the Egan-Wyers. I'm 30 years old and since the time I started out to be among people I never so disliked any two people like the Egan-Wyers. The Chief is a stupid ass, but he does not annoy me so much; in fact most of the time I'm not even conscious that he is around. Negative is what I call it. What price archaeology?

Almost 11:30 this morning helped with measurements and cleaned two walls. While doing it I thought a great deal about home and seeing Mamma

and Papa; also if I could get a bottle of something for Frank, and if we took the monkey home I pictured Billy jumping around; also hoped that by some unexpected good fortune I might find some bracelets for Alice and Bea. How much I would give if we were planning to leave next week or the week after. My one great desire is to get out of this place. Linton is so unhappy and I hate to see him that way. He's so superior to these people. I doubt if there is another person like Linton. He is so decent and so intelligent; of course the idiots here would not appreciate him. So now I must go back to camp and have lunch with the know-it-alls. The old saying is that "Revenge is sweet" and then again people who have known revenge say it is stale, but I would like to see someone tell Egan-Wyer just what he is in a few well chosen words. After lunch wrote the journal on the typewriter, fooled with Barney and loafed. About 2:30 started to work on the bones and a few sherds. Finished up about 4:30. While I was working the Egan-Wyers had lemonade, they sent me a glass with Alfredo. I think Egan-Wyer is ready to shoot off again. Thank God for the Morleys on Monday. When I was coming from my bath the Chief handed me some mail. Espazo had come with provisions. One letter from Mamma and Papa, with a note from Frank. Three letters from Alice, and one from Bea with pictures of Billy. How these letters help, but just recently made me homesick also. At dinner Egan-Wyer was just like a firecracker waiting to be set off. At dinner Linton was very quiet. In the evening read my letters over for the third time; wrote a letter to Mamma and after I finished I felt so queer. I kept thinking about Mamma. It gave me quite a shock hearing of Freda's mother. I had a horrible feeling of being held here and with it the thought of another month of it. I wanted to scream. When I got back to bed I could not sleep. I got all excited thinking about how I would telephone from New York that I would be in Trenton in two hours. I wanted to see Mamma and the awful thought that I would not I hardly let myself think. I got up and smoked a cigarette. Sort of a half-prayer to St. Anthony to keep Mamma well. I'm rather frightened now to utter a prayer. Tomorrow I will make another stab at not smoking. Barney could not sleep either.

#### **May 1, 1931, Friday**

Up at 6:00 and a little late for breakfast, but I've lost all thought of being early or late. I don't care very much. Fed Barney, doctored up Linton's boils, fixed and straightened up the house. It is now about 8:40 and I must be off to the dig to help Linton. When I got to the dig Linton asked me to clean some walls while he went over to the Chief's dig; while he was gone I read Time, which I had taken up, and cleaned one wall. When Linton came back he said he wanted me at the Central Temple. I mumbled something about finishing this job and walking up and back to Linton, who for a minute was annoyed and started off. I was feeling low at best so I just let go and cried. Linton and I walked around to where the men could not see us, until I had my cry out. Linton was so sweet and gosh I hate to be a burden, but God I hate this place. We took measurements and collected stucco fragments. In the afternoon I fed the monkey, washed out my undergarments, and ambroided<sup>66</sup> some bones.

<sup>66</sup> Ambroid (or amberoid) is a substance made by molding pieces of amber or other resins by heat and pressure.

Linton came from the dig about 4:00. I took a shower and after stretched out and read Time. It was so hot that I stretched out on the cot with next to nothing on. Every evening before dinner I go through the ritual of shaking out the mosquito bar so that the grubs and bugs won't fall on me, then brush the bed off; the next step is to tuck the net in, following that I Flit the net, after tucking it in. It is much easier to do this before dinner than after. Read Time again after dinner at the comedor as its the only decent lamp, since the gasoline is running low. When I came down to the house I inhaled a few puffs of a cigarette; not one all day and just gave in at night. I felt so full of food, not mentioning the kind, that I was sleepy. In bed at 8:30. Before going to sleep I enacted little dramas. Myself with a new evening gown; bought with the gilt edge bonds that some kind soul in the drama bestowed on me.

### May 2, 1931, Saturday

Up about 6:00. The Chief made a crack at Egan-Wyer at breakfast, something about nails. That will annoy Egan-Wyer for a week. Fed Barney, who now yells for food. Washed a few towels out, also the cleaning up process. Walked to the dig about 8:30 with Mendoza; what a climb that is to the central temple. I've been helping with measurements and Linton is making plans. He has gone to see how the men are progressing with the work on Structure J-3. So here I sit. While holding the tape I've been wishing that something would happen so that we would have to leave here in a few days. Anything, even the Mexican government refusing to take out the stelae. In the afternoon back to the dig to complete the measurements. We quit at 3:30 and I walked to camp with Luis. Linton coming later with the Chief. About 4:30 we had a swell storm; it fascinated me and I did not seem able to rouse myself, it was just nice to sit and watch it. In the evening Linton and I developed pictures. In bed about 9:30 and I was good and tired. Poor Barney has a cold.

### May 3, 1931, Sunday

Barney yelled at 6:30. I had to crawl out and feed him. Back to bed and then up again about 7:30. Read a while before breakfast as we had to wait for the Egan-Wyers. In the morning I did various odd jobs; for one cleaned up Barney and then sat in the sun with him for a while. The Chief took a picture of him, also Egan-Wyer. I also dressed up the shack a bit with paper covers. Sundays seem so short. After lunch which was at 2:00 I got the clothes ready, did more odd jobs, helped Linton make a clothes box. Linton washed my head and shaved me and then I made a superhuman effort to be clean; with wet hair and clothed in a bathing suit I mixed some zonite and water in preparation for a douche, and then forward to the bano only to find the Egan-Wyers occupying it; back to the house and took it sitting on the pot and that was not an easy job. Just as I was about finished Alberto appeared and I'm sure he had a good look at me stark naked. Linton was supposed to be on guard, but the camera was his occupation at the time and he failed to see Alberto until he was upon us. Another forward march to the bano and this time it was free. Bathed and washed my hair. I did feel much cleaner and felt repaid for the trouble. Dinner rather late and after it, Linton, the Chief, and myself developed pictures. Egan-Wyer I believe was slightly annoyed as he cursed a bit hard when he fell over a chair, not so mad at the chair as at us,

as I'm sure he wanted to develop; however, he had to like it or lump it as the pictures of the ruins come before flashlight pictures of Louise. He does feel that he has some special right to the darkroom. To my house about 9:30, fed Barney by a dim oil light and used the flashlight to glance cautiously about for snakes; since Mr. Snake used this house as a roadway once he may try it again. When Linton came down we had a good laugh about Louise making an appointment with Alfredo to have his hair cut. And so to bed with fond thoughts of home and Mamma.

### May 4, 1931, Monday

Mr. S. abandoned excavation of Temple LIX [J-23] on opinion of Dr. Mason. Mr. S. believes it should be completely cleared, but agrees there is little chance of finding objects or altars other than stucco fragments; started clearing on Structure XLIII [J-3] and remained there till May 26. How I hated to get up in the morning. I did not get to sleep for some time last night. Linton made a last effort to get me up by bringing Barney to bed. After breakfast, the cleaning up. To the ruins with Linton and Egan-Wyer. It is now about 9:00 and I'm sitting on the floor of the acropolis (floor with the room where the Lacandon pots<sup>67</sup> were found). Linton and Egan-Wyer are over by Stela 40. Egan-Wyer is preparing to take levels and make plans. I can hear him shouting orders; that's about all he will do. Linton remarked last night that he thinks the Chief is a little fed up with Egan-Wyer and furthermore he guesses he will come here next year if the Egan-Wyers feel it is better to stay in Guatemala. It will be awful and I shall probably die of loneliness, but I hardly believe I will come here again. The Chief is much nicer but I can't forget the incident of the Corn Flakes; furthermore I want to do something I can do and not feel like the fifth wheel on a wagon. I must get a job. Perhaps commercial photography. Also, I shall make another stab at shorthand. The question is what to use for money? May 4 today; 27 more days to June 1. I shall go completely batty if we stay much into June. My weak prayer is for good healthy rains about May 12. I have felt much better the last couple of days, but that does not lessen my desire to get the hell out of here. I'm so anxious to see Mamma and the folks at home, also my friends. Here comes Crap Heels so I'll cut this short.

<sup>67</sup> The Lacandon Maya live in the rainforests of the Mexican state of Chiapas, near the southern border with Guatemala. The Lacandon are one of the most isolated and culturally conservative of Mexico's native peoples. Almost extinct in 1943, today their population has grown significantly yet remains small, at approximately 650 speakers of the Lacandon language. Offerings burnt in the so-called god pots included incense, food, and rubber figurines. The food was often thought to sustain the gods and keep order in the universe. Part of the belief of the Lacandon entailed the gods being able to partake in the offerings in the god pot by the figurine being burned in the god pot and becoming a messenger for the particular god invoked. The smoke of the offering was seen as the essence or soul (*pixan*) which is consumable by the gods. Ultimately there is not a great understanding of the exact meaning of the anthropomorphic rubber figurines, though the symbolism appears to be representative of human sacrifice. Other practices may have included ancestor worship, as god pots and incense burners have been found at burial sites. The Lacandon believed that their deities once dwelled in the ruins along with their ancestors. Many rituals were performed at these sites as evidenced by the numerous god pots found throughout. Often these places were guarded, but the increasing interruption of ceremonies along with the damaging of the sites and the god pots forced the Lacandon back into the jungles to perform their rituals privately.

Linton and I went up to the Central Temple to take measurements, etc., but found we were without the big pole; furthermore, the men working on Pyramid 43[J-3] found an incense burner and Luis dug it out. Linton was worried about more finds and so dismissed me. Came to camp and did Chief's house, finished that and did some cataloging and sherds. Fausto arrived and with him three letters from Alice. At night I was sort of homesick again.

#### May 5, 1931, Tuesday

Up at 5:40. After breakfast fixed up the house, worked on sherds, started picture catalog. About 9:00 Enrique shot off a gun and I heard the conch shell and knew that the Morley party was approaching. It was quite a picture seeing them come down the river. I changed my shirt and rushed down to the river, soon followed by Louise, Egan-Wyer (appearing from the ruins), Enrique, Mendoza. We greeted them and what a joy to see them again. They stopped off to see the monkey. Spent most of the morning chatting with Ruppert; Mrs. Morley came down to see the monkey. Did very little work. Egan-Wyer treated John Bolles and Dr. Rife, and John was quite hilarious at lunch. Egan-Wyer making cracks here and there and I felt a little embarrassed for him. In the afternoon worked some on the catalog, took a bath about 3:00. I asked Louise if she was going to bathe and she shouted, "In the river," but I was anxious to get dressed. Sometime after I saw her in a bathing suit, but apparently the swimming party broke up as I saw Bolles appearing from the river alone. It got cloudy about 5:00 and rained a bit. Linton went for some apple butter and crackers, and Ruppert, Bolles, Dr. Rife, Linton, and myself had a cracker party. It was good fun and they are a simply grand bunch. It rained quite hard, but that added to the picture for me. I like Ruppert very much; also he thinks Crap Heels is an ass, and I like him for having my opinion confirmed. Had dinner rather late and as I entered the dining room Egan-Wyer was seated reading, but I doubt that he was absorbing much. He had that injured air. Sore possibly because the crowd was in our shack, or because Louise was left without a swimming partner. The Morley party retired early. Linton and I read Time while we were waiting to get the lamp. Got to bed about 9:15 and I could not get to sleep; had that all-gone feeling when I thought of home.

#### May 6, 1931, Wednesday

All had breakfast at 6:00, excepting Louise. In the morning after the house work was finished, I washed the pot and jadeite the Chief had found. It gave me a great kick yesterday when Ruppert said the beads we found were jadeite and all raved over the torso we had found. No one else here paid any attention to it. In the afternoon I worked on the catalog; Mrs. Morley came down for a while and we chatted; Louise was here. She was alright today, but yesterday morning she hardly spoke to me, sore possibly because I wouldn't let her move the table in the workshop. The Chief put a stop to that. Talked a bit in the afternoon to Dr. Rife. At dinner the workmen, or one of the workmen, played a guitar and Alfredo and the workman sang. After we sat outside and watched and listened. It was rather picturesque. All the workmen lined up on the porch; poor souls, they like a taste of something different as well as anyone else. It rained a little which I thought made it nicer. Someone turned

on the Victrola and Egan-Wyer and Louise danced. Then with a few words he dismissed the gente. It seemed so sad and so damn dominant, just a few words and they all turned on their heels and left. I'm sure they would have liked to stay and listen to the Victrola. It was rather pathetic to see Egan-Wyer do the Charleston. He must be in the limelight or he is not comfortable. He has no idea of the time and place for things and doings. So to bed.

#### May 7, 1931, Thursday

Breakfast again at 6:00. In the morning I worked on the picture catalog and then went to the office to start to work on the sherd catalog. I chatted a bit with Dr. Morley, who was drawing the glyphs on the new lintel, Mrs. Morley, Mr. Rhoads, and Dr. Rife. At one of these stops between work, Mrs. Morley shouted that a snake was coming up the path, the direction of the Chief's house, headed for the workshop. We shouted for a machete and watched to see where it went. It ran right past Dr. Morley's foot and he was so intent on what he was doing he did not even notice it. One of the men appeared with a machete, but it was too late, Mr. Snake had gone. Worked on the catalog until lunch. The conversation took a turn to colleges and education, and Dr. Morley said to Linton, "So that's why you wear the blue shirt, I didn't know you were a Yale man." I think the whole conversation and that remark was too much for Egan-Wyer, because he excused himself and he took Louise with him. The rest of the party remained and we talked more of education, etc. Strange and more strange, if he cannot do the talking he won't play. Yesterday a funny incident happened. It was deadly hot and the folks who were around camp about 3:00 remarked about it and there was Alberto with his cap that was made for an expedition to the polar regions; he would put it on when he was rushing about doing something and then when he stopped he would take it off and fan himself with it. I shall never forget the picture if I live to be a hundred. Finished up my catalog about 3:00 and chatted with Ruppert a few minutes. He thought it deplorable that we did not wash the dishes in hot water; also he said of Louise, "Well, the little thing does not know any better." Great Guns! If Egan-Wyer ever heard that. Maybe both Linton and I talked too much to Ruppert, but it was a good way to let off steam. I knew the Morley party was anxious to have dinner a little early so that they might get to bed, since they had to make such an early start in the morning; so I trotted to ask Louise if we might arrange to have dinner earlier. Boy, she gave me that strange look of hers when she feels her toes are being stepped on and said something about not having time to get it ready. When I asked her it was 3:00. I went to take a shower, but found no water in the bano, so I went to the river with the Chief. Ruppert came down to the house and Linton and he talked about plans, later Ruppert told us how he got into archaeology. Dinner about 7:00 and it was such good fun. Dr. Morley told some of his stories and it was like living again. We sat around and talked to Ruppert, Bolles, and Dr. Rife. When it was time to retire, we left the light for the boys and came down and used a flashlight for a while. It always amuses me, the Egan-Wyers never miss out on a light. I wrote a short note to Mamma and I was so nervous, those big bugs flying around almost drive me crazy. I could not get to sleep and Barney squealed and I got up and by the aid of a flashlight gave him some milk. And at that time I wished again I was a million miles away from here. I did not get to sleep for hours afterward.

### May 8, 1931, Friday

It was pretty hard struggling out at 4:15 and when I remarked to Linton that I was not going to the ruins, he said I was a great help. Heavens, I haven't slept well for a week and last night was awful. Also my friend arrived this morning and that does not help matters. Had breakfast and I felt so blue and when the time came for saying good-bye it was almost too much. It seemed the last time when the party disappeared up the road. When I walked back to the house I had that queer feeling in my stomach, and I do not feel too cheerful right now. Dr. Morley asked the Chief at breakfast how long he expected to be here and added, "Do you think about two weeks?" The Chief said, "At least two weeks." Well that is some encouragement and if it rains pretty hard and the work is stopped, maybe Linton and I could go ahead, won't I breathe a prayer of relief when I sit on a mule and ride past Mendoza's house and wave goodbye to him. I just have a notion as I gaze out on the bright sun that the rains will be late this year, well just trust to luck. In the afternoon I worked in a dilatory fashion on sherds, but when Linton came in he worked in the laboratory and we finished up the sherds. I started to read *Sorrell and Son*.<sup>68</sup> After dinner, fed Barney and got in bed about 7:45 and read until 9:00 or so.

### May 9, 1931, Saturday

For some unknown reason I could not force myself to get up for breakfast. Linton came down after he had his and said that the Chief had talked about departure, and that we would work for three weeks more and then take a week to pack. It was just too much for me and I sobbed and said I could not stand it. Also I pleaded with him not to bring me here again. I felt as though I could not bear the place for that length of time. Linton, after some consoling, left for the ruins with the news that the Chief was going to stay down and sort the sherds, also that I had better rouse myself and watch. Stayed in bed until 7:00 or so and then up and read a bit. Had breakfast with Louise. Explained to the Chief that I did not feel so well and would be up later. I read *Sorrel and Son* for the better part of the morning, with time out for cleaning up the house and feeding Barney. When Linton came down at noon I said I did not feel well. I was certainly in a wretched mental state. At lunch we were talking of packing sherds and Egan-Wyer made a suggestion; said I, with some determination, I do not approve of that way. The Chief backed me up. Egan-Wyer also added that the packing would not take long, why not leave it to until later? I replied that I was not going to be rushing about at the last minute and that I would start now, and that settled that. So this afternoon I packed sherds. About 5:00 Linton came in and we had tea. I asked Louise if we might have some jelly, she never said either yes or go to Hell, just put on that queer look of hers. However, we got the jelly. During the tea Egan-Wyer and Louise were doing accounts and Egan-Wyer mentioned to the Chief that young Pancho was leaving and that he would not give any reason, but that he, Egan-Wyer, had found out that he wanted more money. He told the Chief

<sup>68</sup> *Sorrel and Son* is a silent film released on December 2, 1927 and nominated for the Academy Award for Best Director in the First Academy Awards the following year. The film was based on the novel of the same name by Warwick Deeping, *Sorrell and Son*, which became and remained a bestseller from its first publication in 1925 throughout the 1920s and 1930s.

Pancho would probably do less work if he kept him and gave him more money. The dirty devil still has it in for this kid. During the conversation the Chief said, "I like that kid's smile," and turning said, "Don't you?" With mucho gusto I replied, "I think he's adorable, I love him." A deadly silence followed. What snakes those two are. I would not come again to Piedras Negras if they were going to be here for a great deal of money and I need money. I never thought it possible to dislike two people so much. Small-minded, jealous of every prerogative. And so it goes, but it won't last forever and if I live to leave here there will come a time when I can bid them goodbye and that time can't come too soon. I asked Linton at tea if I could have some money and later I told him I wanted to give it to Pancho, I got it from the Chief and walked over to give it to Pancho and I got a lump in my throat when I asked him about leaving. After dinner played bridge. Linton, Chief, and I, Louise joined later, and played for a while. To bed about 10:00.

### May 10, 1931, Sunday

Oxen moving Stela 12. In the morning I washed some clothes and sorted the ones for the laundry. Cleaned up Barney. Started a letter to Mamma. After lunch finished letter to Mamma and wrote Freda McLaughlin. Egan-Wyer brought us down the liquor he got from up the river, 15 pesos. Linton and I had tea about 5:00. At dinner the conversation took on a poetic turn and so Egan-Wyer pretended to read *Time*. Every once in a while he would give out some words of wisdom and then return to his reading. Helped develop in the evening and got to bed about 10:45.

### May 11, 1931, Monday

Mr. Egan-Wyer left for the road in the morning, returned about 3:00. Heat pretty bad. In the morning started packing the sherds and it is no easy job. Egan-Wyer did not get back for lunch; need I say that it was rather pleasant. In the afternoon it was God awful hot and so I made myself a drink of tea and used what was presumably the last line in the box. Egan-Wyer came in about 3:00 and while he was eating his lunch Alberto was with me in the workshop. I offered him a cigarette and he took it and pocketed it making a queer face and pointing in the direction of the dining room. He is probably afraid of Egan-Wyer, but his facial expressions were priceless. Later he told me something about Pancho and Egan-Wyer and said Egan-Wyer was "bravo," which I took to mean, by the expression on his face, a bully, and looked up the word in the dictionary later and it means just that. He also said he liked the Chief and Mr. "Saturday" better. Linton went for a swim with the Chief and told him he would not come here again if Egan-Wyer was to be here. The Chief made no definite promises, but said he needed a Spanish bookkeeper and perhaps Merrill would come next year. In the evening Linton worked on his pictures, numbering them. To bed about 8:45.

### May 12, 1931, Tuesday

In the morning I was busy in the workshop and I happened to notice Alberto taking Louise's breakfast to her house. So thought I, better be decent and see what the trouble is. Egan-Wyer had gone to the ruins so I called to her and then stuck my head in her window. She was sitting on the bed, and evidently

from the look on her eyes had been crying. I said a few words and beat it. Egan-Wyer came down about 10:00 and at lunch they both appeared, so whatever it was he fixed it up between 10:00 and lunch time. Linton came down about 4:00, so I quit work and we both took a shower. I felt bum again, just that awful fed up feeling and wondering how much longer I could stand it. It thundered a bit and my earnest prayer was for a good hard rain. After our shower Linton read and I tried to sleep. Just before dinner it started to rain and all during dinner it came down quite hard. The rain put me in a much better humor. At dinner I, or we, were talking about furnishings in the hotels in Guatemala City. I inquired if they ever had rugs. Egan-Wyer said it would be impossible to keep a hotel clean. We said well they keep the hotels in the States clean. He said there was so much perspiration that upholstered furniture would not last. I said, well, perspiration would not get on the rugs. He turned on me and said it would be impossible to keep them clean. Lord, he's funny! Just goes nuts if what he says is not taken as an absolute truth. We excused ourselves and came to the house. Linton finished a letter to his mother and I fed and played with Barney. Went up to the kitchen to get some milk and talked with Alfredo and Efrain. It's certainly more interesting talking to them by far than listening to Egan-Wyer. Barney refused to drink, so I put him to bed, and so to bed with two copies of Time. It rained hard during the night and it gave me great pleasure to wake up and hear it pouring; first because I love rain and secondly it may mean we get out of here sooner.

#### **May 13, 1931, Wednesday**

To me this is a glorious rainy day. This morning when I was working on the sherds, or I should say packing them, I seem to have more steam because of the rain. At one time I stepped out just to breathe it and be glad. Finished up all that the Chief had ready, just about 11:30. Lunch was a pretty awful meal. Egan-Wyer was very silent. The Chief, in an effort to be decent, said to Louise when he noticed she was not eating, "I guess you had a late breakfast," and in the next breath said, "Peggy, you cleaned up all the sherds, that's fine." This must have hit Egan-Wyer the wrong way because he maintained a steady silence. I was anxious to know about mail and said to the Chief, "Are you going to the ruins this afternoon?" Because when the mail comes it's such a temptation to open it. He said, "Why, you can open it," and Linton and I both said we thought it a good precedent to establish that he and he alone should open the box. This too hit Egan-Wyer in the wrong place as he said, "I have opened the mail, but I won't again as I might steal an important letter." The poor Chief mumbled something about any of us could open it, but a stony silence followed. I excused myself saying I must look at my sick monkey. Linton came down soon after and said that the Chief had remarked that he guessed Egan-Wyer was about to blow up again. The sun has come out at intervals this afternoon, but now again it is cloudy and looks like another hard shower. What I want is bigger and better rains. As I sit here typing away it is all very quiet. Even Barney is sleeping, but poor Barney is sick; he refused to drink milk, any kind. It is now 4:30 and Linton is in bed reading, Barney is sleeping at the foot of the bed, and I'm smoking a cigarette and looking out on more rain. This time it is quite a hard shower and very lovely. "Mucha lluvia." At dinner Egan-Wyer was pretty silent and gloomy. After Linton and I started to develop film, while I was standing around waiting in the office I heard

Louise say something to the Chief about Mrs. Satterthwaite and chocolate. God, it made me mad! I wonder if she asked the Chief if Egan-Wyer could have it every morning about 9:30. That put me in a horrible humor and when we started to develop film I was just about as low as possible and it made me more depressed just standing around waiting until the time would come when I could "shake the fixing bath." I felt that I simply could not stand this sort of life and determined then to look for a job as soon as I got to Philadelphia. As for the Chief he's so damn stupid that it is no fun working with him. Linton is such a darling and so interested in what he does and to think he has to hold himself in every once in a while for that son of a bitch. While we were working away Egan-Wyer comes in with the bodega accounts. Linton said thank you and the ignoramus never even answered. We came down to the house and when Linton looked over the account there was a charge against us for condensed milk, 50 cents. I hit the ceiling again and Linton remarked that he would pay for it; more talk of this and that and I wished the Egan-Wyers in hell and then Linton went to the river to wash the films. While I was sitting feeding Barney in walks Egan-Wyer with a drink. After refusing to speak to us then he walks in with a drink. I was so stunned I could hardly utter a word and just took it and said little. Linton said later that the Chief had told him that he had told Egan-Wyer that he was crazy and too touchy and that Linton's remark at noon about the mail was not veiled. My God, what an existence! Furthermore, Barney would not eat and refused to go to sleep; so I held him for a while and later in desperation went to bed.

#### **May 14, 1931, Thursday**

This morning was nice and dull and all morning occasional showers. At breakfast I had no chocolate and about 9:30 saw Alberto taking some to the Egan-Wyers. That set me off again and at lunch I was quiet as a mouse. I'm getting good and sick of being spoken to only when Louise and Egan-Wyer feel like speaking to me and then when they feel better then they deign to speak. Well, I'll go to hell if I'll take any more slaps in the face; let them say I am not cordial, what does it matter. I've stood it as long as possible. Just a little tired of having things shoved at me at the table. I hope I have the good sense not to come here next year, no matter who comes or who does not come. Life is entirely too short to spend four months wishing they were over. I can remember some time back counting the days and it was seventy-four or something like that. At the very longest we can't be here over three weeks more, as it is May 14 and two more weeks will be the end of Maya and praised be to God when that day arrives. No mail in eleven days and the word is that Esparso left Tenosique last Monday; heavens I hope he arrives this afternoon with some word from home. In the afternoon worked on sherds, washed and numbered some, did some typewriting on the sherd catalog. About 3:45 Egan-Wyer and Louise came in to show me Ludi dressed up in a sweater. They are going out of the way to be sweet. At dinner Egan-Wyer was very talkative. Rain a good part of the afternoon. Fed Barney and got in bed. Linton expected to hit the hay early, but the Chief came down and they went over accounts. When he finally did come to bed I was feeling rotten; my head all clogged up, the sheets damp, and again this is a hell of a place. Also since I've been smoking so much I'm jumpy and nervous. I ought to stop again for a while.

### May 15, 1931, Friday

Linton was starting off for the dining room when I struggled out of bed. It's certainly good discipline here if nothing else. In the morning did a little washing and by the time I finished it was 9:30. Washed stucco and sherds, coming down to the house at intervals to look at Barney. While I was working Louise stopped to chat. I know it is forced, as I believe she would rather stab me. Egan-Wyer is probably making her do it. At lunch some chit-chat, after I piddled, read a few pages of Viva Mexico, and tried to feed Barney but he refused to eat. At 2:45 went to the workshop and did a few odd jobs. Esparso appeared and with him letters; however I thought I would have to wait until the Chief comes down, so I'll take a shower. As I was walking up to the bano Egan-Wyer called saying, "Here are some letters for you." I was stunned, after all the talk, he opened the mail. Before the shower I read the letters. Two from Papa and Mamma, one from Alice, one from Bea, Mary Butler, and Abe McLaughlin. What a joy are letters! Took my shower, fixed myself up, tried again to feed Barney, but the little thing won't eat. Wrote a letter to Mamma. At dinner Egan-Wyer was silent and sighing a great deal; this time because the oxen cannot get over Cerro Tapexco. I asked if it was too steep and he tried withering me with a glance, and said "Gosh, no," and more garble about oxen pulling mahogany logs. It's a horrible wish and I actually don't wish it to happen, but the thought persists, he's so damn smart, it would give me a chuckle if the oxen could not get over Tapexco. Linton is now busy (time 8:30) writing to his mother and grabbing bugs off the mosquito bar, and flinging them with much determination out the window. My heart pounds lately, too many cigarettes. As I sat writing I wondered what I would be doing on June 15, just one month away. Got to bed about 10:00 and could not get to sleep. Got myself all worked up about going home. Linton had a letters from Bill and one from McKee and it looks as though the chances are slim for money from McKee so, all considered, we may not go to Mexico City. Furthermore, I'm not all cut up about it as I want to get home and if we go by way of New Orleans it won't take quite so long.

### May 16, 1931, Saturday

Gosh, what a rotten night's sleep I had. It is now 9:30 and I feel wretched. I have a nasty cold in my head and bones, feel all grippy. Had breakfast about 6:00 and since then have been doing my laundry work and a little typewriting. Don Enrique arrived and from what I can gather the wagons will be here Monday, but Louise came down and asked me to take care of the kitchen as she is going with Egan-Wyer, Enrique, and Mendoza to Tenosique; if the wagons are coming why the hell do they need to go to Tenosique. It makes me smile at any rate. Oh God, how I wish we were starting for home; three weeks and maybe more seems an almost unendurable time. I don't believe I could stand this again, even if the Egan-Wyers don't come; it's certainly no incentive working with the Chief and I'm not going to spend my life this way. In the early afternoon I read Stover at Yale,<sup>69</sup> as I felt so rotten I could

<sup>69</sup> *Stover at Yale*, by Owen Johnson (New York: Frederick A. Stokes, 1912) is a novel describing undergraduate life at Yale at the beginning of the twentieth century and recounting the protagonist Dink Stover's navigation through the social structure at Yale and his struggles with social pressure.

not urge myself to do much, however about 3:00 I dragged myself to the workshop and washed the caches the Chief had sent down. Alberto helped and if it were not for Alberto and some of the other workmen with whom I chat I would cast myself into the Usumacinta. About 5:00 came to the house and put away clean clothes and started making menus and food lists. Shall I never forget that dragging feeling; it was an effort to lift my arm. Dinner was rather pleasant with just the three of us. After Linton and I went to the bodega to arrange for cans, etc. I went to bed about 8:00; read for a while and played with Barney. He was so curious; he couldn't understand where he was and looked all about the net. Saturday night; night life in Piedras Negras. Linton was developing.

### May 17, 1931, Sunday

God, how horrible I feel! I have the grippe in its best form, just about able to drag one foot after the other. I think Linton is a little annoyed because I'm not in the workshop, but it is a physical impossibility. Linton is a darling, but he never has had much sympathy with sickness. Hell, I never expected this kind of a cold down here. It is now about 12:00 and I haven't done much this morning except put a few things away. The rest of the day was pretty awful. I tried to sleep but could not and between scratching my legs, which are covered with bites of one sort and another, and trying to breathe I was just about knocked out. I had a few good cries and Linton gave me a few good drinks of whiskey. Life seemed and will probably seem for the next couple of days as though it were not worth living. Just before dinner the Chief called me and asked me if I had numbered the films; he was quite sure I had not and I was just as sure I had. I showed him a few of the films with numbers on and I guess he was convinced although he said they were hardly discernible. What a man! He sends down stuff from the ruins all mixed up and I straighten it out, then when he works in the laboratory he mixes everything up again and then has the fiendish nerve to call me to task about a few films. Work here again? Like hell! Rather sew buttons "on the fourth floor of some factory." Linton said the Chief was a bit testy. I'd like to know who the hell cares? When you talk to him it's like talking to a lot of cotton batting. At dinner we had Mendoza and Enrique, both of whom just went as far as Porvenir. In the evening went to the bodega and fixed up the lists; to bed about 8:00.

### May 18, 1931, Monday

This morning I got up about 7:30 (it is now about 11:00) and I feel, if anything, worse than yesterday. I said a little prayer that we would be starting for home not later than two weeks from today which will be June 1. I've smoked about five cigarettes this morning and just lighted my sixth which I've decided will be the last for some time. I will do that along with the prayer in the hope that we will be leaving June 1. I never knew that I could be so unhappy and have such a longing for the homeward start. I haven't thought about Mamma because I could not allow myself to, as that was one thing that would set me off completely. I just had to keep it out of my mind. Once or twice the thought crept in perhaps at this moment Mamma is sick, but that is as far as I could afford to go as if I continued to ponder on it I know nothing could hold me here. I love Linton and I want to be with him, but I think this sort of thing year

after year would knock me out, or just kill me mentally. Little Barney has been a help; he looks just as helpless as I feel sometimes and I feel as though we have a common bond. My one thought used to be for the time when I was on the boat homeward from Vera Cruz to New York; now it's the Munplace from Progreso to New Orleans. Ate very little lunch and the afternoon was a bit aimless, I think I just did nothing. At dinner Chief was talking about killing another steer and I said you will need to, meaning the time was short for the men. He replied that we would probably be here another month. I could not do anything I was so speechless but just say "Oh" and then he pipes up with I hope the specimens in the laboratory are not getting mixed up as there seem to be quantities lying around. I said things were not mixed when he and Linton worked in there on Sunday. That was almost too much along with the remark about being here another month. I made a hasty exit as soon as the chocolate was finished and beat it to my house. I started to work out the menus and I thought I can't endure this another minute, let alone another month. Linton came down and asked if he could help with the lists, also saying that that was the Chief's way of getting things done. Somehow I got through with the list and ordering at the bodega and when I came back to the house I let go and I cannot remember ever sobbing so hard and feeling so utterly dejected. I fed Barney between tears and then Linton came down having finished helping the Chief catalog some pictures. I could not stop crying and even after I got in bed I thought about Mamma waiting for me to come home and that brought forth fresh tears. Linton was sweet and after several cigarettes (I did not stop with the sixth cigarette) and much and many awful thoughts I got to sleep. It was a bad day and a very bad night and I won't forget the despair soon. The place isn't actually so bad and it is certainly more pleasant without the Egan-Wyers, but even so my one thought now is home.

#### **May 19, 1931, Tuesday**

Up and at breakfast rather late since the Chief had to come over and ask us how we felt. At the said breakfast the Chief said he had not realized that this was the nineteenth of May and he thought we would work but another week; that is, discharging the men the first of June and then take a week to pack. Well, that was a little better. In the morning I worked in the laboratory. Altogether pleasant lunch and in the early afternoon continued my labors with sherds. About 3:00 the Chief came down to say that the wagons were on the hill and that the oxen were about to pull two parts of Stela 12 down. So with Mendoza to the scene of action, and what a walk that was up that hill not having been doing it for a few weeks it came hard. I sat with the men watching the hauling and it was so primitive and seemed so much effort, but it was quite a sight. The man who has charge of the oxen said they could do it much faster, but that they had had no water since the night before. They do not even consider beasts of burden down here. Walked down with the Chief and Linton and we decided we would be very lucky if we got out Stela 12. Dinner and I repeat I do not miss the Egan-Wyers. After I made out my lists and Alfredo came down to help. Linton, on instructions from Luis, was trying to make Barney climb around unaided. It is rather fun ordering things from the bodega and if I did not feel as though they were stinging me it would be even more fun. Got in bed about 8:30 and Linton read parts of Viva Mexico.

He was all for playing, etc, but I decided he needed sleep, as did I. However, it took me quite a time to get to sleep as it was fearfully hot.

#### **May 20, 1931, Wednesday**

Up about 6:00 and breakfast, as usual. I don't eat much breakfast these days and wonder if it is the cigarettes. I presume so. Did the tidying of the house and worked in the laboratory. Between times I came down to see how Barney was making out and about 10:00 put him out in the sun on the mat. He raised blue smoke and is not comfortable without something to hold on to. Late in the morning started some work on the sherd catalog. In the afternoon did this and that. About 2:30 I took myself to the toilet and while I was comfortably seated and contemplating many things I hear a rustle under the compartment of the shower, under the floor I should say and there beheld a snake wiggling about. I got up on the toilet and was perfectly still and I think Mr. Snake made a quick getaway in the direction, so it seemed to, of the Egan-Wyers' house. I stepped carefully about and then made a bee-line for the workshop. Salvador came over and looked about but could see no trace of the snake. Linton came down about 4:00 and helped me catalog some of the Chief's objects, as the Chief flatly refused to put anything in his bags. We all took a swim in the river. At dinner it started to thunder and blew a great deal and then rain. Fed Barney and I was in bed about 8:30. Linton came down shortly after some talk with the Chief, who has ordered the Mexicans to be here on June 5. That almost seems too good to be true. It rained quite hard and it pleased me much, first because I love to hear the rain and secondly because it means a surer departure. This being the eve of our first anniversary we both felt rather gleeful and in rather good spirits. I did not get to sleep right off, listened to the rain and said a few prayers for more rain.

#### **May 21, 1931, Thursday**

This day last year I was fussing about and seeing how swell I looked in my green dress and was pretty much excited. I did not know at the time that I would spend my first anniversary so far from home. It does not seem possible that a whole year has passed. It has been a good year and but for the disagreeable times down here I have been very happy. Linton is a sweet person and I hope he is as happy with me as I am with him. I think I will try hard to be more helpful in the coming year and I will have a good chance on the trip out to show I'm better than I was on the trip in. This smoking business has quite a grip on me and many times lately I have decided to stop, but the resolution has faded away. At first it was quite easy to stop, however I am going to make another start tomorrow. I know I feel better when I don't smoke and the trip out will not be easy and smoking will make me more irritable. In the afternoon I worked on sherds, Linton came down about 3:30. Mail came about 4:00 and Enrique opened it, saying he always did. I had a letter from Mamma and Papa, with a note from Frank. I was much surprised to get letters from Aunt Katie Rogers and Nardi. Had written a short note to Mamma in the morning so added some more. As we were having dinner Alberto came in with the news that the Egan-Wyers were here. We both said they might have let us have this day to ourselves. I've never seen so much running around as the Chief did and getting things from the

bodega; one might think the King of Siam was here. The thing that annoyed me most was that the Chief said we would have our chocolate later. It seemed so inconsiderate making us wait, but he seems to be afraid of hurting Egan-Wyer's feelings. I decided to come down and feed Barney, but there was no light which made me angry again, as I particularly noticed the Egan-Wyers had one. After some delay they came to eat and such a commotion, Alfredo was putting every dish on the table and pouring chocolate all over the place. I could not imagine what was the trouble until Egan-Wyer said he was a little tipsy. Also that Alberto was. Louise was highly annoyed and said she did not feel like doing anything about the kitchen; that annoyed me. Thought I, well, you'll do it tomorrow, but I did order breakfast. When I returned to the house there was Alberto crying as though his heart would break. He said it was the first time he had had liquor and he also thought he had offended us. He said something about Linton and I being his madre and padre. Poor kid, he was a sad looking object. As I sat there feeding Barney it was pouring rain, but the rain was comforting. Poor Barney, I think he is blind. Linton drew up a legal paper for the Chief and I went to bed. I had a nasty pain in my side, it was too bad as Linton felt jovial. We had a couple of drinks and then tried and finally did sleep. At dinner Egan-Wyer said the river was so high that it would be impossible to get out the stelae; boy, what a blow to the Chief! When I passed the dining room at one time and needed to go in I heard Egan-Wyer telling the Chief what a rotten job Enrique had made of the road; that gave me a laugh. One would think that Enrique was the engineer instead of His Royal Highness.

#### **May 22, 1931, Friday**

At breakfast Egan-Wyer was as gloomy as usual and had quite a nasty scowl on his face. I told Linton about Louise saying she was tired and did not want to bother with the kitchen today. He said I had better do it, and despite my resolution I did order the things and plan the meals. For the benefit of my nerves I think I will try and be cordial and not notice all the annoying things both Egan-Wyer and Louise do. Started to work in the shop about 10:30. About 11:00 Louise came by and asked how I wanted the beans cooked since I had said fried in the morning, earlier. Of course most of the things she says and does annoy me, but that annoyed me since she had suggested lima beans and knew about it. I felt rotten mentally. In the early afternoon wrote to Mrs. Kimbrough, at least I should say typed the letter. Worked on sherds until about 4:30. After I wrote a letter to Nardi. After dinner I felt a little better and played a bit with the monkey while Linton wrote to his mother. I wrote one to Mother Satterthwaite in the morning as we thought the mail was going out at 11:00. In bed about 8:30 but not to sleep. We put Barney in his box at the foot of the bed, and he yelled for what seemed to me two hours. I picked him up and put him down, picked him up again, and so on, until finally I tucked him under my arm and he went to sleep. Poor old Barney. He's such a nuisance and such a great help.

#### **May 23, 1931, Saturday**

Since the Morleys left the time has certainly dragged. It seems about a year since last Saturday. I worked straight through this morning from 8:30 until almost 12:00. I had the new boy Antonio helping me. I was so hungry at lunch

time, but for me lunch was a flat failure. I despise that bean soup with fried tortillas, the potatoes were cold, some awful meat which I did not touch. After lunch Linton and I talked about what to do. The way the Egan-Wyers talk they certainly seem to expect to come here next year and when I think how ruinous it is to my disposition just seeing them at meal times the prospect of another six months next year would be a little more than I could endure. Furthermore, the Chief gives me a large pain in the fanny. His work is so slipshod and his manner drives me batty most of the time. When I think how I've yearned and am still yearning to get out of this place I doubt that I will come again, no matter who comes. Also, I'm thinking about Mamma and I hate to come so far away. Then again if Linton comes and I don't it means separation from him. I'm actually hating the place now and my one thought is when do we leave. If it's two weeks that seems an endurable time but if I don't miss my guess it will be longer.

In the afternoon worked on the sherds, and what a mess the Chief keeps finding more things and brings them down in bagfuls without name, date, or anything. Linton and I took a shower. After dinner Linton worked on his drawing and I played with the monkey and sat on the bench and just dreamed. Bed about 9:15 and it was fun thinking that we could sleep longer in the morning.

#### **May 24, 1931, Sunday**

Up about 7:30 and then waited until almost 8:30 for breakfast as the Egan-Wyers were late again. In the morning I mended, gave Barney a bath and fixed him up well. Lunch time rolled around quickly as it always does on Sundays. I was right hungry but Louise likes cold cuts, so we had cold string beans, cold sausage, and what not. I was still hungry and asked for chocolate. Had a bit of a headache in the afternoon. I finished my mending, got the clothes ready and for a while sat on the porch and watched the rain. Took two aspirins, which did not make me feel much better. Sometime before supper we were in the workshop examining some of the things that came out of a pot and Gregorio came along and stopped. I discovered he had a bag full of limes and said, "Oh, limes." By that time the Chief was at the door and Gregorio was saving them for the engineer, and with that made haste to Egan-Wyer's house. Linton was wild. He came down to the house and gave vent to his feelings. The Chief knew that we had asked Enrique for them and he did not have the guts to stand up and say so, but he did have the guts to tell us we could not order and have our own chocolate. I wonder how it will all turn out as Linton says he is through. At dinner we had Senor Mendoza as our guest; hunger again, this time cold asparagus, cold meat, cold spinach on toast, but some hot potatoes. I ate the potatoes. After the Chief remarks, "That was a good dinner." I wish I had the courage to say, "Yes, if you like cold vegetables." Linton said about three words. We talked in the evening about what we could do and how. So to bed about 9:00.

#### **May 25, 1931, Monday**

Sometime very early this morning I got up to obey the call of nature and when I got back into bed I started thinking about how little I had to eat and what a rotten deal we have been getting. I got all worked up and then it was almost impossible for me to sleep. I said prayers to keep my mind in a better

state, finally got to sleep. The next thing I knew I heard the voice of Alberto and then Linton crawling out and the next thing I knew Linton was back from his breakfast and it was 6:40. Linton, I take it, had said little or nothing at breakfast, as later this morning when I was cleaning up the Chief came down ostensibly to show me how he had fixed a figurine but in reality to know what was the matter with Linton. I said you ask him yourself. He'll get a good answer, I know that. I had one cigarette after breakfast and later one with Alberto; again I will try to cut it out. Worked on the sherds, but with not so much vigor. All seemed wrong. I missed Alberto's going back and forth and coming in occasionally. I also acted out a few dramas in my mind about what I would say to Egan-Wyer if any more suggestions came from him about packing sherds. At lunch Linton maintained a steady silence and the Chief said, "Lint, the way you speak one would think you were on your death bed!" Linton said, "I wish I were." After lunch I fed Barney and when I went up to work on the sherds I could not find Antonio. Later I saw him carrying trays in the office. I said in a loud voice to help me in the workshop. That helped me get rid of some of my penned up thoughts. Worked until about 4:00. Linton and I played with Barney and later I took a shower while Linton read. When I came back from my shower the Chief was talking to Linton so I had a hasty exit. Went to the men's quarters and watched them play baseball. Dinner was a simply ghastly meal. The Chief had evidently asked the Egan-Wyers about the lemons. Egan-Wyer ate nothing and words cannot describe how terrible that was. After the Chief came down to say that the lemons were now in the bodega. My god, what a fool that man is, he presumes now that all is well, since he fixed it all up. Has no idea that it is the principle that counts. We went to bed about 9:00. When I was half awake and half asleep it rained and that is one of the most pleasant things down here: the rain on these palm leaf roofs.

#### **May 26, 1931, Tuesday**

Mr. S. started clearing South Group Ball Court [R-11a-b] and finishing up Structure XLIII [J-9]; worked in Ball Court until May 30.

At breakfast not any talk; everyone read. I'm still smoking hard and it seems almost impossible to give it up, since cigarettes are more or less comforting in this God-awful atmosphere. Linton is fed up and worried and that just makes me feel about ten times worse than I would feel. Last night when the Chief was here he looked over some of Linton's drawings and the only word of approval was "hmm." What an experience this has been. I just wonder sometimes whether I will ever get home. Esparso came in the morning with salt, but no letters. Lunch was simply dreadful and I tried to utter a few words but did not get very far. I outstayed Egan-Wyer and Louise and made a pass at talking to the Chief. Linton made his getaway by saying he must write a note, which he did, a telegram to Mrs. Brooks or rather to Will telling Mrs. Brooks not to renew our lease. I wrote a letter to Mamma after lunch, then did some work on sherds. Linton came down about 4:00 and I stopped work about 4:30. Took a shower and then had time to contemplate the awful hour of dinner. However, it was not quite as bad as usual as we did do some talking. After dinner sent some pictures off and got to bed about 9:00, but I could not sleep thinking about the Chief and his notebooks.

#### **May 27, 1931, Wednesday**

Breakfast everyone read; Egan-Wyer said not a word. Linton feels rotten mentally and physically, he said it was such an effort to go to work. He was around camp until about 7:30 or so. I got all the sherds washed or at least with Antonio's help; he came at 10:00 as before that time he had to take lunch up to the ruins. That made me sore; Louise came by and said he was taking lunch to Egan-Wyer and the Doctor, not a word about Linton. I said I wished Linton might have some lunch as he had a terrible cold and she said she did not know where he was working. I did not lose control of myself, which is a wonder. Just before lunch the Chief was looking for his pencil, or my pencil which he took out of the workshop and I said I had taken it from the desk since it was mine, he said something about my having two others. Those other two are about two inches long. That just about set me off, but I was still to get another blow when he read a note from Enrique saying that he was sending us lemons. Then with a gracious look at the Egan-Wyers he said I guess the others were for you. I could not hold in and said, "Well, Enrique must have misunderstood when you ordered him!" He did not answer that. This place is making me so nervous and I just cried. After lunch I worked on the sherds and while in there Louise came along and asked me if I had a cup down at my house. That was too much and all I could remember was the joint smile of Louise and Egan-Wyer when the Chief remarked about the lemons and I lost a little control and said, "No, I haven't any cups and every time a cup or anything is missing Alberto or someone comes down to my house for it." That was as far as I got. She said something about having to look after them and so on ad infinitum. I so dreaded another meal like the ones previous that later I stopped by her house and asked about the laundry for next week. Boy was she cool and how she did not look at me. I pretended I noticed nothing and went on with what I had to say. God, this is terrible and now I continually have that awful feeling in my stomach and I'll soon be on the way to nervous indigestion. How can I ever stand it even for another day, let alone another week? When I look out of the window and out of the door it is rather nice and all the niceness and rugged beauty of the place is lost because of the intolerable atmosphere. When Linton came down I was in the workshop and I told him about the cup episode, he said he did not blame me but perhaps Louise was right if she has to look after the cups, etc., and that there is only one way to find out, and that is to ask people. We took two lemons from the bag in the comedor and came to our house and made some drinks. We talked and sipped our drinks. Linton has decided to go to Chichen Itza and ask Morley for a job and in the meantime ask Mason how long he needs him. And we talked much of this and that; how Mason digs, the importance of Pyramid 27, whether Jayne meant what he said about Linton's having charge, etc. We got pretty much in our cups and Linton and I decided I should tell Louise I was sorry. I did that and she was very nice, said "Don't worry about that." I'm not worrying much I felt like saying, but I hate those horrible silent meals. Linton is such a darling and the two of us did have fun. We sallied forth to dinner in the best of spirits and those few drinks did wonders. After dinner we had another drink and took a walk past the men's camp. It was a simply beautiful night, the moon spread such a lovely cover over everything and tropical moonlights are really quite something. As we

walked back we stopped a minute at the men's camp as someone was playing a guitar. Like a fool I sat down and, My God, in two minutes I was alive with ants. Made a hasty get back to our house and off with my clothes. My stockings were literally covered with little red ants, my arms and neck. The moral is never sit down in the tropics. I got in bed and Linton fixed the bar (mosquito) and then we had another drink. The sad part was I got a horrible case of the hiccups and it took about 20 minutes of holding my breath and water-drinking before they stopped. I was exhausted and sank down and was asleep in five minutes.

#### May 28, 1931, Thursday

When I first woke up I had that old feeling after one has imbibed a little too much, however, as the morning grew I felt quite myself; it must be good liquor. Packed some of the sherds. Lunch was not so awful, although Egan-Wyer did try to tell us why we had boils; he said too much candy. I'm not sure whether that was a dirty crack or not, but I let it pass. Enrique is always resigning according to the Chief and just after lunch Egan-Wyer and Enrique were having loud works. As Enrique left his house I heard Egan-Wyer say somebody was a son of a bitch for taking the word of a damned arreiro.<sup>70</sup> It was now about 2:00 and Egan-Wyer, Mendoza, and Enrique are having a little conference. If one could just look in at the outside and see Egan-Wyer it might be very humorous. I'll bet James Stephens<sup>71</sup> could summarize Egan-Wyer in one short sentence. At this time the camp is very quiet. The bodega is closed and there are little or no signs of life. I hope this time next week that the camp will be humming with everybody rushing about packing. Will that time ever come when I'm sitting on my mule and saying goodbye to Mendoza and anyone else who is left to enjoy Piedras Negras. Later in the afternoon worked on sherds, someone brought mail and I landed four, one from Mamma and Papa, Alice, Freda McLaughlin, and Mother Satterthwaite. The news from home makes me more homesick. Dinner at which the Chief read a letter from Senor Garcia, I started to read Time, but a kick from Linton soon put a stop to that. The Chief reads letters like that, but ones from the Museum, etc., he would rather die than read them to us. In the evening I wrote to Mr. Howard, or I should say, I copied a letter Linton had written. I wrote one but it was so terrible Linton tried his hand. The Chief came down to inquire if we were going to use our typewriter, as Egan-Wyer had broken his when he got so angry with Enrique. I had decided to write to Mr. Howard in longhand but the thought that that idiot could not control his temper any better than to break a typewriter annoyed me and I said I was going to use ours. After some consideration Linton said I had better let him have it; so being an ass, I shouted up and inquired if he needed it; that blankety-blank Irishman did not have the grace to get up and come to the door, just shouted, "That's all right." When I took my letter up the Chief asked if I had finished and then he trots off to ask Egan-Wyer if he would use it. Egan-Wyer must have replied "No"; a few minutes later I saw the Chief bring his own typewriter to the office; the damn fool even tried to persuade Egan-Wyer to

<sup>70</sup> An *arreiro* is a person who transports goods using pack animals; a muleteer.

<sup>71</sup> James Stephens (1882–1950) was an Irish novelist and poet, and a dedicated Irish Republican.

use that. The Chief gave us a letter from Jayne; several important things in it: Mr. Johnson<sup>72</sup> has resigned from the board, the new lintel, and last but not least, a reference to Egan-Wyer. He said the expedition could not afford to bring Egan-Wyer to the States. I would be grateful for information as to know just what Egan-Wyer could or would do at the Museum for six months. I was so angry about it that I could not sleep. I'd still like to bet money that Louise's way here was or will be paid by the expedition. If I ever get that knowledge I'll talk plenty regardless of ethics. I raved on but by degrees with Linton's quieting influence I was better.

#### May 29, 1931, Friday

Breakfast and thank goodness reading is the general thing. I worked most of the morning on sherds and got so damn mad the way the Chief mixes everything up. When he came down at noon I asked him in a gracious manner if he would kindly separate the sherds for Guatemala, that is, the ones to be packed immediately and the ones to be photographed. At lunch I got myself worked up again with that fool Egan-Wyer. Something simple about the way to make coffee. After lunch my heart was pounding away, just nuts getting myself all excited over the remarks of an imbecile. For these last days I shall try to disregard him as much as possible and thereby keep calm. Arguments with the people home are so much fun, but here one just gets uncontrollably angry. This afternoon I made Barney take some punishment by putting him on the bench and later taking him to the laboratory with me; he just clutched my clothes. I worked until 5:00, took a shower and it is now 6:15 and I presume we are waiting for the Egan-Wyers; since they have tea every afternoon they are not hungry until later. But at dinner I shall try my best to be calm. I was calm and paid no attention to Egan-Wyer. After I read Time, made a sugar-soup poultice for the Chief's boil, chinned a bit with Linton, and we laughed merrily, just to annoy the Egan-Wyers. In bed about 9:30, but did not get right to sleep; it's those damn cigarettes.

#### May 30, 1931, Saturday

Breakfast, with Egan-Wyer looking very sour. I'd like to know the name of the book he is reading. Probably one of Harold Bell Wright's.<sup>73</sup> I worked in

<sup>72</sup> Edridge R. Johnson (1867–1945) was the owner of a small machine shop in Camden, New Jersey, who co-created the Victor Talking Machine Company in 1901 and built it into the leading American producer of phonographs and phonograph records. After nearly 30 years in the industry, Johnson retired in 1927. The Victor Talking Machine Company was sold to RCA in 1929. In 1929 he established the Johnson Foundation for Research in Medical Physics at the University of Pennsylvania, now called the Eldridge Reeves Johnson Foundation, which is associated with the Department of Biochemistry and Biophysics at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine. In 1985, Johnson posthumously received the 1984 Grammy Trustee Award, given to persons who made a significant contribution in the field of recording. This award is on display at the Johnson Victrola Museum located in Dover, Delaware.

<sup>73</sup> Harold Bell Wright (1872–1944) was a best-selling American writer of fiction, essays, and non-fiction during the first half of the twentieth century. It has been claimed that he was the first American writer to sell a million copies of a novel and the first to make a million dollars from fiction writing. Gary Cooper and John Wayne starred in several movies based on fiction by Wright.



Laborers at Piedras Negras, 1931 (Piedras Negras Archives unnumbered).

the shop until 10:00, then fed Barney and dressed him, and walked to the ruins, Barney hanging on for dear life. Linton was at the ball court, in the South Group. Carmen took our picture and then I chatted as best I could with Luis and Efrain. Lunch was very calm as I said little and left early. This afternoon (it is now 5:00) I have been writing letters; one to Mamma, Frank, and Aunt Katie; thought it would be good to do it today as I think from now on I will be rushed. Anita and Ramon and his mother came to the house for my picture. Anita came earlier in the afternoon to press my brown skirt, she was so nice that I gave it to her. Then a friend of Alberto's came, he wanted the photographs which had already gone with Alberto. After dinner Linton wrote letters of recommendation for the four horsemen and one letter to Mr. Schumacher. I felt rather weary and despondent as the Chief said something about taking several days to pack, etc. I walked over to the men's camp to say goodbye to our friends. I like these Mexicans, they seem so kind and different from the desperados we have heard about. Came back and took care of Barney, poor old fellow was sick. Got in bed and read Time by the oil light, and soon fell asleep. Did not hear Linton come to bed as he developed until 12:00.

#### May 31, 1931, Sunday

Up about 8:00 and the Chief, Linton, and I started breakfast; as usual the Egan-Wyers were late. Worked hard all morning, Linton helping. We waited

dinner for the Egan-Wyers for about a half hour and at last when we sat down everything was cold. I mentioned something about the tortillas being cold and the Chief repeated it. Louise suddenly left the table; I don't know whether she was sick or angry. Worked all afternoon until 6:00. I came down to the house several times and noticed Egan-Wyer swinging in his hammock. Also at dinner there was a great hullabaloo; Mendoza appeared and said there was no dinner for him; and to make matters worse Salvador had gone off and with him the key to the bodega. When Linton mentioned something about no one else having a key, Egan-Wyer said how can you hold a man responsible if someone else has a key; imagine the head of the camp not having a key to everything. He then rushed to the office and shouted, "Break down the damn door, I don't care!" The Chief rushed around like a chicken with its head cut off. Louise did not appear at supper, had hers in the house. Mendoza was our guest so the meal went off rather smoothly. In the evening helped Linton develop and in between times talked to the Chief who was dividing sherds. Bed about 10:00 and then we took Barney in with us and played with him for a while.

#### June 1, 1931, Monday

Ah, day of days; this one I like. Linton and I did not get up until 6:30. We both worked all morning on sherds. I came down to the house about 11:45, fed Barney, and waited for lunch which was at 12:40. This morning the Mexican arrived and bless his soul does not want to tarry here long, so at lunch the Chief started making plans for departure. He asked Linton how long it would take him and if ever I could have kicked him was when he replied, "Well, two weeks to do it right!" Coffee and pistols! Linton was in a bad humor so he left early to go to the ruins to take some pictures. I asked the Chief when he thought we would get off and believe my ears he said, "Saturday." I feel kind of nutty I'm so happy with that word. Of course it may be Sunday, but at any rate we are on the move. Louise gave the Chief that funny look and said "Saturday?" My God, what has she to do, except pack her own things and perhaps wash her hair again and put on some powder, rouge, and lipstick. It just does not seem possible that I am actually going to get out of this place and I hope I don't ever see it again. Louise gave me the glad news that my clothes were all shot from the damp weather, that is the ones I left in Tenosique. She apparently took her coat out of my bag. She had a hell of a nerve opening them without asking me about it since I did her the favor of letting her put her stuff in it. Well, what difference does anything make now, we will be leaving soon and I hope never to see their faces again. Packed all afternoon, right up until 6:00. It was so funny this afternoon while the Chief and I were working Garducia was getting drunk and he kept calling "Enrique." Around dinner time I took the monkey over for him to see and he called it the "diablo." Linton came down from the ruins about 4:00 and said he was going to take a swim, and the next thing I knew Egan-Wyer said, "There he goes," and I saw Linton's head bobbing up and down through the rapids. In the evening I packed more sherds, primarily because I wanted to get the good lamp. I decided this was one night their Royal Highnesses would use an oil lamp and they did. Went to bed about 10:00.

### June 2, 1931, Tuesday

Linton was annoyed this morning. The Chief asked him if he had forgotten how to nail lids on boxes, Linton replied "no" and set to work doing them, I imagine getting angrier every minute. When I went to the workshop I asked why he did not let Salvador do it since he wanted to go to the ruins. The Chief said, "I'll do them myself." Yes, he would after they are all finished. A number of boxes went off and it looks like we are on the way. Packed all morning and watched Egan-Wyer sit in the bodega most of the morning, figuring I suppose. We had lunch at 12:00 and I made the nasty remark that we better go ahead and eat since Linton probably thought we would not have lunch at 1:00. I was full of dirty cracks. Louise was not eating and Egan-Wyer said something about it being a good thing that she was going to Guatemala. I said why don't you take long walks. Packed most of the afternoon, quit about 4:00 to take a shower, not much of a shower since it would not work. Linton and I packed again about 5:00 and just before dinner Linton shaved off his beard. I thought I would celebrate so I took a drink and then Enrique took Linton and me to his house for two more drinks, then at dinner Mendoza came and insisted we drink. After dinner I made a presence in the workroom, but Mendoza and Linton were outside drinking, and talking with Salvador and Alfredo. Linton had a good edge on himself. But parties here don't last long and we were in bed about 9:15. I doubt if the Chief liked the procedure, but we did not worry about that.

### June 3, 1931, Wednesday

That God-awful feeling in my head and stomach and, as always, I wonder why I drink. Felt pretty rocky, but as the morning grew older I felt better. There are no cigarettes in the camp for which I'm grateful, perhaps now that I have one day ahead I may stop the filthy habit. Packed sherds most of the morning and this afternoon (it is now 5:45) helped the Chief do some photographing. I took notes and made the drawings; and how I love to draw. Lunch, by the way, was not so bad; Mendoza was there with his bottle; Louise tells me she is a bit worried, she thinks she's going to have a baby; she complains about no money and tells me also that perhaps if Egan-Wyer "can get business" they may stay here, yes, here at Piedras Negras. While I was helping the Chief Egan-Wyer came down and said something about difficulties on the hill and something about the stela they were taking out; well, whatever it was it was contrary to the Chief's order because for once in his life he got sore at Egan-Wyer and Egan-Wyer walked off. Then the Chief repented and called back, "Wait a minute." Later I saw him make about six trips to the Egan-Wyer house, apologizing even more, the damn fool. At 6:30 dinner was served and at 6:30 I told Louise the time when she said she was going to take a bath. I was getting pretty sore, I made an unnecessary trip to the house to cool off and even when I got back to the dining room the Egan-Wyers had not appeared, so I said to Linton, "Let's eat" and we did. The Chief was in a fine mess, but he walked slowly and sadly to the table and started soup without the Egan-Wyers. Louise came in after we had all finished our soup. Linton marked the stela and I came and got in bed, played with Barney and then Linton came with cigarettes and I smoked a couple. Linton went back to do some more work and I tried to get some sleep, but I kept hearing things. Got



Laborers moving a fragment of a circular monument  
(Piedras Negras Archives unnumbered).



Removing monument with makeshift pulley and tractor  
(Piedras Negras Archives unnumbered).



Using pulleys to lift a monument into a crate, 1932. This is the year following the season covered in the diary. Linton Satterthwaite is to the left (Piedras Negras Archives 31-177).

to sleep about 10:00, I guess. Esparso came this afternoon, but no mail; he has 15 mules that he is taking up the river and now we are going to wait for his return, which will be Monday and then leave Wednesday. I thought it would be odd if we got off so early.

#### June 4, 1931, Thursday

Worked good and hard all morning, made drawings while the Chief photographed and then put the objects back in their bags. At lunch Egan-Wyer was in an awful mood. I almost forgot at breakfast he never even said "Good morning" and once when he reached for the sugar and Linton picked it up to hand it to him, he got hold of it and would not let Linton pass it to him. I laughed audibly behind my magazine. And as I said at lunch he was in a beast; he talked to the Chief in the most disagreeable manner and the damn fool Chief takes it and likes it. In the afternoon we packed and while we packed it rained. About 4:00 Linton and I came to the house for a cigarette (we are conserving them because there are few for us, Egan-Wyer has a whole stack on his table, I saw them when I was talking to Louise). Mr. Ross came and we greeted him fondly and then came into the house to finish our smoke. On the way back to the workshop I stopped off at the can and I guess Linton went on ahead, at any rate he was there when I got there, and as I passed the dining room they were having tea; well I never hope to be so angry. I worked all day long and the Chief knew my name well enough to call me when he wanted something, but not to call me to tea. Of course I got more angry as I thought about it and when the Chief came into the workshop I answered him as shortly as I could. I never hope to be as angry again. When I came down to the house just before dinner I could not speak. Well, we had dinner and since it was not Mr. Ross's fault I talked and listened. Linton and I played with Barney and then tried to sleep. At one time I got up and it was 11:00. So it must have been 11:30 when I finally slept. The bugs seem to be worse, leave it to Mason to stay until one is bitten alive.

#### June 5, 1931, Friday

Trouble with wagons, Egan-Wyer off to investigate, back for dinner. Breakfast was not as bad as usual, since Mr. Ross was there Egan-Wyer was in a nicer humor. Linton and I haven't a cigarette and, of course, no one offered us one at breakfast. I never saw Egan-Wyer or the Chief refuse when Linton offered them one. Perhaps I'll be forced to give them up for a day, as I'd rather die now than take one. No, I was not forced to give the filthy things up as Linton found an old pack in his old pants pocket. I felt low in the stomach in the morning, and did not do so much, my back also ached due to my friend. At lunch some cigarettes came and it gave me quite a kick when Egan-Wyer had to admit having 10 packs, as a present he said "to Enrique and I." In the afternoon I finished my object catalog and later Linton brought Mr. Ross to the house and we had some drinks. I was more discreet than usual taking very little. Dinner at 7:00 and Egan-Wyer was not present; he had gone out to see what was wrong with the wagons; but when he did come he was in a sweet mood; that manner is his one defense, always blaming what has happened on someone else. This time the men would not stay because the oxen would not pull. In bed about 9:00, but I did not get to sleep for some time. Barney yelled

and yelled, and added to him the Chief called "Wyer" every five minutes, so it seemed.

#### June 6, 1931, Saturday

This was the day we were supposed to start off, but I'm rather glad it turned out the way it did, since mule riding at this time would not be so good; however, I kept thinking this is my last Saturday in Piedras Negras. Did this and that in the morning and most of the afternoon on the picture catalog. Also did quite some wash and it seemed funny sitting out there in front of the house with the wash tub and the queer looking rinsing contraption. At dinner neither Egan-Wyer or the Chief offered either Linton or me a cigarette. I asked for the light so that I might do the picture catalog; asking Egan-Wyer, "If he had anything important to do." He was about to say something nasty about I never have anything, and I stopped him short by saying, "Well, I guess I'll run for the lamp and do my catalog." The bugs were particularly bad so I put my typewriter in bed and worked there; Linton was developing pictures. Despite all Linton and I have had fun and we may have many good laughs at Crap Heels and his bride. This horrible atmosphere, it seems to me, has brought Linton and me closer together. I don't care much about the word "closer," but we've battled out something and part of the time have been able to laugh, which would not be possible with a great many men.

#### June 7, 1931, Sunday

Despite the fact that it is 3:50 and I have much to do I must write a few lines since it is my last Sunday in Piedras Negras. This morning we were up about 6:20 and believe my eyes Egan-Wyer was ready for breakfast shortly thereafter. There was little conversation. About 9:00 Linton and I went to the ruins. Linton wanted to take measurements and do a few last things, so we did them. While I was waiting to be of service I would look over the different spots and think how many miserable hours I spent here and there, especially Court 2 of the Acropolis where I almost spit nickels I was so angry when the Chief told me I ate too many Corn Flakes. I think the days when tears were nearest, that is, from homesickness were Sundays. Sundays home meant something, here they did not mean so much. The cigarettes have given out and I smoked but six today. After supper we were tired and a little out of sorts, so we went to bed early in preparation for a hard day on the morrow.

#### June 8, 1931, Monday

This day was a wow! Up early and in the morning finished the photographic catalog and did packing now and then. No cigarettes and many times during the morning I would have given much for one, but thought this is a swell way to stop smoking. After packing some of the boxes Linton went to the ruins for a last look and to make some last notes. Louise came down to the house and said that we or I was to prepare my own food for the trip out. In the afternoon we packed some more and in between times I corrected the object catalog with the packing book. After 4:00 Linton and I had tea and as the Chief was wandering back and forth. Linton mentioned something about "food." Immediately he hopped on Linton and said he did not like this



Pulleys are used to drag a monument boxed in a mahogany crate uphill (Piedras Negras Archives 31-161).

individual way of doing things, so I explained with much gusto, and Louise appeared at that moment, that Mrs. Egan-Wyer had asked me to fix my own food for the trip out. Louise looked a little non-plused and then the Chief said, "If you don't feel well Mrs. Egan-Wyer, Mrs. Satterthwaite will fix our food for the trip." Louise then decided to have some tea and explained that she was not feeling so well. Well, even before she was pregnant she did not do a hell of a lot. I rushed around and added more to the list of food and Louise then was full of suggestions. I made a point to go to the Chief's house and say that the Egan-Wyers did not wish me to prepare anything for them as they wished to stick to the original plan of taking their own food. He said, "All right, but I don't like it." Dinner was pretty miserable and the Chief, true to form, remarked, "Well, this is our last dinner in Piedras Negras." None said a word, quite a deadly silence followed. Egan-Wyer does not speak to me at all, except when we have company or when the Chief is around. I make a strong point of talking to Louise and being nice so the old bastard will not be able to say "women on expeditions." Enrique gave me a couple of cigarettes and, of course, I smoked them. After dinner we both felt like a drink and hunted up Enrique and Mendoza, but there was not a drop to be had. Linton finished packing the transit, and I got some hot water and took the world's funniest bath. Washing here and there. I think it was most fortunate that we did not have to start out a couple of days ago as I would certainly have been out of luck. With my clothes all out and everything fixed for the morning I got in bed with a rather happy feeling despite all, knowing that this was the last night in Piedras Negras. It was about 10:00 and I settled for a short sleep as 3:45 was not many hours off. Linton so he told me later, came down about 11:00.

### June 9, 1931, Tuesday

Left camp (Dr. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Egan-Wyer, Mr. and Mrs. Satterthwaite, Rivas). Mendoza left in charge of camp. Left 8:00, arrived Los Rielles about 2:00; Egan-Wyer and Rivas continued to Tenosique same day; Dr. Mason and Mr. and Mrs. Satterthwaite to San Jose, arriving back about 6:00 (about one hour good riding, Los Rielles to San Jose); horrible night, no sleep; slept above Linton with hammock.

Not up at the early hour we had planned. Someone called us about 4:30 and at breakfast I inquired why we were so late and the Chief said that Egan-Wyer was supposed to have his alarm go off. Egan-Wyer said the alarm misfired and also that he would not fire off a gun as he did it once and had adverse criticism. Meaning me, I suppose. Well, there was much rushing around and true to form we did not have chocolate at breakfast. I asked Louise if we might and she said she would take care of it, but I learned that Salvador had forgotten to give the balls to Alfredo. That was typical of the way she did most things. The Chief said he would try to make it in one day and I said it seemed funny to me that if Don Pancho would not have the boats at San Jose he certainly would have notified us in some way. Linton backed me up and off we started about 8:00. Egan-Wyer gave me a queer look when he saw my hat with red ribbon under the chin. Mendoza was actually sad when we bid him good-bye. It gave me a great kick when Egan-Wyer and Louise passed us and Egan-Wyer said, "Adios." A few paces beyond they had stopped and so



Loading crated monument onto wagon (Piedras Negras Archives unnumbered).

I took the lead with Linton next, holding tight to the monkey and the Chief following. I beat my mule and rode as fast as I knew how. I decided this was one time in my life I would ride; the idea of "I'll show 'em!" At El Cabro we stopped and here standing out in the road was, and I guess still is, our beautiful lintel. The Egan-Wyers appeared and I snickered to myself that Egan-Wyer had said "adios" about an hour or so before. Linton had to fix our bags on the mules so we were the last to start. The Chief remarked that I was certainly riding and he guessed I had not meant what I said about beating my mule. The old alligator. I did get a kick out of riding at the best speed I could and at Tapexco the Egan-Wyers stopped and I took the lead again. Linton was such a darling and he would say to the monkey "Barney we are going to Grandma's." From Tapexco to Los Rielles; first we would be in the lead and then the Egan-Wyers would lead, but they did not get far ahead of us. At Los Rielles we parted; that is, the Egan-Wyers and Don Enrique to Tenosique and Linton, the Chief, and I to San Jose, as there was no message at Los Rellies that the boat would not be there. We left Los Rielles about 2:00 and got to San Jose about 3:00, but no boats. I fed Barney and Linton prepared a tasty luncheon. I could not eat much, but had a terrific thirst. I felt that the boats simply had to come, that it was a physical impossibility to ride back to Los Rielles. I prayed for the boats, but my prayer was not answered and about 5:10 we started back to Los Rielles. It was very sad, especially since Egan-Wyer had said that Don Pancho would not be there. When we arrived back at Los Rielles Alfredo was there; he had arrived at 2:00 in the afternoon. He cooked our supper, but I ate practically nothing. I just had a terrific thirst and drank many cups of tea. While Linton and the Chief went down to wash I held Barney and talked to the men. Then to bed and what a night! Linton slept on the cot under me and every time he would move he would bump me. Aside from that the



Hauling Piedras Negras monument with oxen and wagon, 1932  
(Piedras Negras Archives unnumbered).

mosquitoes were bad and the bar had not been put up properly so they had every chance in the world. I slept very little and as Linton's bed was on an incline he slept little. I was glad when it was daylight.

### June 10, 1931, Wednesday

Left Los Rielles about 8 AM arriving Tenosique about 2:00 or 3:00; no stop for lunch. Paliva high; when this stream is high there is an excellent chance that boxes will be dumped in the water; containers of perishable objects should be ferried across by hand, which is easy. Bones ached; walked around Tenosique about 2:30; could hardly move; letter from Alice; Perez came in; lunch at Don Miguel with the Chief; room near there; all in. At night Mason said, "We could sail."

When I struggled out of my hammock I knew I was in for a bad day. My bones ached from the strenuous ride I had yesterday. After breakfast Linton and I took Barney down to the brook and washed him. I felt about as much like riding to Tenosique as turning a few handsprings and that would have been difficult. However, about 8:00 the mules were ready and we started off. This part of the ride which so frightened me coming in gave me quite a feeling of superiority as I had absolutely no fear and just plodded along. I was grateful that it was not open country and that trotting was not in force. At one point the Chief saw some bags falling off one of the mules and he stopped and got off, and as he did his mule went flying, and Linton after the Chief's mule and then the Chief after Linton's, and about the same time the

bridle or reins on my mule gave way and I could not stop him. After we were fixed up I would have given much for a cigarette and I watched the Chief pull one out and light up. I suppose since he gave us some yesterday he feels he has done more than his share. We made another stop as the Chief was not sure which road to take as we had left the mule pack behind. We stretched out but I could not get comfortable and so sat up and again watched the Chief smoke a cigarette. The pack mules appeared and we were off again. We practically walked our mules from Los Rielles to Tenosique. When we came in sight of the town it was rather picturesque seeing this long line of mules and cargo entering the town; it looked like a moving picture. It was very pretty and everything seemed nicer than when we were leaving Tenosique for Piedras Negras. When we arrived at Don Pancho's the Egan-Wyers were there to greet us. I said a few words to Louise and fewer to Egan-Wyer, except when he said they arrived in Tenosique at 6:00. I said, "Are we supposed to believe that?" He said I could ask anyone around and I mentioned that I did not doubt that he could do it. After greeting the Villanuevas and Don Garcia and feeding the monkey we went to Don Miguel's and had food. I ate part of an egg and drank much chocolate. Our room was just a few doors from Don Miguel's and I dropped in a hammock wondering whether I could ever get up again. The pain in my left shoulder and chest was God-awful, and to move required a great effort. Our bags arrived from Don Pancho's and I looked with great fondness at my black box with powder, rouge, etc., and thought about the day I packed it away. We got some water and Linton threw water on me and I again sank in the hammock saying I could not get dressed for dinner. Linton remarked that he would have to eat alone and I managed somehow to get into a dress. I never felt so completely knocked out. We went to Don Pancho's to return some things to the Chief and then to dinner. I had chocolate and nothing else. The Egan-Wyers appeared and as always it was quite embarrassing. I said little bits to Louise and Linton; talked mostly to Alfredo. Then Enrique appeared and that helped some. As we were leaving the Chief came along and told Linton there was a boat leaving the next day and he could get us money. He assured us with much gusto that he was not hurrying us out of town which is just what he was doing. We hunted up Don Pancho at a billiards parlor and there met Dr. Todd,<sup>74</sup> who to my way of thinking is a wash-out. He could not keep his mind on the same thing for five minutes. Don Pancho told us that the Sinbad was leaving on the morrow and that it would take us to Palizada,<sup>75</sup> and from there we would get a boat to Carmen. Dr. Todd decided to walk over and see the monkey and on the way we met Mason, Egan-Wyer, and Enrique, all on their way to play billiards

<sup>74</sup> M.C. Todd was a physician and surgeon based in Tenosique. Todd and Mason entered into an agreement in 1932 to complete the road between Piedras Negras and San José, and transport monuments to Obregón. The correspondence includes an invoice for expenses for transport of monuments, \$277.20; expenses for road repairs, \$1541.85; workers under supervision of John Ross to repair road, 61 men at \$2.10/day, \$128.10; 200 gallons of gasoline, \$200.00, and portage of gasoline, \$26.74. Todd served as Mason's shipping agent, reporting eleven crates were shipped to Obregón, six destined to Philadelphia, and five to Guatemala (M.C. Todd to J.A. Mason, letter, January 30, 1933).

<sup>75</sup> Morley describes Palizada as having a population of 800, a government telegraph station, and stock raising as the major industry. The Río Palizada or the Boca Chica of the Río Usumacinta separates from the Usumacinta at Boca de Amatitlán (Harris and Sadler 2003).

or pool. Todd decided to come the next day to see Barney and, in the course of talk about boats, the Chief again assured us, the damn fool, in front of everybody, that he was not hurrying us out of town. We walked back to our room feeling pretty low. Linton said he would not play pool but at least the Chief might have invited him. It was very dreary and Linton said it would be better to get out of town and be away from Crap Heels and Shit Heels. The two of them are a pair. Linton felt low, he said it was hard being treated as we have been and still are by the Chief. After more talk about the dirty deal handed to us we went to bed and I guess as soon as I struck the pillow I was asleep although Linton was restless and got up and fixed himself on the cot. Received a letter from Alice.

#### June 11, 1931, Thursday

Morning packed; letter from Jayne to Chief; rested; saw Egan-Wyers at lunch; Chief said "second honeymoon"; took our pictures; Linton saw Egan-Wyers "pitifully dancing." Mr. and Mrs. S. left by Sinbad, the best on the river; not a canoa, has covered deck and cabins, is quite clean, and food is fair; nice bunk but what mosquitoes. Fare to Palizada 25 pesos plus 2.50 for food.

Breakfast at Miguel's and thank goodness we did not meet the Egan-Wyers. After breakfast we started to pack and at intervals I would get in the hammock for five or ten minutes. Linton had much rushing around to do and he was simply sweet about doing everything. He came back at one time after one of his rush trips; this after he had seen the Chief, who had received a letter from Jayne which, the damn fool that he is, he showed to Linton. The Chief had written to Mr. Johnson and had mentioned money. Jayne, by the way the letter read, was and is sore; he also said that Egan-Wyer was to be given his walking papers and as an excuse the Chief could say that money was scarce. Since the Chief made such a blunder, things may not be so bad for us. After most of the things were packed or all of the things packed, I slept for an hour and felt a little better by 12:00, but I still had that horrible pain in my shoulder and chest. Saw the Egan-Wyers at lunch and a little chit chat passed between us. Egan-Wyer showed me a copy of Life or a picture in Life and I guess the last words I said to him were, "Excuse me"; those words because I did not hand the magazine immediately back to him. The Chief came to the room and was extremely solicitous, quite a change from last night. He made some dumb remark about this being our second honeymoon. Second honeymoon, hell, it was a horrible experience! On the way to the boat, which was to leave at 12:00 and left at 4:30, the Chief took our pictures. We all sat around on the bank waiting for the boat to start and the Chief sat beside me and did some talking. He told me I had earned three times my board and really thought he should pay me something, also commented on how well Linton spoke Spanish and, of course, never failing to be stupid, said, "I guess the Egan-Wyers are expecting you to come to their house and you are expecting them down here." I replied, "To tell you the truth, Chief, I had not even thought about them." To that he said nothing. At 4:30 we were off after a hand-shake with Mason. I thought he would lose his hand and arm waving to us. It certainly was a right about-face for the Chief. The Sinbad is one swell boat, that is, by comparison. Bunks and everything. We had supper with the Captain and had a can of our own tomatoes. The toilet was not so hot and it



Hauling Piedras Negras monument with oxen and wagon, 1932  
(Piedras Negras Archives unnumbered).

almost gagged me when nature forced me to use it. The bunks looked nice but they were pretty hot and the mosquitoes were bad, but Linton and I had fun talking, primarily about Mason and his blundering ways.

#### June 12, 1931, Friday

I woke up early in the morning and, My God, it was hot! We had stopped at some tiny town to take on bananas or the like; these boats are alright moving, but hot and stuffy when they stop. Linton and I slept most of the morning; at different times when I would wake up it was rather nice to look out on the water. We arrived at Monte Cristo about 1:00 and searched frantically for Alberto, but few people knew him and the ones that thought they did lived quite a distance from the town. We walked about and met our old friend; he got us breakfast on that memorable Sunday in February. We had some cold drinks and later the friend who had the automobile and spoke some English appeared. They were all very nice and very friendly. I had a sudden call to the bathroom so we went back to the boat and then decided to dress a bit before making any more calls. The Captain knocked on the door to say someone wanted us and it was Senor Hosso's son, the younger one who was in New Orleans when we were in Monte Cristo before. He spoke English and was a dear. He said his father wanted to see us. We had chocolate and talked a bit and they gave me bananas for the monkey and some other fruits. We came back to the boat about 4:00 accompanied by the Hosso boy and he talked a great deal and told us much, in the short time, of Tabasco.

#### June 13, 1931, Saturday

Arrived Palizada 5 AM; took room in hotel on corner of plaza, opposite church. Room, 4.00 for two persons; cargadores 3.00 each way (2 persons); hotel has shower, "beds."

#### June 14, 1931, Sunday

Left Palizada at 4 AM; arrived Ciudad del Carmen about 1:00; fare Palizada to Carmen 3.00 pesos for two persons; room at Hotel Madrid, rate 4.00 per day for one person.

#### June 15, 1931, Monday

Day in Carmen; no boat for Campeche.

#### June 16, 1931, Tuesday

Left Carmen for Campeche about 1:00 on canoa Amada Diaz; 12.00 pesos; cargadores. Hotel to dock, 3.00 pesos; dock to boat, 1.5 pesos (2 persons); storm during the night, tiller line broke and we were in the trough of the waves over an hour until we anchored; no ballast below. Believe it unsafe to travel on these boats without carrying life preservers. For boats in Carmen see Mr. Moore or a German agent, Ludwig.<sup>76</sup>

<sup>76</sup> Morley lists "George Ludvig," as the consular representative for England in Ciudad del Carmen in 1917 (Harris and Sadler 2003:366).

#### June 17, 1931, Wednesday

Arrived at Campeche about 2:00; stayed at Hotel Cuauhtemoc, very fair; running water in rooms, showers; the food is good here; many vendors of tortoise shell jewelry. Lighterage, boat to dock, and to hotel 6.00 pesos (two persons); taxi, hotel to station two pesos; Pizarin Carares cargador, will go to station (a long way) and buy your tickets; this one proved trustworthy and prompt; charge for this and carrying bags to car and train, 3.00 pesos (for two persons).

#### June 18, 1931, Thursday

Morning ride to old church; left Campeche about 1:00, arrived Merida in early evening; met boys from Dartmouth; dinner with cocktails; walk in plaza; bed at 10:00.

#### June 19, 1931, Friday

Up at 6:30; took bath; breakfast fairly good; went shopping; I was huffed about no sandals for Billy; lunch; afternoon talked to Barbachano; Linton talked on until ... or so; dinner, after talked to the boys; bed about 11:00.

#### June 20, 1931, Saturday

Up at 4:45; breakfast and train to Chichen Itza; return fare 12.40 pesos; arrived at Hacienda about 11:00; saw Karl; at lunch, 11:30, met Dr. Cummings,<sup>77</sup> Dr. Gabel, Mrs. Hanna, all of Arizona; good fun; Mr. Pollock<sup>78</sup> of Chichen; all came down to see Barney; afternoon, Miss MacKay<sup>79</sup> talked to me; straightened up a bit; tea; dinner, after visited the clinic; sat and talked.

<sup>77</sup> Dr. Byron Cummings had a profound influence on the archaeology of Arizona during its early development and was responsible for creating the University of Arizona as a center for the study of archaeology. An explorer, archaeologist, anthropologist, teacher, museum director, university administrator, and state parks commissioner, Cummings was involved in many important discoveries in the American Southwest over the first half of the twentieth century and was a pioneer in the education of generations of archaeologists and anthropologists. Anthropology at the University of Arizona began in 1915 with the appointment of Cummings as Professor of Archaeology and Director of the Arizona State Museum. He had received his B.A. (1889) and M.A. (1892) from Rutgers University. Cummings served Arizona as Professor of Greek and Latin, Head of the Department of Archaeology, and for many years as Dean of Men and briefly as Dean of the College of Medicine. Cummings was vigorous in responding and quickly made the University of Arizona into a center for archaeology. Dr. Norman E. Gabel was a biological/physical anthropologist at the University of Arizona.

<sup>78</sup> Harry E.D. Pollock (1901–1982) was an archaeologist with the Carnegie Institution of Washington. He was born in Salt Lake City and attended the Thatcher School in Ojai, California, the Hill School in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, and Harvard University (B.A., 1923; M.A., 1930; Ph.D., 1936). While with the Carnegie Institution he conducted the Architectural Survey of Yucatan and served as the final director of the archaeology program.

<sup>79</sup> Kathryn MacKay, a trained nurse, served as housekeeper at Chichén Itzá during 1927, 1929, and 1931 field seasons. A small, three-bed health clinic was operated under her supervision in 1929 during an influenza outbreak. The most common maladies treated at the clinic included influenza, dysentery and colitis, and pellagra. A field notebook including a report on clinical and social work activities at Chichén Itzá for 1928 is in the archives of the Carnegie Institution of Washington at Harvard University (MacKay 1929; Weeks and Hill 2006:635). There is also a report by MacKay (1931) in the Archivo Técnico de la Dirección de Monumentos Prehispánicos del Instituto Nacional de Antropología e Historia.

**June 21, 1931, Sunday**

After breakfast I rested; talked to Karl; lunch; saw Dr. Cummings depart; rest half-hour; went to see the boys; with Mr. Lawrence to the Temple of the High Priest; tea with Karl [Rupert]; dinner; talked to Mr. Pollock; bed.

**June 22, 1931, Monday**

Awoke about 5:30 AM about one hour late for breakfast; morning went to Old Chichen; afternoon slept from 1:30 to 4:00; tea; after to John's; read story in Saturday Evening Post;<sup>80</sup> much rain in afternoon; dinner, after talked to [Harry E.D.] Pollock; Karl feeling sick.

**June 23, 1931, Tuesday**

On time for breakfast; fixed up Barney; poured rain; went to Caracol to meet Linton and John; much rain; read story in Post at John's; changed my clothes and dressed for lunch; afternoon, wrote up some of the journal; tea; dinner, after bridge with John and Pollock. Ruppert sick; much habanero;<sup>81</sup> funny walking about in the rain; letter saying we must go to Merida next day; rain.

**June 24, 1931, Wednesday**

Rain in morning; did not feel so hot; packed; talked to Miss MacKay; lunch; off at one; Chichen Itza to Merida at 6:30; met Dr. Saunders;<sup>82</sup> saw Schumachers.

**June 25, 1931, Thursday**

Up early; breakfast with Saunders; shopped; packed; Merida to Progreso; 5.00 for car (3 persons); Hotel Casa Villamor in Progreso, a German Otto Vincon, proprietor. Clean and modern; bathing on the beach; dinner really fun; room and two meals for two persons, 9.00 pesos; evening on porch.

**June 26, 1931, Friday**

Up at 6:00; packed; breakfast at 7:00; off to Customs to arrange customs, etc.; Barney to doctor. Sailed about 10:00 on Munplace; allow at best an hour for formalities of leaving; have two or three offices to go to; carriage of baggage for two from hotel in Merida to ship cost 17.50 pesos.

**June 27, 1931, Saturday**

Nice day; did little but sit, rest, and look at Gulf.

**June 28, 1931, Sunday**

Woke up with the bastard mosquitoes; landed about 1:00; customs over at 2:45.

<sup>80</sup> *Saturday Evening Post* was a popular American magazine published weekly from 1897 until 1969, and quarterly and then bimonthly from 1971.

<sup>81</sup> *Habanero* is a variety of chili pepper, and an integral part of Yucatecan food, accompanying most dishes either in solid or salsa form.

<sup>82</sup> Dr. G.M. Saunders, Dr. F.H. Connell, and Mr. B.L. Bennett participated on a cooperative medical project with the Department of Tropical Medicine, School of Public Health, Harvard University. They visited Yucatán in July, 1931, to study the distribution of malaria and amoebic dysentery during the rainy season (Weeks and Hill 2006:635).

Appendix 1  
Persons Mentioned in the Diary



Atlanta	Mr. and Mrs. Barfield Jay Marian
Campeche	Pisarin Carares, laborer George Ludwig, consular representative for England C.A. Sanborn, Campeche Mahogany Company
Chablé	Señor Abreu, <i>finquero</i>
Chichén Itzá	B.L. Bennett, Department of Tropical Medicine, School of Public Health, Harvard University F.H. Connell, Department of Tropical Medicine, School of Public Health, Harvard University Byron Cummings, archaeologist and Director, Arizona State Museum, University of Arizona Mr. and Mrs. William C. Finnoff, ophthalmologist, University of Colorado Jane Howard, student studying archaeology at Chichén Itzá; daughter of Margaret Rohe Howard Margaret Rohe Howard, mother of Jane Howard, and wife of Roy Wilson Howard, director of Scripps-Howard newspaper chain Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Kimbrough, line producer for Sergei Eisenstein Kathryn MacKay, nurse and housekeeper, Chichén Itzá Project; operated a small health clinic H.E.D. Pollock, archaeologist, Carnegie Institution of Washington Ralph L. Roys, ethnohistorian, Carnegie Institution of Washington G.M. Sanders, Department of Tropical Medicine, School of Public Health, Harvard University Mr. Lawrence Mr. Nelson Mr. Walpole, passenger on <i>Munplace</i>
Ciudad del Carmen	Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Moore, resident manager of Phoebe Hearst estate Mr. and Mrs. Schein Mr. and Mrs. Schumacher
Monte Cristo	Señor Hosso

New Orleans	Hermann Beyer, epigrapher, Middle American Research Institute, Tulane University Frans Blom, archaeologist, Middle American Research Institute, Tulane University Dolores Mandamos, secretary to Frans Blom, Middle American Research Institute, Tulane University
Piedras Negras Project Staff	J. Alden Mason, Director María Teresa (Louise) Egan-Wyer, wife of Terrence Egan-Wyer Terrence Egan-Wyer, engineer hired to construct a field camp and a road 30 miles long John Ross, camp manager during the 1932–1933 field season Linton Satterthwaite, archaeologist Margaret Satterthwaite, author of diary
Piedras Negras Field Workers	Alberto Alfredo Carmen Efraín Enrique, foreman Fausto Firpo Gregorio Luis Ramón Reyes Rivas Salvador Víctor
Piedras Negras Carnegie Institution of Washington Yaxchilán Expedition Visitors	John Bolles, surveyor and engineer, Carnegie Institution of Washington Sylvanus G. Morley, archaeologist, Carnegie Institution of Washington Frances Rhoads Morley, wife of Sylvanus Morley F.K. Rhoads, father of Frances Morley, camp assistant Dwight M. Rife, physician, survey chainman Karl Ruppert, archaeologist, Carnegie Institution of Washington
Piedras Negras Mexican Visitors	Carlos Basauri, Mexican Jesuit and ethnographer Señor García

Palenque	Gustavo Caceres
Porvenir	Santiago Mendoza, archaeological inspector from the government of Guatemala
Progreso	Fernando Barbachano, tourism promoter in Yucatán Otto Vincon, hotel owner
Tenosique	García Miguel Pancho Pérez Dr. Todd
Correspondents with Peggy Satterthwaite	Charles Bache, doctoral student, University of Pennsylvania Mrs. Brooks, landlord in Philadelphia Mary Butler, doctoral student, University of Pennsylvania Alice Conway, elder sister of Margaret Satterthwaite Elizabeth Barry Conway (Mamma), mother of Margaret Satterthwaite Elizabeth Conway, elder sister of Margaret Satterthwaite Frank Conway, elder brother of Margaret Satterthwaite John T. Conway (Papa), father of Margaret Satterthwaite Mary Lanigan Dorothy Lucas, friend, Trenton Abe and Freda McLaughlin, Trenton Lily Oros, friend, Trenton Katie Rogers, aunt of Margaret Satterthwaite Will Satterthwaite, younger brother of Linton Satterthwaite Florence W. Satterthwaite, mother of Linton Satterthwaite Harriet Wetzel, friend, Trenton Mrs. Wheeler, neighbor in Philadelphia Bea, family Bill, family Billy, family Mrs. Carney Mrs. Deck Catherine, family Elsie, friend, Trenton Julia, aunt of Margaret Satterthwaite McKee Nardi Norm, family Mr. and Mrs. Voorhees

Appendix 2:  
Structures Excavated at Piedras Negras  
Between 1931 and 1937

Group	Structure	1931	1932	1933	1934	1935	1936	1937	
South	R-1						•	•	
	R-2							•	
	R-3		•	•			•		
	R-4							•	
	R-5			•			•		
	R-7							•	
	R-9						•	•	
	R-10					•	•		
	R-11	•	•						
	R-13					•	•		
	R-16						•	•	
	S-2			•					
	S-4			•					
	S-5							•	
	S-17							•	
	S-18							•	
	S-19					•	•		
	S-21								
	U-3							•	•
	V-1		•						
Northwest	F-3				•				
	F-4				•				

Group	Structure	1931	1932	1933	1934	1935	1936	1937
East	O-4						•	
	O-7		•					
	O-12						•	
	O-13	•	•				•	
	P-7	•				•		
West	J-2		•	•				
	J-3	•						•
	J-4						•	•
	J-5		•					
	J-6		•	•				•
	J-7					•		
	J-8					•		
	J-9					•	•	•
	J-10						•	•
	J-11					•	•	•
	J-12	•				•		•
	J-13						•	
	J-18					•	•	
	J-19		•					
	J-20						•	
	J-21					•	•	
	J-23	•	•					
	J-24	•						
	J-28					•		
	J-29					•	•	
K-5	•	•						
K-6			•					
N-1					•			
O-2		•						•
O-3								
O-12						•		
O-14						•		
O-15						•		
O-16						•		
O-17						•		
O-18	•							

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